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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supplying; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

Alas for the unhappy Mugwump! He stands in a state of complete bewilderment, casting longing eyes in this direction and in that, but finding no party to welcome him. Even his allies of 1888, the Democrats, look coldly upon him, and show him, by those actions which speak much more loudly and decisively than words, that they have no use for him. The election of the Tammany candidate to the governorship of New York, followed by the election of Crisp to the speakership of the House of Representatives, gave notice to the Mugwumps, in terms too plain to be misunderstood, that the Democratic party purposed paddling its own canoe, and that the partnership was thenceforth dissolved, not by mutual consent, but by the emphatic decree of the senior partner.

The Mugwump has confided his woes to his favorite organs—*Harper's Weekly*, the New York *Times*, and the Boston *Herald*. Mr. Curtis's organ says:

"Notwithstanding the preference for Mr. Cleveland by the progressive and intelligent sentiment of his party, and his acceptability to independent voters because of his views of tariff reform, civil-service reform, and the currency, it is not clear that his nomination may not be defeated by the situation in New York."

This melancholy view of the situation is followed and supplemented by the New York *Times*, which says:

"If ever there was a party which needed to forget the things which are behind and press forward, the Democratic party is that one.

"Take, for example, such a man as Senator Gorman, of Maryland. He is distinctly a burden to the Democratic party. He is hostile to civil-service reform and to ballot reform. Tammany Hall is another burden, and one of the heaviest which the party has to carry. Tammany does not care who is President or who is governor so long as it feels assured that it will not be molested in its spoliation of New York city. Finally, there is Governor Hill. He is the type of artful, active, and prevailing littleness in political life.

"These are some of the burdens of the Democratic party. How long are they to be endured?"

If the *Times* can not stomach the policy of the Democrats, and is unwilling to train with the Republicans lest Blaine be the nominee of that party next year, what is it to do or where is it to go? The process of flocking by itself seems to be the only course left.

The Boston *Herald* comes to the front with a suggestion, which, at least, makes good its title to that egotism and self-sufficiency which are the badge of the tribe of Mugwumps. Says the *Herald*:

"Possibly the election of Mr. Crisp to the speakership may be an indication that Governor Hill has sufficient personal influence to prevent the nomination of Mr. Cleveland; but, in that event, it seems to us that the only conclusion arrived at will be the necessity of seeking a third man as a candidate, and of entering into the battle under conditions far less favorable for success than would be the case if Mr. Cleveland was nominated."

If the *Herald's* suggestion is to be taken seriously, why may not an alliance, offensive and defensive, be negotiated between its new party and that third party already in existence, which consists chiefly of Senator Peffer and Jerry Simpson, the sockless statesman? The Alliance platform, with a very little tinkering, could be made to suit the Mugwumps, and it would require to be neither very long nor broad to hold the entire forces of the coalition. The Alliance is quite as ready to take up fads, and notions, and crank ideas as the Mugwumps are, and there would be a sort of demonstration of the eternal fitness of things in such a union. They certainly would not have any offices to quarrel over.

But, in all seriousness, the complete collapse of the Mugwumps shows the ineffable folly of trying to construct a party on negations alone. From its rise to its decline, the Mugwump faction never advocated or urged an affirmative principle, unless it were civil-service reform, and that was necessarily more of a negative than an affirmative doctrine, for it was based upon the untenable proposition that a change of office-holders was necessarily detrimental to the public interests, a question which, to say the least, admits of discussion. There are many publicists, and among them men of distinction, who sincerely believe that rotation in office is preferable to the creation of a bureaucracy in a representative government, and who accept, in good faith, the homely maxim that one man is as good as another. These students of men and measures declare that history does not show that the public service suffers simply because a Republican goes out of office and a Democrat succeeds him, or *vice versa*, but say that the kind of work done depends upon the character of the public servant and not upon his political affiliations.

But whether these men or the self-styled civil-service reformers are right, it is evident that this single issue, and that of a negative, querulous kind, is not enough to found a national party upon. The people of the United States know that questions of currency, of taxation, of income and expenditure, of tariff, of internal improvements, of pensions, and of the defense of the national honor and safety are vastly more important than any questions of civil-service reform can be.

It is the coming contest in the Democratic ranks which gives the Mugwump a temporary revival of interest and calls attention to his decease and obsequies. His threnody has been written, his epitaph has been composed, and before the campaign of 1892 opens he will be only a memory. It will be written of him that he died of inanition, his disease being complicated with acute egotism and an abnormal development of the organs of conceit and vanity.

The Catholic prelacy of Oregon have declared, in an address to the laity of their church in that State, that "the public school of the present time does not fulfill its duty toward the State," and further say that, because the law prohibits any religious teaching whatever in the schools, the schools can not be an assistant to the church. At this wise provision of the law they direct complaint. But what would they have? To open the public schools to religious instruction, in any form, would be like opening them to the teaching of every form of religion, to the demands of every religious creed, denomination, and sect, which would excite continual and irrepressible wrangling and dissension, harmful to the pupils, exasperating to parents, destructive to the discipline of the schools, and a perpetual feud in every community. Every denomination would insist upon the employment of teachers of its own religious faith, and strive and scheme, combine and plot, to secure such teachers. Confusion, schism, and warring factions would incessantly prevail. Instead of imparting useful knowledge, the schools would be cast into disorder, and the teachers would become demoralized through heated rivalry and antagonistic instruction, neither beneficial to the pupil nor satisfactory to parents. In communities, the effect would be embittered social feelings and the disruption of neighborly relations. Strifes and wars excited by differences of religion are notably the most vehement and uncompromising of any, and they have been so from the earliest recorded period. It is most wise, therefore, inasmuch as it is in accordance with the letter and spirit of the constitution, that the public schools are not permitted to teach religion in any form.

Citizens in every State are at full liberty to establish schools and conduct them, as to religious instruction, in whatever manner they elect. Throughout the country there are theological schools and colleges, founded and maintained by particular denominations. The Roman Catholics have a larger number of these than any other religionists, and their parochial schools are multiplying. The public schools are conducted on the plan which accords with the constitutional basis of separation of church and state. They are open to the children of all, on full equality, without distinction of race or religion. This should satisfy Roman Catholics the same as other sects. There is no inequality—neither favoritism nor prejudice. The dissatisfied of any faith are free to send their children to the schools in which religious instruction is imparted, agreeably as they desire. To teach, in the public schools, the children of Christians to dislike or hate the children of Jews would be monstrous. The Jews, the same as Christians, contribute by equal taxation to the support of the public schools. The same will apply as between Christian denominations—Protestant and Catholic—all of which are alike taxed for the maintenance of the public schools. Just complaint can not be made by any so long as all enjoy equal privileges, and no discrimination is made in the manner or method of instruction. It may be questionable, however, whether it should be permitted in any school in the American Republic, to teach that, on earth, outside of the republic, there exists a power whose authority over citizens of the United States is supreme above that of the

constituted government of the republic, in the temporal concerns of life. This, or something very like it, is what many of the Roman Catholic prelates publicly proclaim—the authority of the Pope above that of the government, especially in relation to education. It is the object of the Roman Catholic parochial schools. It seems to be the spirit which impels the prelates of Oregon in their declaration against the public schools. It is an un-American spirit. But the people will all the more resolutely rally to the support and vindication of the public schools. Dictation from the Vatican, as to the management of schools in the United States, will not be tolerated by the American people.

The cable promises that the next "social sensation" in London will be the divorce suit of Lord Howard de Walden. Lady Walden, discouraged by the want of success attending Lady Russell's recent effort, has withdrawn that portion of her cross-complaint which preferred "shocking charges," and will rest her case on "drunken assaults and indecencies unworthy the lowest rowdy," which, it is to be presumed, are not covered by the word "shocking" as it is understood by the British aristocracy. The Russell infamy, the Walden suit, the unspeakable Cleveland Street scandal, and other affairs of a similar kind, indicate that whatever advantages English society enjoys beyond our own, it is decidedly dirtier. Whether or not it is less vapid is a delicate point that only those who have yawned their heads off in both are competent to decide; but we venture to hazard the opinion that, for the production of *ennui*, the most exalted spheres of British life appear to hold their own with our Four Hundred. And if the American metropolis has evolved as its social despot such an ass as Ward McAllister, we can at least claim with boldness that he is as respectable and intellectual a figure as the Prince of Wales, who, with the social world of England at his feet, could find no higher amusement than going about with his baccarat lay-out in his grip-sack, seeking for opportunities in country-houses to divert his great mind by winning or losing money. There as here, the sordidness and emptiness of society are its most conspicuous characteristics. Money will admit any one into the houses of the *haute volée* of London, and to participation in the fascinating diversions of the same, quite as readily as in America. The one point in which the old country still possesses a social advantage over the new, is that there they have titles plus money; whereas here we have nothing but coin. Time will, perhaps, mend this. Our millionaires, should they turn their minds to it, would doubtless be able to repeal the section of the plebeian Federal Constitution, which stands in the way of the creation of an American nobility.

Why any one, man or woman, who has intelligence and money wherewith to purchase pleasure, should desire to enter fashionable society on either side of the Atlantic—the sort of fashionable society, at least, which publishes its feasts, dances, scandals, and other attractions in the newspapers—is beyond the comprehension of people who find a rational interest in life and a sane appreciation of the openings it offers for happiness. Yet observation will not permit it to be denied that charming women, and men not devoid of sense, will struggle to "get into society" with a feverish and sustained assiduity that would conquer something worthy in the way of success were it rightly directed. And when they do get in, what, in the name of all that is desirable, do they find there? Certainly not brains, assuredly not culture, but merely a well-dressed mob of males and females who take rank according to the size of the piles of money which they represent. There is plenty to eat and drink, to be sure, and one may have as much dancing as is to be had at the Sunday picnics of the Iron-Molders' Union or the Hod-Carriers' Protective and Social League. The one bond, seemingly, that unites the inhabitants of this charmed land is a desire to mark their financial superiority by keeping poorer people from sharing the dear delights of the exclusive drawing-room. That, apparently, is the chief joy of being "in society." But money scales all barriers. Even though a man be still reeking with the blood of his enriching pigs, and guiltless of breeding, ignorant of books, dead to art—though penmanship be difficult to him and his acquaintance with his mother tongue scant and awkward, yet will he, followed by his train of females, find welcome at the gates guarded by the flaming pen of Ward McAllister.

But in Washington, the capital of this simple and unostentatious republic, we are being informed, with an accelerating frequency, a society is developing that will be free from the gross financial complexion of fashionable life in New York, Chicago, and other centers of population and wealth. Washington is not commercial. There, we are told, are gathered the brainy men of the country who have adopted a public career. The diplomatic representatives of all the great powers reside at Washington. To our capital naturally gravitates the intelligently curious traveler. The President, his Cabinet officers, the senators, and the high functionaries of the departments, form social nuclei around which must gather everything that is best in our life. This is the ideal. A glimpse of the reality is given by the Washington *Post*, which was artful and cruel enough to print the appended advertisement the other day:

A WESTERN MAN OF MEANS WOULD LIKE TO PLACE HIS daughter as a friend in the house of some well-established Washington society woman, whom he will handsomely remunerate for the favor. Address, stating in detail advantages offered, WESTERN, this office.

A basketful of answers arrived at the office of the *Post*, and one of its young women reporters was sent around to a number of the responding professional chaperons, to represent the Western girl who wished to invade the social citadel of the American Paris. One respondent to the advertisement set forth that she was the wife of a captain in the army, and continued:

"I could take your daughter to West Point, as I have personal friends there; could take her to Washington and introduce her into the best families of the Senate and Congress. I will also have three young lady cousins from one of the best families of Illinois with me for the winter, and my young married daughter and her husband, in from Fort ———. His father is surgeon of the ———. I will do by her as I would by my own, and exert myself in every way to make her a social success. Since the marriage of my only daughter, I had almost decided to give up society; but, if you like, and can afford five thousand dollars for my expenses this year, I will, I know, please you and guard your daughter's and your own interests."

This lady had an extravagant notion of the value of her services. Another was willing to guide the Western neophyte, and board her besides, for five hundred dollars a month. Indeed, the offers ranged as low as one hundred dollars a month. The reporter's visits proved that many of the letters came from women in comfortable circumstances and of excellent social standing. To one who laid stress upon her special knowledge of "good form," the reporter said: "But it is not enough for a girl to be good form. What must I do to be popular?" The answer was frank: "Be rich. Whatever else you do, be rich; and, if possible, seem richer than it is possible to be." Another candidate gave this agreeable picture of Washington society:

"You must make as few women acquaintances as possible. There are twenty women here to one man. Eighteen out of twenty of the latter will pass as voters; but, from one point of view, are ineligibles except as dancing partners. These are the men in the departments. You would not look at them. Then there are *roués* galore, and many women who come to Washington for a lively season make the mistake of accepting such attention. It is suicidal—nothing else. Besides the clerks and the *roués*, there is a large number of married men here who are perfectly willing to amuse themselves with young women. These are scarcely profitable. Of the remaining few who are possibly marriageable, the majority are given over body and soul to poker. A pretty or *chic* woman on the side is in order, but they haven't time for paying calls and that sort of righteous thing. I knew one old woman, with some daughters, who runs a systematic game of poker at her house in an endeavor to ensnare the young men. But the limit is necessarily modest, and, after a trial, they all drop back to the club. When women do finally succeed in marrying their daughters off in Washington, they don't get much but the opportunity for a divorce."

All the chaperons "to let" informed the reporter that there would not be the slightest difficulty in getting into society, as "it is the custom for strangers in Washington to make the first calls on official families," and that "requests for invitations to private receptions and other entertainments are seldom refused." This scheme of selling one's services as a social sponsor is not new, and neither is it of American origin. We owe the graceful custom to our British cousins.

Of course in Washington, New York, Chicago, and other American cities, as in London, there is good society, but it is not fashionable society, and it knows not Jenkins. Genius, talent, learning, taste, these draw together everywhere, and money is not a passport to their companionship. But the society for entry to which money is the sole requisite, this society is a reproach to the republic. If not yet as morally rotten as the analogous society of Europe, it makes things even by transcending all competitors in the paucity of its intellect, the inanity of its pleasures, and the crass vulgarity of its spirit.

The more one reads of the dispatches in the newspapers from Washington and Chile, the less one knows of the real situation of affairs. It appears to be certain that, thus far, Chile has not given the satisfaction which the United States demanded, and that the procurator fiscal has not filed his reply to Mr. Foster's report on the outrage of October 18th; that is about all that is positively known. The papers are full of stories about the submission of the controversy to arbitration; it is not stated which nation proposes to call in an arbiter; and it is not easy to see what issue could be left to his decision. This is no boundary dispute, nor difference over the interpretation of an unwritten provision of international law. The pending question simply is, whether Chile shall or shall not make reparation for the murder of United States seamen by a Valparaiso mob, backed by the Valparaiso police; the United States could hardly turn over to a stranger the duty of deciding that question. When a man's face is slapped, he does not ask the bystanders whether he should resent the blow.

If Chile had been wise, or if the Montt government bad felt strong enough to set the Valparaiso mob at defiance, it would long ago have made haste to punish the ringleaders of that mob, and to offer the United States all reparation possible. For it can not, with a true regard for its own interest, afford the delay which is occurring. It is running no little risk of the adoption by the United States of measures which may be strong ones. Chile is in no condition to bear the consequences of strained relations with the United States. The pending friction may force the government at Washington to undertake an entirely new departure in our policy toward South America.

Ten years ago, when the war between Chile and Peru was at its height, it was evident to Mr. Blaine, who, then as now, was Secretary of State, that it did not comport with American interests that either of the belligerents should overwhelm the other. He saw that the maintenance of peace required a balance of power on the west coast of South America, and he stood ready, within proper limits, to throw the moral influence of the United States to whichever side seemed likely to be worsted. When it appeared reasonably certain that Chile would be the victor, he instructed our diplomatic representatives to advise the granting of liberal terms of peace to Peru. Unfortunately, Mr. Garfield died, Mr. Blaine went out of office, and he was succeeded by Mr. Frelinghuysen, a member of the political school which would have the United States remain indifferent to affairs beyond its borders. Without comment from Mr. Arthur, the belligerents made peace on October 20, 1883, by a treaty which stripped Peru of her most valuable province — Tarapaca — and annexed Tacna and Arica—Bolivia's only outlets to the sea. The result of this treaty was to make Chile so overwhelmingly predominant on the west coast of South America that she became substantially the only power in that part of the world. Peru, Bolivia, and Ecuador were practically reduced to the condition of satrapies of Chile.

That a power so suddenly inflated was certain to make itself troublesome, was obvious; the conqueror of Peru was pretty sure to sigh for other worlds to conquer. Out of this feeling grew the Valparaiso riot, and—what is far more serious—the reluctance of the Chilean Government to acknowledge that it was in the wrong and to make reparation. Sound policy dictates that the way to correct the mischief is not to invade Chile, nor to bombard her forts, but to repair the mistake committed in 1882–3, and to help Peru and Bolivia to regain what they then lost. Several of Chile's usurpations, in 1883, were made on the condition that if Peru could pay certain sums of money by a fixed time, the territory annexed should be restored to her. It was taken for granted that she would be unable to pay. With the indorsement of the United States, she could obtain all the money required, and it would suit the Peruvians to have a chance of regaining Tarapaca.

The rules of high politics are invariable all over the world. So long as continents are divided among a number of nations, these should be of such size and strength that they should balance each other, so as to prevent the strong from oppressing the weak. Nothing has kept European nations from flying at each other's throats, on all occasions of quarrel, but the elaborate system of a balance of power which the wisdom of statesmen has devised. We, in this country, have a way of fancying that we are exempt from the operation of such laws. We may find, before we are through with Chile, that we are not.

Very few of the many thousands of people in San Francisco who are in the habit of riding on the cable-cars, know of a great danger to which the cupidity of the companies constantly exposes them. They do not know that in the road-beds the companies have deliberately placed obstructions against which, in certain contingencies, the cars collide with death-dealing violence. These deadly obstructions have been placed there by the companies merely to save themselves a possible loss of two or three hundred dollars.

This obstacle is known as the "bumper," and it is placed in the gutter or trough in which the cable runs, wherever one cable-road crosses another, and in the streets near the power-houses. Generally speaking, the bumper is an iron bar, ranging in diameter from an inch to three inches. It is imbedded in the wall on each side of the cable channel a few inches above and at right angles to the rope. It is fixed in most roads directly in the path of the grip. If the cable be not released, when the bumper is struck, the car, no matter how fast it may be moving, is brought to a standstill or lifted into the air and off the track. The grip will be broken, and frequently, also, the passengers' skulls.

The cable-car companies put the bumper into the channel in order to prevent the grip from cutting a cable where two cables cross, in case a careless or incompetent gripman fail to release his cable at the right time. If this occur it would necessitate a shut-down until the cable could be spliced and damages repaired. To guard against this the companies have

adopted the humper, which saves the cahle, but which wounds, mutilates, and kills the passengers.

San Francisco plumes herself in no slight degree upon her cahle-roads, and the owners of these roads have heen shrewd enough to work the pride of the city to their own advantage, so as to get from the municipality valuable concessions, with nothing to he given in return. They have secured a right of way through all the chief thoroughfares of the city; they have been allowed to control streets for years under skeleton franchises; and, in short, they have been permitted to do just as they pleased on condition that a single fare should not exceed five cents. These companies are in duty hound, in return for the favors granted, to give the people of San Francisco safe as well as rapid transit, and not to consider the life of a steel cahle hefore the lives and safety of the people who patronize their roads.

In many Eastern cities the cahle system has been borrowed almost hodily from the San Francisco system. If the humper has not yet come into general use there, those cities which make use of the cable-car system should rigorously forhid its use hy the cable-car companies.

Here, in San Francisco, the most important question is: What can be done ahout it? That it is an element of constant danger to passengers must be conceded; that the cable-car companies will not, of their own accord, do away with it, is equally to be conceded; that devices may he found wbich will accomplish the same purpose, without risk to life and limh, is more than probahle. What, then, is the remedy against this deadly device?

If we hut hear in mind that the control of all such matters is within the unquestioned jurisdiction of the governing body of the municipality; that the vested rights, so-called, even of cable-car corporations, exist subject to many qualifications, among which is the duty of conducting their business with safety to the people of the city; and that a franchise may he taken away if it be abused—it will be seen that there are remedies which may be made effectual in a case of this kind. An ordinance of the board of supervisors, ten lines long, declaring the bumpers dangerous to the life and safety of passengers, and directing their removal within a specified time under certain penalties, would be all the remedy that would he needed, provided the ordinance were enforced. If a cable-car company were compelled to elect between taking out the bumpers and having their cars stopped, it would not take it long to decide, nor would it experience any great delay or difficulty in finding some device to take the place of the humper, which would be effective witbout being dangerous.

But there is another remedy which would be efficacious, if the hoard of supervisors can not be induced to move in the matter. If some one, who has been or may be hurt by the deadly bumper, will bring an action for damages against the offending company, and will demand exemplary or punitive damages, on the ground of the willful neglect and gross carelessness of the company in permitting the bumper to be used, the corporation will find that a more inexpensive way of protecting its cable may be discovered.

Tbere is no room for discussion as to the facts. The bumper is an instrument of destruction, used because the cable-car companies rate the cost of a cahle higher than human life and safety. The hoard of supervisors owes it to the city which it governs to compel the cahle-car companies to do away with the humper, and to substitute some mechanism which will effect the desired end without hurling the passengers into heaps of hleeding and mutilated humanity.

"Emperor Francis Joseph is suffering from la grippe." "Mme. Modjeska is prostrated with a severe attack of influenza." "Justices Brown and Lamar of the United States Supreme Court are confined to their rooms with severe attacks of la grippe." "King William of Wurtemberg is seriously ill with influenza." "Seventy cadets at Annapolis are down with la grippe." "Alfred Cellier, the composer, died to-day from influenza." "Major McKinley is still confined to his hed with the grip." "Elizaheth McLaw cut her throat to-day while crazed with la grippe." "Mme. Janauschek is confined to her room with influenza." "The hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, his wife and daughter, are suffering from influenza." "Sir William Arthur White, British Embassador to Turkey, died to-day from influenza." "Archduke Ernest died in Vienna on Monday of influenza." "The influenza is raging in the South Sea Islands of the Pacific, says a Melhourne dispatch." "At Windsor, New York, to-day, while suffering from la grippe, William Trost committed suicide." "Archduke Sigismund died in Vienna to-day of influenza. He was a cousin of the Austrian Kaiser." "Von Bülow, the great pianist, is seriously ill with influenza."

So run the telegraphic dispatches from all over the world.

The disease appeared in an epidemic form in San Francisco in the last months of 1889, and continued to prevail through the first three months of 1890. It made a second appearance in the winter of 1890–1. On both occasions, tbe mortality was small, tbougb convalescence was slow. In New York, the first epidemic appeared in November, 1889, and reached its height in January, 1890; in the second week of that month, the mortality from all diseases was the largest ever recorded, save on one previous occasion. The second attack hegan in March, 1891, and lasted till June of the same year; in one week in April, one hundred and seventy-nine deaths were ascribed to the epidemic, and the deaths from other causes were very numerous. Before then, grippe, or influenza, had not appeared in an epidemic form at the East since 1848; previous to that, visitations had been observed in 1831, 1833, and 1837. This winter, it seems to have first broken out in Russia, where famine probably predisposed the people to disease. From Russia, the "Russian influenza" spread rapidly to Austria and Germany, and then, leaping the ocean, appeared at Baltimore, with very malignant symptoms.

Reviewing the testimony collected in 1890, a leading medical journal stated that the symptoms of grippe were malaise, chill followed hy fever, headache, pains in the hones, hronchitis, cough, and general prostration. In its earliest stages one authority thought it resemhled cerebro-spinal meningitis; while another said the only diseases with which it may he confounded are acute bronchitis aod common catarrhal fever. All physicians agree that it is of microbic origin, though the nature of the microhe is unknown. They differ as to its nature, some pronouncing it contagious and infectious, while others, reasoning from its simultaneous appearance at points far apart, as on ships at sea or distant islands, ascribe its outhreaks to atmospheric influence.

In the cases reported within the past month, the symptoms vary widely. At Baltimore, the patients were attacked with neuralgic and rheumatic pains, chiefly in the limbs, toes, and fingers. At St. Louis, it caused temporary deafness. At Berlin, in Germany, it caused many deaths among old people who had heart trouhle and among children whose blood was tainted hy scrofula. At St. Petersburg, patients went mad and died of prostration after higb fever. In some Pacific Islands, it is reported that it was followed by cholera, which was generally fatal. On some of the Indian reservations, in New York State, the mortality is great.

The concurrent testimony of physicians here—as at New York—classes grippe among specific, epidemic, febrile affections. It is not certain that it is induced or aggravated hy exposure to inclement weather; hut it prohahly is. It is not in itself a dangerous disease; but it is apt to aggravate cases of consumption, Bright's disease, pneumonia, and heart disease, and to cause them to terminate fatally. In the practice of some physicians, it appears not to attack young children or adults over sixty; other doctors report deaths among hahies from grippe, and deaths among old people from maladies which were seemingly hrought to a head by grippe. As a general rule, it may be said that persons whose constitutions have been weakened hy disease are more likely to take grippe than those who are and have heen in perfect health, and that it will resist treatment in such cases with remarkable ohstinacy. In all cases, recovery is slow, and it is accompanied hy hodily weakness, depression of spirits, and distressing nervousness. One attack of grippe is no guarantee against a second; on the contrary, relapses frequently occur during convalescence.

Various rules have heen laid down to guard against grippe. It was found, in New York, in 1890, that ninety per cent. of the policemen, horse-car drivers, and letter-carriers were attacked, and from this it was inferred that exposure to cold and wet was likely to hring on the disease. Dr. Seaman, of New York, who has studied grippe closely, advises: "Avoid excesses and exposure, hot, crowded rooms or meetings, and night air. Dress warmly, and live well. If the disease attacks you, do not try to doctor yourself, hut send for your physician." Dr. Schrady says: "Avoid fatigue and excess in everything. Exercise regularly, be regular at meals, and take plenty of sleep. Whisky is useless as a preventive. It is like adding fuel to the fire."

The *Argonaut* does not propose to set up as an alarmist; but it must he borne in mind that we are surrounded hy epidemic disease. Starvation in Russia has led to an outhreak of maligoant typhoid, and, while Russian immigrants are freely received at the Atlantic ports, Germany and Austria have established a rigorous quarantine on their eastern frontier. Yellow fever is prevailing all through South America, from Rio and Santos and Bahia to Buenos Ayres. In China, cholera is more severe than usual; the mortality from the disease at Shanghai and Amoy is said to be considerahly ahove the average. The chances are that our quarantine service will prevent its effecting a lodgment here; but it is well to be on our guard. Fifty years ago, grippe was generally helieved to he the precursor of cholera, simply because the visitation of the latter disease, in 1832, followed the epidemic of grippe, in 1831.

The zealous elderly ladies of the churches of New York and Brooklyn, who give themselves to the instruction of Chinese in the Sunday-schools, are showing lively indignation at the newspapers which have drawn general attention to their missionary endeavors and protested against the employment of blooming young girls in the godly work. A meeting of the fair evangelists was held in Brooklyn one evening recently, and Mrs. Baldwin, the venerable wife of a Methodist minister, made the address. "We are not," she said, "young maidens with the hloom on our cheeks, as the newspapers represent, but range from twenty up to fifty-five and sixty." At this statement, the young and pretty teachers present giggled. Mrs. Baldwin denied that any but the highest of motives animated the lady-workers, and asserted that the latter were, on the average, quite old enough to determine for themselves whether it was prudent and safe to go to Sunday-schools to teach their Chinese friends. Hereat there was more tasteful laughter from the young things in the back-seats, where, also, were some smiling young Chinamen. The Chinese, Mrs. Baldwin averred, were a "grand people," whose ancestors "dressed in silks and satins when mine and yours were degraded." Another mature lady jumped up and cried out:

"I think we teachers have borne these insults long enough. We are corrupt, if you Chinese are. We who have taught you men, have learned to love you. Oh, I am so indignant. Ever since these attacks have come out I have been just boiling and boiling. No other nation can show that the lives of its people are as pure as are those of the Chinese. Although we have many young women in our school, none of them can say she has ever been insulted. Why should not we have young teachers—fifteen, sixteen, or eighteen years of age—if they are filled with the Holy Spirit?"

It is not surprising that ladies so emotional in temperament and so well informed as to the morals of the Chinese, should occasionally permit themselves to choose yellow hushands.

The Rev. Valentine A. Lewis, a Presbyterian clergyman, who was formerly stationed at Napa, in this State, and has heen largely instrumental in stirring up the feeling against allowing girls to impart secular and religious knowledge to coolies by sitting cheek hy jowl with them, remarked to a New York reporter, with reference to the meeting mentioned:

"I believe that the young women instructors should be done away with, and I am justified in this belief by the scandals and intermarriages that have, from time to time, arisen from the system. I have been fighting their employment privately for eight years, and I am glad that the press has taken the matter up and that there now seems a possibility of abolishing them."

The lady teachers, however, appointed a committee to repel the insinuations and accusations of Brother Lewis and the unregenerate press, and a mass meeting is also to he held to the same end.

Perhaps it would he just as well not to interfere with these enthusiastic sisters, young and old. It should he borne in mind that the State of New York has, unhappily, about one hundred thousand more women than men in her population. The exact preponderance is not known, as the census returns for 1890 have not yet heen published; but, in 1880, the precise number of surplus females heing 71,244, the presumption is fair that the one-hundred-thousand estimate for the present year is modest. This complicates the matrimonial situation—more particularly so as nearly all the States surrounding New York are in the same deplorahle plight. In 1880, Massachusetts had over 66,000 fewer men than women, Connecticut about 11,000, Pennsylvania nearly 10,000, New Jersey between 11,000 and 12,000, and so it goes through all the Middle and New England States. With these figures hefore us—and the state of things has grown worse instead of hetter during the past decade—it hecomes quite comprehensible that a good-looking Chinaman has, in the eyes of an Eastern spinster—no longer young and undowered with beauty—an aspect altogether different from that which he hears to the masculine view, or even to feminine vision, out here where women are not driven to desperation hy an ungallant census. Moreover, those who are horrified at the mating of white females with Chinamen, prohably do not always reflect that a woman capable of entering into such a union renders a service to the Anglo-Saxon race hy removing herself as a matrimonial and maternal possibility. It is the Chinaman, we think, who is entitled to all the sympathy that such marriages may excite. We trust, therefore, that Brother Lewis and our esteemed contemporaries of the Atlantic Slope will, on reflection, perceive the unwisdom of meddling further with the combined work of evangelization and miscegenation which is making such marked progress in the Chinese Sunday-schools of New York and Brooklyn.

Congress can not legislate to better popular effect than in this direction—the people want postal telegraphy, without respect to party in any degree or bearing. It is solely a matter of puhlic accommodation, in keeping with the spirit and progress of the age—of celerity, and safety, and cheapness in the transmission. There can he no campaign capital derived from it, in the event of its passage, for it would receive the support of all. Those who should oppose or defeat it in Congress would, on the other hand, justly render themselves obnoxious to the popular wish, and their party would consequently suffer. Dehate on the subject is not required. The Postal Telegraph Bill only requires introduction, passage, and approval.

AMUSING THE LADIES.

"Please don't say 'it's an age of transition.' That phrase is almost fit to rank with 'view with alarm.'"

"Transition! It's transited! It's an age of materialism. Materialism is crowned king, and his crown is screwed on, like General Boum's panache."

"What's the crown? Complete your figure."

"Certificates of stock!"

"Raisins!"

"Wheat!"

"Wool!"

"Gold, my friends; just plain gold. So is his scepter, and the rule of the consecrated 'rod of iron' is ethereal mildness by comparison."

Mrs. Duncan was delighted. She had got up the picnic and invited the men on purpose that they should talk in this way. She did not understand a word that had been said, but it had the right ring; and when she looked at her cherished guest, Miss Gerrish, of Philadelphia—Miss Gerrish, who had been in England and Constantinople, and shone in Washington society, and was now gracing the Duncan home in San Francisco—when Mrs. Duncan looked at her, and saw her intelligent eyes light up with the expression of unforced interest, that does not visit the twenty-six-year-old eye of beauty so frequently as to go unrecognized of the forty-six-year-old eye of experience, Mrs. Duncan gave heaven thanks, and counted as naught the terrible struggle with Mr. Duncan to be allowed to give the picnic. She could have kissed Bowyer's thick blonde bang, for banged his hair had become during the morning's walk round the island, whereas she had been inspired by the feelings of all the Borgias toward him fifteen minutes before, when she saw him speechlessly devouring *pâté-de-foie-gras* sandwiches.

He, who could talk, wouldn't—wouldn't shine before Miss Gerrish—wouldn't justify the reputation Mrs. Duncan had given him—and his recalcitrance had infected Boyce and Brice, her two other trump cards, both of whom she intended should dazzle Miss Gerrish with their spell, he dazzled by her responsiveness, and cherish her image forever, in the collection of images that occupied their world-worn breasts. It was Mrs. Duncan's ambition to be in society, yet not of it; to have all the desirable formal affiliations with the fashionable world, but to find her intimates among what an unpleasant slang phrase calls "brainy people." Especially did she aspire to lure from their more virile diversions—their books, and pipes, and clubs—the men who loathe society with a beautiful, reasoned detestation. To do her justice, she was fairly successful, for she was an unaffected, unselfish, ardent woman, with that singular reputation, which women sometimes give each other, of being "always the same." I think it means good-natured and not capricious; she always saw you in the street, always beamed, and never spoke slightingly of you to other people. In her entertaining, she usually reinforced herself with a handsome, youngish woman friend, with a reputation for being clever and somewhat seasoned. She believed the débutante, however hardy, had a tendency to agitate unduly the pipe-and-book man, and she did not feel strong enough to represent the feminine element alone. The social province of Woman—with a large W—being to moderate, She must compensate the wild pipe-and-book man for the restraint he puts upon himself for Her sake—She must be charming. Mrs. Duncan moderated, and Miss Gerrish was charming on this occasion. But the men—the men in whom Mrs. Duncan's soul trusted—sank heavily to the bottom of the glass, as it were, and wouldn't fizz in combination.

A youth, whose only reputation was for being a good dancer, sat by Miss Gerrish's side on the boat crossing from San Francisco; a married man, known to be idiotically, pastorally in love with his wife, strolled round the island with her before lunch, and a fat, gray-haired brother of Mrs. Duncan spread her shawl on the grass and served her with ambrosial delicacies from the lunch-baskets, when the blessed hour of unpacking them finally arrived.

But what! Oh, wonder! With the second glass of champagne, with the second roll and the third sandwich, with the first general clearance of cold chicken in the Bowyer direction, what music fell upon Mrs. Duncan's ear? Frank Boyce talking, laughing with the pastorally beloved married lady. Arthur Brice contradicting him, the pastorally beloved appealing to Miss Gerrish, Miss Gerrish replying with spirit, Frank Boyce jumping upon Miss Gerrish's reply, Miss Gerrish, with an irresistible, ever so slight glance at James Bowyer, and, at last—at last—Bowyer restored to consciousness and in full conversational tide.

They were talking on the well-worn theme of the decline of the ideal, as it is vaguely called. Most of the men, either to sustain their reputations as practical, every-day people, with no nonsense about them, or to quench some sneaking regret or self-reproach in their hearts, maintained, with inexpensive cynicism, that the ideal was a condition of youthful inexperience quickly ended in the first genuine tussle with the world and its realities. The women tried to get in a word for love and home—generally indicating that if there was anything lacking, their influence was fitted to supply it. The debate waxed warm, as a debate among comparative strangers may, while in the realm of abstraction, when James Bowyer propounded: "It's all such a matter of circumstances and environment. If a man's life is passed in buying, and selling, and getting gain, there is no room for the ideal, except, perhaps, a very sturdy and earthly one of common honesty, and that's speedily impaired. If his life is passed in adventure—war and exploring, for instance—he gets a chance to cultivate a good deal of the ideal in the way of fortitude, self-sacrifice, and so on. Engineers on locomotives do ideal things, you know. Their responsibility is so immediate and dramatic—so public, I might add—they always get into the papers."

"The main thing now is to define what we've each been meaning by the word 'ideal,'" suggested Arthur Brice.

"Mr. Bowyer has unconsciously shown what he means," quoth Miss Gerrish.

"What?" said Bowyer, shortly, but smiling.

"Heroism," said the fair Philadelphian.

"Dramatic self-sacrifice that gets into the papers, was what I made out," drawled Frank Boyce.

"Mr. Bowyer," besought Mrs. Duncan, "do say what you think is just the most ideal thing in the world."

"Say this picnic, Jim—chance of your life!" said Frank Boyce, audibly.

"I shall not put off Mrs. Duncan with an idle compliment, however obvious, when I understand exactly what she means," said Bowyer, sturdily, after the laugh subsided, and scoring abundantly for his pains. "The most ideal thing I ever heard of, was the death of a man for the sake of a woman with whom he was not in the least in love."

The great words "love" and "death," which no common usage can rob of their sonority, fell soberingly in Bowyer's male voice on the not specially frivolous, but certainly not serious party.

Considering that she had just stayed with flagons the utter conversational rout of her picnic, Mrs. Duncan was confusedly sorry that she had put her question. Bowyer, who had no idea how solemn his speech would sound when he made it, sat like a naughty, but good-hearted little boy, who has said the wrong thing. Miss Gerrish, very much amused, leaned toward the discomfited one, with a bottle of champagne in her hand, and offered it to him, saying, in what Artemus Ward has called "a play-actin' toan":

"Consider it not so deeply."

Bowyer laughed, filled her glass and his own, raising the wine to his lips with the Russian word of salutation.

A singular look passed over her face, banished almost as soon as it appeared. She was about to speak, and Bowyer was intensely interested to know just what she would have said, when his name was called, with an insistence he could not disregard.

It was the pastorally beloved married lady, supported by a cluster of laughing, eager faces, begging for the particulars of the most ideal thing. The funny little gloom had passed, and, with an American distaste for surface awkwardness, Bowyer found nothing for it but to tell his story.

"The incident happened while I was a newspaper correspondent during the Russian-Turkish War," he began. "The tedious length of the siege of Kars was bad for my paper, but good for me, as, in the course of it, I made a very good friend of a man who would have remained only an agreeable acquaintance but for the *longueurs* of the siege. He was a Russian, of great family, which always sounds absurd in this Western world; but he was a splendid fellow, and that's to be understanded of everybody the world over. He was highly educated, immensely traveled, very polished, but of that queer, crazy temperament that I have never found disassociated from the born *viveur*. We don't seem to have any word for that, and I believe it's obsolete in France, where it came from; but I have always clung to it. With all his supposed knowingness, the great characteristic of the *viveur* is artlessness—you may laugh, if you like. I suppose it comes from always living in one set where the code and standard are defined and immovable. Never having deceived or been deceived, a true *viveur* carries through all his dissipations the simplicity of one who never expects to be lied to or tricked. Mind you, every dissipated man is not a *viveur*, and this characteristic is just what makes the difference. But I am as tiresome as the siege of Kars. The Russian ladies used to drive to the camp often as the days wore on and nothing was done, to see their husbands and brothers, and then war seemed as far away as might be. One day, however, a magnificent equipage appeared, and a lady all in tears and excitement had an interview with the general. We learned that her husband had been taken prisoner early in the siege, that positive news of it had only recently reached her, and that she had traveled night and day to plead with the Russian general to make arrangements for his exchange. My friend instantly made use of his people's friendship with the general to conduct the exchange. As I said, the lady and her husband were equally unknown to him, and, as it proved, so was the barbarity of his enemies. Flags of truce and civilized warfare were nothing to them. His escort was massacred before their approach was allowed to become known to any one in authority, and his body was found the next morning, thrown naked outside the camp, with all his orders carved on his chest by the knife of some nameless assassin."

There was a little, gasping cry, and the picnickers became aware, some quickly and some slowly, that Miss Gerrish had fainted.

* * * * * * *

"What became of you on the boat? I looked everywhere for you?" asked Frank Boyce of Bowyer, with hypocritical nonchalance, a few days later.

"Boat!" exploded Bowyer, forcibly; "it's likely I'd take the same boat Mrs. Duncan's party took! I went and hid. Stayed on the island all night. Camped with some army fellows. If I ever accept any invitation again from anything but the male of my species, may I be married alive! And if I ever speak to a woman of more complicated temperament than a saleslady——"

"It wasn't her complicated temperament. Women like horrors. You were all right, but the fellow, your Russian friend, was engaged to her—to Miss Gerrish, you know—and she'd never told anybody about it, and hearing the story plump out like that bowled her over."

"You're a lovely comforter, Frank; but I don't need to be told my break any more plainly than it's burned into my brains. I spoiled Duncan's picnic by my lumbering, oafish denseness, and Duncan likes me, and it's a shame, and I'll never—no, I never will play any more!"

So groaned Jim Bowyer in remorseful pain, not knowing he should die a society man.

ANNIE LAKE TOWNSEND.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1891.

The Rothschilds annually give one hundred thousand francs to deserving persons who have difficulty in paying their rents.

RECENT VERSE.

Cradle Song.

Ere the moon begins to rise
Or a star to shine,
All the bluebells close their eyes—
So close thine,
Thine, dear, thine!

Birds are sleeping in the nest
On the swaying bough,
Thus, against the mother-breast—
So sleep thou,
Sleep, sleep, sleep!

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich in the Independent.*

Imlac to Rasselas.

(IN A CONFIDENTIAL MOOD.)

Upon my table there—
Back in the corner, where
One hardly sees it,
Unless the errant look
Passes by pipe and book,
And gains the farthest nook,
Surest to please it—

Glimmers the burnished rim
(Back in the corner dim)
Of a brass chalice,
Slender, fine-lipped, and light,
Graceful, as was the sprite
Whom it recalls to sight—
Alluring Alice!

She gave me this, the witch,
Saying 'twould fill some niche
Or lesser corner,
And painted it, I trow,
With rose-buds. Pshaw! as though
I were not like to know
What best adorn her!

My boy, you see it there,
Gleam through the cloudy air,
A song in metal;
And as I cogitate
(Distinctly celibate),
My fortunes simulate
The painted petal.

The rose-buds have not blown,
No, though some years have flown
Since I received it.
Why? do you ask? *Aside,*
Bend down your head. I tried,
Once, to discover. . . . I'd
Not have believed it!

So, as the next best thing
I smoke; and envying
Sieur Austin Dobson
His capabilities
For Amaryllities,
I write senilities
By choice of Hobson.

—*W. S. Moody, Jun., in Harper's Weekly.*

The White Moth.

"If a leaf rustled, she would start;
And yet she died, a year ago.
How had so frail a thing the heart
To journey when she feared so?
And do they turn and turn in fright,
Those little feet, in so much night?"

The light above the poet's head
Streamed on the page and on the cloth,
And twice and thrice there buffeted
On the black pane a white-winged moth;
'Twas Annie's soul that beat outside
And "Open, open, open!" cried.

"I could not find the way to God;
There are too many flaming suns
For sign-posts, and the fearful roads
Led over wastes where millions
Of tangled comets hissed and burned—
I was bewildered, and I turned.

"Oh, it was easy then! I knew
Your window and no star beside.
Look up and take me back to you!"
He rose and thrust the window wide.
—'Twas but because his brain was hot
With rhyming; for he heard her not.

But poets polishing a phrase
Show anger over trivial things;
And as she blundered in the blaze
Toward him, with ecstatic wings,
He raised a hand and smote her dead;
Then wrote, "Would I had died instead!"

—*Arthur T. Quiller-Couch in the London Speaker.*

The Comforters.

He who sleeps by the fire doth dream,
Doth dream that his heart is warm,
But when he awakes, his heart
Is afraid for the bitter cold.
Didst thou mark how the swallows flew, how they flew away from hence?

My father is dead, and his cap is mine,
His cap of fur and his leathern belt—
Mine, too, his knives.
When I fall asleep, when I slumb'ring lie,
Then the knives spring forth, from their sheaths they fly,
And roam the fields.
I know not whither the knives have strayed,
But when morning dawns, at my window-pane
I hear a tapping—I fling it wide,
And there are my knives come home again.
"Where have ye been?" I ask them then,
And they make reply: "In the hearts of men!
There was one so sick for love, and torn—
We healed its wound;
And another was weary and travel-worn—
We gave it rest.
For dear to us are the hearts of men,
And dear their blood;
We drink it as furrows drink the rain,
Then, tapping, come to thy window-pane:
Make way for thy knives, they have done their work.
Now wipe the blood with thy sleeve away—
Thy sleeve with the dusk-red broidered flowers—
And wash the sleeve in the river clean,
Then thrust us once more our sheaths between,
The sheaths on the leathern belt."

—*From "Roumanian Folk Songs."*

AMERICAN BOOKS IN ENGLAND.

"Cockaigne" on the Literary Tastes of the Upper-Class Briton.

No literary work from the pen of an American writer has of late scored such an unqualified success in England as have the short stories of Mary E. Wilkins, in her book which takes its title from its first tale, and is called "A New England Nun." And it is among the higher classes that her writing has found the greatest favor.

The aristocracy and landed gentry, as a matter of course, are all well educated. The men have gone to the public schools, and unless they have entered the army, which, in these days, requires a high standard of education in its officers, have completed their education at one or other of the great universities of Oxford or Cambridge. Of course there are many exceptions, but I think, as a rule, that the sons of all English gentlemen (I use gentlemen in the strict English sense), who do not enter the navy, go to Eton, Harrow, Winchester, or Charterhouse, and afterwards—if they do not choose the army for a profession—go up to Oxford or Cambridge. Some take their degree and some do not. I am quite well aware of that fact. Some only stay a term or two. But whether they have taken their degree or not, they have all been public-school boys and university undergraduates. Talk to any English gentleman, who is not a naval officer, and ten to one if sooner or later you do not hear him say: "When I was at Eton," or it may be Harrow, or Winchester, or Charterhouse. If not an army officer, his recollection of his undergraduate days at Christ Church, "Mawdlin," Trinity, or St. John's, will find frequent expression in his conversation. One would naturally suppose that men so generously endowed with the book-learning which the dullest intellect may acquire at these grand seats of instruction, could not be utterly wanting in literary taste. Indeed, much the reverse. And yet it is the commonest thing to sneer at them as a lot of empty-headed, unlettered dolts.

As for English ladies, very few people out of their sphere know how well and thoroughly educated they are. They may not advertise the fact in their conversation, for it is thought both pedantic and vulgar for English ladies to parade their knowledge or themselves in any manner. This may, or may not, be a mistake. Sometimes you think it is, and sometimes you think it is not. It all depends. When you try your best to draw a woman next you at a dinner-party into an animated conversation, and get only "yes" and "no" in reply to your brilliant efforts, knowing all the time that the woman is thoroughly educated and highly accomplished—why, you inwardly curse the rule that keeps her mouth shut as a false, unnatural, and utterly idiotic restraint, and you wish that so-called "good form" was at the bottom of the sea. But, on the other hand, when you know that a loquacious and self-asserting damsel, of Mrs. Lynn Linton's "Wild Woman" pattern, is, when thrown among ladies of dignity, propriety, and refinement, kept in check by their quiet demeanor and silent example, you bless the custom, and wish that there might always be "ladies present."

As a general thing, I think you will find that the true English gentleman is a good deal like the true English gentlewoman in respect to their dislike to "show off." Both speak in a low voice, and never by any chance use fine language. They could if they liked, but they do not. And they do not, not because they could not if they liked, but because they do not like. If you fall in with a big, brawny, red, blustering Britisher, who talks in a loud voice, calls everything "beastly" or "jolly" at the top of his lungs, and wants to let you know that he is an Englishman, first, last, and all the time, and under all circumstances (as if you could not tell at once), you can put him down for a cad.

Now, it is a curious thing that these gentlemen and ladies are the very class of English people among whom American writers find most favor. I mean curious, if they have no taste for books. Artemus Ward, Bret Harte, and "Mark Twain" have reason to know this. I do not believe the middle classes ever understood and appreciated the wit and humor of either of these authors as the upper classes have done. Ask any English commercial traveler, mercantile man, or city seeker after fortune, as you find them in America—ask him what he thinks of Bret Harte, and see how little he knows of his books. Ten to one if he knows anything at all beyond that author's name. And so with "Mark Twain." I take these two, as they are supposed in America to be popular in England. I do not say that they are not. But I would wish to point out to whom their popularity is due. I say it is the upper classes. Ask any English gentleman, who may be traveling for pleasure and comes six thousand miles to see the Yosemite and Big Trees, where the other chaps come for profit (or the hope of it)—ask him about Bret Harte or "Mark Twain." I venture to assert that you will find that he knows quite as much as the average American reader knows of them and their writings—perhaps more.

But I will tell you why I think it is that, notwithstanding this, the English upper classes are put down as not having literary tastes. They do not care for Miss Braddon, they dislike Rhoda Broughton, and they abominate "Ouida." Rider Haggard amused them for a time, owing to their love of out-of-door sports and wild adventure, and, I think, the fresh breeze of Clarke Russell's sea-stories has suited them. But Rudyard Kipling! I have not seen much of him, but, from what I have read, I should think the innate vulgarity of this fellow's style would be enough to damn him with an English gentleman or lady reader at once. Nor do I think that the infinitesimal and psychologically analytical, the lugubrious and wordy Henry James has touched the high-life British heart. The fact is that, despite their stiff and formal surroundings, their codes and customs, their rules and regulations, no people so keenly recognize and appreciate human nature. And it is in just their pure and simple naturalness that the English ladies and gentlemen have discovered the great charm of Miss Wilkins's stories.

I myself know two ladies of title—members of one of the oldest and greatest families in the peerage—who have simply devoured these stories of Miss Wilkins.

"It is rather a puzzle to me," I said, one day to one of them, "how you understand them. They are very pretty and very touching, but they are so intensely local."

"They are so intensely natural," was the reply. "Human nature is the same the world over. Although the characters are all Americans, and I have never been in America in my life, or have met over half a dozen American people, I seem to know all the people the author writes about, and to have met them somewhere. I never read an author who said so much in so few words, or who brought so vividly before your mind, in a short sentence, a scene or situation. Take it all and all, it is the most charming book I ever read."

Surely, if "one touch of nature makes the world akin," here was an instance, if ever there was one.

I might add that Swinburne, the poet, has read and admired these stories, expressing himself as especially pleased with "A Poetess."

Of course I leave Swinburne out of the question, for his intellect and literary taste (notwithstanding his aristocracy by birth) are established. But I think I may fairly say of the others that their appreciation of the delicate veins of sentiment and humor which run throughout Miss Wilkins's stories, show a literary taste that is at once wholesome and refined. No people so utterly abominate the vicious tone and uncleanly ideas which permeate the writings of "Ouida"—no people so thoroughly detest the vulgar snobbishness which marks that author's "nobility." And it is why the books of Whyte-Melville (himself a gentleman) are so popular in English high life. I do not suppose a middle-class Englishman knows more than Whyte-Melville's name—if that. Being a gentleman himself, he knew how to write about gentlemen, and his characters were not city-clerks and retired wine-merchants, with pen-given titles, but real dukes and earls (when he wrote of them), who acted, dressed, and talked as he knew they did in real life. You can not blame people for preferring to have themselves properly and correctly depicted in the books they read. If authors would only leave dukes, and duchesses, and earls, and countesses out of their novels—unless they know what such people are in real life—they would get their books read by the English upper classes a hundred times where they are now read once.

Miss Wilkins has no dukes, or marquises, or baronets in her stories, and it would be the same with other writers if they would consent to imitate her. Amélie Rives rather caught the English upper-class taste until she besmirched her pages with an unclean pen. What the upper classes (I speak of them as a whole) want in books is purity, wholesomeness, truth, reality, nature, and humor. No people, borne down as they are by the cumbrous wit of *Punch*, so genuinely recognize and appreciate American humor.

LONDON, December 22, 1891. COCKAIGNE.

"You would be astonished," said a night-watchman, recently, "to see the number of safes we find unfastened. It is really wrong to expose men to the temptation which an open safe offers. You see, the man in charge of it is always willing to swear he locked it up securely when he left, so that if one of our men did make a haul, he would be measurably safe. The only way we can convince them that they have not locked the safes we find open is to make a penciled note on the bottom of one of the drawers before closing them. Then, when we report the fact in the morning and are met with the usual denial, we just ask that the drawer be examined, which proves our case."

The elaborate tomb which Walt Whitman has had built for himself, is a reproduction in solid granite of a portion of King Solomon's temple. The door is a single piece of stone six inches thick, and five broad slabs cover the roof. No bolts, or rods, or other ordinary fastenings have been used, the huge blocks of granite being strongly joined together with mortises. The tomb has been constructed to endure for centuries.

European ladies are often invited to visit the harems of the rich Moors in Morocco, and, some time ago, one of the inmates—a beautiful young girl—fainted at the sight of one of the lady visitors removing her gloves. The young girl thought she was removing a thick skin from her hand, and the sight frightened her so much that it was some time before she could regain consciousness.

A St. Paul man sued the Western Union Telegraph Company for two thousand dollars damages for failure to deliver to him a telegram announcing the death of his brother in Chicago. His allegation set forth that through this failure the plaintiff "was deprived of the satisfaction and pleasure of seeing his brother and being present at the funeral."

The erudite editor of the *Medical Record* has been making an exhaustive study of the feminine knee, from which he concludes that the anatomical variation from the masculine type is such as to render its owner unfitted for some masculine pursuits. The patella is smaller in front, and the articular surfaces of the tibia and femur are narrower.

Since the dinner given by Minister Phelps, in Berlin, at which Indian corn meal and American pork were introduced to a select circle, Indian corn meal has been booming. The Berlin bakeries are unable to supply the demand for the various preparations of Indian corn meal.

Henrietta Dudley, for thirty years a pensioner on the town of New Haven, died there the other day of elephantiasis. In 1847, the narrative goes, she was examined by six doctors, who gave her a year or two to live, but she survived them every one.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Miss Mabel Dunlap, a graduate of the Philadelphia School of Design, has been appointed one of five ladies to decorate palace-car interiors at Wilmington, Del.

Mrs. Harrison is said to have given strict orders that no foreign goods are to be used in the furniture of the White House, except when it is impossible to find the desired material in this country.

Living near the Tennessee city of Memphis are seven sisters, whose names rhyme beautifully, but do not scan. The names are Nancy Emeline, Lucinda Caroline, Mary Hazeltine, Jane Palestine, Lulu Paradine, Virgie Valentine, and Maudie Anna Adeline.

Since 1876, Mrs. William H. Crane has been the treasurer of her husband's theatrical company. She handles from forty to sixty thousand dollars per month during the season, and attends personally to such details as collecting and paying bills, banking, paying salaries, and all similar business.

Mrs. Laura Pelton Hazard, a grandniece of the late Samuel J. Tilden, has made over to New York city two million dollars of the sum coming to her from the division of the late governor's estate, in order that part, at least, of his desire for endowing a public library may be carried out. Mrs. Hazard and her grandmother, Mrs. Pelton, did not join with the other heirs in contesting the will.

The ex-queen of Naples, whom Daudet has so truthfully portrayed under the pseudonym of "Queen Frederica of Illyria," in his novel, "Rois en Exil," is a sister of the Empress of Austria, and, like the latter, devoted to horses. Her winters are spent in Paris, and every day, in the early morning, she may be seen cantering through the avenues and picturesque bridle-paths of the Bois de Boulogne.

The late Empress of Brazil had great skill in muttering commonplaces and nothings at her receptions. This inarticulate and meaningless sort of speech was the one prescribed by custom to the queens of the House of Bourbon. It originated at Versailles. A French queen, in the time when the etiquette of Louis Quatorze reigned in all the courts of Europe, was supposed to have no ideas or feelings when she showed herself in the state apartments. One of the charges brought against Marie Antoinette by her husband's relatives was that she spoke distinctly, like an actress.

The Countess Leo Tolstoï is considered the good angel of the starving peasants in Russia. As a result of an appeal which she recently printed in one of the Moscow papers, hundreds of people, of all classes and conditions, have called at her house in the ancient Russian capital, prayed before the holy pictures in the chief room, and left their contributions for the starving classes. Thousands of roubles have been collected daily by the good woman and sent at once to her sons and daughters, who have established public kitchens in the stricken districts.

Christine Nillson's husband, Count Casa Miranda, has just been appointed Spanish Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Stockholm. The countess will be accompanied to Stockholm by her step-daughter, an exquisite brunette, on whom Christine lavishes more than a mother's affection. Indeed, there are many who assert that her union to the unattractive Spanish nobleman was mainly for the sake of avoiding separation from his daughter. For the count, besides being ill-favored, has no fortune of his own, and it is the songstress's wealth which enables the family to maintain its rank in Madrilene and Parisian society. Recently the countess and her step-daughter have been staying at Cannes with the Scotch wife of the Indian Maharajah, Dhuleep Singh, formerly the possessor of the great Kohinoor diamond.

Lady Colin Campbell has just been thrown into mourning by the death of her father, Mr. Edmund Blood, who was one of the oldest and most magnificent-looking members of the Reform Club. He knew all the picture-galleries of Europe by heart, and the same may be said of his daughter, Lady Colin, who is now earning her living as art-critic for the London *World* and for several other English newspapers. She is a clever journalist, all the more so as she is no longer restrained in the pursuit of her profession by any social considerations or impediments. For her ostracism by society has been complete since the divorce-suit. Although the latter resulted in a legal victory for Lady Colin, yet the leaders of London society are relentless toward any woman, who, being of non-noble rank herself, has either justly or unjustly brought public contumely upon any member of the peerage.

Nearly all of the favorite ladies-in-waiting of Queen Margherita are Americans. Here are the names of a few of them: the Viscountess de Courval, whose daughter married the Duchess de Mouchy's son, the Prince de Poix, two years ago; the Countess de Montsaulnin, sister of the beautiful Mrs. Wilkinson, whose husband is really more French than English; Countess de Aramon; Marchioness Suarès d'Aulan (*née* Christmas); Countess d'Aunay, wife of the French Minister to Denmark and sister-in-law of Marion Crawford, the novelist; Countess de Ganay (*née* Ridgway); the Marchioness de Talleyrand (*née* Curtiss), whose husband, upon their divorce, left her that title, taking himself that of Duke de Dino, and under which he married, a few years later, another American lady, Mrs. Stevens; Miss Stevens has, since last year, become the Countess de Galliffet, and her sister has just become engaged to the Count Orlowski; the Viscountess d'Avenel (*née* Meynell); Countess de Trobriant; Countess Jeanne de Kergorlay and her sister the Baroness Louise de Lagrange (*née* Caroll); Marchioness de Choiseul (*née* Coudert); the Marchioness de Vallori and her sister the Baroness Brun; the Marchioness de Morès (*née* Von Hoffmann); Marchioness de Breteuil, whose sister is Lady Gordon Cumming; Countess de Gahriac; Countess de Sers (*née* Niven); the Baroness de Saint-Romans; and the Duchess Decazes (*née* Singer).

THE SUDDEN WIDOWS.

It was very quiet in Adamsville that afternoon. It had been quiet for some time past. Nobody had been shot or knifed, and no lynching-bee had occurred for a good many weeks. Nobody had even been drunk. Adamsville was becoming degenerated, and you could see "ennui" written on the countenance of every male citizen, in one form or another. There were no female citizens—that is, of the sort subject to ailments of that nature. Those who were there always had a very lively time of it. There was Spanish Dick, across the street now, quarreling with one of her male "friends," in front of the Diamond Saloon. Dick was one of the leading citizens of Adamsville—or, rather, one of the most prominent ones. She had another name, but it was too long for every-day use, so they called her Dick for short.

Dick was a beauty—also a devil in skirts. That she was bad, goes without saying. She was not only bad, but she was about the most vicious, quick-tempered, ready-to-stab of her kind and calling that ever infested a mining-camp. Everybody was afraid of her; half the town knuckled to her, and she did as she pleased. I think very few people would have been sorry to see her leave, because she had a habit of shooting in a very impartial way when in one of her tempers, and, of course, nobody could shoot back or defend himself.

On this particular afternoon, she was quite calm, and we loafers in front of the hotel only heard a word or two from the pair across the street; but we could see and guess, and our guess was that Dick was in a white heat, and that something unpleasant would result to the gentleman with whom she was debating, who was Mr. Frank Beasley, the "gentlemanly and obliging bar-keep'" at the Diamond. We guessed very closely to the truth, but it was worse than we expected.

After the discussion had proceeded for some time, Frank turned on his heel to reënter the saloon; but here an interruption occurred. Phil Holmes, the gambler, came out of the barber-shop next door, and said something which caused Beasley to halt suddenly and wheel round.

It was all done in a moment. We saw Dick point her finger at Beasley tragically, and heard her voice screeching in Spanish. We saw Holmes's lips move in saying something to Frank—the latter's hand flew back to his gun-pocket—there was a report, sharp and quick. We rubbed our eyes and rushed over. On the steps lay Beasley, shot through the heart—the gambler had had his gun in hand behind him, all ready, and had been too quick for the other. It was cold-blooded murder; but there was no proof that Holmes had been ready, as the first reach seen was that made by Frank, and so there was nothing to be done.

However, Holmes evidently deemed that his presence in Adamsville, for awhile, could be easily dispensed with—so, in less than an hour, he and the woman were on their way to Woodruff, a town about twenty-five miles distant.

There was a good deal of serious talk in Adamsville that night. Beasley, the dead man, had been very popular; there was not a man in the camp who did not feel his loss as that of a personal friend; and the purse raised for his funeral was the largest thing in the subscription line the oldest inhabitant could call to mind.

On the other hand, the murderer was heartily disliked by nearly every one. He was one of those cold-blooded, heartless, pale-eyed, taciturn fellows, for whose oft-displayed nerve there were plenty of admirers, but whose real friends might be counted on one's fingers. He had been at the camp two years, but had never, to any one's knowledge, done a kind act to man, woman, or beast. Although he had been uniformly careful to keep out of trouble of any kind, and there was no specific act, except the shooting of Beasley, for which to condemn him, there were rumors, and plenty of them, concerning a past record of sufficient malodorousness to make it very disagreeable for him if said rumors had found verification. The fact was, however, that nobody, heretofore, had cared particularly about his record, especially as Adamsville owned quite a number of citizens whose escutcheons needed renovating and a coat of whitewash.

To-night, however, all these rumors and various other matters concerning Holmes were dragged in for discussion and re-discussion, and if Mr. Holmes had happened to be about his usual haunts, he would have found the social atmosphere down near the black-ice point. As I said, there was a good deal of talk, but that was about all. Talk is not an expensive commodity, and I have observed that there are quite a number of people in the world who take advantage of its cheapness, and we, of Adamsville, were using the American's most cherished prerogative to the fullest extent—and that was all.

There was only one plan of action suggested; this was offered by Tootsy McFadden, a young man recently arrived from the "East," which term, as applied at Adamsville, comprehended Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, and other Oriental communities more or less distant toward the rising sun.

Tootsy's idea was an original one. It had not, it is safe to say, entered the mind of any other citizen. It was too brilliant and otherwise remarkable—altogether so—and was expressed about as follows:

"Why not"—and Tootsy lifted his other boot on to the table and gazed upon it somewhat admiringly, for Tootsy's undersized feet were a never-failing source of joy to their owner—"why not send word to him to stay away?"

There were several seconds of pregnant silence. Then Colonel Bliss, the landlord of the hostelry of that name, laid one finger on the table, with some emphasis. "My misguided an' innercent young tenderfoot," said he, impressively, "air you acquainted with th' subject of this hyar conf'r'nce?"

"W'y, yes," responded Tootsy, wonderingly.

"No, I reckon ye ain't—nothin' o' th' sort, 'r ye wouldn't perpose no sech fool trick as ye done jes' now. Th' gent as goes t' make any sech s'gestion t' Mister Holmes had better perpare bisself fer th' worl' t' come an' th' life everlastin'. W'y, boy, Phil Holmes 'd send 'im cloud-chasin' an' be back hyar wavin' th' red rag o' defy plumb in our faces b'fore th' feller had his talk haff did. D'you want t' go, my whiskerless young friend?"

Tootsy pondered; he hated to be thought wanting in nerve, but finally wilted, and requested the bar-keeper to give the gentlemen what they wanted.

The next day is a red-letter mark in the history of Adamsville. Several of us were sitting on the steps in front of the Hotel Bliss, still discussing Phil Holmes, when the mail-carrier from Woodruff came along. "Say, you fellers," he sang out, "I s'pose ye heerd 'bout th' weddin' in high sassiety over t' Woodruff?"

We hadn't, and were curious to learn.

"W'y, Phil Holmes an' Spanish Dick was hitched las' night; Jedge Bowker officiatin'."

But this was not the end of the matter. When the stage from down the gulch stopped at the Hotel Bliss, at noon, there was another sensation of high degree. Instead of the usual cargo of seasoned mountaineers, there was a woman—not only that, but the woman was of a kind we had not gazed upon for many a day—a lady! Not only a lady, but a very pretty one, and she had a child, a little curly-headed tot of four or five, with her. Will Borden, the manager of the Lady Alice Mine, was sitting next to me, and I heard him draw his breath sharply. Then—there was nobody belonging to the house about—he rose, lifted his hat, and advanced to assist her with her baggage, which courtesy was accepted with a smile that made every man Jack of us long to kneel down and worship the new-comer.

They entered the "office," a little inclosure just off the bar-room, and we could hear them talking, although we could not distinguish a word. Then Borden called to me, and I went in. The lady was standing by a chair, and her face wore an anxious expression, which was very near tears. Borden looked puzzled.

"Lawrence," he asked, "do you remember any one here by the name of Phil Harmon? This lady is his wife, and is seeking him. He was here up to nearly two years ago, but she has not heard from him since."

I did remember such a man, holding, as I did, the exalted position of postmaster. I remembered that Phil Holmes sometimes got letters under that name, but that was his own affair. I looked at Borden a moment, trying to convey with my eyes, if possible, the information I possessed, but, of course, this effort was a failure. Then I asked Mrs. Harmon to describe him, which she did. I saw a fiendish, murderous light come into Borden's eyes. There were a few seconds of painful silence. Then Borden spoke:

"Madam, I—I—do remember him, now, but——"

"Please tell me at once, sir. Is he—dead?" she asked, quietly.

"I'm sorry to say, madam, that—he is," faltered Borden. "He died of heart-failure, last year."

She did not cry. In fact, I thought she looked relieved, as if a great load of doubt and sorrow had been lifted from her mind. I excused myself, and went down to the office.

In about an hour, Borden entered, and signified that he wanted to see me in private. We withdrew to a corner. There was a set expression about his eyes and mouth I had never seen before.

"Lawrence," he said, "I think we both understand this. Holmes, it is, of course?" I nodded, and he went on: "She—that poor girl—has just told me about it all. I suppose she actually had to tell some one, her heart was so full. Lawrence, that scoundrel is the worst human fiend that ever made a true little woman's life miserable. Hanging is too good for him. But"—and Borden's usually pleasant voice sounded very dangerous—"that isn't the way she'll be widowed. I said 'heart-failure.' Do you understand?"

I understood. We looked at each other a moment, and then Borden went out, mounted his horse, and started for Woodruff.

Borden had lied about the date of Holmes's demise, but there was, a few hours later, no doubt about the fact and the manner of it. The gambler died that night—of heart-failure, as I knew he would. Borden is a dead shot; Holmes, meeting him at Woodruff, was unlucky enough to get into a quarrel with him; and Borden was the quicker with his gun.

Spanish Dick? She didn't care. She had the dead man's money, and there were plenty to take his place in her "affections."

There was a cloud-burst the next morning, and several bridges were carried away, so Mrs. Harmon and her little girl stayed at Adamsville two weeks. Will Borden must have become quite well acquainted with her during that time, for a few weeks later he had pressing business in the East, and not long after that I got their wedding-cards.

R. L. KETCHUM.

YANKTON, S. D., December, 1891.

Dr. Andrew Wilson and other famous hygienic authorities are answering the Prince of Wales's question, asked in his address at the opening of the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography: "If typhoid fever is a preventable disease, why is it not prevented?" The answer given is: "Because the people have not been taught to realize fully that they can help themselves by securing a pure water supply and by insuring that drainage is as perfect as it can be made." Since his father asked this question, Prince George of Wales has had typhoid fever.

Mr. Justice Lawrence, of Manchester, has decided that, although "to call a man a thief is slander, to call a man a d——d thief is not." The latter is, he remarked, "abuse merely," and of mere abuse, however vulgar, the law of libel and slander takes no account.

It is the Rumanian practice to plant a flower on the wall of every cottage where a maiden lives. Should she fall from virtue, the flower is effaced, and it is thought that no rain will fall and no flower grow beside that cottage again.

THE ILLITERATE VOTE.

Wherever disease exists, a remedy is sought; wherever an evil is found, means to its abatement are applied. The votes of the people of the States are the basis of the State government and also of the general government. Each State casts its vote for the President through its electoral college, and the electors are chosen by the direct vote of the people. A majority of one vote, in the great State of New York, for instance, is as potential in real effect as though the majority was one hundred thousand. The voter does not vote directly for President and Vice-President—he votes for the Presidential electors; and the States may choose a President, although the popular vote of the United States be largely against the successful candidate—as it has sometimes occurred. The voters of the States have no means of voting for any officer of the United States by direct vote—the President is indirectly voted for; the senators are chosen by the legislature, and are invested with Federal powers, in the ratification of treaties and in the confirmation of Federal officers appointed by the President. The representatives are elected directly by the people; but, beyond their province in making Federal laws and providing appropriations, they have no Federal authority, such as the senators are invested with.

As the average American citizen of earnest thought and sound conviction ponders the situation as it exists, and discerns the dangers that threaten from the laxity and corruption which are apparent in the governmental system—Federal, State, and municipal—the sentiment can not be avoided that reformation of the prevailing system is absolutely necessary. Pruning and lopping of diseased branches will not remedy. The malady is in the trunk, and, although the roots are unaffected, radical treatment is virtually essential. Of the 11,500,000 voters in the United States, 3,100,000 are of alien nativity and 1,500,000 are of African descent. The native white voters—8,300,000—are every year falling in the ratio, while the alien voters are increasing, largely through the inadequacy of the laws governing immigration and the facility with which naturalization papers are obtained, with investiture of citizenship and suffrage in many of the qualified courts. At the rate which has prevailed during the last twenty years, the alien voters in several of the States will outnumber the native voters. They already are in excess in two or three of the States.

Illiteracy is chief among the causes which are all the time developing to serious consequences in the exercise of the elective franchise. It is most prevalent among the alien voters and those of African blood. To add to this deplorable quality in the aliens, is the attendant fact that a large number of them neither understand nor speak the English language, and do not comprehend our republican form of government. Of the more than 1,500,000 voters of African blood, nearly 1,000,000 can not read or write. Of the 11,500,000 voters in all the States, 2,000,000 are illiterate or non-English speaking—an aggregate formidable enough to determine elections in States, and defeat the will of intelligent, earnest voters in the choice of President. In the six States of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, are 815,000 white voters and 852,000 voters of African blood, of whom 141,000 whites and 683,000 colored are illiterate—the greater portion densely ignorant; still the votes of these illiterates count the same as the votes of the most intelligent in the score of numbers, relatively.

Illiteracy in the United States is now actually a good cause for denial of the suffrage. It is nearly thirty years since emancipation was proclaimed. The youngest slave of that day is now in full manhood. Public schools, equal to those in the North, and as free, have been established in the South the last quarter of a century. The children of colored parents are enabled to attend the schools as well as the children of white parents. It is the fault and negligence of the parents, and not of the State, if the children, white or black, grow to maturity and are illiterate. To spur all of the kind to education, it should be made a qualification of the voting franchise. The rule should thenceforth prevail in every State in the Union, and with it the condition that none be admitted to citizenship and suffrage who can not read the constitution, and do not fairly understand the nature of the sacred obligation to which the naturalized person is required to make oath to observe and fulfill as a citizen.

As things are, it is possible that the ignorant of the State may become the rulers of the State. It is measurably so already, and it has had actual demonstration in some of the States, even in the great Empire State, whose chief city—the most populous in America—is notoriously carried in elections every year by the votes of the illiterate and ignorant, marshalled by corrupt Tammany, and led or driven to the polls like hounds in the leash or hogs to slaughter in Chicago. Make illiteracy a disqualification to the franchise, and enforce it. Those who do not value suffrage enough to have their children qualified for it, but allow them to grow to manhood in ignorance, have no clear right to cast the vote that may nullify or defeat the vote of an intelligent, worthy citizen. Illiteracy is a fecund source of crime. To educate the child is to nip crime in the bud, and, as a man, he will be better fitted for the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. Public sentiment, roused by public danger, demands such amendment to the laws which govern the ballot as shall assure to intelligent citizens the direction of the government.

In the second year of the administration of Elbridge Gerry as governor of Massachusetts, and before he was Vice-President, the legislature so juggled with the senatorial districts as to overthrow the Federalist power in the Senate. A map of one of the distorted districts looked like some fabulous monster, and Gilbert Stuart, the artist, completed the resemblance to a salamander, and the people, wrongly ascribing the blame to Governor Gerry, called it a Gerrymander.

Cats can not live in the rarefied air of Leadville. Rats enjoy a perpetual picnic there.

PARISIAN NOTES.

"Parisina's" Budget of Gossip from Lutetia.

There generally comes a time in the life of every actress and *demi-mondaine* when it is necessary for her to realize her property and convert whatever valuables she may have gathered about her into cash; artistic furniture, pictures, and gems do not constitute an income, and money well invested is more to the purpose when beauty begins to fade or the *artiste's* name ceases to draw. It is thus now with Judic—with bright, bewitching Judic. But with the wit which has always characterized her, she has taken time by the forelock, instead of waiting until she was quite *passée* or had finally retired from the stage to put some order in her affairs. It was a surprise to every one, therefore, when the sale of her goods and valuables was announced, and those who crowded to the private view were all asking each other the reason of this sudden freak, a question which no one seemed able to answer, although many tried to look as if they could a tale unfold if they chose. Actresses' houses have always had an extraordinary fascination for women in society, and when a sale is announced at one of them, they always flock thither in crowds. They love to wander from room to room, to inspect every object, and try to read therein what the life of the *femme de théâtre* is like, and are not above borrowing hints therefrom for their own installations, for they have heard their male friends praise the tasteful arrangement of this one or that.. Certainly Judic's house was worth wasting an hour over—a charming *bijou* mansion in the flamboyant Gothic style, mysteriously lighted through stained-glass windows, the hall and staircase hung with tapestry, representing hunts in unnaturally green forests, and the most beautiful carved oak everywhere. An elegant winding-stair leading out of one corner of the drawing-room to my lady's chamber above; carved, pointed archways incrusted in the door-ways and panelings, delicately chased against the walls, the spoil of some ancient church or abbey; and then a monumental chimney-piece, and balconies inserted in odd places, from which you could look down from the rooms overhead—a lovely place to play at hide-and-seek in! Many are the revels that have been held there; a memento of Judic's last entertainment still hangs from the central chandelier—a huge bough of faded mistletoe. People do not kiss under the mistletoe in France, or many would have been the jokes cracked at the expense of this decayed bunch of vegetables, as Thackeray would have described it. The faded leaves and shriveled berries might afford a text for a social sermon. Public curiosity is not satisfied with poking its nose into every hole and corner of the house when such a sale is toward; even the servants come in for their share of the general interest, and they know their value at such times. I was much amused with the self-complacent importance of the *valet de chambre*. Coming out on to the landing, while the sale of pictures was going on, I overheard him discoursing to the cook, who appeared to have just emerged from the lower regions in her white cap and apron. He was explaining to her that small pictures often fetch more money than big ones, adding, didactically: "You remember Millet's 'Glaneuse.'" He gave it as his opinion that the pictures had fetched a very fair sum, whereas the jewelry—"Ah, there was a pity. If madame had listened to"—(I am sure he was going to say "me," but substituted)—"to those who could advise her, she would not have put her trinkets up at auction at all."

Those who frequent Paris theatres would hardly imagine that there was still a censor for dramatic works. Else "L'Amoureuse" would hardly be running at the Odéon or "Nos Intimes" at the Vaudeville. There are scenes in both these plays which call up blushes on the most callous cheeks. A Frenchwoman, not by any means squeamish in a usual way, told me she felt as if she must get up and go out while Jane Hading was performing the famous "sofa scene." Yes, there is not only a censor, but his existence is a thorn in the sides of many writers. The matter came lately before the Chamber, and a committee was got together to consider the question; a number of well-known literary and theatrical men were invited to give their opinions, and a large majority were for the full liberty of the stage. Among them were Vacquerie—the eminent critic and writer—Zola, Richepin, Carré, and Antoine—the two last are managers of theatres in Paris. Alexander Dumas, Got—the actor—and Meilhac, the author of so many witty plays, were against any change. It was finally decided that from the first of January next the theatres should be under a régime of complete freedom, save insomuch as they touched upon any matter connected with foreign politics. We are destined, it seems, to hear and see some strange things, unless the public takes upon itself the part of censor, which is not impossible. It is reported that the frequenters of the music halls are getting tired of improprieties, and that the great novelties for the coming year are correct ballads, without a ticklish allusion in them; Yvette Guilbert's successor is to be a singer of the goody-goody order! Well, wonders will never cease.

There has grown up lately a crop of practical jokers—though where the fun lies in their jokes is not very evident—who go about the streets, in fashionable quarters, with a patent squirt, small enough to hold in the palm of the hand and full of vitriol. They humbly beg a few cents from every fine lady they meet; then, when her back is turned, sprinkle her latest skirt (hers and her dress-maker's pride) with the corroding liquid. This bit of pleasant humor is only discovered when the victim reaches home and is puzzled to find the thick cloth, or rich silk, of her garment is falling into rags or crumbling to powder. The other day, at a wedding, the best man and some friends, arrayed in the gorgeous attire appropriate to the occasion, were somewhat dismayed on discovering that their best light trousers hung in graceful lace-work over their boots. The hems of the bride's dress and petticoats were eaten right through, and she was fortunate in that her stockings and shoes escaped the same fate. So far, the police have failed to collar any of these practical jokers. Indeed, they have been most unlucky of late, for, while they let evil-doers slip through their fingers, they have been extremely officious in taking up the wrong people. With a view to putting down the pest that takes possession of the boulevards and gay quarters after ten or eleven at night, *rafles*—otherwise hauls—have been ordained in these parts. The other night, unfortunately, a highly respectable dress-maker's assistant was caught in the net, cuffed when she remonstrated, and hustled off to the police-station. The commissary preferred to retire early, and his wooden-headed deputy was deaf to the entreaties of poor Mlle. Fernandez, who was finally carried off in the prison-van—popularly known here as the "salad-basket"—to pass the night in the lock-up at Saint Lazare, in the companionship of the most degraded of her sex. Not till twelve o'clock the next day did she get her release, with a few words from the magistrate whose duty it was to examine the prisoners. The affair made a great stir, and Mlle. Fernandez became quite a heroine; her case was mentioned at the council of ministers, and M. Constans, of the interior, is, they say, drawing up a new code of rules concerning the presence of at least one commissary out of two in each quarter until midnight. But this is not all: A day or two later, an honest, middle-aged *bourgeoise*, accompanied by her two children, who had been paying several visits in the same neighborhood, was pounced upon as she issued from the house of one of her friends and promptly marched off to the police-station, and produced as a vagabond who knocked at people's doors to beg. The only compensation offered to her, two hours later, when the commissary turned up after dinner, was the united regret of the commissary and his not over-bright subordinates. What with vitriol on the one hand and a blundering police-force on the other, Parisians are not having a very gay time of it just now. The chance of being assaulted by some Jack-in-office is nowadays one of the inevitable risks run by those who go about alone late at night, and old ladies are beginning to consider it fool-hardy to frequent the resorts of the Paris policeman when there are no thieves or cut-throats near to come to the rescue. PARISINA.

PARIS, December 11, 1891.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Story of the "Orient."

'Twas a pleasant Sunday morning while the spring was in its glory,
English spring of gentle glory; smoking by his cottage door,
Florid-faced, the man-o'-war's-man told his white-head boy the story,
Noble story of Aboukir, told a hundred times before.

"Here, the *Theseus*—here, the *Vanguard*;" as he spoke each name sonorous—
Minotaur, Defence, Majestic, stanch old comrades of the brine,
That against the ships of Brueys made their broadsides roar in chorus—
Ranging daisies on his door-stone, deft he mapped the battle-line.

Mapped the curve of tall three-deckers, deft as might a man left-handed,
Who had given an arm to England later on at Trafalgar.
While he poured the praise of Nelson to the child, with eyes expanded,
Bright athwart his honest forehead blushed the scarlet cutlass-scar.

For he served aboard the *Vanguard*, saw the Admiral, blind and bleeding,
Borne below by silent sailors, borne to die as then they deemed.
Every stout heart sick but stubborn, fought the sea-dogs on unheeding,
Guns were cleared, and manned, and cleared, the battle thundered, flashed, and screamed.

Till a cry swelled loud and louder—towered on fire the *Orient* stately.
Brueys' flag-ship, she that carried guns a hundred and a score:
Then came groping up the hatchway he they counted dead but lately,
Came the little one-armed Admiral to guide the fight once more.

"Lower the boats!" was Nelson's order. But the listening boy beside him,
Who had followed all his motions with an eager, wide, blue eye,
Nursed upon the name of Nelson till he half had deified him,
Here, with childhood's crude consistence, broke the tale to question "Why?"

For by children facts go streaming in a throng that never pauses,
Noted not, till of a sudden, thought, a sunbeam, gilds the motes.
All at once the known words quicken, and the child would deal with causes:
Since to kill the French was righteous, why bade Nelson lower the boats?

Quick the man put by the question. "But the *Orient*, none could save her;
We could see the ships, the ensigns, clear as daylight by the flare;
And a-many leaped and left her; but, God rest 'em, some were braver;
Some held by her, firing steady till she blew to God knows where."

At the shock, he said, the *Vanguard* shook through all her timbers oaken;
It was like the shock of Doomsday—not a tar but shuddered hard.
All was hushed for one strange moment; then that awful calm was broken
By the heavy plash that answered the descent of mast and yard.

So, her cannon still defying, and her colors flaming, flying,
In her pit her wounded helpless, on her deck her admiral dead,
Soared the *Orient* into darkness with her living and her dying.
"Yet our lads made shift to rescue threescore souls," the seaman said.

Long the boy with knit brows wondered o'er that friending of the foeman;
Long the man with shut lips pondered; powerless he to tell the cause
Why the brother in his bosom that desired the death of no man,
In the crash of battle wakened, snapped the bonds of hate like straws.

While he mused, his toddling maiden drew the daisies to a posy;
Mild the bells of Sunday morning rang across the church-yard sod;
And, helped on by tender hands, with sturdy feet all bare and rosy,
Climbed his babe to mother's breast, as climbs the slow world up to God. —*Helen Gray Cone.*

The Ballad of Lief.

Where the stormy cliffs of Greenland frown down the Arctic seas,
While the short, glad days of summer made soft the icy breeze,
Came the dauntless Viking Eric, in his search for fame and gold
What time the Norseman's banner ruled land and sea of old.

There built they hall and fortress, stout walls for house and byre,
Good bolts to guard their treasure, broad hearths to heap with fire;
And high above the thresholds their mighty gods did place,
Great Thor, and Father Odin, and Loki's crafty face.

Rare sport from floe and hill-side the sturdy warriors drew,
Right well both beast and skraling their hurtling spear-heads knew,
The white bears of the mountain before them stood at bay,
The swift deer of the meadow was far less fleet than they.

But when 'round camp-fires blazing the winter's watch was set,
And song of skald outringing woke daring and regret,
The young men's eyes grew brighter and hot breath went and came
When loud in verse or story was heard Bjorne's name.

Bjorne, son of Herjulf, who once—O crown of fate!—
With daring keel south steering had found a new world's gate,
A land of vines and flowers, bedecked in living green,
Bright fields knee-deep in grasses, bright rivers sown between.

And Lief, the heir of Eric, would toss his fiery head
While the swift heart-throbs beating stained cheek and brow with red,
And swear he, too, would venture that strange and lonesome track
Should all the dread Valkyrie dark-frowning call him back!

One day his barque flew southward across that unknown sea,
To glory or to danger naught recked or questioned he;
With five-and-thirty comrades full armed in spear and mail,
And the proud Norseman's banner flung broadly to the gale.

Behind them in the distance the home-roofs fell away,
Before, nor coast nor harbor rose up from day to day,
Till saw they in the distance the lone and grewsome shore
Of Helluland the Stony, off stormy Labrador.

And "Onward!" cried the Norseman: "Not this our land of bliss;
Our kine would never fatten on such harsh food as this!"
So sped their good boat onward before the north wind's blows,
Through many a dawn's glad promise and many an evening's close.

Till on the west high rising with sheltered fords and bays,
Rose Markland, the Well-wooded, to greet their eager gaze;
But "Nay!" said Lief the Stalwarth; "not here we anchor set;
The land that wooes the Viking must be a fairer yet!"

Then southward still, slow rounding a stormy cape of sand
Lo! set before their vision a rich and gracious land;
A shore of vines and flowers bedecked in living green,
Bright fields knee-deep in grasses, bright rivers sown between!

"Here in these smiling valleys, with joy and plenty crowned,
Shall kin arise to bless us, and flocks and herds abound;
Here shall the gods smile kindly their children's pride to see,
And the plenteous furrows gladden, and the bounty of the sea."

So spake the son of Eric on Vinland's headland bold;
While to his eager fancy the future years unrolled
Their scroll of fame before him—his name set high in place
As a star that lends its splendor to the glory of a race.

Nor deemed he ere three summers had waked to joy and glee
The blossoms in the valley, the wild bird on the tree,
That where the lone white headland spreads white arms to the wave
The arrow of the skraling should have left him but a grave.

Would his eye have lost its cunning, his arm its stormy might,
Could he have known the silence of the long, forgetful night
That would hide him in its furrows from kindly human ken,
Till his name and fame had faded from the living thought of men?

Nay! for not such the heroes! They work through pain and loss,
Content to reach their crowning through shadows of the cross;
Content to know that surely, in spite of fate unkind,
The brave man's deed lives ever to help and bless mankind.

And that, however slowly the lengthening ages fall,
At last their meed of honor is meted unto all,
At last his crown of glory bedecks the hero's grave,
As now rings song and story with the name of Lief, the Brave! —*Mary Elizabeth Blake.*

The Duke of Devonshire's death will, at length, enable his son, Lord Hartington, to legalize the somewhat peculiar relations which have, for so many years, existed between himself and the still charming Dowager-Duchess of Manchester. The latter has been Lord Hartington's social and political Egeria for many a long year, and so great was the constancy of the lord to the duchess that English society tolerated, both privately and publicly, the intimacy between the two. Every dinner at which the duchess was present was certain to be attended by Lord Hartington, who was a fellow-guest of hers at each country-house which she visited. Her husband, the Duke of Manchester, a good-natured, harmless, inoffensive creature, died nearly two years ago, and a marriage would have taken place between the widow and the marquis last spring had it not been for the obstacles raised by Lord Hartington's aged father, the Duke of Devonshire, who viewed, with the utmost disfavor, the projected union.

A horse-jockey in Aroostook County, Me., repented of his sharp practices, joined the church, and announced that, if he had taken unfair advantage of any one in a horse trade, he would be glad to square things by paying the difference in cash. It was scarcely daylight the next morning, when a neighbor, who considered he had been "roasted" in a trade with the newly converted jockey, made his appearance at the latter's door, remarking that he had "come early to avoid the rush." The jockey promptly settled the case.

A French physician recommends vaccinating with steel-pens, since one could easily afford to use a fresh one each time, and thus avoid danger of infection from the lancet.

FOLLOWING THE HOUNDS.

"Van Gryse" draws a Lively Picture of an American Fox Hunt.

The autumn season, with its out-door sports, now draws to a close and prepares to merge itself in the whirlwind of gayeties that concentrate about Christmas. The one pastime of the season of the partridge and the gun that still survives, is bunting.

We continue to hunt. The red coat is not yet put away in camphor and moth-paper. The white kerseymere breeks still hang suspended from their peg in the wardrobe. The bobtailed-hunter, with the long legs, the flat and sinewy neck, the lean and muscular body, is still stamping impatiently in his stall. At the country clubs the hounds howl in their wired inclosure, and the dry and sere face of the autumn-tinted country is streaked this way and that with the pungent scent of the anise-seed bag.

Every man with a penny to his fortune and the least little bit of sporting blood in his veins, spends his autumn in the country and keeps a hunter. It does not cost him very much. "A holter" that can take a five-barred fence, can be purchased quite cheaply, and there never was the man yet who did not think he could eventually break the spirit of a balky horse or a self-willed woman. The costume comes somewhat high. One can not array one's self in a bright red coat, with brass buttons, a white fancy waistcoat, a pair of tan-colored breeches, and extremely tight leggins or top-boots, and a tall, black hat, for a trifle. It costs something to look as beautiful as that. And then for the Hunt Ball, there is another rig—the red coat must be fresh and bright, and the kerseymere trowsers are cast aside for black-satin knee-breeches, and black-silk stockings and pumps.

As we have no young men of leisure in our glorious republic, the hunts all take place on Saturday afternoons. The master of the fox-hounds apprises the surrounding neighborhood of the place of the meet, the course and direction of the hunt, and the spot where the finish is to take place. Then he hies himself forth with his trusty myrmidons, and lays the track with the anise-seed bag. Sometimes this track follows the road for a distance, or passes through meadows close to the road, and then the friends, mothers, sisters, and sweethearts of the gallant huntsmen have the joy of seeing their male kindred flying over the fences like birds or lying prone upon the sod.

The meet generally takes place at some inn or tavern far back in the country, in those still and peaceful vales where one may be perfectly certain of chancing upon a house which was once Washington's head-quarters, or the summer home of some of the great English generals of revolutionary days. Tradition hangs thick about the little, low-roofed, white-washed farm-houses that cluster in quiet groups about the road-side or across the fields. Back from the highway stands a large and ruinous building, held together by vines and supporting poles, which the aborigines will tell you was once the country-seat of that General Howe who was the governor of New York under the third George. The tavern itself, situated at a cross-roads and sheltered under drooping apple-trees—a long, rambling, unkempt place—looks as though Aaron Burr himself might once have rested in the little parlor en route to one of those mysterious trysts, which called from his soldiers the knowing comment: "'Tis odds little Aaron is off on a spark."

As the tavern comes into view, fronting on a sweep of good, hard, country road, little dusty at this season, and hedged with leafless growths of brambles and "bread-and-butter" vines, quite a concourse of equipages and equestrians break upon the new-comer's vision. There is a little square before the inn where the four roads cross, and here are drawn up all sorts of gay carriages. Here, too, are the huntsmen—broad, good-looking, sun-burned fellows—red-coated, well-mounted, some astride their satin-skinned horses, others on foot, with the reins hanging loose over their arms; others, again, appearing in the distance, rising up over the curve of the hill, at first mere red dashes in the autumn sunlight, then, drawing nearer, hallooing greetings to each other, or making laughing comments to their companions as they come galloping up.

The carriages are generally full of women. They are all open traps, of course, and the good-looking matrons and dapper maidens who form their freight lend the finishing touch to the beauty of the picture. A good many of them drive surreys or T-carts, a few are in phaetons, a very few elderly matrons are in victorias. Up one of the long, hard roads, with a rumble of heavy wheels and a jingle of silver harness-chains, comes one dashing turn-out—a dark T-cart drawn by a pair of thick-set roans, with no tails to speak of, and roached manes. There is a groom behind, and high on the box-seat sits the driver, a handsome woman over thirty, in a light fawn-colored cloth covert-coat, a close, round hat, and a white-lace veil. She guides her horses through the press of carriages with a sure and practiced hand, throws graceful bows right and left, and draws up with a flourish near the horse-trough. The groom hops out and goes to the roans' heads, and the huntsmen gather round with appreciative grins of welcome.

Village-carts, dog-carts, and buckboards gather thicker and thicker. The girls who drive them call out to each other questions on the length and direction of the hunt. There is bowing, with a graceful sweep of the whip, and laughing, and now and then small flurries of excitement, as a horse backs suddenly, or an ugly hunter, pricked by accident by his rider's spur, rears, and sidles, and prances in a nervous way.

The huntsmen spend their time riding from carriage to carriage—now two or three of them pausing near the stately victoria of a middle-aged, handsome woman, whose daughter is the prettiest débutante of the new season, then veering off toward a splendidly appointed surrey, where two of the gayest girls of the country-side are smiling invitingly through their shrouding white veils. One center of attraction is an exceedingly neat and dainty-looking young woman, who, mounted on a sturdy, broad-flanked, bay mare, is going to follow the hounds. Her habit sets over her straight, trim figure as closely as a second skin. She is rather thin and lightly built, but has an admirably erect carriage and the charm of a flexible waist. When she laughs, her even, white teeth shine through her thin veil, and her eyes sparkle in the most attractive manner. Her blonde hair, smooth and shiny, is drawn up tightly and snugly under her tall hat.

Presently, at some magic signal, the huntsmen tear themselves away, and, at a brisk canter, fly down the road, then over the fence, and away toward the open country. And now, in an open field near by, the pack, the master, and the whippers-in appear. The dogs fly here and there, noses to the ground, tails up in a stiff semi-circle, looking for the scent. Catching it, they suddenly give tongue, and out over the hollow country, reverberating to the distant hills the mellow notes sweep, tone over tone, melodious as the cadenced music of ringing bells, beautiful, rich, round, falling together in resonant harmony.

The pack break away, their noses down, streaming out in a long, broken line of white and brown, looking small as rabbits as they run, fleeing fleetly over the uneven ground, sometimes disappearing altogether in a ditch, again tearing their way out through a hedge, now straggling like a rent banner, again pressing on each other's heels, so close that the curved and erect tails stand up in a clump, like a forest of white birches. Now and then, one falls far behind, and, with his long, loose ears flying, his tongue hanging, his breath coming in broken pants, he flies after his comrades *ventre à terre*.

The hunt follows at a respectful distance. It, too, streams out over the face of the placid country in a torn and ragged line. The master rides first, close on the hounds. Then come the followers. Three ride merrily and well, close together. One of them wears a dark coat, and is mounted on an enormous, raking chestnut, which, with a stretch of legs that looks unnatural and a long neck strained forward, flies over the fences as lightly as a bird, clears the brooks at a long, cool leap, covers the moist, heavy fields with an easy, sinewy stride. The two others keep close at his heels, and follow his lead with confidence in the sagacity of this mighty hunter and his cool-headed rider.

A field behind come two more. They ride differently. One man holds his reins low near the horn of his saddle, and sits up erectly, moving to the motion of his horse. The other leans far forward, and seems to cling with his knees. A fence approaching, both horses rise lightly to it and clear it, with a graceful spring. The lady is close behind them, and is going ahead beautifully. She seems to tighten her rein a little as the fence looms up, then over she goes ever so lightly, lands easily on the other side, and, with a sharp blow of her crop, urges her mount ahead, and draws up with the two men. These, in turn, shorten the distance between themselves and the foremost trio. Watching them as they disappear, one sees them rising perilously to clear fences, sailing over triumphantly, then their backs rise and fall as their horses plunge forward over the sodden, moist fields to the woods beyond.

Quite some distance back, in a field by the highway, the rest of the hunt appears to have come to grief. There are something like seven or eight horses here, all balking. The first of this batch refused the fence, and his example immediately communicated itself to all the others. The whole company is in commotion. Some men run their horses back to the end of the meadow, turn them round, and ride them furiously down on the fence. They go like the wind, bear down on the fence under a full head of steam; then, their noses against the bars, stop dead, all trembling, and their riders are flung violently forward against their necks.

Other men, almost against the bars, beat and belabor their terrorized nags, who, tails down tight, ears pressed back against the skull, red eyes rolling, and nostrils stretched wide, stand motionless, save for the thrills of fear that run down over them from nose to hoof. If the horses are obstinate, the men are enraged. Some sit, and, pounding their spurred heels against the animals' sides, beat on their flanks with the crops with all their force. One particularly angry Nimrod called a boy from a cart in the road, and, while the huntsman beat his mulish mount on the neck with his crop, the boy slashed the animal's hind-legs with a long wagon-whip. Even this was of no avail. The stronger the blows grew, the uglier became the temper of the enraged equine, which simply stood, with its ears pasted to its head, its tail drawn in tightly, and its red eye working round in a blaze of dumb fury.

Finally, some person, gifted with more sense than determination, suggested removing the top-bar of the fence. This done, and the first horse over, away went the others, like arrows from a bow. Lifting their hind heels charily, they cleared the fence as easily as a hare clears a mole-heap, and went at the others with a fiery energy that lifted them high in the air and made them alight on the other side as softly as a chestnut dropping from its burr to the moss below.

At the third fence, somebody went off, fell like the beautiful snow backward on the earth, with his legs sticking stiffly up in the air. Nobody paid the least attention to him. The remainder of the hunt swept by him, leaving him sitting up and looking decidedly dazed, while his horse, the reins hanging slack on his neck, rushed off alone in pursuit of his fellows. Meantime, the hounds, the master, and the foremost horsemen were all out of sight. Nearer by, the second detachment could be seen strung out over a meadow in flying Indian file, with the lady leading and rising to her fences as easily as she might have stepped into her carriage. The rest of the hunt straggled behind again, going like mad to catch up with the leaders, and now and then, as the horses rushed at some extra high stone wall or wide streamlet, leaving a rider or two scattered afar on the muddy earth.

NEW YORK, December 9, 1891. VAN GRYSE.

A Southern newspaper has a word of rebuke for "those thoughtless *bon vivants* who will throw their banana skins on the sidewalks."

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dom Pedro, at the time of his death, was dependent upon a paltry allowance of ten thousand francs per month, doled out to him by his son-in-law's father, the Duc de Nemours. This allowance has now been transferred to the crown princess, who has inherited nothing from the ex-emperor.

The Prince of Wales, some time ago, suffered with a boil under his arm, which he necessarily used rather awkwardly. An American toady noticed the embarrassed mode with which he shook hands, and, thinking it a new and proper caper, copied it and brought it home with him. Now "they" all do it.

Colonel North, the South American nitrate king, was not always so well supplied with funds as he is nowadays. That was in the days when he was a clever lad working in a Bradford mill. Luck came to him when his employer sent him to Peru to put up some boilers. While on this trip, he accidentally ran across the rich guano and nitrate beds that formed the basis of his great wealth.

Rome has just been the scene of a grand wedding between Princess Marie Bonaparte and a young lieutenant of altogether *bourgeois* birth, of the name of Gatti. King Humbert conferred upon him the title of count on the day of the marriage and promoted the young man to the rank of captain. The king regards the bride in the light of a relative, and both be and the queen gave her magnificent wedding presents.

When in the course of a St. Louis lecture, Sir Edwin Arnold dilated on the fascinations of the Japanese girl—her plump, round face, rosebud mouth, graceful nose, small feet, and languid eyes—doubtless many in the audience felt that they could understand why Lafcadio Hearn has followed the distinguished author of the "Light of Asia" in yielding to the enchantments of life in Japan, the Oriental Arcadia of the nineteenth century.

Viscount Combermere, who was, in his day, famed as the most daring horseman in England, has just met his death in London by being run over and knocked down by an ordinary "growler," or four-wheeled night-cab. He was a handsome, bright old fellow of seventy-three. He has seen little of Combermere Abbey, which, some seasons ago, was rented at an enormous rate to the Empress of Austria, who made it her head-quarters during the hunting season.

Speaker Crisp is the son of an actor and actress. A few months after his birth, his parents played an engagement in Boston. This was in the summer of 1846, and the opening play was "The Rivals." Mr. Crisp's character was Bob Acres, and he is said to have filled it well. Mrs. Crisp is well remembered for her excellent personation of Meg Merrilies. In fact, in the several parts for which they were cast, they succeeded in making a favorable impression. Another son, Harry Crisp, also went on the stage, and became well-known in New York. He was older than Charles F.

The Prince of Wales has just been paying his long-deferred visit to the Duke of Portland, at Welbeck Abbey. The prince only became the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, at Tranby-Croft, because the duke and duchess had refused to receive as a guest for the December week Lady Brooke, whose name had been included in the list which the prince gave the duke of the people whom he desired to be invited to meet him. On the refusal of the duke and duchess to invite her ladyship, the prince went to the Wilsons' instead, where Lady Brooke was offered a welcome. The Duchess of Portland, as well as her husband, has announced their determination of closing their doors to all people whose names are connected with scandals.

The Duke of Westminster, who already enjoys the reputation of being the wealthiest man in England, has just inherited a further fortune of three hundred thousand dollars a year through the death of his nonogenarian mother. His income as it is at present amounts to four million dollars per annum, and every year this is being increased by the falling in of enormous leaseholds on his London estate. The duke, along with his Grace of Bedford and Lord Howard de Walden, owns most of the land upon which the old City stands. The heir to all this wealth is the duke's grandson, little Lord Belgrave, an Eton boy about fourteen years of age. When the present duke was at Eton, he went by the nickname of "Jack Shepard," a soubriquet due to his extraordinary resemblance to Cruikshank's picture. The name has stuck by the duke, and it is funny to hear some of his old boyhood friends addressing this most wealthy and dignified of all British nobles by the name of one of England's most famous criminals.

Marfori is reported to have made his escape from the Philippine Islands and to have reappeared at Paris, where he has recently been attempting to black-mail ex-Queen Isabella of Spain. It was generally supposed that this man, whose name was execrated from one end of Europe to the other twenty years ago, was dead, and certainly the queen herself must have hoped that this was the case. For his connection with her household, under the cloak of religion, was of such a disgraceful character that it shocked even Napoleon the Third, when she arrived in France, after being deprived of her throne, in 1869. No one hated the tall, beetle-browed, and sinister-looking abbé more than Isabella's son, the late King Alphonso, and on the latter's ascending the throne of Spain, after the restoration of the monarchy, one of his very first acts was to cause the arrest of Marfori and to ship him off to the convict colony at Manilla, where it was confidently expected that he would spend the remainder of his days. King Alphonse did this with the object of putting out of public sight—and, as far as possible, out of public mind—the cause that had contributed more than anything else to bring the fair fame and honor of his mother into disrepute. Marfori possesses any number of compromising secrets, not only of the queen, but also of the royal family. He, therefore, has many means at his command of levying black-mail upon her. The Spanish Government will attempt to extradite Marfori.

VANITY FAIR.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner calls attention to what some of us have observed before, that tall girls are now "in." They have been getting fashionable for some time past, and they are now "all the rage." The days of the *petite*, frail, clinging girl are very nearly over; and her place is being surely taken by what lady novelists call "daughters of the gods," because they are "divinely tall and most divinely fair." In the future, we are likely to see less of airy, fairy Lillian than of Juno. Indeed, it seems quite likely that before so very long the Anglo-Saxons will have become a race of majestic women and puny men; for our men certainly do not improve in physique. Nor is it difficult to find the reason. The middle-class girl has, as a rule, nothing to do but play lawn-tennis, take long walks, and otherwise develop her muscles; whereas her brother, long before he is out of his teens, gets himself into a stuffy office and stops there all day, with occasional excursions to saloons. Where the brother picks himself up with cocktails, the sister goes out and "volleys." The result is that she grows tall, straight, and graceful; and grows for three or four years after he has stopped growing. If we continue like this, there will be no possible question in the next generation which is the weaker vessel.

"Put two extra lifts on the heel," accompanied an order to a shoe-maker. "Tally another victim of the tall-girl," the shoe-maker remarked. "How is that?" "Why, there are so many tall girls nowadays that the average height of men must be raised. Up to a few years ago, the lowest heel was the rage, but now the heel is decidedly higher—I figure it between half and three-quarters of an inch. It is all the growth of recent years. It isn't fashion, either, for you'll not find the high heel among tall men. It's only among the little fellows, who try to add to their height by ever so little. But even half an inch counts in a man's height. A few years ago, a man of five feet six was seldom overtopped by a lady. Now the man of five feet eight is not infrequently looked down on. They are not thin girls, either, but well proportioned and solidly built, which makes their height all the more exasperating to an undersized man. You see, by adding a little to his heels and to his hat, a man just under the average can lift himself up to it."

Several prominent English and American lawyers, in Paris, have recently been interviewed on the subject of international marriages. Henry Cachard, representing Coudert Brothers, of New York, said: "The general opinion that such marriages are merely exchanges of money for social position is a mistake. Although unions do sometimes originate in selfish motives, they are mostly due to affection." A legal adviser of the United States consulate said: "In the majority of cases the fortunes of American women are in trust. Women are to a certain degree attracted by the glitter of a coronet." One of the legal advisers of the United States legation said: "I think that if the American girl, whose notions of matrimony have been formed at home, expects a French husband to act up to her ideals, she is likely to be disappointed. But if she understands foreign views of marriage and accepts a husband, knowing these opinions, she is generally happy in her married life. Most American women, before contracting unions with foreigners, have traveled in Europe and got divested of the national prejudices."

At the recent meeting of the Rational Dress Reform Society, in London, Lady Haberton, the high priestess of the order, wore a coat-bodice and divided skirt, reaching half-way between her knee and ankle, of dark, rough homespun. Thick, laced boots and high gaiters were another feature of her attire, with a rather incongruous finishing touch in the shape of a large velvet hat, with nodding plumes. The secretary wore a harem-like costume, comprising Turkish trousers and a zouave jacket. This latter combination must have been picturesque.

Many small amenities, which the unaccustomed regard as among the fads of fashionable life, and altogether whimsical, unnecessary, and absurd, will really be found established upon reason if once looked into with any scrutiny. Where the loud-speaking woman is stamped as vulgar, for example, it is not only because the association connects her loud voice with the fish-women of Billingsgate, but because the loud voice is unsuited to dwelling-rooms, hurts the ears of the hearers, allows every one to know all the speaker's business and often that of other people, and betrays, if not a coarse nature, at least an untrained and uncultivated manner, while, bad as it is within doors, it acts a greatly worse part without, where it attracts attention and invites insult; but, without and within, it is unwomanly, and it being generally admitted that the part of refinement, good-breeding, and good-feeling is to excite as little remark as possible upon the street, the loud tone is then at once recognized as a vulgarity.

There are at this moment in England eight hundred and ninety-seven thousand more marriageable women than marriageable men. Here is a huge standing army of spinsters who must remain single, not because the men will not marry them, but because there are no men to marry them. And their ranks are, of course, largely swelled by those who either can not get the men they want or have not moved any man to want them. Lady Henry Somerset, like other observers who have spoken on the subject, likes our system of free association between young men and women. To protect and care for one of the other sex is an art which this sympathetic critic thinks a man can not acquire too early. It makes the way to a matrimonial proposal a good deal easier than a stubbornly conservative, social convention has made it in England. It helps to expand the feminine mind, too; for, notwithstanding Lady Henry Somerset's impression to the contrary, the women do not monopolize the intellectual activity of our people.

"Admitted to be the most astonishing feature of modern society in New York—I do not say modern fashionable society, because several of the names upon its shining list are not yet seen in those of the functions enjoyed by the so-called Four Hundred—is the number of colossal fortunes owned by individuals," writes Mrs. Burton Harrison in an article on "Social Life in New York," in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. "Two men are cited who are reported to enjoy the revenues from estates of one hundred and fifty million dollars each. Others—between twenty-five and thirty of these enviable souls—lie down at night with the agreeable reflection that they may upon the morrow, if so disposed, make ducks and drakes of fortunes ranging from five millions to one hundred millions each. As to the 'one-millionaires-and-over,' they are quite common cattle in our streets. Naturally enough, the dazzle of these facts leads people outside of New York to fancy that the whole of society is in the attitude glowingly described by Thackeray's Vicomte de Florac to express his prosperity: 'Sitting surrounded by splendors, before golden vases, crowned with flowers, with valets to kiss our feet.' Entire columns of small print are devoted to the jeweled crowns, the strings of black pearls and threaded diamonds bought from the sales of royalty deposed or deceased; the dinner-services of gold and porcelain; the forests of orchids, the curtains and table-cloths of priceless lace, the town-houses, the country-houses, the equipages and the yachts, with boudoirs fitted in white, and gold, and silken broideries that would have seemed impossible save to the fevered imagination of a writer of corsair romances twenty years ago. As a keen commentator on American character has recently observed: 'When the material rewards of success are so great, the American mind has no choice but to brood on them.' This discussion of wealth has, to all appearance, indeed, become our crowning reproach among other nations, who declare that while money rules the world, we alone make no pretense at veiling our worship of plutocracy."

The custom of wearing black patches to make the skin seem fairer, came from the habit of applying, in the sixteenth century, pieces of black velvet or other dark stuff to the temples for the headache. A fashionable coquette discovered that these were becoming, and brought them into use in France, whence the custom spread into Europe. They were worn not only by women, but by exquisites and the clergy, though their use was not general among men. They were called "mouches," and were made round, square, oval, and in the shape of stars, hearts, crescents, and animals of all sorts, so that a lady's face sometimes had the appearance of a menagerie. The use of powders for the hair and face, which began in the sixteenth century, infected also the men. Henry the Third had the habit of parading the streets of Paris, his face covered with white-and-red paste, like a faded coquette, and his hair filled with violet powder and scented with musk. Powders were made of all colors, and the infatuation was such that servant-girls were afraid to be seen in public with their hair of the natural color, and not being able to buy that used by their betters, employed sawdust as a substitute.

The foundation of the confidence which impels the masses of young Americans to take upon themselves the responsibilities of matrimony is, after all, the firmly fixed custom of giving wedding presents. The question may offer no difficulties to the wealthy; they leave an order with some great jewelry house, and have it charged up, and then go to the wedding. It is, however, upon the unmarried young man of tolerably wide acquaintance, whose income exceeds his living expenses by a small margin, which he fain would save, but who does not feel that he can afford to get married, that the custom bears with peculiar severity. For him, nature, lovely in May and splendid in October, has no charms; for May and October are to him but synonyms for weddings galore, each with its obligation of a gift. The difficulty of selecting something which is not likely to be duplicated half a dozen times over, is known to everybody; but it is not one-tenth so formidable as is the production of the dollars necessary to buy that something. There seems to be good ground for the theory that wedding presents play a weightier part than love in the making of marriages, the majority of young men having spent so much in these gifts that they determine upon marriage in retaliation; and the rest, discouraged by the periodical and alarming drain upon their purses, become misanthropic and confirmed in their bachelor mode of life.

In an article, headed "What Kind of Women do Men Prefer for Wives?" the London *Spectator* recently took the ground that men prefer, as wives, plain and clever girls to pretty simpletons. "Be clever and be well educated," says the *Spectator*, "for then you will get a husband, whether you are pretty or the reverse." Mr. Labouchère, in London *Truth*, takes issue with the *Spectator*, as follows: "If I were a girl on the look-out for a husband, I should play the game by adroitly flattering my contemplated victim; listening, with rapt attention, when he spoke, and generally seeking to create the impression on him that I thought him, in wisdom and in charm, not inferior to the angels. At the same time, I should endeavor, indirectly, to bring home the fact that in me he would find a person with a heavenly temper, brimming over with domestic affection. I should take care to be becomingly dressed, but my 'get-up' would look as if it cost nothing. I should eschew slang and manly games, and I should be severely proper in my general behavior. My likes and dislikes would be those of my victim. In the present day, a man rarely deliberately contemplates marriage. He likes toying with the hook, but he does not intend to swallow it. The fly has, therefore, to be very adroitly thrown to catch him. The mistake girls make is not to distinguish between flirting and fishing. One hears a great deal about the vanity of women. Men are just as vain, and it is by keeping this fact well in mind that a girl gets a husband."

A New York wedding had its origin in a little episode which, in a book, would probably be put down as improbable. About a year ago, the coming bride, who is a New York girl, chanced to notice among the hotel arrivals the name of a Cleveland friend, as she supposed—a gentleman who had been very polite to her on the occasion of a visit of the previous twelvemonth in that city. She called her mother's attention to his presence in New York, and, there being no father or brother in the family to wait upon him, the cards of the two ladies were inclosed as permission to call. Shortly afterward, the young man presented himself. The daughter was out, but the mother, recognizing the name, received him with great cordiality and insisted that he remain for dinner to meet the daughter, who would "be so sorry to miss you." Now the young man had been considerably puzzled by the cards, the names upon which he did not recognize. But as he traveled about a good deal, and had a large circle of casual acquaintances, he concluded these ladies were some of them, and as the initials on the envelope were correct, as well as the name, he reasoned there could be no blunder. When he saw the mother, he knew at once it was their first meeting, but her manner was so unmistakably cordial and reassuring that he did not declare himself, trusting a sight of the daughter would at once disclose the identity of both ladies. The daughter was delayed, and dinner was begun before she appeared. Her entrance showed the man instantly that there was a mistake somewhere—explanations followed, and the "double" had made so favorable an impression upon the mother that, even after she learned of the blunder, he was not permitted to withdraw. It was shortly discovered that they had some mutual friends, after which the young man felt considerably better, and out of this chance acquaintance, as has been said, grew a courtship which ends, most properly, next month in a wedding.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Among the contributors to the January number of the *North American Review* are the Hon. R. Q. Mills and ex-Speaker T. B. Reed on the question of the quorum and the rights of minorities; Andrew Lang on French novels and French Life; the Mexican Minister on "Wages in Mexico"; Governor David B. Hill on the "Pardoning Power"; Lady Henry Somerset on the "Slums of London and New York"; Charles H. Cramp on the "First Cost of Ships"; Theodore Voorhees, the general superintendent of the New York Central Railway, on the life and work of locomotive engineers; and Señor Alonzo Martinez on the speakership question. The same number contains a symposium on "The Best Book of the Year," the contributors to this being Sir Edwin Arnold, Gail Hamilton, Agnes Repplier, Amelia E. Barr, Rev. Dr. Briggs, "Julien Gordon," and Dr. William A. Hammond.

The stories circulated as to Guy de Maupassant's insanity turn out to be without foundation. De Maupassant is somewhat broken down with overwork, and suffers from that kind of nervous exhaustion usual to all exhaustive professions, but there is no reason to say that his brain is weakened or his reason impaired. Dr. Charcot, however, says: "All men of letters, poets, and musicians have, in my opinion, a tile loose, more or less. What astonishes me is that some of them seem still sane; but, mark my words, their turn will come."

"On the Beach at Fa'era," R. L. Stevenson's new novel, is to be published as a serial during the coming year.

The Appletons, who have had a distributing office in London for fifty years, will open a new London office on January 1st. It will be near the Macmillans, in Bedford Street, a neighborhood where also are gathered Chapman & Hall, J. B. Lippincott Company, F. Warne & Co., and G. P. Putnam's Sons. Their representative will be George W. Sheldon, who has been connected with the New York house for ten years.

A new novel by Professor H. H. Boyesen will shortly be issued. It deals with the struggles of a Western millionaire to establish himself in New York society—certainly a plot full of possibilities. It will be called "Social Struggles."

The January table of contents of *Current Literature* embraces "The Fiat of Ambition," from Archdeacon Farrar's "Darkness and Dawn"; "The Gypsy Marriage," from J. M. Barrie's "The Little Minister"; "Dancin' Tucker at the Infair," from Charles Egbert Craddock's "In the Stranger People's Country"; and the famous chapter for the month is "A Sledge Ride in Galicia," from "Theophilus Pisarenko," by Sacher-Masoch.

The author of "Tim" is Howard Sturgis, a younger brother of the novelist, Julian Sturgis.

Edmund Gosse and Austin Dobson, the British poets and book-makers, both hold positions in the London board of trade, but the income they receive from their work there is not so necessary to their subsistence as Charles Lamb's was in the India House. For Mr. Gosse, indeed, has a small fortune invested in first editions and other treasures of the book-shops.

A portrait of Gounod is the frontispiece of the January *Century*, and in the same number the musician describes his experiences in Italy and Germany. The Rev. Dr. Wheatley writes of "The Jews in New York"; J. R. Dodge, of the Agricultural Department, discusses "The Discontent of the Farmer"; Captain E. S. Godfrey, of General Custer's staff, describes "Custer's Last Battle," and General James B. Fry reviews the same campaign; and Dr. J. M. Buckley discusses "Witchcraft." In fiction there are chapters of "The Naulahka," by Kipling and Balestier, and of Weir Mitchell's "Characteristics," and short stories by Viola Roseboro' and Harry Stillwell Edwards. The poetry is unusually good, including verses by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Douglas Sladen, Frank Dempster Sherman, W. W. Campbell, Alice W. Brotherton, Edith Thomas, Mary Ainge de Vere, and others.

Le Sage's first successful book was "Le Diable Boiteux," which came out in 1707, and had a second edition in the same year. Two gentlemen fought, sword in hand, at Barbin's shop—the famous Barbin, who sold his books on the steps of the Sainte-Chapelle—for the possession of the last copy of the second edition.

No author, during the past ten years, has made more money out of the sales of a single book than has Lew Wallace received from the famous Oriental tale, "Ben Hur." More than four hundred and seventy thousand copies of the popular edition of the book have been sold up to date. The author receives a royalty of fifteen per cent., and, as the book sells for one dollar and fifty cents, each copy sold means to him twenty-two and one-half cents. It is easy to figure out, therefore, that Lew Wallace has made considerably over one hundred thousand dollars from this single book. This, too, is entirely apart from the two new holiday editions just issued. The first year's sale of "Ben Hur" did not reach three thousand copies. Ever since that time, for seven years, the book has kept selling steadily, and there is every indication that, with the two new editions in the market, the book will have reached a round half-million by the close of the year.

To testify how faithfully they had studied Sir Edwin Arnold's work, some people who gave him a reception in Chicago recently, had but one book in the room, and that was a volume of his poems. And the leaves were uncut.

The current paper on "The Advancement of American Industries" in the *Popular Science Monthly* for January is "Recent Advances in the Pottery Industry," by Edwin Atlee Barber. In the "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science," President Andrew D. White discusses "Theology and Political Economy." Other notable papers in the same issue are "Remarkable Bowlders," by David A. Wells; "Tail-Like Formations in Men"; "Communication with the Planets," by Amédée Guillemin; "The Musk Ox," by Horace T. Martin; the third of Hon. Carroll D. Wright's "Lessons from the Census"; and "The Aviator Flying-Machine," by M. G. Trouvé.

Besides the life of Sir Richard Burton which she has in hand, Lady Burton is preparing for the press his "Catullus" and his "Pentamerone." She intends to bring out several other unpublished works of his.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney has a new story in press called "A Golden Gossip."

J. Whitcomb Riley's first "sustained flight," as they say, since Horace's day, of poets who mount the winged Pegasus, is his "Flying Islands of the Night," a drama in verse. It is a very elaborate, imaginative creation, crowded to the hoards with fairy *dramatis personæ*, and marks a novel departure for a poet of dialect verse.

The serial "Naulahka," now appearing in the *Century*, was sent to the *Century* by Mr. Edmund Gosse without the author's name being disclosed. The editor read it and accepted it at once. He said at the time that he had just accepted a story by an anonymous author that was one of the strongest stories the *Century* had ever printed. Mr. Balestier came to this country on a flying trip a few weeks later, and the editor told him of the story he had just accepted. "I am very glad to hear it," said Mr. Balestier, "for I wrote it."

D. Appleton & Co. have under way a subscription-book of considerable importance, edited by Professor Sloane, of Harvard. It is to be a general review of the America of to-day, based upon the reports of the last census. The contributions to this volume will be by experts and men of high standing in the professions for which they speak.

An autobiography describing an actress's experience "on the hoards" will be issued shortly, with a preface by Walter Besant.

A curious offer is thus repeated and commented upon by the *Critic's* "Lounger":

"It seems to be cheaper to get a book nowadays than to go without it. Here, for instance, is the *New England Magazine* offering itself ($3), the *Cosmopolitan* ($2), and 'General Grant's Memoirs' ($7), all three for $5—or $5.48, if the Memoirs have to be sent by mail. In other words, if you will accept the Memoirs as a gift, the publishers of the *New England Magazine* will let you have their own magazine and another at $1 less than the regular subscription price! Or, if you already have the Grant book, they will throw in the Memoirs of Sherman, McClellan, or Sheridan. As the Grant weighs 6 pounds, the Sheridan 5¾, the Sherman 5¼, and the McClellan 3, the magazine publishers must have bought them at something less than one cent per pound. What has killed these four books?—for they must be deader than door-nails, if one has to be bribed to take them for nothing. It is interesting in this connection to see the claim made that, of the 'Grant Memoirs,' 50,000 copies were sold at $7. This would make a total sale of $350,000, and if Mrs. Grant received (as it was understood she did) fifty per cent. of the face value of the books, her royalties must have amounted to $175,000. It was claimed at the time, however, that she had received a check for something like $500,000. If not more than the 50,000 copies now claimed to have been sold were actually disposed of at the regular price, the publisher's total receipts, to cover entire cost of production, royalties to Mrs. Grant, and profit for himself, can hardly have exceeded $300,000—in other words, $200,000 less than the sum popularly supposed to have been paid to Mrs. Grant alone."

It is related of Lord Tennyson that, some twenty-five years ago, the wife of a clergyman living at Richmond, in Surrey, considerably perplexed as to the meaning of a certain passage in one of his poems, wrote to the author and asked him to explain. In reponse, she received the following: "Dear Madam: I merely supply poetry to the English people, not brains. Yours obediently, Alfred Tennyson."

Helen Gray Cone opens the January *St. Nicholas* with a poem on "The Little Maid of Spaio," a painting by an unknown artist, which serves as frontispiece of the issue. Among the papers in the number are: "War Elephants," by C. F. Holder; "Tee-Wahn Folk-Stories," by C. F. Lummis; "Two Queer Cousins of the Crab," by Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore; the opening chapters of a new serial story, "Two Boys and a Girl," by Robert Howe Fletcher; the continuation of Brander Matthews's and Charles E. Carryl's stories; and various other interesting matter.

New Publications.

"The Flight of the Shadow," by George MacDonald, is a weird and mysterious story in which the heroine has, for sole relative, an uncle with a strange shadow hanging over him. Published in the Town and Country Library by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Heiress," by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, has been issued in paper covers by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; price, 25 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Pris," a story for children, by the author of "Miss Toosey's Mission," has been published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, 50 cents; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.

"A Divided Duty," by Ida Lemon, has been issued in the Series of Select Novels published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Averil," by Rosa Nouchette Carey, is a simple story of home life, in which sympathy replaces the sensational features of most novels. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, $1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"A Short History of England," by Miss E. S. Kirkland, is distinguished from some other histories of Great Britain by the fact that it was written especially for American children. It covers the entire period from three centuries before the Christian era to the present time. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, $1.25; for sale by the booksellers.

Oscar Fay Adams has supplemented the recent works of Goldwin Smith and Mrs. Malden with a third biography, "The Story of Jane Austen's Life." It deals chiefly with Miss Austen's private and home life, and in its preparation Mr. Adams has had assistance from the novelist's relatives and friends. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, $1.25; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Quintessence of Ibsenism," by G. Bernard Shaw, is a not over-long review of Hendrik Ibsen's dramas, and a consideration—generally favorable—of the points wherein Ibsen contravenes the accepted ideas of social morals. The book is ingeniously argued and brightly written. Published by Benjamin R. Tucker, Boston; price, 25 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Romance of a Chalet," by Mrs. Campbell Praed, is not a tale of Swiss peasant life; the heroine is an American girl, and the scene is laid in a summer abode of a party of tourists. The story hinges on the love of a couple who are kept apart by a mystery. Published in the series of Copyright Foreign Novels issued by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, $1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Two books which will doubtless find appreciation by some portion of the reading public are "Drinks à la Mode" and "Floral Decorations à la Mode," by Mrs. de Salis. The first gives recipes for the concoction of all kinds of potables, from elderberry syrup to *pousse cafés*, and the second gives descriptions and suggestions for hall-room, wedding, table, Christmas, and other forms of floral decoration. Both are carefully indexed. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Yellow Snake," by W. H. Bishop, tells of a young American girl who, visiting a school-friend at the latter's home in Northern Mexico, falls in love with a young man named Walter Arroyo. The latter is really the son of the criminal of the "Great Ridgeway Defalcation," by which the American girl's family, in common with thousands of others in New York, had suffered, years before, and the young man feels that he must restore the stolen and squandered millions before he can ask the girl to bear his name. This he eventually does by discovering "The Yellow Snake," an Aztec deity in the form of a reptile, which inhabits a boiling fountain: the "snake" is a stream of molten gold, and the young man secures several tons of the precious metal, and, under cover of a local revolution, gets out of the country with it. Published by the John W. Lovell Company, New York; price, $1.00; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

"Preludes and Studies" is the title of a volume of essays on musical themes of the day by W. J. Henderson, the musical critic of the New York *Times*. They are largely made up of revisions of Mr. Henderson's newspaper work, only "Schumann and the Programme-Symphony" being entirely new in this volume. The other topics are "A Study of 'Der Ring des Nibelungen': The Story, The Philosophy and the Humanity, Some Objections to Leit-Motiven, and Comments and Commentators"; "Wagneriana: The Book of 'Parsifal,' A Study in 'Tristan,' and The Endurance of Wagner's Works"; and "The Evolution of Piano Music: Laying the Foundations, Development of the Technique, The Modern Concerto, and Some Living Players." Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, $1.25; for sale by the booksellers.

"A Modern Aladdin," by Howard Pyle, is a curious story, and an interesting one to the reader who likes to accept extravagant and theatrical but pretty illusions. The scene of the story is Paris, during the days of La Pompadour, and its hero is one Antoine Mounier, a peasant lad, who is brought up to Paris by "the master" to secure a flask containing a liquor which has the power of transmuting charcoal into diamonds. This flask is guarded by a spell which is invincible to "the master," an eerie individual who has lived three hundred years and more, and has at his command all the arts of the ancient alchemist and the modern hypnotizer, with some strange tricks of his own in the bargain. The flask is secured, but the lad demands and receives participation in the fabulous wealth of "the master," and he is happy until love comes to shatter his air-castles and plunge him into great dangers. The book is freely illustrated by the author. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, $1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

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SOCIETY.

The Peters-Murphy Wedding.

A quiet wedding took place at the residence of Rev. Father Prendergast, V. G., last Wednesday afternoon, when Miss Catherine Frances Murphy, of this city, and Mr. Charles Rollo Peters, the artist, were united in marriage. The bride is a charming and accomplished young lady, and the groom, who is the son of Mrs. C. R. Peters, has made quite a name for himself in the world of art. There were but a few relatives and intimate friends present when Father Prendergast performed the ceremony at half-past three o'clock. Mr. Alexander Hamilton acted as best man. Congratulations followed, and, at five o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Peters left for New York, via New Orleans. On January 16th they will sail for Paris, where Mr. Peters will continue his art studies.

Notes and Gossip.

The announcements made so far for new-year's-eve entertainments include a ball at the Hotel Pleasanton, one at the San Francisco Verein, another at the Concordia Club, and one at Monterey; besides these affairs Mrs. Volney Spalding will entertain many of her friends with private theatricals and a dance.

Miss Grace Rideout, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Rideout, will be married on December 31st, to Dr. William Briggs, of Sacramento, at the residence of the bride's parents, 1950 Washington Street.

The members of the Friday Night Club will give their next cotillion on the evening of January 8th. It will be the *bal poudré* of which so much is anticipated. The hall will be beautifully decorated. For the young ladies and their chaperons Pompadour costumes and powdered hair will be the proper thing, and the gentlemen, also, are requested to powder their hair. No invitations will be issued to residents of this city who are not members, and no one will be admitted without a ticket.

The Crocker Auxiliary gave a delightful Christmas-tree festival, last Tuesday evening, at the Old People's Home, and ended the affair with dancing.

The members of the San Francisco Verein gave an elaborate midnight supper on Christmas eve, and a sumptuous dinner was given at the Concordia Club the same night.

Miss Jessie Coleman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Coleman, of Oakland, is visiting in the East, and is being very pleasantly entertained by her friends. Mrs. J. P. Donaldson and Miss Donaldson recently gave a matinée tea in her honor at at their home, in Philadelphia.

Miss Whartenby gave a dinner Christmas eve, at her mother's residence, 1917 Franklin Street, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Carlisle. Twelve guests were invited to meet the newly wedded couple. Mrs. Carlisle is the daughter of Hon. Clem Studebaker, of South Bend, Ind., and is en route for home after a month's wedding tour through the United States and Mexico. Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle breakfasted with Judge and Mrs. Estee and dined with Mr. and Mrs. Erbe on Christmas-day.

Mrs. Volney Spalding entertained quite a number of her friends on Christmas Eve. The new ball-room was used for the first time. During the earlier hours of the evening a gayly decked Christmas tree occupied the attention of the children, and their merriment was enjoyed by the older guests. Dancing was then participated in until about two o'clock, with an intermission at midnight, when supper was served.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. A. J. Pope, Miss May E. Pope, Mr. George A. Pope, Mr. Daniel T. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, Miss Nettie Tubbs, Mr. Alfred Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones, Mrs. A. M. Eastoo, Colonel C. F. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, and Miss Cunningham are at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Wessel, *née* Masten, with their five children, arrived here a week ago on the *Keweenaw* after an absence of fourteen years in Valparaiso, Chile. They are visiting Mrs. Wessel's father, Mr. N. K. Masten, at his residence, 2218 Clay Street, and will remain here until spring, when they will go to Copenhagen, Denmark, to visit Mr. Wessel's parents.

Hon and Mrs. H. G. Struve, of Seattle, Wash., are stopping at the Palace Hotel. Miss Mary Struve is the guest, for a few weeks, of Mrs. W. F. Bowers at her residence, 2934 Sacramento Street.

Mrs. John D. Yost and her niece, Miss Jennie Sanderson, will leave for the East in February. Mrs. Yost will visit her son, who is in Cambridge, and will then go to Paris, accompanied by Miss Sanderson, who will there meet her mother, Mrs. S. W. Sanderson, and her sister, Miss Sibyl Sanderson.

Mrs. Peter Donahue and Mrs. Edward Martin are passing the holidays at Monterey.

Miss Minnie Houghton is visiting her sister, Mrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley, in Hartford, Conn., and will remain there a couple of months.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Hinckley and family have closed their home in Fruitvale, and are passing the winter at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. George M. Pullman, Miss Harriet Pullman, and Mrs. M. C. Sanger have gone to Santa Barbara, where they will remain until spring.

Miss Laura McKinstry was in Paris when last heard from.

Mr. Creed Haymond left New York a week ago en route to Carlsbad.

Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Dunne, *née* Masten, have removed to their new residence, 2120 Pacific Avenue.

Mr. Clyde S. Payne, who is attending the University of Maryland, has been passing the holiday season in Washington, D. C., as the guest of Senator Mills.

Miss Jessie Bowie has gone to Berkeley to pass the remainder of the winter.

Mr. J. Fred Burgin, Colonel C. F. Hanlon, and Mr. P. J. McGlynn left for New York last Monday and will be away several weeks.

Dr. Benjamin R. Swan has returned from the East, where he has been for several months. His friends will be glad to hear that his health is entirely restored.

Mrs. George M. Stoney and family are at the Palace Hotel for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith are visiting in Boston.

Miss Griffith is visiting Miss Eugenie McLane at her home in Baltimore.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant returned to the city last week. He has been traveling in Europe during the past four months.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred MacGrotty are at Monterey for the holidays.

Miss E. C. Hatch, one of the most prominent educators of the East, is here on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. George W. Meade at their residence, 1119 Bush Street.

MUSICAL NOTES.

We are soon to be favored by two concerts of an interesting nature which Mr. William H. Sherwood, of Chicago, the eminent solo pianist, will give in Metropolitan Hall. The dates selected are Tuesday evening, January 12th, and Thursday afternoon, January 14th. Mr. Sherwood has a world-wide reputation as a pianist and his concerts will be largely attended.

Mrs. Carmichael-Carr and Mr. Sigmund Beel will commence a new series of Saturday Popular Concerts in Irving Hall on January 16th. The former high standard of excellence will be maintained.

Mr. Robert Tolmie, the pianist, will give a concert in Steinway Hall on Wednesday evening, January 6th.

Mr. F. W. Ludovici will give his fourth Musical Sunday Afternoon, of the present series, on January 10th, in Steinway Hall.

Anent the marriages of California heiresses, the New York *Sun* recently said: "It is a matter of no surprise, but a little curious withal, to note how the biggest California prizes are invariably drawn by well-known New York men. Miss Agnes Macdonough, whose engagement to Mr. John G. Agar has been announced, is a niece of the deceased California magnate, William O'Brien, and has her large fortune in her own right. Mrs. Coleman, her aunt, with whom Miss Macdonough resides, bought Mr. G. G. Haven's beautiful place on the New London shore, and it was there that she and Mr. Agar first met. Mrs. Coleman's daughters married into the May family of Baltimore—cousins of the Washington Mays—and are both very charming women."

The death of Dr. J. C. Tucker, which occurred at his home in Oakland, last Tuesday, December 22d, will be sincerely mourned not only by his family but by a wide circle of friends and admirers. He came to this country in 1849 and has ever since occupied a leading position here. He was a cultured gentleman of wide reading and experience, and a delightful *raconteur*, as those who have read his breezy reminiscent articles in the *Argonaut* can testify.

"Worth a Guinea a Box."

From Fame, a London Newspaper.

Mr. S——, a chemist of Liverpool, received a bill for the amount of 28s. from Thomas Beecham, St. Helens. Mr. S——, being at the time in pecuniary difficulties, pondered for a considerable time how to meet the demand. At last a bright idea flashed across his mind, and he said, joyfully:

"Yes, I will send Beecham a box of his own pills—he says himself they are worth a guinea a box—and seven shillings in cash."

This he did. In the course of a few days great was the surprise of Mr. S—— to find that Beecham had forwarded the receipt, attached to which were the words, "Cash only in future. Thomas Beecham."

In the United States, Beecham's Pills are also advertised as universally acknowledged to be "worth a guinea a box"—but they are for sale by all druggists at 25 cents.

Beecham evidently thinks it best to hedge against such bright fellows as the Liverpool druggist turning up on this side of the water.

Lee Lash's picture of "Morning Prayers" at the Old People's Home, which has just been completed, is now being exhibited at the Bijou Theatre, from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M., for the benefit of the Old People's Home. The admission fee is twenty-five cents.

"The Century's" Cheap-Money Editorials.

In response to a wide-spread demand, the publishers of the *Century Magazine* have reprinted, in cheap tract form (on good paper and in good type, forty-eight pages), the valuable articles in "Topics of the Time" on Cheap-Money Experiments, which have attracted such wide notice. It has been suggested by the press and by private correspondents that a wide distribution of this tract will do a great amount of good. The publishers offer to supply the pamphlets in packages of one hundred at a low rate, or to send a sample copy on receipt of ten cents.

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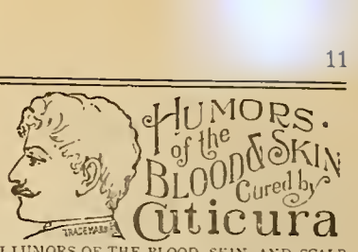

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A SOCIAL TRAGEDY.

In One Act.

SCENE I. — Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Sixth Street. Madge and Daisy walking towards Delmonico's. An elderly gentleman approaching from opposite direction.

Madge — Why, there's old Stuart Meanhoy! Wonder if he's going to Del's?

Daisy—Don't know; but, any way, just see me get a lunch out of him. (To Mr. Meanhoy.) Oh, how do you do? I am so delighted to see you!

Mr. Meanhoy (shaking hands, and dropping his monocle)—Ah, Miss Daisy, Miss Sandy; charmed to meet you.

(All stop in front of Delmonico's.)

Mr. M.—Were you going to lunch here?

Madge—We did think of it, but—er——

Daisy—Yes, we had thought of it, but—er——

Mr. M.—Oh, do come in with me, and let me show you what a good lunch I can order for you.

Daisy (casting a triumphant glance at Madge)—We hardly like to—er——

Mr. M. (interrupting)—No trouble at all, my dear young lady—no trouble at all, I assure you.

SCENE II.—Madge and Daisy, murmuring thanks, follow him into the restaurant, and seat themselves at table.

Mr. M.—Waiter, bring me a bill of fare. Now what will you have first—bouillon?

Daisy (nudging Madge)—Don't you think oysters are good things to start with?

Mr. M.—Capital! Then bouillon and croquettes.

Daisy (beaming)—That is a splendid beginning. What afterwards?

Mr. M.—Miss Sandy must choose next.

Madge (with a coquettish smile, after searching for an expensive dish)—Shall it be squab and French peas?

Mr. M.—Immense! Nothing more appetizing. You are an epicure, Miss Madge.

(Madge smiles sweetly at him, and kicks Daisy under the table. Daisy returns the kick.)

Daisy—It is your turn, Mr. Meanhoy.

Mr. M.—How kind of you to rely upon my judgment; but really, Miss Daisy, you must suit yourself.

Daisy (to Madge)—Is there anything else you would like?

Madge—No. I must insist upon Mr. Meanhoy choosing a dish. I should feel so badly if he did not.

Mr. M.—Then let us make it a *terrine de foie gras* and salad, and finish up with ices and coffee.

The Girls (in unison)—Oh, Mr. Meanhoy, you are too thoughtful!

(Mr. M. beams upon them, and suggests champagne as a drink.)

Madge—Oh, how nice! We never thought of that.

(Mr. M. orders champagne, and rises.)

Mr. M.—Well, I can congratulate myself upon having ordered as good a lunch as you could get anywhere. I'm afraid I shall have to leave you now, as I have an engagement to lunch with a fellow at the club at two o'clock. (Exit Mr. M.)

Daisy (faintly)—How much money have you, Madge?

Madge (dumping contents of her purse on the table, announces, in an agitated undertone)—One dollar and seventy cents. How much have you?

Daisy (hopelessly)—One dollar and ninety.

(They simultaneously seize a menu and commence adding up the cost of their lunch. At the end of five minutes, they gaze dumbly at each other—the total is ten dollars and thirty-five cents. Tableau—tears.

—*M. R. McVickar in January Harper's.*

The Parting.

It was five o'clock P. M., and George Montgomery had been spending the afternoon with Lillian Luray.

"Good-by, darling," he said, fondly, as they stood in the darkened vestibule.

"Good-by, George," she murmured, nestling her head in the time-honored place.

"Good-by."

"Good-by."

"In every parting, dearest, there is the image of death," he whispered, holding her close and kissing her passionately, "and we may never meet again."

"Oh, George, darling," she said, clinging to him almost fiercely.

"Who knows, my own, what may happen between this hour and when we meet again?"

"Mizpah," she breathed, and threw her arms about him convulsively.

"Yes, darling," he spoke, tremulously, "let us keep that word as our shield and armor."

"And you will come back to me; to your own little loving Lillian, George; the same beautiful and brave George you have always been?"

"Trust me, Lillian, darling; trust your George."

"Oh, darling," she said, strong in the faith of woman, "I do trust you. How could I love you so if I did not?" and she kissed him fondly.

"Then I shall come again, Lillian, my own."

"But when, George? When?" she asked, anxiously.

"At eight this evening, darling."

"Oh, George," she wailed, "will it be so long as that? So long, so long?"

He took her in his strong arms, tenderly.

"Darling," he whispered, "make it half-past seven!"

And it came to pass as he had spoken.—*Detroit Free Press.*

AN INTERPOLATION.

It was after the intermezzo that he first saw her. Who?

A girl in the chorus—a slender girl, with a peculiar gliding walk, and deeply rouged cheek-bones. Somehow or other, she made him think at once of a girl he used to know—another chorus-girl—and one who had been the Graziella of his life. He had not thought of her for years. She was dead—long ago. He had read of her death in the paper, one morning over his coffee, and had wondered why he did not care. The paper stated that she had died in a New Orleans hospital, the company having been compelled to leave her there.

And to-night—the opera being "Cavalleria Rusticana," and Penelope, his wife, being cozily seated in the orchestra-chair by his side—some trickery, some legerdemain of memory, brought about by a chance resemblance, caused her to live again. He could almost feel her breath on his cheek.

He knew now that he had taken her love for him to be his love for her. A common occurrence when men are young, and occasionally later. In the first instance they usually live to laugh it over. In the second, they sometimes die before they see the joke.

He stared hard at the girl on the stage. She had a dimple, too, and one corner of her mouth ran up higher than the other when she laughed. He remembered——

"This music has some warmth—color—feeling," interpolated Penelope, softly.

"It has, indeed, dear," with an imperceptible start, and then he moved his shoulder about the eighth of an inch—just enough to touch her.

And Penelope flushed a little and smiled contentedly. The music swelled sonorously.

He had wanted to marry her. By Jove! What if he had done so! His life would have been ruined. That was what they all said. He recalled the day when they hurried him off to Europe. He could even catch a retrospective whiff of the salt, morning air. How old, and wretched, and chilled he had felt. His eyes had reproached his mother to the last. How his brain had burned, and what a nasty blot on creation the city had seemed!

It had been good-by to a great deal—much that was very silly as well as sweet.

Yet—even now——

And then Santuzza, in disclosing the falsity of Lola to Alfio, held his attention for a time.

Graziella was a good little thing—simple and unselfish. They had all laughed at him when he had asserted that fact. Yet—now—he knew that it was a fact.

"Sooner or later you would tire of her," his father had said.

And that was a fact, also. He knew it now.

It had been like a newspaper clipping—a common-place poem—with the last verses torn away. A fragment—that was all.

How the music drifts to-night—like fiery snow. Turiddu had just received the bite on the ear. He watched the rivals idly, and reflected that a man is with love exactly as a child with a toy balloon.

He may himself burst the enchanting bubble, being rewarded with flatness and staleness thereby; he may lose it, and watch it in anguish as the gaudy toy floats up to meet the stars—beautiful to the last; or, he may, cherishing it hour by hour, live to see it lose its charm—and, perhaps—shrink into nothingness.

Alfio's balloon had burst, while he had lost his, he thought, with a smile.

He looked at Penelope. She was pretty, with her little supercilious air and pink, parted lips.

He added to himself: "The child buys a new balloon. The man finds a new love. Why not?"

Turiddu rushed away melodiously, to meet his death.

Going home in the cab, Penelope was startled by a kiss. A little, light, tender—retrospective—kiss.

"Somehow—it seems to me—you never kissed me just like that before," she said, musingly.

"No?"

All of the kisses women get do not belong to them.—*Johanna Staatz in Truth.*

Great Success.

The California Safe Deposit and Trust Company, corner of California and Montgomery Streets, has met with great success since it opened a Savings Department a few months ago, the deposits in this department having aggregated more than $500,000.

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THE 57th SEMI-ANNUAL TERM
— OF THE —
URBAN SCHOOL
— AT —
1017 HYDE STREET,
Will begin on Monday, January 4, 1892.
NATHAN W. MOORE, Principal.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

As an instance of acute hydrophobia, it is difficult to surpass the story of the Scotch boatman who, while crossing a loch, was asked if he would take some water with his whisky, and replied: "Na, there was a horse drooned at the heed o' the loch twa years ago." The head of the loch was twenty-four miles distant.

In Ireland, recently, a quarrel had taken place at a fair, and a culprit was being sentenced for manslaughter. The doctor, however, had given evidence to show that the victim's skull was abnormally thin. The prisoner, on being asked if he had anything to say for himself, replied: "No, yer honor; but I would ask, was that a skull for a man to go to a fair wid?"

An anecdote is related of a certain Methodist parson who was loudly inveighing, before a ministerial assembly, against schools of theology, and finished by thanking God that he had never "rubbed his back up against one." "Do I understand the brother to say that he thanks God for his ignorance?" asked the bishop. "Well, yes, if you want to put it that way," he replied. "Then all I have to add," said the bishop, unctuously, "is, that the brother has a great deal to be thankful for."

"I tell you," said a recently returned traveler, who was clad much after the fashion of Mr. Richard Swiveller—"I tell you, Argentina's the place to go! Everything is dirt cheap there! Why, you can get a splendid fat turkey for twenty cents!" "Whew!" said one of the interested by-standers; "if I'd been in your place, I should have stayed there!" "Would you, now?" remarked the traveler, eyeing his friend, meditatively; "well, then, since you'd have stayed, probably you can tell me how I was to get the twenty cents, in Argentina?"

Expert witnesses are allowed to give evidence as to what is their opinion, and hence are out of the reach of an indictment for perjury, which always hangs over the head of the ordinary witness, who can testify to fact only. Apropos of this, there used to be a saying current, years ago, of a judge who recognized three degrees in liars: the liar simple, the d——d liar, and the expert witness. There is another version which is of interest—namely, the three degrees of liars, which are said to be the liar, the d——d liar, and the mining engineer.

Bishop Hare, of South Dakota (says the New York *Times*), is fond of telling stories about himself to illustrate the point which he playfully makes that a man who lives long on the plains comes to be a good deal of a barbarian. Once, so one of his stories runs, he had the misfortune, while entering a dining-room, to step upon the skirt of a lady's dress. Apologizing, he said: "You know that I have been living with the Indians lately, and have grown somewhat awkward." The lady, Miss Potter, quickly replied: "I don't think that, bishop; but I am surprised at one thing, that, after living so long with the Indians, you shouldn't be better at following up a trail."

An Irish peasant brought a litter of kittens to a Protestant vicar, in a certain town in County Wicklow, requesting him to purchase them. The vicar declined. "Your rivrence, they are good Protestant kittens," urged Paddy, but his reverence remained obdurate. A few days after, the Roman Catholic priest (who had meanwhile been informed of the offer to his brother-clergyman) was approached, and on his refusing to make a purchase, the would-be seller urged a sale: "Sure, father dear, they are good Catholic kittens." "But how is this, my man?" replied the priest; "you said a day or two ago they were good Protestant kittens." "And so they were," said the peasant, "but their eyes weren't opened."

Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson, the artist, tells this as one of his experiences in New England. He was stopping at the home of a man named Galusha, where he had lodged during the preceding summer. He had observed, on his previous visit, that the Galushas were making great preparations for the annual fair at North Adams, and he was surprised to note that, at the time of his later visit, no such preparations were being made. So he asked Mr. Galusha what it meant. The old gentleman replied that there had been no crop, and that times were too hard to hold a successful fair. Mr. Gibson then turned to Mr. Galusha's grandson, Chauncey, a fine, strapping boy, and facetiously remarked: "Why, there's Chauncey; he'd make a good exhibit at any fair." "No, I wouldn't," replied Chauncey; "'cause I hain't got no pedigree."

One of the professors in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (says the Boston *Journal*) made a rather neat thrust, the other day, at certain literary tendencies of our time. He was lecturing on the domestic relationships which exist among the lower animals, and instanced, as one of his illustrations, the case of a pair of mallard ducks who had lived together for three years in a state of high conjugal felicity. At the end of that time, however, a male pin-tail duck appeared upon the scene, and the lady mallard thereupon immediately forsook her former lord for the new-comer. The latter resisted her blandishments at first; but, in the end, consented to mate with her, and the unfortunate mallard was left disconsolate. "This anecdote," observed the lecturer, "contains, you see, all the details of the modern realistic novel, unless it be in the temporary virtue of the pin-tail duck."

There was once a robber in Cairo who fell from the second story of a house he was trying to enter and broke his leg (said Charles Dudley Warner recently at the Aldine Club, on "Story-Teller's Night.") He went to the cadi and complained. The man's window was badly made and he wanted justice. The cadi said that was reasonable, and he summoned the owner of the house. The owner confessed that the house was poorly built, but claimed that the carpenter was to blame, and not he. This struck the cadi as sound logic, and he sent for the carpenter. "The charge is, alas, too true," said the carpenter, "but the masonry was at fault and I couldn't fit a good window." So the cadi, impressed with the reasonableness of the argument, sent for the mason. The mason pleaded guilty, but explained that a pretty girl in a blue gown had passed the building while he was at work, and that his attention had been diverted from his duty. The cadi thereupon demanded that the girl be brought before him. "It is true," she said, "that I am pretty, but it's no fault of mine. If my gown attracted the mason, the dyer should be punished and not I." "Quite true," said the cadi, "send for the dyer." The dyer was brought to the bar and pleaded guilty. That settled it. The cadi told the robber to take the guilty wretch to his house and hang him from the door-sill, and the populace rejoiced that justice had been done. But pretty soon the crowd returned to the cadi's house, complaining that the dyer was too long to be properly hanged from his door-sill. "Oh, well," said the cadi, who by that time was suffering with *ennui*, "go find a short dyer and hang him. Justice shall prevail."

Just in the Nick of Time.

Mrs. Lydia A. Nelson, Luther, Lake County, Mich., writes:

"LUTHER, MICH., March 6, 1890.

"The Allcock's Porous Plasters you sent me came just in the nick of time. We have all had the 'Grippe' and, of course, we all had to have a plaster over the lungs. I verily believe they kept me from having inflammation of the lungs, or something else, when I had the 'Grippe,' and perhaps saved my life.

"I never intend to be without them as long as they are made.

"Please send me another dozen, as the last are all gone but one. I gave several of them away, but they all did good in every case, so far as I could learn."

Don't fail to make your advertisement unlike any others likely to appear alongside.
Don't repeat.
Don't use big and obsolete words.
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Don't exaggerate.
Don't state in print what you are unwilling to express to customers or your most intimate friends personally.
Don't forget that the public possesses common sense.
Don't forget that something "new" always attracts attention.
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Don't forget that papers are taken for their news and not for their advertisements, and that to interest the readers you must be unique in your methods.—*D. J. McDonald.*

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If Scott's Emulsion did nothing more than take that taste away, it would save the lives of some at least of those that put off too long the means of recovery.

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Surplus	1,000,000 00
Undivided Profits	3,317,485 11

September 30, 1891.

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27th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1891

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Capital (Paid up in Gold)	$300,000 00
Net Surplus (over everything)	278,901.10

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NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf, ooroer First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong. 1891.
Oceanic.....Tuesday, January 12, 1892
Gaelic...(via Honolulu)...Thursday, February 4
Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.
For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.
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For Hong Kong, via Yokohama:
City of Peking....Thursday, Dec. 31, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio de Janeiro.....Jan. 23, at 3 P. M.
China.....Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 3 P. M.
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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From Dec. 6, 1891.	ARRIVE.
7.00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	* 12.15 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga	6.15 P.
* 8.00 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa	* 6.15 P.
8.00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	Second-class Ogden and East, and first-class locally	10.45 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	4 45 P.
9.00 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	12.15 P
12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore	7 15 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	* 9.00 P.
3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, & Stockton	9 45 A.
4.00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9 45 A
4.30 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10 45 A.
4.30 P.	Woodland and Oroville	10 45 A.
* 4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A
5.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8 45 P.
5.00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12 15 P.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	7.45 A.
.....	Niles and San José	‡ 6.15 P.
6.00 P.	Ogden Route Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	11.45 A.
‡ 7.00 P.	Vallejo	45 P
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	8.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

8.15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	6.20 P
* 2.15 P.	Centreville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	* 10 50 A
4.15 P.	Centreville, San José, and Los Gatos	9.50 A
† 1.45 P.	Hunters' Train to Newark, Alviso, San José, and Los Gatos	‡ 8.05 P.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7.00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations	6 10 P.
10.37 A.	San José and Way Stations	5.10 P.
12.15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations	4.00 P.
* 2.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way stations	* 10 48 A.
* 3.30 P.	Menlo Park San José, and principal Way Stations	* 10.03 A.
* 4 15 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.06 A.
5.15 P.	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
† 11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	‡ 7 30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 29, 1891, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7.40, 9.20, 11 40 A. M.; 3.30, 5.00, 6.30 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1.50 P. M.
Sundays—8, 9.30, 11 A. M.; 2, 5, 6.15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6.25, 7.55, 9.30 A. M.; 12.45, 3.40, 5.05 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.30 P. M.
Sundays—8.10, 9.40, A. M.; 12.15, 3.40, 5, 6.25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco. Week Days—6.50, 8.20, 9.55 A. M.; 1.10, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.55 P. M.
Sundays—8.35, 10.05 A. M.; 12 40, 4.05, 5.30, 6.50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. Week Days.	Leave San Francisco. Sundays.	Destination.	Arrive San Francisco Sundays.	Arrive San Francisco Week Days.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M. 5.00 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 9.30 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M. 7.25 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7.25 P. M.	6 10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	8 50 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydesville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays, to Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa, $2.25; to Healdsburg, $3.40; to Cloverdale, $4.50; to Hopland, $5.70; to Ukiah, $6.75; to Sebastopol, $2.70; to Guerneville, $3.75; to Sonoma, $1.50; to Glen Ellen, $1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, $1; to Santa Rosa, $1.50; to Healdsburg, $2.25; to Cloverdale, $3; to Ukiah, $4.50; to Hopland, $3.80; to Sebastopol, $1.80; to Guerneville, $2.50; to Sonoma, $1; to Glen Ellen, $1.20.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager.
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Johann Strauss, the elder, feeling the approach of death, laid upon his three sons the injunction, under penalty of his *post-mortem* curse, that none of them should adopt the profession of music. Accordingly Johann became a bank-clerk, Josef an architect, and Edward, who was only fourteen when his father died, promised to follow their example. But St. Cecilia's wooing was more potent than filial obedience, and, each of the three, after a brief trial of other callings, fell back upon music as their normal destiny. The elder Strauss concentrated his genius on dance-music. He wrote one hundred and fifty-two waltzes, besides innumerable galops, quadrilles, polkas, marches, and cotillions. His son followed in his footsteps, and, at thirty-seven, he had produced four hundred waltzes, a large proportion of which became famous all over the world. Among these was the famous "Blue Danube" ("An der schöner blauen Donau"), to which every girl who ever fluttered skirt in ball-room has danced, and which has become all but a national air at Vienna. Twenty-five years ago, he made the tour of Europe and America, playing his own music with his own orchestra, and swept the memory of Jullien out of people's memory. On his return to Vienna, in 1871, he resolved to attempt a higher order of composition, and he wrote, for the Theatre An der Wien, "Indigo und die vierzig Bäuber," which was produced last Monday, in this city, under the name of "Indigo."

It is not a pretentious work. Like "Die Fledermaus," "Die lustige Krieg," and other light operas which followed from his pen, it is a mere musical bagatelle. His first essay in grand opera was made this week, at Vienna, with "Ritter Pasman."

The first remark which an American audience makes regarding "Indigo," is that it is not what they expected. Americans are tolerably familiar with the story of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves." A dramatic adaptation of the well-known tale from the Arabian Nights, with lots of gay music, was produced in London over twenty years ago, and was played in New York by the "British Blondes" shortly after Strauss composed "Indigo." It was tolerably faithful to the original story. There was Morgiana, who was personated, if memory serves, by Lydia Thompson, then in the bloom of her shapely beauty, and there were jars, perhaps not forty of them, but, at any rate, a good many, in which it was a real pleasure to watch Morgiana boiling those rascals of thieves in oil. In the opera of "Indigo," there is no Morgiana and no jars. The change is not relished by the younger portion of the audience. They cling to the tales which delighted their childhood, and can not be reconciled to losing any of them. Morgiana, the bright, sparkling, dashing soubrette, who was smarter than all the forty thieves put together, and sang so sweetly and danced so ravishingly, they can not spare at all. When she came in, with short skirts and a silver girdle, to which a silver poniard hung, and danced Persian dances, accompanying herself on the tabor, and stealthily, smilingly, with cat-like tread, and a curious flash in her eye, crept up to the disguised robber and stabbed him in his wicked bosom (she did not stab him in his heart, because then he would have been unable to confess that he was a robber in disguise, which was necessary for the story), it was a cheering sight to see; and everybody felt that Morgiana only got her desserts when she married Ali Baba's son and divided the treasure of the forty thieves.

All this is now cut out by a ruthless Viennese librettist, and we have instead a story of a princess, and a jester, and a king, and, of course, the regulation troop of Amazons with irreproachable legs. When the curtain rises, sixteen young ladies are discovered against a cool background of green. They are in Greek costume; they flutter grasshopper wings, and wear the peculiar skirt which, as Thucydides informs us in the second book of his Peloponnesian war, was invented by Worth of Athens, and named the "fainomerides." They sing a chorus, and presently to them enters Miss Clara Lane, whose name on this occasion is Fantasca. She informs them that King Indigo, whose maids of honor they are, proposes to sell them at auction, having just discovered that, being a bachelor, he has no use for maids of honor. To this they demur, for, though maids of honor are quite often sold, and do not always object to the sale, they generally like to choose their purchaser. They wittily observe that it is the king who is going to be sold. While they are alternately jesting and deploring, enter Mr. Carleton, gloomy and stern in the dress of an Egyptian ghawazee, with a jeweled cincture round his stomach. He appears to be a victim to the charms of Miss Fantasca Lane, which is the less surprising as she looks uncommonly pretty, and is beautifully dressed. With acute anguish he learns that King Indigo is likewise enamored of the maiden; but he derives consolation from singing out of the left-hand corner of his mouth a sweet ballad expressive of his love and his despair. Then comes a buffo, named Bigelow, who on this occasion is the king. He announces himself in a song which breaks at times into a sort of hiccup, and is very funny, indeed.

By this time the intelligent spectator has made out that the scene is an island, whereof Indigo is king, and Janio (Mr. Carleton) is, among other things, leader of the orchestra, and that on that island, in a cave, are forty robbers. Carleton proposes an elopement to Miss Lane, and she, after a few roulades, in which she takes some high notes with ease and decision, acquiesces in the arrangement. But word comes that the forty robbers plan an attack on the palace; and the king, discovering that he has no soldiers to defend it, and ignorant of the fact that the maids of honor propose to escape, swears them in as a *posse comitatus*, and appoints Miss Lane to command them. This suits her perfectly, and, with a wise general's eye to the sinews of war, she enlists Ali Baba in her plot, because he possesses the password—"Open Sesame!"—which alone can open the portal of the king's treasure-vault. Neither Ali Baba nor "Open Sesame" has any real business in the piece; he is dragged in to sing a topical song in the second act, to supply Miss Alice Vincent—who is monstrously handsome in pale green—with a husband to henpeck, and to lead about a tame donkey. There was a dark rumor among the audience that the donkey was to sing a solo. But this proved a calumny. He did not even open his lips, by way of smile, when the best-looking of the maids of honor sang false.

The second act was trying to the average understanding. King Indigo commanded the maids of honor to arm themselves *cap-à-pie*, and they complied with the royal command by simply dropping their skirts and their grasshopper wings. They were reviewed in Upton's tactics by their captain, and made to wheel by fours in good shape; when they made their exit, Miss Lane had to order "Form twos!" simply because the exit was too narrow to admit more than two persons abreast. But it was very fine, and the audience was delighted with the martial appearance of the good-looking young women. Then there came more songs—one, a sweet ballad, which Mr. Carleton sang out of the right-hand corner of his mouth, and one by Mr. Murray, which rolled, like distant thunder. Whenever there was nothing else going on, Miss Lane came in and sang like a very bulbul, as it was the cue to call her. She is rather a substantial bulbul, but that is to her credit. The nightingale of ornithologists is a tuneful bird, but rather skinny about the legs.

Light seemed to break in all this darkness when the Amazons received orders to seize Mr. Carleton as a spy. So far as the audience could tell, he might be that or anything else. He wore the costume—in part—of a Spanish grandee. But his face and hair were those of an English cavalier, and his boots were what the German reiters are painted in. When he appeared on the stage, holding his nose in a striped towel, the intelligent spectator at once perceived that he was in disguise. It was a shock to the audience when the towel slipped and he was seized by two Amazons, and shoved to one side. This, of course, signified that he was under arrest, and when he tucked both of his hands under his coat-tails, it was plain to the meanest apprehension that he was in irons.

But Miss Lane was equal to the emergency. She appealed to the Amazons, and, unlike the king who turned his back to them when he harangued them, she besought them face to face to spare her Janio. When she found them deaf to her appeal, she produced from her back-hair or from her stocking—it could not have been from her pocket, for she had none—a bottle of laudanum, mixed it with wine, and challenged the Amazons to drink. They had assumed the habits of troopers with their calling; they drained the deadly cup, and, as Fantasca had intended, it put them to sleep. But, unlike all sleepers before and since, they slept standing, grouping themselves together by threes like stands of rifles. The perpendicular slumberers formed human tripods, with beautiful alto relievos and no repoussé work. As they slept, the orchestra broke out with the familiar strains of the Blue Danube waltz, the curtain fell with that charming melody resounding in the air, and an account of the piece may fitly end with that.

At the theatres during the week commencing Monday, January 4th: The Tivoli Company in "The Island of Zenobar"; the Carleton Company in "The Gondoliers" and "Dorothy"; E. S. Willard in "Judah"; Dan'l Sully in "The Millionaire"; the New York Opera Comique Company in "The Princess of Trebizonde"; and "Afra."

Among the Pranks of the Foolish

There is none more absurd than promiscuous dosing. For instance, inconceivable damage is done to the bowels and liver by mineral cathartics and violent vegetable purgatives. What these can not do, namely, thoroughly regulate the organs named, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, can and do. Besides this, it will prevent and eradicate malaria, rheumatism, kidney complaint, and la grippe. Use it with steadiness.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Patti's "farewell" concert tour of America commences in New York next Wednesday.

Daniel Sully, who has achieved a certain success in the portrayal of Irish-American characters, will be seen in "The Millionaire" on Monday night.

A special matinée performance of "Nanon" was given by the Carleton Company on Wednesday afternoon for the benefit of the Commercial Travelers' Association.

The Carleton Company will sing Gilbert and Sullivan's "Gondoliers" and Cellier's "Dorothy" next week—two operas which are among the most popular in their repertoire.

Dan. Canary, trick bicyclist, and Mlle. Girard, who does fancy and grotesque skating, are the features of the entertainment provided for the many who go to look on at the skating-rink in the Mechanics' Pavilion.

"The Island of Zenobar: or, Princess Benedicta" has been cut somewhat and much improved since it was first put on at the Tivoli, and, though distinctly a spectacle, its pretty music, bright costumes, and clever specialists have given it a popularity that will carry it well beyond the holidays.

Willard has not left us yet, and is to play a brief engagement at another theatre, commencing on Monday night. He will be seen in "Judah," a play by Henry Arthur Jones, which created a decided sensation in London a year and a half ago and was well received, six months later, in New York and Boston.

Bronson Howard, the playright of to-day, recently gave a dinner in New York to Charles Gayler, a playwright of fifty years ago. "With six possible exceptions," says the *World*, "every practical worker for the stage was at that Lotus Club board." They discussed the bright present and brighter future of the American drama, denounced the sordid and grasping character of some managers and actors, and, finally, formed themselves into a protective union, with Howard at their head.

Ollie Archmere, of Hoyt's "Trip to Chinatown," levanted last week, after the fashion of Ray Allen, and, so far as is known, she is now in Paris, embracing the opportunity of her life to perfect herself in her art, if we may believe the note an unknown Mr. Anderson sent to her manager. She, too, is a California girl; her maiden name was Delia Berry, she used to live in Sacramento, and she was married several years ago. The curious tried to adapt the famous advice and *chercher l'homme*; but the only *homme* suspected was found at his post behind the counter of a Broadway haberdashery, selling shirts as usual.

It will not be a suit in vain in the event of a favorable decision in the case brought in Chicago by a man who had paid for a seat in a theatre and was placed immediately behind two women, who wore excessively broad-brimmed hats and sat close together, the effect of which was that it made it impossible for him to see the play. The ushers would not place him in another seat, and the women refused to relieve the situation by sitting apart or so arranging their hats as to allow him a sight of the stage and play. He demanded the return of his admission money, which was also refused. He is determined, accordingly, to test the matter. It is to be hoped that he will win.

There will be sorrow as well as pleasure for many who listen to the sparkling music of "Dorothy" next week, for it will be a reminder of the death of the composer, Alfred Cellier, who fell a victim to the grippe, in London, a few days ago. He had many personal friends in this city and hosts of admirers of his graceful compositions. He first came here as conductor for the Comley-Barton Opera Company, in which were Marie Jansen and John Howson, and he was here more recently when the Carleton Company produced "Dorothy" in this city. He has produced another opera, "Doris," which, however, was not very successful, and, at the time his last illness came upon him, he was at work on the score of "The Mountebank," a comic opera which he was composing for W. S. Gilbert's libretto.

Charles F. Crisp, of Georgia, Speaker of the House, was born in England, and was brought to America in his infancy by his parents, who subsequently made their home in the South. His father was an actor of celebrity and good reputation, who came from England as one of the stock company of the old Park Theatre, New York, under Edmund Simpson's management, in 1845. He tutored Mrs. Ann Cora Mowatt for the stage, and at her début at the Park, June, 1846, as Pauline, in Bulwer's fine play of the "Lady of Lyons," Mr. Crisp was the Claude Melnotte. That year he accompanied Mrs. Mowatt, as leading actor, in a tour of the South. Speaker Crisp grew to manhood in Georgia, and served in the Confederate army, winning promotion to the command of a regiment. He has sat in Congress continuously since 1883.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Where's the daughter?" asked a Bedouin chieftain of his wife. "Oh, she's sitting out on the steppes with her young man!"—*Puck.*

Katy Didd—"It isn't proper for girls to climb trees, is it, mamma?" *Mrs. Didd*—"Not this season, dear; but you can ride your safety bicycle."—*Puck.*

Clara—"Tell me, dear, if your form was like mine, what would you wear at the masquerade ball?" *Maude*—"I think I should wear a balloon."—*Cloak Review.*

"Does your daughter speak the languages?" "Not to any extent. She can say 'yes,' though, in five of 'em, in case any foreign nobleman asks her to marry."—*Puck.*

Too valuable to lose: *Showter*—"Why do you swallow that fiery whisky? It doesn't quench your thirst, does it?" *Hennessey*—"Quench it? Well, I should rather hope not!"—*Puck.*

Ambitious author—"Naggus, I'm obliged to you for not pulling my last story all to pieces." *Literary editor*—"Not at all, Borus. I couldn't get hold of the thread of it."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Why do you not eat your apple, Tommy?" "I'm waitin' till Johnny Briggs comes along. Apples tastes much better when there's some other kid to watch you eat 'em."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"Is Miss Winterbloom in?" "No, sir. She told me to say that she waited for you until half-past four." "But I told her expressly I wouldn't be here until five!" "Yes, sir. So I heard her say."—*Life.*

Bunker—"What's your hurry, old man?" *Hill* (a suburban resident)—"Not a moment to spare. If I should miss this train, I wouldn't get out home in time enough to take the train coming back."—*Puck.*

A prude: *Miss Flighty*—"Oh, auntie, why have you never been photographed?" *Auntie*—"My dear—how can you—why, I hear that the young man sees you upside down through the camera!"—*Pick-Me-Up.*

First suburban—"Hello, Smith! You are got up regardless. Going to a wedding?" *Second suburban*—"No. I'm going in town to try to engage a cook, and I wish to create a good impression."—*Bazar.*

Bulfinch—"Say, Wooden, how about that great scheme you had? Did you ever put it through?" *Wooden*—"No; I didn't need to." *Bulfinch*—"How is that?" *Wooden*—"It fell through."—*Boston Courier.*

Wife (after house-cleaning)—"It takes a woman to bring order out of chaos." *Husband* (rushing wildly around after his belongings)—"It takes a woman to make a chaos that looks like order."—*New York Weekly.*

Hobsen—"I'm tired of life, ye see, and yet if I blow out my brains, don't you know?—the world would condemn me as a suicide." *Dobson*—"No, I believe the general verdict would be justifiable homicide."—*Epoch.*

Winterbloom—"I want you to see my babies." *Featherstone*—"All right. I should like to, very much. When shall I come?" *Winterbloom*—"Come around about one o'clock in the morning. They are liveliest then."—*Bazar.*

Mr. Moveoft—"Well, my dear, how do you find the neighbors here—sociable?" *Mrs. Moveoft*—"Very. Three or four of them have sent in to ask if I would allow their children to use our piano to practice on."—*New York Weekly.*

Husband—"You say you expected to pay fifteen dollars for the shawl and got it for twelve dollars, and thereby saved three dollars?" *Wife*—"Yes, dear; that's it." *Husband*—"Then what did you buy with the three dollars?"—*Cloak Review.*

Playwright—"Is her acting natural?" *Manager* (enthusiastically)—"Natural? Why, when she appeared as the dying mother, last night, a life-insurance agent, who has her insured for twenty thousand dollars and who was in the audience, actually fainted."—*Ex.*

Jessie—"Harry, do you regard marriage as a failure?" *Harry*—"No; I'm told it is more like a mutual benefit association." *Jessie*—"That must be nice!" *Harry*—"Yes, it is; you put in every dollar you earn and never get back a blamed cent!"—*S. G. & Co.'s Monthly.*

The old gentleman—"Why do you send her so many flowers if it is so horribly expensive and you can not afford it?" *The young gentleman*—"That's just the trouble. If I should stop sending the flowers the florist would think I was losing the girl, and I should have to pay up."—*Life.*

He—"There is a certain young lady deeply interested in me, and, while I like her, you know, still I never could love her. I want to put an end to it without breaking the poor girl's heart. Can you suggest any plan?" *She*—"Do you call there often?" *He*—"No, indeed. Not any oftener than I can possibly help." *She*—"Call oftener."—*Truth.*

CENTURY VERSE.

A Garland.

Let me a garland twine
For poets nine,
Whose verse
I love best to rehearse.

For each a laurel leaf,
One stanza brief,
I make
For memory's sweet sake.

First, then, THEOCRITUS,
Whose song for us
Still yields
The fragrance of the fields.

Next, HORACE, singing yet
Of love, regret,
And flowers:
This Roman rose is ours.

OMAR-FITZGERALD next,
Within whose text
There lies
A charm to win the wise.

Then SHAKESPEARE, by whose light
All poets write:
The star
Whose satellites they are!

HERRICK then let me name,
Whose lyrics came
Like birds
To sing his happy words.

Then KEATS, whose jewel rhyme
Shines for all time,
To tell
Of him the gods loved well.

LONGFELLOW next I choose:
For him the muse
Held up
Song's over-brimming cup.

Next TENNYSON, whose song,
Still clear and strong,
Soars high,
Nearing each day the sky.

Then ALDRICH—like a thrush
In the dawn's flush,
Who sings
With dew upon his wings.

These are the nine, above
Whose leaves I love
To lean,
My happiness to glean.

Theirs are the books that hold
Joy's clearest gold
For me,
Wrought into melody;

Theirs are the words to start
Within my heart
The fire
Of song and song's desire!

—*Frank Dempster Sherman in January Century.*

Interludes.

FIREFLIES.

See where at intervals the firefly's spark
Glimmers, and melts into the fragrant dark;
Gilds a leaf's edge one happy instant, then
Leaves darkness all a mystery again!

A PARABLE.

One went East, and one went West
Across the wild sea-foam,
And both were on the self-same quest.
Now one there was who cared for naught,
So stayed at home:
Yet of the three 'twas only he
Who reached the goal—by him unsought.

ART.

"Let art be all in all," one time I said,
And straightway stirred the hypercritic gall:
I said not, "Let technique be all in all,"
But art—a wider meaning. Worthless, dead—
The shell without its pearl, the corpse of things—
Mere words are, till the spirit lend them wings.
The poet who breathes no soul into his lute
Falls short of art: 'twere better he were mute

The workmanship wherewith the gold is wrought
Adds yet a richness to the richest gold:
Who lacks the art to shape his thought, I hold,
Were little poorer if he lacked the thought.
The statue's slumber were unbroken still
Within the marble, had the hand no skill.
Disparage not the magic touch that gives
The formless thought the grace whereby it lives!

TRANSFORMATION.

Through a chance fissure of the church-yard wall
A sweet-breathed vine thrusts out a vagrant spray,
At whose slim end a snow-white blossom droops
Full to the dewy redness of a rose
That reaches up on tiptoe for the kiss.
Not them the wren disturbs, nor the blue-bee
That buzzes homeward with his load of sweets:
And thus they linger, flowery lip to lip,
Heedless of all, in rapturous mute embrace.
Some necromancy here! These two, I think,
Were once unhappy lovers upon earth.

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich in January Century.*

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"Forensic Eloquence."

The *Argonaut* has expressed the sentiment that, in the public schools, there should be class-books which contain the Federal Constitution and the State Constitution, together with fair chapters of American history. Notice has been lately drawn to a book on "Forensic Eloquence," which is heartily to be commended for use in the grammar schools of the country. The author, John Goss, A. M., was graduated from the University of California. His book is highly commended for a school class-book by Martin Kellogg, acting president of the State University, J. W. Anderson, State superintendent of public instruction, and other eminent instructors in the State. The excellence of the book is in its selections, as also in its instruction. The selections are admirably chosen for American youth—comprising extracts from the famous debate between Hayne and Webster in the Senate of the United States, from the speeches of Abraham Lincoln and Senator Douglas in the great Illinois campaign, and from President Lincoln's memorable brief address at Gettysburg, with gems of oratory from the most eloquent speeches of Colonel E. D. Baker in California. These embrace much that every American youth should learn, that every American admires and venerates, as signal examples and sound doctrines. Besides these the book contains, through its two hundred and sixty pages, much interesting matter, references, quotations, etc., from ancient classical sources, and from modern celebrities in statesmanship, literature, and oratory, of America and Europe. It is a complete volume of its class and purpose, and, as it is remarked, it is worthy of place, as a text-book, in every grammar school in the State.

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She—"Are you going to Amy Burr's coming-out ball?" *He*—"Coming-out ball?" *She*—"Yes; her début." *He*—"Why, she's been going around for at least three years!" *She*—"I know it, but this is her first ball." *He*—"Then why not call it the 'Opening of a chestnut burr.'"—*Judge.*

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, ... EDITOR.

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A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supplying; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

The Democratic party is evidently sincerely alarmed at the prospect of a rupture between President Harrison and Secretary Blaine. With that feeling of sympathy and charity which always characterizes political parties, the Democrats are pained at the idea of differences between the President and the Secretary.

Nevertheless, this feeling, which does the Democratic party so much credit, has not been potent enough to prevent its organs from giving publicity to a weird narrative having its origin in Washington—that hotbed of gossip and scandal—which represents the President as deeply incensed with Mr. Blaine, because the latter, so the story runs, has not met the President's views in the Chilean affair, and the conclusion is reached that the difference may necessitate Mr. Blaine's retirement from the Cabinet. The details are a little obscure; but it seems that some days ago the Chilean minister gave a dinner to Secretary Blaine, at which were present William R. Grace, Richard Trumbull, Julio Foster, and some others. Since the dinner, there has not been so much talk of war with Chile, and the inference sought to be drawn, or, more properly, the insinuation set afloat, is that Mr. Blaine was then and there induced to modify the policy of our government, and that the President is indignant. Back of this, of course, comes the suggestion that the President is afraid of Mr. Blaine's candidacy next year, and that he would like to find something now which would disqualify the Secretary from entering for the Presidential stakes.

Those who accept this string of stories, with their accompanying inferences and deductions, must credit President Harrison with an astounding degree of ignorance of American politics. In the first place, it is a foregone conclusion that all James G. Blaine has to do to obtain the Republican nomination of next year is to say that he will accept it. There can be no question but that the sentiment of the National Republican party is so strongly united on Blaine that it is hopeless for any other candidate to dream of a nomination except in the event of Blaine's refusal. The President would be a very poor politician if he did not know this, and he is an excellent politician as well as a good Republican.

There is, too, another consideration which militates most strongly against the theory of the President's attempt to baffle Blaine. If it shall so happen that Blaine can not or will not accept the nomination, President Harrison himself will doubtless be a candidate. What kind of a figure would he cut, to come before a Blaine convention and ask the nomination which Blaine might have had, if at this time he uses his influence against Blaine? Is it not obvious that, whether he accept the nomination or not, Blaine will be a power in the Republican convention of 1892, and that no man whom he directly opposes can get the nomination from that body? And is it credible that the President is the only Republican in the United States who is not advised of that fact? Harrison is no novice in politics, and he certainly knows too much to make an enemy of the man who, above all men, can assist him to a renomination in the contingency mentioned.

Perhaps we are wrong in attributing the origin of this absurd story to Democrats. It has a sort of a Mugwump sound, and it is quite possible that it sprang from that epicene political sect, who do not know just at the present moment where they belong or who they are. At one of their select shrines a few days ago—the Massachusetts Reform Club—one of their orators confessed his bewilderment and that of his fellows in piteous tones. He said they wanted all the Clevelandism they could get, but that they could not stomach Democracy, inasmuch as the Democrats had been faithless to their pledges—presumably, though the speaker did not say so, on the subject of civil-service reform. Exactly what the Mugwumps are going to do, or how they are to differentiate Cleveland and Democracy, the speaker did not attempt to explain. It is at least imaginable that in their despair they may have started these stories in order to kill off Blaine as a candidate, and this theory receives some confirmation from the fact that Frank Hatton's paper, the Washington *Post*, gave much publicity to the rumor. Hatton is a Republican, but a persistent kicker and an enemy of Blaine, and he is just the man to strike hands with the Mugwumps on a scheme of this kind.

But these stories about jealousies and dissensions between the President and Secretary Blaine over the Republican nomination for 1892 are set at rest by this pregnant fact: *it is to the interest of President Harrison to have Blaine maintain his present silence.* So long as the sphinx-like Secretary is a possible candidate, there is not a ghost of a show for any one else. No name is mentioned. No Republican candidates are talked of. No "favorite sons" are discussed. No "dark horse" is trotted out. But if Blaine remains silent, and then at the last moment declines, the battle-field of the convention is vacant, and President Harrison becomes Blaine's political heir.

To His Holiness Pope Leo the Thirteenth the pity of the world is in some measure due, for the infallible old gentleman, after most heroic struggles to evade the necessity, has been forced to humiliate himself and grovel before the superior authority of the French Government. At an interview between the Vicar of Christ and the French embassador in Rome the other day, so the cable informs us, "the Pope accepted France's terms of conciliation, including the cessation of episcopal letters to the Archbishop of Aix and the suppression of the Catholic electoral catechisms," which teach anti-republican political doctrine. Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.

This final humbling of ecclesiastical pride under the whip of secular power, will do His Holiness and his church good. Of course it is hard to hear, particularly as Leo made every effort first to deceive the world as to the cause of the trouble. Then he endeavored to stand by the rebellious French prelates, and, lastly, he essayed to perform a miracle in the way of fence-straddling. When the Italian populace rose against the French pilgrims, who behaved like drunken ruffians at the tomb of Victor Emmanuel, the Pope had the preternatural assurance to fill the wondering ear of the listening earth with his pretended fears of assassination. In his allocution at the consistory of December 14th, he affirmed that the church—by reason, of course, of the objections made by both the Italian and French Governments to such pilgrimages—was "encompassed on all sides by enemies." He solemnly added: "Not content with displaying their hatred in words, they (the Italian people) proceeded to acts of violence against peaceful foreigners who come to Rome actuated by filial piety and free from political aims." The filial piety of these peaceful children of the church, the Pope refrained from mentioning, moved them to defile public monuments in the Pantheon and to bawl out insults against the government of the land in which they were piously sojourning. It was the conduct of these lambs of the Pope's flock which caused France, naturally anxious to maintain peace with Italy, to forbid French bishops to leave their dioceses without permission, which, under the provisions of the Concordat, she had a perfect right to do. When the Archbishop of Aix impudently disobeyed this order, and wrote an insolent and defiant note to the minister of public worship, for which behavior he was justly tried and fined, the hierarchy of France rose as one man to his support, and openly sought to organize the treason against the republic which they are constantly inculcating. The Pope sympathized with his recalcitrant prelates, and went so far as to present to the rebel Archbishop of Aix the Grand Cross of the Order of Christ.

But His Holiness has had to lower his colors and reverse his infallible engine. The temper of the French people and Chamber of Deputies showed itself in a way that opened the eyes of the persecuted prisoner of the Vatican to the dangers of his approving course. It became very evident that it would need little more provocation to induce France to divorce the church from the state and close the public treasury to priestly hands. It is this peril to the church's pocket which has brought the Pope to his knees. Were the Concordat to be terminated, the 36,743 Catholic priests now supported by taxes levied on the French people would be compelled to depend on the offerings of their parishioners for a living. Each year the enormous sum of 44,000,000 francs is set apart by the government for the maintenance of the priesthood. The state also places at the service of the clergy, free of cost, 29,314 churches and 37,965 presbyteries, the annual rental value of which is estimated at 245,000,000 francs. It also gives the prelates free quarters in episcopal palaces, representing a rental of 15,000,000 francs. Counting everything, the church costs the French Government about 300,000,000 francs, or $60,000,000 a year. Small wonder that the Pope is willing to abase himself in order to save this gigantic revenue.

It is marvelous that the citizens of the French Republic

sbould submit to this enormous drain upon their purses, especially as the church is an active, continuing menace to the existence of the government. Every priest is at heart a foe to the republic and a friend to the cause of the plotting Monarcbists. The hierarchy, devoid of gratitude toward the hand that feeds it, would rush to the side of any pretender to the throne who could offer a strong prospect of being able to overthrow popular government. Writing of Italy and the Pope, ex-Premier Crispi says:

"Italy has the privilege of possessing in her capital city the head of the Catholic Church. This privilege is certainly not envied her by other nations, because it means, not that we have with us a minister of God, who exercises pacifically his spiritual power, but that we have with us a pretender to the throne, who conspires against the unity and the liberty of the country."

And what the Pope is to Italy the Pope's churcb is to France. In the words of Gambetta: "Clericalism—that is the enemy." It was thought that, in the years whicb intervened since Gambetta spoke, the church had moderated its hostility to republicanism; but the outbreak following the prosecution and fining of the Archbishop of Aix proves that, from tbe Pope down to the obscurest village curé, a priest is still a priest, and, therefore, an enemy to government by the people—an irreconcilable, treacherous foe to the modern political principles proclaimed by the American Declaration of Independence. The same spirit which animates the priest in Italy and France dwells in the priest who serves at the altar of Mother Church in these United States. Here prudence dictates indirection and forbids open assault on fundamental political doctrines; but, all the same, the battle against popular liberty, popular enlightenment, and popular independence is waged in detail with untiring energy. Witness tbe never-ending attacks upon our public schools, and the steadfast denial of the State's power to perform a binding marriage or to grant a divorce.

France and Italy are fighting a battle for the world. It is to be regretted that the end has been delayed by the Vatican's sordid prostration to France in the interest of the church's cash-box. It will be a good and promising day for mankind when Italy and France muster the courage to do what they should have done long ago—the one to order the Pope to submit to the government as an Italian subject or leave Rome, and tbe other to cease paying another franc of French public money to the Catholic Church.

In the days of slavery, the Soutbern States were favorable to free trade and opposed to high tariff and the protective system. It was on account of the tariff that South Carolina broke out in nullification in 1832, and tbe schedule of duties was made to conform to her demands by Congress to compose the difficulty, which obviated the need of urging tbe Force Bill, in accordance with President Jackson's special message on the subject. The South favored free trade and tariff barely for revenue, because that section was entirely interested in production, largely for export, and was not concerned in manufacturing. Cotton, tobacco, sugar, and rice were the staple products of tbe South, and the export trade witb England in cotton and tobacco was the chief marketing and source of wealth with the planters. Everything of consumption and manufacture, in the main, came to them from the North and from Europe, and, therefore, they advocated low duties on imports. They produced nothing that needed protection, as did the producers and manufacturers of the North and the free white workers of all tbe Northern States. A tariff that would have satisfied the Soutb, with slave labor, would bave disastrously affected tbe free labor of the North and the interests of tbe people generally. While the South was as a unit for low duties, tbere was wide division upon tbe tariff in tbe Northern States—the farmers and the people of the West favoring a low tariff, and the manufacturers of New England combined in the effort to impose high rates of duties for their own protection against the cheaper labor manufactures of Europe, particularly of England. The South, with the Democratic party tbrougbout tbe Union, strenuously opposed Henry Clay's policy of protection to American industry by higb tariff; and, at length, the Cobb tariff, of 1857, under President Buchanan's administration, was established in accordance with the views of the dominant Democracy of tbe South and the North. It was more in consonance with the sentiments of the great slave-holding planters than any which had prevailed, and it was agreed to by tbe farmers of the Middle and Western States. It deeply and damagingly affected the manufacturers of New England and the entire North.

Since the abolition of slavery, times and conditions have materially cbanged. The South has become largely engaged in manufacturing. Alabama yields an annual output of iron in excess of Pennsylvania, and the iron and coal mines of Tennessee are attaining marvelous development. Georgia is advancing to noted condition in manufactures, in cottons and woolens, and in the Carolinas similar industries are progressing to profitable degree. The bounty on sugar has gratified the producers of Louisiana, and the changed condition from slave labor to free labor—black and white—has wrought among the cotton-planters of Mississippi a marked difference of sentiment upon the tariff. The people of the South are every year more disposed to favor protection in the levying of customs duties and a tariff that will foster American industries and assure American products against competition with the low-waged products of Europe. The wages paid the cheapest toiling former slave in the South would be hailed as munificent by the average laborer of Europe. The American system of protection supplies the workers with the necessaries of life at lowest prices, free of duty, and the common needs—as tea, and coffee, and sugar—are likewise untaxed in customs. Clothing, cottons, and woolens, are cheaper than at any former period, and wages are higher, with fewer hours of labor. Snug homes of their own, better social position, good public schools for their children, and a nest-egg bank account, are among the comforts, and opportunities, and possession of a larger number of laborers in the United States than in all the world besides. In this respect, the Southern States are developing conditions never before experienced, and the people who bave progressed from slave labor to independent toil are imbued with the stronger spirit to further self-independence and community advancement. A few years more of protection, with wise reciprocity as its auxiliary in the forward movement, will make the people of the South believers in that policy

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Some days ago a daily newspaper of this city addressed inquiries to a number of prominent men, asking their opinion as to what would be of the greatest benefit to San Francisco during the coming year. Among these was E. B. Pond, an old resident, an ex-mayor of the city, and one who has always been identified with the advancement of her best interests. In reply to the inquiry, Mr. Pond said:

"San Francisco would, doubtless, receive much immediate benefit from a line of whaleback steamers between this port and New York, and possibly on to Liverpool. I say whaleback steamers because of less cost of construction than other types of freight-carriers. The expense of running them is also comparatively light, as is shown by the passage of the *Wetmore* from New York to Liverpool. The trip was made at an average speed of twelve and one half knots an hour, and with a consumption of thirteen and one-half tons of coal a day. The cargo consisted of two thousand five hundred tons of wheat.

"Such a line would make San Francisco the competitive point nature intended her to be."

Mr. Pond favors the whaleback system of construction, and certainly the voyage of the *Wetmore* across the Atlantic, with a large cargo of wheat in bulk, forcibly sustains tbe views he has expressed. The object in carrying freight is to move the maximum amount at the minimum of cost, speed not being so important as security to the cargo from damage by the elements. The *Wetmore* turned out her cargo of grain, in Liverpool, in a condition which astonished everybody. To all appearances, the grain had not moved since it was shot into the hold of the steamer and started on its journey.

Not long ago, one of the evening papers of this city contained an article in which it was sougbt to be shown that a line of freight-steamers could not be made to pay, the chief obstacle being, according to the writer, the amount of coal used and its cost. The article cited the case of the *Mineola*, saying that that vessel had to buy coal at the River Plate at eight dollars a ton and at Coronel, in Chile, at ten dollars a ton; but these figures bave been materially altered by the statement of the agent of the *Mineola* in this city, who says that the *Mineola* took aboard coal enough in New York at three dollars and seventy-five cents a ton to carry her to Coronel, where she purchased enough coal to bring her to San Francisco at a cost of tbree dollars and eighty cents a ton.

The *Argonaut* has heretofore gone into the subject of the cost of freight-steamers and tbe expense of running them, giving the figures of Messrs. Menzies, Dickie, and others, and we deem it unnecessary to go over tbe same ground again. There is a substantial agreement among all who are competent to judge of tbe question as to the feasibility of such a line, the only differences being those of detail, such as tbe size of the steamers, the method of their construction, etc.

But if San Francisco wants a line of steamers of her own, she must stir herself. A plant is being prepared on Puget Sound for the construction of steel whaleback steamers. This company is not going to send out material by rail from the East simply to build whaleback steamers to ply between San Francisco and Puget Sound. It will be found, as those vessels are completed, tbat they will make this city a half-way house between the growing cities of the great North-West and the cities of the Atlantic sea-board. They will build up tbeir own country at our expense, as, indeed, it is to be expected they would, and, with the great northern railway at their back, they could easily prevent San Francisco from controlling the trade whicb naturally belongs to her.

It is for this reason, among others, that San Francisco should own and control her own line of steamers—whalebacks preferably, from measures of economy—and should not permit herself to be hemmed in and put at the mercy of a steamship line as she has at the mercy of a railway. If she allows the Puget Sound whaleback steamers to take possession of the ocean route, San Francisco will become simply a port of call.

What, if anything, is tbe Traffic Association doing in this regard? It has had ample time to ascertain the sentiment of the business men of San Francisco, and we venture to say it has found no dissenting opinion upon the question of the importance and value of a freight-steamship line from here to New York. This having been ascertained, is it not time to do something?

There is but one way for San Francisco to get help, and that is to help herself. The merchants of tbis city in times past have squandered untold millions in mining stocks, in mining schemes, in land schemes, and in hundreds of other speculative schemes outside of their legitimate business. Let them now go to work and put up the money for the establishing of a freight-steamship line between the ports of San Francisco and New York. That is a legitimate business, and properly conducted, will pay on its merits. Further than that, low freights are an indispensable part of the merchants' business, and they thus assure themselves low freights. A still further argument is that in a few years they will be obliged to bave such a line when the Nicaragua Canal is completed, and they should build it now, to run via the Straits of Magellan. If they control it themselves, they can always be sure that there will be no combination with other lines, rail or ocean, to put up rates. But if they do not control it, they can have no such assurance.

In the number of the San Francisco *Examiner* published on January 1, 1892, there is a curious article by Colonel J. D. Stevenson. It begins thus:

"I was born January 1, 1800.

"The events of my early days are intimately associated with the Vanderbilts. Cornelius and I were playmates as boys, for there was but two years' difference in our ages.

"My mother was at the marriage of Cornelius Vanderbilt's parents, and the families were very intimate.

"The Vanderbilts and the Van Dusers lived near together on Staten Island. Each family owned a place of public resort, and both ran passenger sail-boats to New York, and the wives served customers at the public bar. Cornelius Vanderbilt's mother, one of the best women that ever lived, poured out drinks at the bar.

"Cornelius Vanderbilt was a shrewd speculator even when a boy. He used to buy oysters and hire boys to sell them in New York. After paying off the boys for peddling oysters, he used to win all their wages back playing at 'shoe-maker's loo.'

One morning, I remember, when I went to see Cornelius, he was washing the deck of his little sail-boat in his bare feet."

Colonel Stevenson's reminiscences of Commodore Vanderbilt's youth constitute a curious companion-picture to tbe protestations of Ward McAllister's Four Hundred against calling on new-year's-day, which appears in the same number of the same paper. We have a portrait of the commodore, in bare feet, washing the deck of his perry-auger, while his mother dispensed whiskey over the bar of the tavern the family kept; and an adjacent frame exhibits his grandson's wife laying down social laws for "the leading families of New York," while her associate in the leadership, Mrs. Paran Stevens, whose origin was equally lofty, benignantly explains that the custom of new-year's calls fell into decay, because it "became too common," and "fashion frowns on anything when it becomes common." How splendidly these ladies maintain the glory of their rank.

If there be anything more worthy of reverent contemplation than the average American's worship of a lord, it is the assumption of nobility by the grandson of an American plebeian. There is a sameness in the history of our social leaders wbich is monotonous. John Scroggs raises vegetables for market, scrapes cents together, buys a field here and a field there, and, presently, a town grows up on his land, and though to the day of his deatb he dines in his shirt sleeves, and puts up his feet on the window-sill, he sends his son to college and to Europe. John Scroggs, Jr., leads a severely correct life, invests his money shrewdly, attends church with assiduous decorum, puts a piece of gold in the plate, and when be is gathered to his fathers has doubled the patrimonial estate. To the third John Scroggs money is a secondary consideration, he has so much of it. He lives most of the time in Europe, and consorts chiefly with persons of title. He has discovered that a Scroggs went to the Crusades, and that another would have been a duke if he had not taken the wrong side at the time of the Reformation. He sets up a coat-of-arms—an eagle, *sable*, rampant on a field, *or*, with the motto: "Pro rege aut Scrogge." This is tbe personage who frowns on anything that is common, and spends new-year's-day at his country-place, in showers of rain or snow, because that is the thing in England. It is he who pronounced the fiat that politics are low, and that a gentleman demeans himself in seeking the suffrages of the people.

At the present day, there are few countries in which rank and title are not either ludicrous or contemptible. What can be more ignoble than the squabbles of Lord and Lady Russell, with my lady lying naked on the floor while my lord beats her, my lady subsequently yelling from the window for the police? What can be more ridiculous than the spectacle of the Duke of Orleans, son of a pseudo-king, scurrying over

a continent fleeing from the husband of a stage lady, while the outraged husband pursues him with a horsewhip in one hand and a receipted bill in the other? What more unroyal than the Prince of Wales—"the First Gentleman of Europe"—carrying around his haccarat chips in a grip-sack? What more squalid than the bloody amour of Rudolph, son of the Austrian emperor, as he turns his mistress's bower into a shambles, as a jealous butcher's apprentice might do with his leman's hut? After such things as these, one can contemplate, at least with serenity, the spectacle of the most noble the Marquis of Farintosh admiring his whiskers in the looking-glass.

But if the genuine nobility are ridiculous, what shall be said of the plated aristocracy which our rich people parade as if it were the genuine eighteen-carat article? The French duke who is to marry the belle of Oregon, can, at any rate, refer you to the register of the *ancienne noblesse* for his descent. But fancy the answer which an honest American aristocrat would have to make to such an inquiry! "My grandfather dug potatoes for a living." "Mine peddled china-pipes from Germany." "Mine was captain of a perry-auger." "Mine was a slave-trader." "Mine sold hobbins and tape." "Mine was a blacksmith." "Mine spent his youth at carpentering." "Mine drove a stage-coach." None of these toiling ancestors are to be sneered at for the honest callings which they followed; but what a farce to claim blue blood out of such plebeian veins!

The so-called Knickerbockers of New York are nearly all descended from the very worthy Dutch traders of a few generations ago—green-grocers, tallow-chandlers, dry-salters, haberdashers, and cordwainers. These honest burghers stood behind their counters and vended articles to eat, to wear, to drink, and to smoke. The gentry consisted of a few patroons or large land-holders along the Hudson. There were so few of them that to many of these burghers there was but one—Kilian Van Renssalaer—whom they called "*The* Patroon." Yet the Knickerbockers of to-day would have the world believe that all of them are descended from this very small body of land-holders.

It is easy to tell the rank of those Knickerbocker ancestors who peopled Manhattan Island, by looking over the colonial records and the passenger-lists of the ships sailing from the old Amsterdam to the New Netherlands. The names on the passenger-lists run like this:

Jan Barentsen, house-carpenter. Cornelis Andriessen Hoogland, tailor. Pieter Van Halen, mason, with his wife and two children. Epke Jacobs, from Harlingen, farmer, with his wife and five sons; (Happy Epke, with his five sons! There are probably five distinct lines now of Knickerbocker Jacobses). Annette Gillis Van Beest, servant-girl. Christiaen de Lorie, from St. Malo, baker. Stephen Koorts, wheelwright, with his wife and seven children. Femmetje Hendricksen, serving-maiden.

And so the lists run—bandicraftsmen, laborers, servants, nearly all.

With a few rare exceptions—like Lord de la Warr, Lord Baltimore, Lord Fairfax, Lord Sterling, and Lord Alexander—the European nobility never settled in this country. They owned grants and lands in America, but they did not occupy them in person. New England was settled by middle-class Englishmen; and, though the Virginians claim to be descended from "cavaliers," the cavalier colonists were generally black sheep. The heads of the great houses in Europe knew too much to exchange the luxuries of civilized life for the hardships of colonial existence. They stayed at home and sent their dependents and their poor relatives. They sent, also, their convicts and the inmates of female prisons to the American colonies. He who harbors doubts on the subject should consult "Moll Flanders," by the ingenious Mr. De Foe. He will therein discover what a dangerous enterprise it is to endeavor to trace back many family trees in this country. The only emblem of heraldry which he will be sure of encountering is the bar sinister.

Virginia has always been looked upon as a most "aristocratic" State. Yet John Esten Cooke, himself a Virginian, says, in his "History of Virginia," that the colony of Jamestown was largely composed of "the scum of the London taverns." Among these "Virginia adventurers" were some who were on the ship's papers as "gentlemen," but these wandering gentlemen generally were black sheep, and turned out to be the very worst of the colonists. The character of this band of colonists is shown by the subsequent dreadful history of Jamestown, in which cannibalism figured.

To the Virginia colonies Sir Edwin Sandys, in one year, sent out twelve hundred and sixty-one new settlers, to whom James the First added one hundred convicted felons. Sir Edwin also shipped out a number of young women to marry the Virginia adventurers. The "maids," as they were called, were purchased by their husbands—price, one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco—about eighty dollars. First installment of maids, ninety; second, sixty; date, 1621.

Prisoners taken at the battles of Dunbar and Worcester were sent to Virginia and New England; condemned Monmouth rebels and captured deserters also were sent and sold as white slaves. Many of them were branded R on the cheek for being incorrigible rogues. At the end of their terms of service, these white slaves became free citizens, and probably ancestors of *first* families of Virginia.

As showing the character of the colonies, the following extract is significant. It is to be found in a letter from the council in Virginia to the Virginia Company in London, and is dated "James Town, July 7th, 1610." It runs thus: "Nor would I have it conceived that we would exclude altogether gentlemen and such whose breeding never knew what a dayes labor meant, . . . that can not digg, use the square, nor practice the axe and chissle." From this it is certainly evident that there were not many gentlemen there.

As for Louisiana, there is probably more family pride in that State than in any even of the Southern States. Yet it is an historical fact that when Louisiana was French, the government of France sent out to that colony some shiploads of girls, called *filles à la cassette*—poor girls, each one of whom carried upon her back and in a small chest her sole earthly possessions. These girls were not criminals or prostitutes—they were only paupers. They married in Louisiana, and became the ancestresses of families which doubtless boast of high descent.

When the *Mayflower* sailed from the Old England for the New, she had on her passenger-list one hundred and two names. Yet only twelve of the men were entitled to the prefix *Mr.* or *Master*, and it so appears upon the ship's lists. And this title—if it can be called such—was the lowest borne in England. Yet these twelve men were true Republicans, for this gathering of English yeomen and artisans formed themselves into "a civill body politick, under just and equall lawes," regardless of position, and all the adult males, servants, laborers, and all, signed a document to that effect off Cape Cod, on the eleventh of November, 1620.

When the *Mayflower* sailed, ten pounds sterling was the sum required of each "adventurer." Many could not go for this reason. But at the last moment more money was required for port charges, and before the ship could be cleared the emigrants were forced to sell some eighty firkins of butter, and other things as well, to raise sixty pounds!

Thus it may be seen that the founders of New England had little money and less rank.

America has lost nothing by the absence of patrician ancestorship. It is a law of heredity that, though blood will generally tell for a generation or two, after several generations anæmia sets in. Look at the British nobility. The danger of blood deterioration is thoroughly realized in England, and the wives of the heirs to high title are selected with infinite care, in order to maintain the breed. But the plan does not always work. The premier duke of England is father to an idiot son.

Each generation raises its own nobility, and it finds its seed in the lower strata of the humus, where the germ of life is most vigorous and nature is most prolific. Our American nobility sprang from the dust, and, when it has fulfilled its purpose, to the dust it doth return. To confer upon it hereditary succession is as impossible here as elsewhere. It would be as easy to confer immortal life upon bones and tissues. These popinjays who chatter about their "ancestry" and their aversion to the common people, do not understand the age in which they live. They will presently die and disappear, and some descendant of theirs, after distributing his estate, will end his life where their ancestor began—in the gutter. Let them read Saxe's biting lines:

> "Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
> Your family thread you can't ascend
> Without finding it *waxed* at the farther end
> By some plebeian vocation.
> A bridge across a hundred years,
> Without a prop to save it from sneers,
> A thing for laughter, fleers, and jeers,
> Is American aristocracy."

One of the recognized methods by which the advent of a new year is celebrated in the United States, is the publication of the number of marriages and divorces in every community. No newspaper, however humble, neglects this mark of respect to the statistical progress of our Christian civilization. We have not yet received the figures for Chicago, Kansas City, Martinez, and other popular divorce resorts; but those of San Francisco indicate that, though we may not have a place of honor in the very first rank, we hold a respectable position well forward in the blithesome procession of the severed. The preliminary step toward divorce—marriage—continues to be taken here with laudable frequency. In 1891, marriage licenses to the number of 3,490 were issued in San Francisco, as against 3,463 for the previous year—a gain of 27, which, though not great, is still a gain. During 1891, 770 petitions for divorce were filed in our superior courts—a proportion of nineteen and one-half per cent. to the marriages. There were but 263 divorces granted, it is true, but there are on the calendar about 300 cases which are yet undecided.

The annual output of these marriage and divorce statistics is invariably followed by a revival of the discussion as to the causes which impel the wedded to seek freedom. If, as is usually held by the grave clergymen and sociologists who are most prominent in this recurring debate, "the sacredness of the marriage tie is the hope of the nation's stability," this country is in a bad way, since inquiry has developed the appalling fact that there are more divorces granted annually in the United States than in all the Christian world besides—Protestant, Catholic, and Greek. This statement should, we think, cause a pause on the part of those who assume it as an axiomatic truth that a nation's morality is gaged by its divorce record. Certainly America is no wickeder than the relatively divorceless nations of Europe, and it is not of common knowledge that South Carolina, which grants no divorces at all, is conspicuous among the States of the Union for the domestic and other virtues. Those who assume the necessary co-relation of divorce and immorality, are also of the class who hold that the esteem in which woman is held is indicative of the stage of civilization achieved by a community. Here, obviously, we have a bewildering contradiction, for in no other country on earth is woman's position so high as in the United States. Our deference to the sex and their independence, not to say arrogance, of attitude toward the male of the species, excite the wonder of the traveling foreigner, and also sometimes his ungallant laughter and contempt. We are deemed, and with justice, to be a nation of woman-worshipers. How comes it, then, that in a civilization which accords to woman a higher place than is given her elsewhere, is so notably prolific of divorces? We can not, of course, listen for an instant to the cynical suggestion that the question presents the solution, since it states both cause and effect. Heaven forbid that any attempt should be made to abate divorce by restoring woman to that humble state of subjection in which less advanced peoples restrain her, to the great comfort of the male inhabitants. The truth seems to be that in the hands of the women of the United States alone lies the power of remedying this condition of things which embarrasses us as a people, for it must be confessed that the statistics of divorce are confusing to the mind which is educated to believe that only by the elevation of woman is the arrival of the sinless millennium to be hastened. It would be well, of course, to secure uniformity of the law among the States, or a national statute decreeing uniformity; but, after all, the ladies will ever continue to be the court of last resort. Were it possible to induce them, of their free grace, to exercise a little more patience with the coarser-fibered, ruder-minded male, the situation, we think, would speedily be corrected. Fifty women apply for divorce to one man. This does not always mean what it seems to mean, however; for so profound is American reverence for woman that a custom, having the force of law, exists, under which a gentleman who desires separation permits his wife, who may really be the offender and defendant, to appear on the records of the court, in the newspapers, and to the public mind, as the injured and interesting plaintiff. No true gentleman will be guilty of any act which would tend to reduce the chances of his wife to make an advantageous second marriage. In nearly all of the States, divorce may be obtained for unfaithfulness, desertion, cruelty, imprisonment for felony, drunkenness, and neglect to provide. These are the statutory offenses, but, in reality, the principal cause of divorce is impoliteness. A man, even an American, finds it not always easy to be as ardently attentive to a lady who has become his wife as he was wont to be to the same lady when she was single and open to unsealed proposals. Naturally this failure in enthusiasm is not agreeable to the lady, who, with a frequency which is understandable, but yet deplorable, proceeds to create a home atmosphere distasteful to the husband, who consequently seeks, in obedience to the promptings of native masculine depravity, diversion abroad in the popular pastimes of infidelity, desertion, cruelty, commission of felony, drunkenness, and failure to provide.

It is the common habit to rejoice over a swelling marriage record, while grieving over the figures of divorce; but it may well be doubted if the movement to reduce the latter should not be directed against the former. It is the hasty, the foolish, the ill-considered marriage which the soonest breeds a desire for its annulment. If, in place of the romantic, sentimental view of the conjugal relation, which is instinctively taken by nearly all women and most men, we had a sensible public opinion which would condemn, instead of sympathizing with, the selfishness, the want of self-control that so often induce weddings—if we had in this country, in short, more of the English and French habit of regarding marriage as a life settlement, in the arrangements for which parents and guardians ought to have an influential voice, the sum of happiness would undoubtedly be increased and the statistics of divorce materially decreased.

THE SORCERY OF ASENATH.

People often ask me why I gave up a promising business career and devoted myself to traveling, in which I find no pleasure; exploring, for which I have no taste; and archæology, which is to me the most tiring of pursuits. The question has never been answered, save by the statement that there is no reason to give, which involves the telling of an incredible story.

There are two or three to whom I would like to tell it. If they survive me, they shall know—to that end, these pages.

It is my conviction that whatever intelligent man has known, he has tried to record in some way—that living truths, new to us, may be gleaned from the stone tablets of races extinct for ages. For such a truth, I am searching. One man found it, but he is dead. His spirit I have called up, as the woman at Endor called up Samuel, and questioned it. He told me that the knowledge had sent it to the world of shades before its time, and had put power into the hands of an evil one, who had hidden it over in any place to reveal to any mortal what it knew.

"Even yet I must obey her," said the spirit of Paul Glen; "but what you seek is written."

As yet, I have not read. Many strange things have I unearthed, but never this that I seek.

Now, I will write my story. You who read it may believe or not, as you see fit. I know that it is true.

It is many years now since I went South to visit my sister Helen. I had not seen her since the day of her marriage, three years before, till she met me at the door of her own home and welcomed me in her old sweet and quiet manner. It seemed to me, at the first glance, that her face had aged too much, and that a certain once fine expression—a suggestion of latent determination—had overdeveloped and marked her with stern lines. From the first moment, too, I feared the existence of a trouble in her life, of which her letters had given no hint.

She seemed, though, cheerful enough. She led the way into a great room that was shaded, and cool, and full of the scent of lilacs. With a motion of her hand, she dismissed three of four black maids, whom she had been assisting or instructing at some sewing work, and they went out, courtesying and showing their white, even teeth at the door.

A fourth did not leave, but retired to a far end of the room and went on with the sewing. I noticed what a tiny garment she was making, and what a sharply cut silhouette her face made against the white curtain of the window by which she sat.

Helen chatted away, apologizing for her husband's absence, asking a host of questions, and planning some pleasure for every one of the days of my stay with her. I lay back in my chair, with a feeling of languid content, and listened. When Helen suggested sleep and refreshment, I declined both, feeling no need of anything but her presence and that delicious room, the atmosphere of which was laden with rest as with the scent of the lilacs.

The black woman sat directly in the line of my vision, and I remember now that my gaze never strayed from her. I noticed, idly at first, then with interest, the regularity of her features and the grand proportions of her head and bust. Her hair, brownish in color, with dull copper tints, was as straight as my own, and she had a hand and arm so perfectly molded that, except for their black skin, they might have been those of a lady of high degree. But it was the pride, speaking from every line of that dark face, that most attracted my notice. There was in it, too, an exultant sense of power, and it was the most resolute face, black or white, that I ever saw.

Presently I began to feel that it required an effort to keep the thread of what Helen said, and to reply. Her voice seemed to get faint, then to come in snatches, with an indistinct murmur between them; at last, not at all, though I knew she was still speaking.

I was not unconscious, but perception was contracted and concentrated upon one abnormal effort. From me a narrow path of light stretched down the room to the black woman. She seemed to expand and to grow luminous; a vapor exhaled from her, floated to the middle of the path-way, and there assumed her own form, almost nude, perfect like her face in its every line, motionless as if carved from ebony, but with fierce, impure eyes that looked straight into mine and from which there seemed to be no escape.

Their gaze begot an overwhelming sense of disgust. My soul shuddered, but my body could not move. The evil face smiled. A cloud floated over the form of ebony, slowly passed away, revealing one like polished ivory, but the eyes changed not.

How long their gaze held me motionless and helpless I do not know. Suddenly, something white shut out the vision, and my sister's voice, harsh now and loud, struck upon my hearing like a lash. Instantly the room assumed its ordinary appearance, the scent of the lilacs greeted me as if I had newly come into the atmosphere, and Helen, in her white dress, stood before me trembling.

The negress at the window looked at us both with insolent amusement. It was to her that Helen spoke.

"How dared you!" she exclaimed; "oh, that I could punish you as you deserve!"

The girl smiled and slowly drew her needle through the cloth in her lap.

"Go out to Lucas," commanded Helen. "Go!"

The girl drew herself up, and her face took on an expression of sullen defiance. It seemed for an instant that she would not obey. She clenched her hands, and I heard her teeth grate together. But she hesitated only a moment, then went slowly out of the room. Presently she passed by the window, pushing a heavy barrow full of earth. Lucas, the gardener, followed, carrying a long gad. In a minute or two they passed again, going in the same direction, and afterward again and again. The girl was pushing the barrow around and around the house.

"That is the heaviest and most menial employment I can devise for her," said Helen; "I wish there were something worse. She grows more impudent every day, but this is the first time she has dared to exert her soaky power upon a white person in my presence. How did you feel while you were under that spell?"

"Now, Helen, for heaven's sake don't imagine——"

"I imagine nothing," she interrupted, in a low voice. "I know that girl. She can do strange things. If ever a human creature was possessed of a devil, she is."

"Why, Helen!"

She went on without heeding my astonishment. "Every negro on the plantation, except Lucas, is mortally afraid of her. My birds cower in a corner of their cage if she approaches them, the gentlest horse we have will rear and kick at sight of her, and if she goes into the poultry-yard the hens cover up their chicks as if night had come. She has affected others as she did you. She has done worse. When I first came here, she was given to me for a maid; but, not liking her, I took, instead, a little mulatto girl who was bright and smart then, but who is now idiotic through fear of Asenath."

I did not think it best to dispute with Helen, knowing her well enough to be sure that any argument I could adduce against her belief she had already weighed and found wanting. She was not a superstitious woman, nor a hasty one, but one whose very mistakes deserved respect, since she always took that course of action which she believed to be wisest and best, even if it were to her own disadvantage. I simply asked: "Why do you not get rid of her?"

"I have tried, but something frustrates every effort of that kind. Robert objects to sale—it is unusual on this plantation. We once offered her her freedom if she would go away; but she only looked as if she scorned the freedom we could give, and laughed in a way that chilled my blood."

"She seems very insolent."

"Insolent—that is a weak word! I sometimes think she is birth-marked with impudence as she is with straight hair."

"That hair, then, is a birth-mark? I thought it must be a wig."

"She was born with it and with an insane craving to be white. When a child, she used to scream and shriek over her blackness for hours at a time. Mother Glen whipped that out of her."

"It is a pity she did not whip out some of her other peculiarities."

"Mother Glen was much to blame for some of them. You knew Paul Glen, and what a strange, silent being he was—always absorbed in some mysterious pursuits, roving from one lost region to another, coming home, now and then, for a day and leaving, as if for a short time, to be heard of after months of inquiry in Hyderabad, or Jerusalem, or the heart of Guinea. Well, after he came home the last time he made Asenath the subject of numerous psychological experiments. He could mesmerise any one—what other gifts he had is not known; but he called mesmerism child's play. Mother Glen did not object to his making this use of the girl, because she did not wish to cross Paul and have him go away again. It is my belief that Asenath discovered, through some of his experiments, the existence of an occult power in herself. Before long, she had Paul completely under her control. I had not yet come here; but Mother Glen told me about it, and that any effort to break the spell made Paul perfectly furious. He taught her to read, and to sing, and obeyed her in everything—think of it! After a while he fell sick, but it was thought not dangerously. Asenath nursed him, and he would not eat or drink unless she bade him."

"That, though, may have been a mere whim, such as the sick often take."

She shook her head. "You have not heard all: Two of the servants—Mammy Clara and Belinda—declare that they overheard Asenath forbid Paul ever to touch food again, and tell him that she would pretend to bid him eat, but he must not do so. And it is certainly true that he at last refused all sustenance and died of starvation."

"What a horrible idea!"

"Shortly before Paul was stricken down," Helen proceeded, "he disposed of all his property—it was in securities of various kinds—and we have never been able to find out what he did with the money he received. Thousands and thousands of dollars took wing somehow. It was never brought here, so she could not have stolen it actually, but I am as sure that Asenath knows where that money is as I am that I live."

"Now, Helen, be sensible, do."

"Mother Glen was a sensible woman, and she believed as I do. She said the girl was uncanny. Moreover, she declared to me that Asenath had set out to conquer her as she did Paul, and that it was only by constant resistance that she prevented her from gaining her object. There was a psychic contest between them. Mother Glen's brain was in a condition of siege for months. It could not stand the strain. She was seized with paralysis and died. I blame Asenath for her death."

I did not say much in reply. My odd experience of a few minutes before puzzled me. Helen's account of the girl threw a weird light upon what I felt bound, as a reasonable man, to consider merely curious phenomena, subjective in character and due to some unexplained physical cause. I determined to say a few decided words to Robert Glen about the culpability of allowing his delicate wife to contend with such an annoyance as Asenath, who, if not a sorceress, certainly was a fractious and troublesome servant.

"It is strange that Robert does not remove her," said I.

Helen's face flushed and was drawn by a momentary spasm. She looked at me in troubled silence, as if she could not decide to speak what she wished to tell me.

"I am afraid for Robert," she said at length, almost in a whisper; "there is something in that girl's demeanor to him that it sickens me to think of—and which I dare not try to explain, even to myself. It seems impossible that she can dare to think that he"—she went on hurriedly after a pause—"you see, he believes in no psychic powers and is not on his guard. He calls her unearthly pranks mere mischief that a few years' discipline will take out of her. Robert intends her to marry Lucas."

She spoke the last sentence quite loudly, and, as the girl and her driver were passing by the window, they overheard. Lucas, a squat, stolid-looking mulatto, with a face like that of a satiated animal, chuckled and poked at Asenath with the gad.

The girl stopped. She threw down her burden, flung back her head, and turned upon Helen a wild and vicious stare. Her face, streaming with perspiration, was full of threat. She gasped for breath from emotion or the heaviness of her toil. She raised one hand, wiped her brow with its open palm, and flung the drops of sweat in a shower at Helen.

"May every drop curse you!" she said, between her labored breaths.

Helen looked at her with quiet scorn. "Go on, Lucas," she said, calmly.

Asenath shook herself, like a chained animal. She ground her teeth and turned upon Lucas in fury, as if she would rend him. He did not quail, but raised his gad threateningly and pointed to the barrow-handles, and, after a momentary struggle with herself, the girl took them up and went on, panting under her toil.

"She shall continue that until she drops," said my sister.

"But, Helen, that surely is cruel."

"Not more so than drawing the fangs of a snake. I have discovered that she is psychically powerless when physically exhausted. All the negroes on the place know this and are rejoicing now—they all feel more secure for knowing that she has been disciplined."

While she was speaking, I saw Robert Glen coming along the walk to the house. Helen saw him, too. Leaning out the window, she called to Lucas and bade him take his charge "to the old barn." He hurriedly departed, driving the girl—who now seemed doubly unwilling to drag her load—literally like an ox, and very unsparing of the gad.

Robert greeted me cordially; but it was evident to me that there was a cloud between his wife and him. His ruddy face assumed a stern expression when he looked at her, and his voice had a hard tone when he addressed her. Her manner to him had an appealing, almost fawning, air, which it distressed me to see.

It was some days before I found a chance to speak to Robert on the subject of the girl. I had better have held my tongue, for he was nettled in an instant, shrugged his shoulders, and curled his lip.

"You Northern people know nothing whatever about the management of slaves. Helen leads that girl the life of a toad under a harrow, because the other darkies say she 'hoo-doos' them, and because my mother had some irrational ideas about demoniacal possession. I declare to you, Tom, that if I did not know Helen's delicate condition and nervousness were much to blame, I should be ashamed of her treatment of Asenath, who is a good, well-trained house-servant, and valuable."

"But she is an annoyance that Helen should not have to contend with now."

"How is she to be got rid of?" he demanded, impatiently. "We never sell any of the people on this estate, and she won't take her freedom as a gift. I can't kill her."

Then I dropped the subject. When I next saw Helen, she had been crying, and she begged me not to speak to Robert about the girl again.

I saw no more of Asenath for some time, and learned that she had been put steadily to work at the loom, the day following my arrival.

One morning, news came that the loom-house had been entered in the night, all the yarn carried off, the woven cloth cut to pieces, and the loom and wheels so shattered that new ones would be necessary. Even the walls of the building were half-destroyed.

"This is some of Asenath's work," said Helen.

Robert, who had been annoyed by the news, now seemed additionally so.

"Pshaw, Helen!" he said, sharply; "it would take the strength of several men to do some of this mischief."

"She has it at command. Lucas shall take her in hand again."

"No, we will have no more of that," Robert said, sternly. "Now, hear me, Helen, I have told Lucas that if he obeys you in that respect again he shall be flogged within an inch of his life, and I mean it."

Helen's face turned very white, her hands fell into her lap, and she sat as if stricken helpless and hopeless. I hastened away to avoid hearing more, comprehending now what the trouble in my sister's life was, and with a presentiment of coming evil that would be greater.

It was that very night that, having strolled into the shrubbery to smoke my cigar, I fell asleep upon a rustic bench there and awoke to find it was late at night, with the wind moaning as if a storm were brewing in the cloudy heavens.

As I arose to go to the house, something—that was not visible—seemed to come from every quarter at once and smite me. I felt a sharp, electric thrill, which was followed by a sensation as if I had been flung from a height and raised up again, with some of my faculties benumbed by the fall. My hair stood up, but I felt no fear, only a passive wonder, mixed with expectation. Turning, I saw, by a transient gleam of moonlight, the girl Asenath, standing in the path near by, pointing at me with a long, slender rod. The ray passed and left a black Shadow there, which moved slowly away, beckoning to me. I followed.

The Shadow led me out of the shrubbery and along the wide avenue between the two rows of huts occupied by the negroes, and ended at the mansion house. I had no will or thought but to follow it exactly. It stopped before one of the huts and bent itself nearly double. I, too, bent over, involuntarily, and every muscle of my body seemed to become tense. The perspiration started out of me, and my will was like a bar of steel ending in great fingers, which grasped something and pulled upon it with such force that my inner self was a-tremble with weakness when the tension relaxed,

which it did at the opening of the cottage door and the coming out of a little lad—a mere child—who looked ghastly, as one of the dead walking. He placed himself beside me, and together we followed the shadowy woman to another house, dragged at the invisible cords of another human soul, and brought it out into the night. It was a woman, this time, in the scantiest of night-robes.

And so we went on, stopping at every door, and from every door some one came forth, except from that of Lucas. There, grasp as it would, the steel fingers clutched nothing, and the door remained shut.

The woman Asenath muttered to herself, and all the crowd of followers muttered, too. With them, my own lips formed words, of which I did not then comprehend the meaning: "Soulless beast!" We went on beyond the quarters, stopped at the mansion, and dragged at something that resisted with all its strength, which was weaker than ours, for it yielded at last, and came slowly, slowly down the steps and stood among us. It was my sister Helen.

Asenath laughed, and ghastly laughter broke from all, even from Helen herself.

I had no feeling of compassion for her, nor of fear for her or myself, but was simply a force which another exerted. The wills of those who followed Asenath were but strands in the cable of her power, and their strength was in her hands for good or ill.

We followed again—out of the plantation, through a forest of pines, over a bridge that spanned slow-crawling, black water, past a fallen church, surrounded by forgotten graves, to the top of a hill where there were stones laid in the form of a serpent—a great cleft stone, like open jaws, forming the head. There Asenath paused and cast down her rod. She stretched out her hands, and in a moment we were formed into a circle about the rod.

And then once again those fingers of steel grasped something—something that all their strength seemed unable to move. Our breath came in gasps, our forms shook like the leaves of the aspen-tree, and in the heart was a fear, too great to be measured, of failure. Long, long the effort lasted—lasted until the will seemed to discard its own puerile strength and to fling itself upon the bosom of impersonal force, seize the reservoir of the universal will, and turn its power in a mighty stream upon the burden of one desire—one unyielding demand that the door be opened. And with that borrowed force came the sense of unlimited strength. Faith was born. We stretched out our arms in gestures of which I can only remember that they were first those of invitation, then of welcome. Nature began to pulsate. There was a sound like the slow, regular beating of a heart, in the chambers of which we were inclosed. The inner life throbbed with it so fiercely that the blood seemed almost to leap from my body. All about us were the movements of awakening birds and insects; from afar came the lowing of kine, the crowing of cocks, and the crying of children, as if they were suddenly startled into fear.

In the center of the circle appeared a square of strange light. We looked upon it and beheld a place of which the darkness and the light of this world are but the envelopes. We saw there, afar off, a vast crystalline globe, from which extended, in all directions, millions of filaments of clear light. The globe scintillated as a diamond does, and its sparks floated away upon the endless filaments of light. Nearer to us, moving about, were beings not human, and not resembling each other further than that they were all gigantic and all possessed of some human attributes. Some were beautiful, some hideous; but upon every one was stamped—in strange characters that I somehow understood—the words "*I only am God.*" Upon some the writing was fantastic, as if put on in mockery. Upon others it shone with a clear and cruel radiance that pained the sight. Some bore it faded and dim, as if the pretension it set up had fallen like a leaf into the stream of the ages and been almost forgotten. A great awe fell upon us all, so great that all, except the woman Asenath and myself, fell down and seemed as if dead. The woman trembled and murmured to herself, and again my lips formed her words:

"Is it worth while, when human desires are so poor, human life so short?"

Through that door there floated not a voice, for the silence was only broken by a faint, soft hum, like very distant music, but an unspoken command that impressed itself upon the spirit.

"*Speak!*"

Still the woman hesitated. Suddenly her lips moved again, mine following them: "But only through this can *he* be won."

"I would have the desire of my heart," she said aloud.

"*It is thine,*" was the silent answer; "*to him who knocks at this door shall it be opened, and what he asks for there shall he receive, whether for good or ill. It is the law.*"

"I would be fair, like those who enslave me. All that she has"—she pointed to my sister—"I would take from her and have for my own."

"*The power to obtain thy will is thine, whether thou be of the just or of the unjust. The spirit which commands shall be obeyed. It is the law.*"

"And is there a penalty to be paid?"

"*Thy act is the seed from which its penalty shall grow.*"

The woman sighed.

"What penalty?"

"*Thou knowest the law.*"

Sighing again, bitterly, Asenath stretched out her hand. The square of light went out. Across the spot where it had been, drifted indistinct forms which passed into invisibility on either side. Under their feet ran a serpent of fire, which leaped at the woman. She grasped it, and it seemed to become the rod she had cast down.

I remembered nothing more until I came slowly to myself, stretched upon the bench in the shrubbery, with the morning sun shining into my face. My limbs were stiff, my head ached, and my heart was heavy with a foreboding of evil. It was impossible for me to decide whether the experience of the night was a dream or a reality, but I was sorely troubled; I could not think of Asenath without a creeping of the flesh.

On approaching the house, I saw Robert standing in the doorway. My first glimpse of him set me to trembling with fear of evil tidings, he looked so agitated and distressed. When he perceived me, he wrung his hands and burst into tears.

"Oh, Tom!" he cried, "Helen is dying. She was taken with convulsions early this morning. She does not know me. The baby was born dead, and Helen can not live. I must lose her! Oh, God, I must lose her!"

He ran through the hall and up the stairs, like a wild man. I followed, but the heaviness of the shock was so great that it was but slowly and with a feeling as if the floor were rising up to my face. Asenath was moving stealthily about the hall. I bade her begone. She looked at me like a startled cat, but did not go. A black girl, coming down the stairs, passed me, and I recognized her as the first of the women who had joined our ghastly crowd the night before. She gazed straight before her, with wide-open, horrified eyes, and her face had the same pinched look the hall mirror had shown me upon my own as I glanced into it involuntarily when passing it. At the top of the stairs, Belinda, Helen's poor little maid, flung herself at my feet and clasped my knees.

"Oh, Massa Tom," she cried, "she am 'witched. Go an' git d' witch doctah t'—tak'—de spell off'n her. Nuffin'll save her ef yo' don't do dat."

As I stopped to put the poor creature aside, old Mammy Clara, her face streaming with tears, came up to me.

"Massa Tom," she said, solemnly, "de good God hah tooken Miss Heleo. She's in hehen wid her li'l' baby."

The blow overcame me. It will be best to pass over that time. I shut myself into my room and bore my agony alone. I went once into the room where Helen lay and looked at her face. It was the face of one in peaceful rest, but it had aged twenty years in twelve hours. Her maids, directed by Mrs. Grayson, an old friend of the family, were ready to prepare her for the grave.

"They think," whispered Mrs. Grayson, "that she had walked in her sleep. Her feet are scratched and torn, as if she had been among briars barefoot, and the doctors say that her convulsions probably came on from the shock of awakening. She was found at daybreak, unconscious, in the hall, and the outer door was wide open."

I left the plantation a few days after the funeral, and for years neither saw nor heard directly from Robert Glen. I never could forgive his indifference to Helen's peace of mind while she lived, nor get over a certain disgust with which his lack of self-control at the time of her death inspired me. I never liked him, and, after that sad time, I had less regard for him than ever. I never told him the story I have written. He would only have pronounced me mad, and I did not wish to obtain that reputation for the mere sake of warning him. Besides, I tried with all my mind to believe the experience of that night a dream, but I found that impossible and was always looking for a sequel to it. The sequel came in its appointed time.

Years passed away. At the outbreak of the war, the Graysons came North. From them, I learned that Asenath had disappeared from the plantation long before, and was supposed to have drowned herself in the black creek and to haunt the plantation in the form of a black-and-white snake. Dr. Grayson blamed himself for her death.

"Some of the Glen negroes," he said; "told some of mine that the girl was turning white, and that, with the exception of her face and hands, her whole body had changed its color. Now I had heard of such cases, but never had seen one, and, in spite of what Buffon and other naturalists say on the subject, felt doubtful of the possibility of such a thing taking place. I rode over to Glen's one day to investigate the matter. Glen was not at home; but, presuming upon old friendship with him, I saw the girl and told her the object of my call. I wish you had seen her; she flew into an outrageous passion, called me vile names, said there was not a white spot on her person, and that if I touched her it should cost me dear. Of course I paid no attention to her threats, and called that Lucas of Glen's to help me turn up her sleeves. Her arms really were white, but before I could half-examine them, she broke away from us and tore out of the house. We followed, but lost sight of her in the shrubbery, and to this day she has never been seen again. The negroes say she drowned herself. Glen, when he returned, seemed to believe so. He took me to task in a most ungentlemanly manner for what had happened, and we have not been on speaking terms since. He has now gone abroad to stay until this little war squall blows over, I hear."

"I trust that he may—and longer," I said. The doctor chuckled a little and changed the subject. In secret, I said to myself:

"I don't believe the girl is dead, and I do believe that Robert Glen knows where she is. The sequel will come."

In '68, Robert returned home, bringing a wife with him. He wrote me a formal announcement of his marriage, to which I replied with equal formality.

It was rumored that the new wife was rich in her own right; that she was of English parentage, but born and reared in Calcutta. Later, I heard that Robert's old neighbors had not taken to her at all, and that she had an ungovernable temper, being unable to keep any servant under her roof, except a couple of East Indian women, whom she berated continually in their own tongue, but who could not speak English enough to impart any information about their mistress to her neighbors.

The year after Robert's marriage, I accepted an invitation to spend a few days with the Graysons. Feeling that I owed Robert the courtesy of a call, I rode over to the plantation, not so much to discharge a social duty as to see the new Mrs. Glen, about whom I noticed, on the part of the Graysons, a marked reluctance to speak. They edged away from the subject, when I brought it up, with nervous looks at each other.

Leaving my horse at the outer gate, I walked along the wide avenue nearly to the house. There was a spectral stillness upon the place. Sadness exhaled from everything, to be drawn in with every breath. The old servants were all gone. I had met the once sleek and stolid Lucas, now rheumatic and ragged, begging in the village. Belinda was in the county asylum, and the others were scattered or dead. The scent of the lilacs was gone from the air—the very bushes were rooted up, and lay, sear and dead, by little heaps of earth. A triangle of cloud in the sky cast upon the earth a triangle of shadow, in the midst of which Robert Glen's home lay as if it were entranced. No sign of happy life met me; but, as I turned aside to look at a certain bench in the shrubbery, a black-and-white snake ran over my foot.

I went no further. A woman was seated upon the bench—a fair woman, with hair like dull copper reflecting sullen fire, with a face and form perfect as those of the goddesses of old, a face which betokened an indomitable soul which knew the secret of the power wielded by the gods. She was bending over her clasped hands, her face was turned aside in an attitude of eager waiting, and wore a smile that transfigured it. Slowly approaching her, walking as a man walks in his sleep, came Robert Glen. He threw himself at her feet and laid his head upon her knee. She bent to him with a little rapturous caress, and both faces were as happy as those of the people in Paradise.

I turned and went away from the place, and entered its precincts no more. From that hour, I was self-devoted to one purpose—to seek the knowledge that should open the door to her degradation and destruction. In the midst of her success, and in the height of her pride, she should turn black as she was in the day when Lucas drove her. I swore it. So should my friend and my sister, whom she robbed and slew, be avenged. MARIA ROBERTS.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1892.

Among the more or less objectionable features of the French metropolis, who are indebted for their prominence and vogue to Albert Wolff, is Mme. Adam, the proprietress of the *Nouvelle Revue*. She boasts that her salon has constituted an important element in the constitution of the republic upon its present basis; but she omits to state that her fortune is derived from army contracts and questionable speculations which the late M. Adam organized at the time of the Franco-Mexican campaign, in conjunction with some of the most disreputable and shady members of the court of Napoleon the Third. She owes much of her present prominence to the fact that, for a time, she induced people to believe that she was the Egeria, both in a political and in a more intimate sense, to Gambetta. The latter, as soon as he discovered the manner in which she was exploiting his acquaintance to her own advantage, refused ever to set foot again in her salon. Mme. Adam was no other than the adopted daughter and almost life-long companion of the Countess d'Agoult, better known by her pen-name of "Daniel Stern." The countess is reputed to have been the most utterly depraved woman of the century. She left her husband, the Count d'Agoult, to live with Abbé Liszt, and, after bearing him two daughters—one of whom is Mme. Cosima Wagner, the widow of Richard Wagner and the divorced wife of Hans von Bülow—she (the Countess d'Agoult) deserted the abbé to live with the famous journalist and statesman, Emile de Girardin, a man as corrupt and unscrupulous as herself. The imperial court and the official and social world at St. Petersburg closed their doors against her when she visited Russia, a year or two ago. At Vienna, her reception, notwithstanding the fact that she was a guest at the French embassy, was equally frigid. She herself has had the audacity to admit in print that she has permitted General de Gallifet, and other men of rank and mark, to greet her by kissing—not her high-colored cheeks, but her fine shoulders—on entering her salon to attend her weekly banquets. This is the "great French lady" whose views and criticisms, concerning the alleged forward manners of the American girl, have been so widely printed and read, not only in Europe but even in the United States.

Bishop Wilberforce's most notable discomfiture was in 1860, when, at a meeting of the British Association, he made an eloquent assault on Darwin's "Origin of Species," and, asking Huxley whether he was related to an ape on his grandfather's or grandmother's side, received an answer not less memorable than Dean Stanley's to those who sneered at Bishop Colenso in convocation. "If there were an ancestor," said Huxley, "whom I should feel shame in recalling, it would be a *man*—a man of restless and versatile intellect, who, not content with an equivocal success in his own sphere of activity, plunged into scientific questions with which he has no real acquaintance, only to obscure them with an aimless rhetoric, and distract the attention of his hearers from the real point at issue by eloquent digressions and skilled appeals to religious prejudice."

The text of Pietro Mascagni's new opera, "L'Amico Fritz," was written by Nicola Daspuro, a clever young journalist and poet in Naples. The text is little more than a translation of "Friend Fritz," the work of Erckmann and Chatrian. The owners of the copyrighted work at first demanded sixty thousand francs and five per cent. of the total receipts of the opera for the privilege of using it as the text. Mascagni declined to accept these terms, and was on the point of abandoning the piece entirely when a compromise was reached.

At a recent fair in Chicago, given by the First Regiment, there was lively voting on the disposition of a doll three feet high and beautifully dressed. "Baby" McKee received 1,292 votes and Ruth Cleveland 1,008. The doll was, therefore, sent to the White House, and the committee in charge has received suitable acknowledgments from Mrs. McKee.

Since Boulanger's death in exile his brooze busts have been banished from the mantel-pieces of his quondam admirers; and no less than one hundred and thirty of these images have been disposed of at pawn-shops.

MATRIMONY IN ENGLAND.

"Cockaigne" on the Aristocratic Marriage for Revenue Only.

I do not suppose that anything in the annals of matrimony, as it is regarded in England, has in our day given marriage, as it should be, such a thoroughly wholesome "boost" as the betrothal of Prince Albert Victor of Wales (now known as the Duke of Clarence and Avondale) to his cousin, the Princess Victoria of Teck. Love-matches and marriages of affection are rare occurrences in English high life. It is a pity that it should be so, but it is, nevertheless, a fact. No doubt there are reasons for it. The chief one is that people in exalted positions can not let their feelings guide, dictate to, influence, or control them in their selection of a wife or husband. They have their position to keep up, and must keep it up at all hazards. They must have money to do this, and one of the favorite ways of acquiring this money is by marriage. It is an easy way, and it necessitates the doing of no work. Every boy and girl in English high life grows up with this idea crystallized in their minds. If they marry at all, it must be some one with money. The more the better, but it must be *some* money, anyhow.

It does not signify that either party has enough to form the capital of a moderate-living partnership. Moderate living is not enough. The financial condition must be improved. Neither the man nor the woman should be called upon to give up anything to the other that either had before. A girl may have a snug little income of her own, and a young man may have the same. But neither of them will dream of marrying anybody who has not, at the very least, a similar provision. A girl with a fair income may marry a man with a fair income, but you will not find either of them willing to marry if the other party has nothing, or comparatively nothing. The income of each may be ample of itself to provide for the necessities, aye, the reasonable comforts, of both. But that is not what they want. Large or small, they want every penny of what they have for themselves, and they do not propose to share it with anybody else. No Englishman in high life loves a woman well enough to deny himself anything for her; and no Englishwoman in high life loves any man well enough to deny herself anything for him.

Divested of all the outward show which embellishes the average high-life English marriage, it is merely a contract of bargain and sale. Call it what you like, it is nothing else. The money consideration is the backbone, the sinew, of the whole business. Love and affection are minor matters, if they are ever thought of at all. There is certainly no settlement of mutual regard, signed, sealed, and delivered, and kept in the custody of the family solicitor. Why? Mutual regard is of no consequence. Love and affection can be left to chance. People who marry can have love for one another if they want, but who cares whether they have or not? Who ever thinks of such a thing? Love and affection? Oh, you can trust that to luck. But the money? Can you trust that to luck, too? Oh, no; that's a different thing altogether.

As a young friend said to me, the other day, when we were talking about this: "You can live without love and affection, my dear fellow; but you can't without money." No doubt there is something in that. It is true so far as it goes; but it does not cover the whole ground. I daresay that most of the contracting parties in English high-life marriages can live without love and affection, and, as a matter of fact, do live without any mutual regard. The same people, too, could not live without money. I do not mean money to keep them supplied with the necessities of life, but money wherewith to live in comfort and luxury. But I hope such people are not samples of good men and women, possessed of characteristics far more ennobling than any "patent of nobility passed under the great seal." It is comfortable to reflect that there *are* some marriages in the world where mutual regard is the chief desideratum, and money quite a secondary consideration. But you will not find them in English high life. Small wonder, then, is there that so many English high-life marriages are miserable failures. There is no mutual regard springing from the heart. Both parties are really unhappy. Yet they go through with it all, and bear the yoke out of respect for the money tied up in the marriage settlements.

I often think what *would* become of half the high-life marriages I see about me if it were not for the settlements. It seems to be all that keeps the parties together. They may hate, despise, loathe each other, but they will not hazard interfering with — perhaps, upsetting — the settlements. It makes one look upon marriage settlements as a wise precaution after all, not so much on account of their purpose as of their effect. Does anybody mean to tell me seriously that the present Countess of Lonsdale would have put up with the Violet Cameron business if it had not been for the marriage settlements—coupled, of course, with the position she would have lost by "kicking"? And take the recent suit for separation against Earl Russell. Would he have cared twopence farthing bow it went if there had been no marriage settlements? It seems "hardly yesterday" (as the saying is), that—to borrow a bit of vulgarity of style from the trial—Earl Russell made Miss Mabel Edith Scott his blushing countess; and now, here they are known from one end of the world to the other as a quarrelsome couple, who fought and shook each other, and scolded, and scratched, and swore at one another. Fighting and bickering to-day, they would make it up to-morrow, only to fall out and abuse each other the day after.

Doubtless the whole case, from beginning to end, with a good deal of added spice to make it palatable, has, in cablegrams, filled the American papers, and left little or nothing to be said. Yet it is not only as a sensational *cause célèbre* of the English divorce court, causing profound interest and creating much amusement for a short space of time until some other such marriage is ventilated, that we must regard the case. It is the picture of domestic childishness that it presents in all its aspects.

It is not a very creditable exposé of English high life, although it may not be outrageously wicked. It shows how utterly wrong is the English manner of bringing about marriages among the aristocracy. Here was a man who ought not to have married at all, and here was a woman who ought not to have married the man. What did they know of each other? What could they know of each other? All that either party seemed to think about was the settlements. The settlements is the main question in English upper-class marriages. It did not matter about anything else, so they thought. But, alas! they have found that it does matter. They have, both of them, disagreeable, hateful tempers. Lord Russell exhibits his by shaking his wife, banging his fists against the walls, and throwing the cat up in the air. Lady Russell gives token of hers by faints, hysterics, and sulks. All both needed was a little self-control and the exercise of good common sense. I should imagine that a great many other couples, similarly situated on the plane of so-called incompatibility of temper, have been looking anxiously on at the proceedings and awaiting with beating hearts the result. But they have seen that whatever petty and mutual grievances they have must be adjusted by themselves, and not dragged into court for judges and juries to settle.

Now and then you see a marriage in high life which knocks to pieces the suspicion of sordid motives in one of the parties. That of the Duke of Portland was one. All credit and honor to him, say I! He married the woman he cared for. And now comes Prince Albert Victor, as the special pleaders say. His love and affection for the girl he has for so many years stuck to, are unquestioned. His tenacity and constancy are almost poetic, and would be recognized more fully and appreciated in high life were they not there the generally accepted attributes of the love affairs of footmen and housemaids. Standing out as he does in bold relief against scores and scores of loveless marriages in the near past, he furnishes a figure of commendable manhood and a subject for the sincerest admiration. May his example be followed!

Of course, there is this to be said. It can not matter much, or at all, to Prince Albert Victor, whether his wife has a big dowry or not. The nation will have to provide him with an ample income when he marries, whoever his wife may be. "Ways and means" need give him no thought or anxiety. So that he can "flop his young affections" just as he pleases. But other people are not so pleasantly situated. There are loads of aristocrats who are but poorly off, and, while having "enough for one," are, perhaps, right in not wanting to stretch it meagerly over two. They can not go into the House of Commons and ask the people of England to settle a maintenance upon them. Again, it must be borne in mind that people in English high life can not set to work and earn money to cover any financial deficiency which may arise in their funds at the end of the domestic year. I mean that all avenues of money-making and money-earning are not open to them, and when they think of marrying they must also think of this.

However, there *are* plenty of noblemen who do not need a penny of fortune with their wives, and when they do not let their feelings control them, it does not seem right. The present Earl of Airlie did not, I think, make one of these money-marriages. His wife was the daughter of an Irish peer, and that does not sound very golden, but she is very pretty and attractive, and they are both a pattern pair in the happiness of the domestic life. So we can add Lord Airlie to the Duke of Portland. Both are rich peers. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, December 19, 1891.

There is an intimation that the Republicans of Louisiana propose to take advantage of the quarrel in the Democratic ranks over the lottery question to run a straight party-ticket, in the hope that in this way they may be able to capture the State. This may possibly be good politics, but, at this distance, it looks as if such a course would be a very grave mistake. What the Republicans of Louisiana ought to do, is to unite with the anti-lottery wing of the Democratic party and secure the election of a governor and legislature opposed to the re-chartering of that organized iniquity. Pursuing such a course, they would establish a claim to the confidence of the best people of the State and to the sympathy of their party in the country at large.

Nathaniel Hawthorne made a curious wager with Jonathan Cilley when both were at college, in 1824. The memorandum, in writing, dated Bowdoin College, November 14th, binds Cilley to pay Hawthorne a barrel of the best old Madeira wine if Hawthorne marries before November 14, 1836; Hawthorne, who was a bashful youth, pledging himself, in turn, to pay Cilley the wine in case Hawthorne should still be a bachelor. Cilley lost, but was killed by Graves in a duel before he could pay the bet.

Prince Bismarck recently expressed his feelings in the following way to a deputation from a Low German club: "I am old and 'dried up,' as the foresters say, and I feel that I have far less strength to devote to public affairs. I have become the slave to my domestic habits—a single night in the train is a feat for me, whereas I used to be able to stand two or three of them—and I sleep badly in other people's houses. In short, my bodily vigor is on the wane."

Toronto is most probably the strictest Sabbatarian city in America, and very few cities in any part of the world are more rigid. All business is suspended on Sunday, and all stores are closed; it is even forbidden to sell newspapers or soda-water; no street-cars are allowed to run, and any kind of transportation is difficult to get.

The ship-canal from Paris to Rouen is to be about one hundred and fourteen miles in length and twenty-three feet in depth, and the estimated cost is thirty millions of dollars.

The eighty thousand barmaids of England have now got a paper of their own, the *Barmaid*, which will be published in their interests just as any other trade journal is.

OLD FAVORITES.

Two.

Silently, swiftly riding with me,
Stirrup to stirrup, stride for stride,
If I stretch out my hand in the night, by my side,
I touch him, steadily, sullenly,
With his withered face and his misery,
By the firmest and bitterest bond allied,
That never a love nor a hate can divide
Riding with me.

Across the land and from sea to sea,
Splashing and plunging through many rivers,
Recklessly, wearily, desperately,
Ban nor blessing, nor thing that severs
Can sever the tie 'twixt him and me.
Out of the night and into the day,
From season to season, from year to year,
What does it matter where leads the way?
There is nothing further to heed nor fear;
There is nothing to hope in the time to be;
As I gallop in silence to-night, by my side,
Stirrup to stirrup, and stride for stride,
He rides with me.

As I ride with thee, shall I ride with thee,
With my withered face and my misery,
Stirrup to stirrup, and stride for stride,
The Cross and the Book and the Priest defied,
Through time, and death, and eternity,
To days that breed, nor years that kill,
Nor prayer, nor tears of souls that be
Past the swift river of good and ill,
Shall sever the bonds that hold me, tied
By deed and by will of thy own to thy side.
Stirrup to stirrup, and stride for stride,
Steadily, sternly, silently
I shall ride with thee.

—*P. V. Black.*

My Wolves.

Three gaunt, grim wolves that hunt for me,
Three gaunt, grim wolves there be,
And one is Hunger, and one is Sin,
And one is Misery.

I sit and think till my heart is sore,
While the wolf or the wind keeps shaking the door,
Or peers at his prey through the window-pane
Till his ravenous eyes burn into my brain.

And I cry to myself: "If the wolf be Sin,
He shall not come in—he shall not come in;
But if the wolf be Hunger or Woe,
He will come to all men, whether or no!"

For out in the twilight, stern and grim,
A destiny weaves man's life for him
As the spider weaves his web for flies;
And the three grim wolves, Sin, Hunger, and Woe,
A man must fight them, whether or no,
Though oft in the struggle the fighter dies.

To-night I cry to God for bread,
To-morrow night I shall be dead;
For the fancies are strange and scarcely sane
That flit like specters through my brain;
And I dream of the times long, long ago,
When I knew not Sin, and Hunger, and Woe.

There are three wolves that hunt for men,
And I have met the three,
And one is Hunger, and one is Sin,
And one is Misery;
Three pairs of eyes at the window-pane
Are burned and branded into my brain
Like signal lights at sea.

—*Francis Gerry Fairchild.*

The Knock at the Door.

Knock! Knock!
You can not come in;
The door is brass
And the bolt is sin.
Stand on the threshold, trembling and cold,
Beautiful angel, with hair of gold!

Maud, come hither and sit on my knee;
I'll kiss thy lips, and thou'lt kiss me.
Beatrice, thou of the milk-white hands,
Fondle my long hair's electric strands.
Blanche, no pouting, I vow I will rest
My head, if I like, in that dove-like breast.

Knock! Knock!
You can not come in;
The door is brass
And the bolt is sin.
You are not meet for this company bold,
Heavenly angel, with hair of gold!

Pile the wood up in the chimney wide,
Till the flame leaps high like the devil's pride.
In silver tankards simmer the wine,
Spice it with cinnamon fresh and fine;
And we'll hask and drink, and drink and hask,
While ever there lasts a log or a flask!

Knock! Knock!
You can not come in;
The door is brass
And the bolt is sin.
Rollick and riot you must not behold,
White-robed angel, with hair of gold!

The wine is bitter, the blaze is dim;
What horrible chill creeps o'er each limb?
I scarce can see as I gaze abroad.
Where are ye, Beatrice, Blanche, and Maud?
Ah, Heaven! Come kiss me—some fire—some light!
Speak, lemans, or else I shall perish with fright!

Knock! Knock!
How did you come in?
The door was brass,
And the bolt was sin.
Where are your white robes, your hair of gold?
Angel of Death, your touch is cold!

Colonel Ingersoll wrote this letter to the publisher of the *National Baptist*: "I wish you would stop sending me your paper. I have no use for it. I am a practical Baptist myself. I take a bath every morning. My form of baptism is superior to yours, because I use soap."

Dean Swift proposed to tax female loveliness, and to have each lady rate her own charms, saying "the tax would be cheerfully paid, and prove very productive."

THE DOCTOR'S TALE.

It is thirty years since I put my shingle up. I had a very little money, so had Matilda; we were desperately in love with each other—so much so that we really could not afford to wait; so Matilda and I got married. I lay in wait for patients behind my office door. Like a hungry tiger (figuratively speaking) I cried aloud: "Ducky, ducky darling, come and he killed." But they did not come. The ducks—I mean the patients—merely said "Quack!" (figuratively speaking again), and passed me by. They evidently looked on my shingle as a danger signal. But I soon got a large practice among the poor, and those who could not or would not pay. They appointed me their body physician. I need hardly add that it was a purely honorary post.

Now, there was a rich old maiden lady who lived opposite us; she was an eccentric but charitable old woman, and her name was Glumper—Clarissa Glumper. There was no chance of a woman like that coming to me for advice. Dr. Dulle was her medical attendant; he seemed to be everybody's medical attendant that was worth attending. My blood used to boil within me with indignation whenever I saw his mud-bespattered carriage and pair tearing about the neighborhood.

One afternoon, I saw Dr. Dulle's coachman pull up at Miss Glumper's door, and Matilda watched him through the blind.

"Jack," she said, excitedly, "he's only stopped five minutes; I timed him; and, oh, Jack! when he came out, he was as red as a turkey-cock. Perhaps he's apoplectic," added Matilda, with a wistful sigh. "Oh, Jack!" cried my wife, after an interval of a few moments, "there's the footman going post-haste for the medicine," and then she suddenly clutched my wrist, her face grew ashy pale, and she hissed, in a hoarse whisper: "Oh, Jack! he's coming here. Quick—quick!" cried Matilda.

In an instant she had carefully regulated my cravat. There was a tremendous ring at the door. Of course, as ill-luck would have it, Mary, our servant, was out; so, my heart beating wildly, I opened the door myself, and tried to look as unconcerned as possible.

"You're to come across to the missus at once," said the pampered menial, in a patronizing tone.

"Is it very urgent?" I said, looking at my watch.

"It's a matter of life and death," said the man, with a vulgar grin, which I could not understand.

"I will attend to it immediately," I said.

I had been smoking, so I took some tincture of cloves, Matilda sprinkled my hair and whiskers with eau-de-Cologne I thrust my instrument-case into one pocket and my emergency-case into the other, and then I tried to walk across the street in a dignified manner, and, of course, failed miserably. The footman, who was awaiting my arrival, was still grinning maliciously; he ushered me at once into the drawing-room, where, by the fire, sat an old lady in black, sobbing bitterly. It was Miss Glumper—the great Miss Glumper herself.

"Are you the young man of the name of Pestle?" she said.

"I am Dr. Pestle, madam," I replied, in my haughtiest manner.

"Quite so, quite so; I am sure I beg your pardon, Dr. Pestle," said the old lady, still sobbing copiously. "Dr. Pestle," she said, very solemnly, "are you a man of the world?"

A mystery—evidently a mystery. "Madam," I began, "I have never divulged a professional secret——"

"We are wasting precious time, Dr. Pestle," said the old lady, interrupting me; "I believe her to be sinking fast. She's all I have in the world, doctor. You won't mind seeing her, will you, as a favor?"

"Madam," I began, "as a matter of common humanity——"

"She isn't human," she said.

The old lady was in deep grief, and she carefully lifted a shawl which covered something that lay upon the sofa. On the cushion was a fat pug-dog, panting convulsively.

"Dr. Pestle," cried the old lady, "only save my darling's life, and there's nothing I won't do for you! Is there hope?" she added, in a voice of agony.

"While there's life, there's hope, madam," I said, oracularly.

I whipped out my emergency-case, and I attempted to administer a remedy to my unfortunate patient. The beast tried to bite me at once.

"That's a good sign, madam," I said; "a capital sign. He'll require care, great care," I added, "the greatest possible care; but we must do what we can for him."

"Dr. Pestle," said Miss Glumper, reprovingly, "Flora is a lady dog."

"Quite so, quite so, dear madam," I replied; "that's what renders the case so much more difficult. If, madam," I went on, "I can have her under my own eye, I might be able to do a great deal for her," I said.

"We'll make up a bed for you, with pleasure," replied Miss Glumper. "I beg you'll not leave her for a single instant, Dr. Pestle. Expense is no object, I need hardly add."

"Madam," I said, in my best professional manner, "she needs absolute change of scene; rest, seclusion, and—er—the usual remedies," I added, vaguely. "If you will permit me to remove the little patient to my own residence, all that human skill can do shall be done for her; otherwise," I added, and I looked unutterable things, "success is well nigh impossible."

Miss Glumper clasped her hands in agony. "It's so hard to part with her, doctor," she said.

"The matter is for your consideration, madam," I remarked.

"But may I come and see her?" exclaimed Miss Glumper.

"No, madam," I said, sternly; "the excitement of such interviews might prove fatal to the patient's life."

"Oh, Flora! Flora!" cried Miss Glumper, and she dropped upon her knees and kissed the patient's fat back. "Would you believe it, Dr. Pestle," cried the lady, excitedly, "that Dr. Dulle actually declined to prescribe for the little patient. I've lost all confidence in Dr. Dulle," she said; and then she rang the bell.

The footman answered it.

"Adolphus John," said his mistress, "you will take Flora to this gentleman's private residence; you will carry her with the utmost care. I will send my man every hour for tidings, Dr. Pestle," said the old lady. "I have trusted you, doctor," she said, tragically; "see that you do your duty;" and then, overcome by her feelings, she hurried from the room.

I accompanied Flora and Adolphus John to my own house. As soon as the man had left, I began to consider Flora's case seriously. I determined to call in a consultant at once. I knew nothing about dogs; but I knew a man who did. After dark, a person of villainous appearance presented himself at my back-door. No sooner did he see the unfortunate Flora than he pronounced her case hopeless. "I'd have her drowned at once, sir, if I was you."

"You're quite sure the beast won't get over it?" I asked.

"She's as good as dead already," said the man; "she's got the 'yallers,' and her liver's gone to nothing."

I had never even treated a case of "yallers"! He did not seem in any doubt about his diagnosis.

"I could get ye a better nor she for the matter of fifteen bob," he added. "I know of a dawg as is as like her as two peas; they might be twins, for the matter of that."

"If you'll bring her to-night and she suits me, I'll give you a sovereign," I said.

I gave him half a crown, and, with a wink of thanks, he departed.

In about an hour, Flora had passed away. I buried her secretly in the back-garden; I did not breathe a word of what had happened to a living soul. About midnight, the dog-fancier arrived, bringing another pug-dog in a bag, the very image of the deceased, but it was not so fat.

"Answers to the name of Popsy, guv'nor," remarked the man, "and I wouldn't be seen with her in Camberwell if I was you. D'ye tumble?"

I hastened to assure him that I did tumble. I gave him his sovereign and let him out.

All that night the new dog howled continually. We tempted it with the choicest viands, but the brute would not eat.

"She must be better to make all that noise," remarked Matilda.

"There *is* a marked improvement, my dear. What we have to dread is a relapse. In cases of—er—malignant yellows, solution of continuity frequently takes place."

Matilda was perfectly satisfied. "How dreadful!" she said.

My wife and I fed that beast for a whole fortnight as though we had been Chinese and were fattening it for the table. Each day I visited Miss Glumper and reported the patient's gradual improvement. "You'll find her much changed," I said; "the poor thing's terribly pulled down and the memory almost entirely gone. It has been a wonderful case," I said—"a wonderfully successful case; and, strange to say," I added, in a pathetic voice, "I've got to love the little thing as though she were my own."

Miss Glumper took my hand and burst into tears; her heart was too full for words.

Of course Matilda and I always addressed the brute as Flora; but it was some time before she would answer to the name. At length, I brought home Flora to her expectant mistress.

"I shouldn't have known her," cried Miss Glumper, as she fondled the brute and fed it with slices of cold chicken. "Oh, Dr. Pestle, how shall I testify my gratitude to you? Pray let me know the amount of my indebtedness."

But I drew the line at taking her money. "Madam," I said, "I am only too glad to be of use to you."

"Doctor," replied the lady, "I'm eternally obliged."

For five-and-twenty years Miss Glumper's account was as good as a hundred a year to me. She left me a thousand pounds in her will; but she did more that that. "Dr. Pestle," she used to say to everybody, "saved a life that was very, very dear to me." Under the circumstances, it would have been my own fault if I had not, in course of time, managed to put together one of the tidiest little practices in the neighborhood.—*Ex.*

Lord Randolph Churchill, the *Pall Mall Gazette* learns from a South African paper, recently provided himself and his party with somebody's "Essence of Life" while traversing Mashonaland. This substance, "warranted to sustain an adult for one month," was taken in order to lessen the chances of starvation through being lost in the bush. It resembles a small cake of soap, and one is supposed to lick it—as a mule licks rock-salt—three times a day. Lord Randolph himself, with characteristic sagacity, carries three cakes. This "essence" is the secret preparation of a professional faster; and, although it does not appear to be very filling, is said to answer its purpose admirably.

The *Northwestern Miller*, a trade journal, has undertaken to collect a ship-load of flour to be sent to the starving peasants of Russia as a gift from the millers of the United States, and has so far collected from the millers of Minneapolis alone enough flour to fill sixteen freight-cars. The Russian Government has agreed to furnish the ship and to distribute the flour. Millers all over the country are asked to contribute.

Lawyer Marks, in an "Uncle Tom" procession at Bowling Green, Mo., threw a kiss at a young lady looker-on, who was so affected by the compliment that she picked up a big stone and hit the "lawyer" in the side of the head, whereat there was loud and long-continued applause.

Probate duty has just been paid on the late M. Grévy's personal estate in England, which was valued at eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

The Vanderbilt ladies are said to possess five hundred thousand dollars' worth of laces. The Astors value their stock of laces at three hundred thousand dollars.

Miss Balestier, who is to be married to Rudyard Kipling, was a New York girl until she went to live with her brother, Wolcott Balestier, in London. The Balestier family comes from Brattleboro', Vt., where they still have a fine old place. Miss Balestier is not pretty, but she is very bright and entertaining. She is petite, blue-eyed, and brown-haired.

Rosa Bonheur, during the stay of the Wild West Show in Paris, became much interested in the Indians and buffaloes connected with that warlike national exhibition, and made several studies which she is now embodying in a fine painting, called "The Last of the Indian and Buffalo Life," which will be followed, it is believed, by other work in the same line.

There is a great controversy going on in London now as to who is the most beautiful woman in society. There are Lady Dudley and the Princess of Wales, who defy the flight of time and reign queens of beauty forever. The Duchess of Leinster and her sisters bear away the palms from hosts of lesser beauties, but, above them all, when the history of the period is written, will be recorded the name of Lady Brooke.

Old Queen Louise of Denmark, for the celebration of whose golden wedding elaborate preparations are now being made, is about the only person in Europe who can boast of any serious influence over the Czar. She is an exceedingly clever and masterful woman, her character in this respect presenting a striking contrast with that of her three daughters—the Empress of Russia, the Princess of Wales, and the Duchess of Cumberland. She fully shares her Muscovite son-in-law's antipathy to Emperor William, and has given great offense at Berlin by absolutely refusing to stop there, even for an hour, on her way through, to call on the family.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland is progressing very slowly on the road to recovery. A trained nurse is still on duty. Mrs. Cleveland takes massage daily and lives almost exclusively on milk and wine. When she and her husband drive out, Mrs. Cleveland is muffled in furs. Her face is colorless, her eyes hollow, and her cheeks sunken. No one is admitted to the cottage, except on errands of urgent necessity. Mr. Cleveland himself keeps watch at the front-window, near which is the desk at which his secretary carries on the needful correspondence. The baby, wrapped to the chin, and in her little carriage, is taken out each day by her nurse. She seems very well and cheerful.

The Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, who, through her alliance with Prince "Collars and Cuffs," may some day be Queen of England, is the pretty daughter of a prettier mother; for the Duchess of Teck, as the Princess Mary of Cambridge, was one of the most attractive royal girls in Europe a generation ago. Her beauty and amiability made her the idol of the people, much to the displeasure of Queen Victoria, it is said, whose popularity was not so great then as it is to-day. As the belle of the British royal family, Princess Mary had a troop of titled suitors in her train; but she was content to choose the Duke of "Tick," as he was called because of his impecuniosity. Now she has grown very stout, weighing nearly two hundred pounds; but she is still a fine-looking woman.

The rapid advancement of the late Prince Obolenski, Imperial Court-Marshal at St. Petersburg, was due as much to a fortunate marriage as to the love and friendship of the future Czar. Among the ladies of the court famous at the time for their beauty, wealth, and talents, was the Countess Apraxin, a lady-in-waiting of the Czarina, then the wife of the heir to the White Throne. She was considered the cleverest and most brilliant woman at court. She was a cousin of that unfortunate Count Dimitri Apraxin, who was convicted of forgery in Presburg, twenty years ago, and served in consequence a sentence of three years in prison. She holds, also, the same relationship to the Countess Julie Apraxin, the writer, who now lives in Hungary. No one in St. Petersburg had more suitors for her hand than the lovely countess, who was the favorite, too, of the future empress. Indeed, it is said that the present Czar fell a victim to her charms, and that she is the only woman whom he ever really loved. The gossips, however, never even connected their names, as the Czar, although he married the bride of his dead brother, has ever been a faithful and devoted husband. When the countess gave her hand to the handsome Prince Obolenski, his career was assured. The Czarina consults her as often as did the Czar the man who is now dead.

Mme. Marie Giraldy Delsarte, the elder of Delsarte's two surviving daughters, and his favorite pupil when he was alive, has come to this country to expound the system of her father. She and her brother, Gustave Delsarte, who died some few years ago, have been since the death of their father, in 1871, the leading teachers and exponents of the Delsarte system. Marie as a little girl, was, according to Delsarte's own statement, the only person able to reproduce all the so-called attitudes and physiognomic changes of his theory. She is quite as celebrated in Paris as an artist as she is as an elocutionist. She and her sister, Madeleine Delsarte, who are the only surviving children of the seven original ones, have both exhibited in the Paris Salon. Madeleine is at present one of the teachers in the famous Julian studio. Mme. Giraldy Delsarte is also an accomplished musician, with a fine voice. Her father wrote a number of songs especially adapted to illustrate his theories of vocal culture, and her singing of these was always regarded as one of the special attractions of Delsarte's *cours*. She has a husband and four children in Paris whom she has been obliged to leave in making the present journey. But recently rumors came to her that her father's name was being misused in this country and his theories suffered to fall into disrepute, and this determined her to undertake the journey. During her stay in New York city, Mme. Giraldy Delsarte will be the guest of Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer.

SHOPPING IN GOTHAM.

"Van Gryse" describes the Ante-Holiday Rush for Bargains.

There is nothing, unless it might be the international yacht-races, which creates the furore in New York that Christmas does. For at least three weeks before the holy day, the city is in a ferment. The shopping streets are packed; the large stores are jammed. It is as much as your life is worth to go into Macy's, and Fourteenth Street is a sight worth going a long way to see.

On Sixth Avenue, the happy hunting-ground of the penniless, the crowd moves slowly, plowing along in a double line, one side going uptown, one going down. It is mixed in character here. A stunning carriage comes tooting along, and draws up at the kerb with a rattle of chains and a glitter of varnish. Two lovely ladies alight. The one is a plump matron, some years past thirty. She is furred, and beaded, and perfumed, and corseted to the finest point. She is too fat for beauty, but has a lovely, fresh skin, and looks as if she liked a good dinner better than almost anything else in the world. The other is a slim, young lass, too well-grown to be her daughter—perhaps a younger sister. She is all in tan color and sable, with a big, furry hat, trimmed with lace and pink roses. She is something exquisite in her wonderful, delicate, frail, ethereal way. The footman holds the door open for them, and they rustle into one of the big stores, and the crowd of tawdry beauties and avenue belles stand round and stare at them.

The other women on the avenue are on a middle plane. They are not quite so unkempt as the Fourteenth Street gang, and, also, not so fine as the Twenty-Third Street set. A quantity of them are country folk, in for holiday shopping. These are big, rosy, buxom women, with round cheeks like winter apples, and a great reserve of strength to carry them through the day. They forge ahead aggressively, and, as a rule, carry their own bundles. A good many well-dressed girls filter through the throng, snugly dressed for a morning's hard work, in close-fitting coats, little round hats, a small collar of brown fur clasped round their necks, their hands in red dog-skin gloves, and their feet in very pointed, shiny shoes. They look so well-fed, and prosperous, and busy that one imagines at once that they are heiresses out for a peep into the town's cheaper by-ways. As a rule, however, if you follow them into some shop, you will find them spending a chary dollar or two on a silver stamp-box or a pressed-glass bottle for the toilet-table. And one such purchase as this will occupy a whole morning.

Inside the Sixth Avenue places—"emporiums" they call them—the crowd is terrific. Here the human mass is packed close, and the air is horrible. The ceilings are low, the ventilation wretched, and one-half of the throng belong to the noble army of the great unwashed. Add to this that most of these big shops have a restaurant concealed somewhere in their purlieus, and one may form a mild idea of the condition of the atmosphere. Upon ascending a flight of stairs—the elevator being so densely packed that it is tempting Providence to get into it—one is assailed at the top by a penetrating odor of ham-and-eggs, mingled with a strong aroma of coffee. At the same instant, an excited female, in an imitation sealskin coat, holding clasped to her bosom a large, low-runner sleigh, uses her free hand to clutch you violently by the arm, and demands fiercely:

"Where is the restaurant?"

A polite person would tell her, an indifferent one would say he did not know, a rude one would suggest to her to follow her nose, and leave her wondering if she had a cold in her head or Russian influenza.

Emerging from Sixth Avenue, in an exhausted condition, one wends a weary way toward Fourteenth Street, and, being possessed of the curiosity which is such a blight on the character of the most perfect, stands on tiptoe for a good ten minutes to see over the heads of the crowd into Macy's window. There is some kind of a panorama going on in there, and occasionally one catches glimpses of beautiful dolls, with frizzled heads and satin robes, moving round in stately tableaux. Some kindly personage near by informs you that it is a panorama in dolls of "The Magic Flute," and, simultaneously, a large man pushes you violently against three small boys, whom you, in turn, crush up against a woman with dyed hair and painted eyes. She, having had her foot trodden upon, vociferates angrily and straightens her hat, a remarkable edifice, upon which nod all the flowers that bloom in the spring. Then she pulls down her white-lace veil and goes away, murmuring threats of vengeance and wagging her draperies of old-blue plush.

Presently, having rested against one of the door-jambs, thought of all the examples of heroic endurance that history tells of, fortified yourself with a quinine pill, and silently determined to do or die, you press your hat on tightly and button your coat, if you are a man, and, if you are a woman, grip your skirt and settle your bonnet-pins more securely, and enter Macy's with a firm front. A seething sea of women, from which, here and there, a man towers like a rock, greets you in the doorway and beats you back against a counter where some haughty damsels are selling photograph-frames. You pause here, catch your breath, tighten your hold on your umbrella, muff, or stick, and plunge in. Elbows are driven into you, high heels crush your toes, angular ends of exceedingly hard bundles give you savage digs as their owners bear them toward the door. Lost children get about your feet and appear to cling there till rescued by distracted mothers. People seem to tread all over you and to take a cruel joy in driving you up against the corners of counters and the sharp ends of brass rails. You begin to feel that you have been perforated in several places and that the edges of some of your bones have been rubbed through by constant friction.

You, in your turn, do a little private pushing, and tramping, and crowding. You tread on a good many skirts, which give with a rending sound. You glide sideways through the press with some success. You extricate from the mass the woman who—with a Noah's Ark under one arm, a baby under the other, a go-cart dragging from her hand, and a real, woolly dog on rollers hanging from her elbow—is about to give way to despair. You get angry, and furiously knock the cane that the young man in front of you carries pushed up under his arm, so that the ferule of it hits people in the eyes and pushes off women's hats. You are filled with a sort of sick fatigue at the sight of the shop-girls, who—pale, tired, breathless—go on making out checks and answering questions with the regularity and dogged persistence of pieces of machinery.

Once out on the street again, the fresh air revives your drooping spirits. The wide pavement is filled to the gutter with the Christmas throng. Along the kerb, conversing together and singing the praises of their wares, stand long lines of hawkers. There are sellers of beads and colored-glass balls for Christmas-trees; sellers of shredded tinsel that one drapes over the tree; sellers of little black imps in long, narrow bottles; sellers of skeletons twisting round on lines of cord placed across a semi-circle of wood; sellers of a mechanical toy which represents a man, woman, and dog walking together down Broadway; sellers of cheap picture-books, of paper Punch-and-Judy shows, of note-paper, of metal photograph-frames.

From these to the stores the crowd surges in hurried distraction. Never were seen people in such haste. No wonder we Americans are a nervous, irritable, high-strung race, when we tear ourselves to pieces in this fashion. Every one appears to be fearfully pressed for time. The universal hurry soon communicates itself to the most determined loiterer, and you have not passed under the black-and-gilt clock that mounts guard opposite Hearn's, when you find yourself tearing like the rest. Women in twos, women in threes, women alone, dash by you almost on the run. Young girls with set faces, their little, jet-trimmed hats all askew, rush across the street nearly under the horses' feet. Pale-faced mothers drag children along by one arm. All the world is in breathless haste to buy their Christmas presents. No wonder the people are all bedraggled and pallid. Two blocks of this wearies one more than a ten-mile walk in the country would do.

Between twelve and one, this exhausted company, feeling the need for sustenance, drops into a convenient hostelry known as some sort of a dairy. Why "dairy," heaven knows Anything less like a dairy could not be imagined. In the front of the place, near the entrance, several long counters are ranged. Behind these, numerous beautiful young ladies preside, and, for the trifling consideration of a dime, will hand out to you, on an inch-thick plate, one aged bun and an attenuated Charlotte russe in a roll of paste-board. Other delicacies of the like description are set along the counters under glass covers. They look somewhat like the cakes and dainties that people pretend to eat on the stage. The whole place—the regular piles of ossified cakes and buns, the counters, and the attendant nymphs—recall to one's mind the restaurant in the depot at Omaha.

The shoppers in the neighborhood seem to find the dairy quite a harbor of refuge. They patronize it in large crowds. Back of the entrance, where the counters and the high stools are, there is a restaurant proper. It is really an immense place, extending through nearly to the next street. Here the world, still pursued by that feeling that time is flying and no precious moments must be lost, sits and feeds with terrible swiftness. The Indian-juggler feat is performed on every hand with wonderful address and a calm assurance that bespeaks long practice. A great smell of "coffee and sinkers" goes up toward the ceiling, and the crashing of crockery is mingled with the musical voice of some unseen personage, who screams orders down into the depths of the kitchen regions. Over all, a piano-organ is heard grinding out the "Dolores" waltz in a fierce endeavor to dominate the general hubbub.

But the timid feaster at the counter dares not enter into this thickly populated place of feasting. He lingers at the counter and is consumed with a scorching thirst, precipitated by the one bun and the Charlotte russe in the paste-board cover. Relief presents itself in the shape of a large, nickle-plated affair, with a tap in the front, which looks like a cross between an ice-cooler and a Babcock fire-extinguisher, and which certainly must contain some sort of drinkable liquid. Approaching a haughty young person who stands behind the counter, and asking what that urn-like object might be filled with, you are tersely and coldly told:

"Bullion!"

This does not mean precious metals, as one might suppose, but beef-extract. You deposit another dime, and the young person draws from the urn a small cupful of boiling water. Into that she puts a spoonful of a sticky-looking brown substance, stirs it round once or twice, sets the cup down in front of you, also a pepper-box and a salt-cellar, and departs. The pepper won't come out and the salt-cellar is empty. You savor the bouillon. It is of a raging heat, and, also, of a weird smell. You taste charily, put down the spoon, and meditate for a moment. At this instant, the piano-organ, with a convulsive scream, breaks from "Dolores" into the middle of "Sweet Dreamland Faces," and goes off into that pensive strain at a hand-gallop. The "bullion" sends up a cloud of odorous steam. You wipe your lips carefully on a handkerchief, and, continuing to press it against your nose, you take a hurried departure. VAN GRYSE.

NEW YORK, December 23, 1891.

Old rails are used for telegraph-poles in India. Two short pieces of rail are bolted to the foot of a long rail, and the ends are buried in the ground. The bracket is of wrought-iron, with the ends turned up for the insulators. The cost is less than half that of wooden posts.

Professor Nothnagel, the Austrian court physician, traces the grippe back to the ninth century, and says it recurs, with varying intensity, for three or four years, and then dies out for twenty or more years.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The death has recently been announced of Dr. Melancthon L. Ruth, U. S. N., who was sometimes referred to as "the Ward McAllister of Washington society."

Prince Albert Victor, who is soon to marry the Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, is seven years older than his father was when he led the Princess Alexandra to the altar, and it is surmised that the young prince has got through sowing his wild oats. He has acquired the reputation of being a rather vacuous individual. He resembles his mother in personal appearance, but has what has been termed "the boiled eye of the Guelphs."

It is a fact well known to physicians that the very aged shrink in stature, and it is easy to credit the report that Mr. Gladstone is nearly two inches shorter than he was when in middle life. But, on account of his erectness and dignity of carriage, he seems taller than he is. His head is said to have increased in size of recent years, so that he is obliged now to wear a larger hat than he used to wear. One reason of the "Grand Old Man's" continued ruggedness of mind and body is, doubtless, his faculty of being always able to sleep.

There is a scar on Governor Hill's neck that will recall to him, to his dying day, the narrow escape he had from assassination when he was a young lawyer but recently admitted to the bar. He was counsel for a woman named Minier, who had brought suit against her husband to replevin some furniture, and, at the announcement of the verdict, the enraged defendant drew his pocket-knife and plunged the blade into the young attorney's neck. The knife just missed the jugular vein, and the resulting wound, though painful, was not serious.

King Milan of Servia, until he signed the recent act of renunciation, still retained the right of succession in case of his son's death, being the only living male relative of the latter. By renouncing this right for the sake of a payment of a couple of million francs, which will quickly be spent on women and at cards in Paris, he has increased the danger of murder by which his son, the young boy King Alexander, is surrounded. For should the latter—the assassination of whom has already on one occasion been attempted by means of a dynamite bomb—perish at any time, the kingdom would become the prey either of the pretender Karageorgewitch or of Russia.

The early career of Robert Louis Stevenson was a disappointment to his family, who expected that the great talent he displayed in his youth would win him distinction in the law, for which he was trained. When, after his university course, he developed a vein of Bohemianism and a fondness for literature, it was a blow to his straight-laced Presbyterian father, whose ideas of authors were fashioned from the old Grub Street type. Mr. Stevenson's unconventionality of life gave pain to his mother, but the fame that marked him in later years has reconciled her to the eccentricities of his genius, and she lives now with him in his Samoan retreat, wearing her prim black-silk dress and widow's cap through all the torrid days of the South Sea climate.

The death of the late Duke of Devonshire and the accession of his son, the Marquis of Hartington, to the title, recall to mind the controversy which arose in connection with the succession of the sixth duke. When the Duchess of Devonshire gave birth, at Paris, to a child, her friend and companion, Lady Elizabeth Forster, widow of Colonel Forster, likewise gave birth to an infant. The fifth Duke of Devonshire was the father of both. One of them was a boy and the other a girl, but to this day no one, save those directly concerned, knows for certain whether it was the duchess who gave birth to the boy. It is still believed by many that the duchess's son, who subsequently succeeded to the title as sixth Duke of Devonshire, was, in reality, the illegitimate child of Lady Elizabeth Forster. When the duchess died, Lady Elizabeth stepped into her shoes as second wife of the duke.

While at Copenhagen, last summer, the Czar distinguished himself as a boxer. His great difficulty has always been to find any one to stand up against him. The only man who ventures to put on the gloves with him is his brother-in-law, young Waldemar, the sailor Prince of Denmark. The other day, the Czar and the prince had a good set-to, which was on the point of ending seriously, for the Czar's huge fist struck Prince Waldemar's chin with such force as to dash him to the ground, where he lay for a quarter of an hour before the Czar and his attendants could restore him to consciousness. It was a blow such as this which struck his elder brother, the late Czarewitch Nicholas, on the chest, and which enabled Alexander not only to marry one of the most attractive princesses in Europe, but also to become the occupant of the Russian throne.

Lord Howard de Walden is, without exception, the most ignoble member of the British peerage. Wedded to a sweet and lovely girl, whose beauty was of the most delicate and ethereal character, he has systematically subjected her to such indignities that, on one memorable occasion, some four years ago, he was horsewhipped in his own house by his brother-in-law, Major Barkly. He rushed out into the street, appealed to a policeman for protection, and then summoned the major before the Westminster police court on a charge of assault. His prefers the ladies of Whitechapel to the women of the world and of the half-world in Mayfair and the west of London. He is one of the wealthiest members of the House of Lords. Although no longer on active service, Lord Howard is still entitled to wear the uniform of a major of the Fourth Dragoons; and so strong is the *esprit de corps*, that old messmates of his are still to be found who endeavor to excuse his conduct on the ground of insanity. He is the son of crazy old Dowager Lady Howard de Walden, and the nephew of that eccentric Duke of Portland who built the underground portion of Welbeck Abbey, and would allow no one to gaze upon his face.

VANITY FAIR.

"*Bric-à-brac is going out.*"—FASHION BAZAR.

Listen house-maids, to my song,
Send the joyful news along.
Lift your troubled hearts from care.
Wave your dusters in the air.
No more hard-earned wages clipped
To repay for treasures chipped.
Sing and dance and laugh and shout,
Bric-à-brac is going out!

Join, ye husbands, in the strain,
Yours the profit and the gain.
No more jaunts with wife to seek
Costly nothings called "unique."
No more monstrous bills to pay
For some ugly bit of clay.
Fashion puts the fad to rout,
Bric-à-brac is going out!

Comfort-lovers, fall in line!
Bend the knee at Fashion's shrine;
Give that cranky dame her due
Since she proves so kind to you.
Homes no longer will be shops,
All that sort of thing she stops.
You'll have room to walk about,
Bric-à-brac is going out!

Down ye objects, useless, old—
Worth one time your weight in gold.
Dust-collecting stuff, avaunt!
From each nook, and niche, and haunt.
Off! ye foes to brush and broom,
Cumbering shelf and mantel room.
Jar, and vase, and candlestick,
Fall in line! March! double quick!
Hear ye not the foeman's shout—
Bric-à-brac is going out!

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Life.*

Mrs. John Sherwood thus describes in the *Bazar* a ball in Paris, given by the Marquise X.: "The ball was a large, aristocratic affair, with many of the very first people of the Faubourg, and many diplomatists, and the hostess brought out a young niece. The etiquette of balls is very different in France from that in England or America. The débutante did not stand by her aunt, but was in a corner with her governess. It was not until after the most distinguished guests were introduced that she was taken any notice of. Then eligible young men were taken up to her, and I soon saw her floating, in her pale-pink robe, exquisitely made and perfectly simple, through the waltz with her partner. She hardly raised her eyes, she was so quiet, so modest, so humble, I may say—so different from the young American that I could hardly believe that this was a girl whose hand carried title and money with it. She retreated, after each dance, to the side of her governess. Dancers in France never take off their gloves. They respect the first intimation made by the young lady that the dance is finished, and take her back to her chaperon, thanking her, with a low bow. A *demoiselle* must never be seen to converse intimately with her partner. No two young people are expected to dance often with each other at a first ball. All this is altered the moment the girl is married, when she is expected to flirt, if she wishes. The supper was exceedingly elegant, but not profuse, and consisted of ices and fruits, some *pâté de foie gras* sandwiches, with salads and cold game. There were no hot dishes. There seemed to be plenty of champagne and punch; also very many dishes of chocolates and bonbons. I was afterwards asked to a dinner in this same house, and found it very formal and very elegant. There were very few flowers, but superb dishes of Sèvres, silver flagons, and gold compotiers almost covering the rich lace table-cloth. The dinner began at eight and was over at ten, when we adjourned to the salon for coffee.

"My hostess had a 'fad.' She liked writing for the newspapers, had a great interest in politics, and, in the course of the evening, many prominent men of different types—*littérateurs*, and artists, journalists, and members of the Chamber—came to worship at her shrine. Literary criticism in such a salon was rather about the author than his book. There were many anecdotes told of Houssaye, of Alphonse Daudet, of Victorien Sardou, of the then coming celebrity, Paul Bourget. None of those named were present, of course. I think the stories of the first were almost all in answer to questions of mine, for he seemed of the past to the party. It was not *criticism*; it was what is called by the French '*informations*.' I could not help thinking that these clever men were more in love with the eyes of La Marquise than with her literary merits. She was extremely exercised about a book, then not long published, called the 'History of Luxury,' by M. Baudellait, in which he declares, in four volumes, that all luxury is wrong while everywhere people are suffering for necessaries. It was a curious discussion in the very temple of luxury, and much and varied were the opinions. From behind her diamonds La Marquise seemed to me to have hit on the right opinion, that luxury feeds the poor in giving them employment, and so long as consumption is not destruction, that it is good for the poor. It is, also, the blood-letting of the rich. It is the stimulus of all French industry. And then the conversation turned on 'what is luxury?' It is a pair of warm shoes and stockings to some, a good dinner to another, a house over one's head, good clothes, up to the palace of Mme. La Marquise, her diamond necklace worth ten thousand pounds, her hôtel and its furniture worth two million francs. It was rather pretty to see this lovely Parisian sensation playing with hard facts as she played with her fan. Perhaps her literary efforts did not amount to much, but it showed that appreciation of 'ideas' which is so honorable a part of the French mind. I met her often afterward at other fine houses, where she was spoken of merely as having a 'fad,' as if it had been for lace or perfumery, for literature and *informations*. The French are always dramatic, and it was possible this lady was playing a part, but she played it very prettily, never forgetting for one moment to be also the frivolous daughter of fashion."

It is said that Monsieur Paulus, of Café Chantant celebrity, is to replace Carmencita as an after-dinner diversion this winter, in New York. Paulus won his fame by his Boulanger song, and his repertoire is not of a high order of refinement. Mrs. Ogden Mills had engaged him to appear at her house before she clearly understood in what his attractions consisted, and it is said that she then suggested to the young girls who had been invited that she would release them from their engagement. But the maidens did not see it quite in the same light, and, after all, as they served their novitiate last winter with Carmencita, why not pursue their education in this branch of worldly amusements with the singing and acting of Le Sieur Paulus?

Two American gentlemen and their wives were in London (says the New York *Tribune*), and, as it happened, both couples had letters to Lady M., and received cards for a "drum" at her house in Cavendish Square. The spacious rooms were full of people, but the four Americans saw not one familiar face. However, they paired off, Mrs. G. with Mr. S., and Mrs. S. with Mr. G., and so got along tolerably well till supper was announced. Then, as the movement to the dining-room became general, the two ladies found themselves uncomfortable. Mrs. S. tells the story: Our husbands had strayed off for a respite, and we sat side by side on the sofa, with outward smiles but inward apprehensions. Just then, Lady M. sailed up to us, almost hiding the gentleman she had in tow. "Mrs. G., may I introduce to you Mr. Brown?" she said, with the awful amiability of the fashionable British matron, and moving aside to allow the gentleman to come forward. To our intense amusement he proved to be Mr. G. himself! While we all stared at each other, not exactly knowing how to meet the situation, our gorgeous hostess went on, loftily and graciously: "Mr. Brown will take you in to supper, Mrs. G.," and she sailed away, happy that she had provided at least one of her stranger guests with an escort. We managed to restrain our laughter till Lady M. was at a safe distance. "Innocents abroad!" said Mr. G., facetiously; "but I'll be hanged if I take in my own wife. Come on, Mrs. S." "But, Jim, you can't leave me here alone," said his wife, imploringly. "Of course not," I answered. "Hunt up my husband, please, Mr. G. We will make up a party, and get our supper at all events." I fancy it was through Mr. G., who knew one or two men, that the story got about. It caused great amusement, and served us a good turn at the same time; for after that we were introduced to a lot of people, and our evening ended delightfully. But poor Mr. G.! He seemed fated to have no identity of his own, for a few nights afterward a lady whom he happened to take in to dinner told him the whole story, and finished up with: "What would you have done under the circumstances, Mr. Penfield?" "Precisely what I did, madam," he answered, determined this time at least to assert himself, "as I am Mr. G." The incident was not without its gratifying side, after all, for Lady M., who is a great authority in her world, and who heard later of her mistake, announced her fiat thus: "Never tell me again that American women lack *savoir faire*; I never saw better breeding. Neither of them betrayed the slighest consciousness, but simply accepted the situation, showing thereby the most perfect tact and knowledge of the world."

The fashion of seating dinner-parties at small tables, introduced in Paris one or two seasons ago, is finding favor in New York. Hostesses, who entertain from twenty to thirty guests at a dinner, have discovered that much better social results are secured by this arrangement, and a prettier effect given to the room. It must, however, require considerable care and a talent for nice adjustment properly to group small parties. Lately an intrepid hostess, giving a dinner to a company of thirty, put them at six tables—five at each. At some there were necessarily three women to two men, and, at others, the situation was reversed. How to combine these uneven groups to preserve an average equilibrium at every table indicated wisdom to which one must bow.

"How does Mrs. —— get on in her new surroundings?" was asked concerning an Englishwoman, who had married an American and settled in New York. "Well," was the answer, "it is, as usual, a case of patching a round hole with a square patch; she can not assimilate, everything that is unfamiliar shocks her, and she is wretched because she can not bring her surroundings down—or, as she would undoubtedly consider them, up—to her own standard. Why is it, I wonder, that, while an American girl so readily adapts herself to places and people, becoming English, French, or German with apparently perfect ease, the Englishwoman is so intensely insular wherever she may be? Is it a virtue or a fault? Would you call it prejudice or strength of character on her part that makes her carry her bit of England with her wherever she goes? An Englishwoman may marry an American, but she rarely, if ever, becomes thoroughly identified with her adopted country; she never becomes Americanized, nor would she if she could, so strongly is she impressed with a feeling of national superiority. She is distinctly and forever British. On the other hand, an American woman who marries a foreigner so quickly adopts the manners, customs, and even accent of her new home, that she assimilates without an effort, apparently, becoming completely part and parcel of her new existence. Now, in case of our own countrywomen, does this faculty of adaptation denote a mercurial temperament, or a philosophic, and, therefore, commendable disposition? Is it a virtue, or otherwise?"

At the annual meeting of the Rational Dress Society, in London, Lady Haberton occupied the chair, and called on Mrs. Hall, the secretary, to read the report, and two ladies' costumes offered advanced object lessons in rational raiment. The former wore a dark homespun coat-body and divided skirt, reaching about midway between her knees and ankles, over laced boots and high gaiters. Rather incongruously, she wore a large velvet-and-felt "picture" hat, trimmed with feathers. Mrs. Hall's unrelieved black dress suggested a fancy-ball Turkish costume in mourning, for it had the full trousers drawn in at the ankles, and a short over-jacket that are associated both with Albanian brigands and with beauties of the harem. The report, after dwelling upon the success which had attended the bazaar held in the spring, when all the stall-holders assumed the garb in its variations, spoke of increased demands for lecturers upon rational dress. Meantime, a solitary man, representing a great London daily, had tried to enter unobserved. He humbly took his seat in a remote corner, but the chairwoman's eye was too quick for him, and his withdrawal was decreed. He made his exit with as much dignity as any mere male could be expected to show under such circumstances, and really nothing was said afterward that need have raised a blush upon his face, and then Lady Haberton spoke. She herself was satisfied with the year's work; but she wanted to know what the society had done to deserve the persistent raillery and ridicule it received. People called their dress dowdy and ugly; when they saw it at the bazaar, they called it too smart. Mr. Henry Quilter had said that their feet all looked perfectly dreadful, and another critic had praised the pointed toes and high heels of hygienic boots. For all such objections, she thought they ought to feel saturated with contempt, as well as for those who regarded any visibility of a woman's legs as improper. The logic was bad, she continued. You might send out a tall, well-grown girl, with her hair down her back, and short petticoats on, and no one turned around. But twist up her hair and send her out in the same gown, and the people said, "How shocking!"

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

We are in receipt of the following comment upon our London correspondent's letter on "American Books in England":

EDITORS ARGONAUT: "Cockaigne" is clever, of course; but sometimes he is also most distinctly aggravating—the last *Argonaut* letter for a flagrant instance.

It is very sweet to be told, in "Cockaigne's" own insidiously patronizing manner, that it is the English "upper classes" who really like and appreciate American writers, while to the "city clerk and retired wine-merchant" they are but as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal; that they approve of "Mark Twain," and find Mary Wilkins's barren and melancholy Puritans "so natural."

Just think! two "lady readers," to use your correspondant's nicely refined phrase, "actually devoured" Mary Wilkins's stories. They were "ladies of title," too, and not above giving him this high-born confidence, either.

The dear things, however, find Henry James dull, and Mr. Kipling innately vulgar, and, consequently, your correspondent shies a few rhetorical stones at them. Dear, upper classes, so fondly distinctive, let them like us or not, it does not matter; but what does matter is even so brief a contribution as this of "Cockaigne's, animated by that snobbish spirit that makes even our national greatness laughable.

M. D. L.

Among the French Christmas numbers at Tauzy, Lévy & Co.'s, there are some very handsome plates. In "Paris-Noël," for example, there is a fine photogravure of Meissonnier's "Man at the Door."

Mr. Henry T. Finck is said to be writing a life of Wagner.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, the well-known Anglo-Indian author, is to be married to Miss Balestier, a sister of Wolcott Balestier, the American novelist, who died in Dresden a few weeks ago. The announcement came from London. Mr. Balestier and Mr. Kipling, it will be recalled, are the authors in collaboration of the novel "Naulahka," now appearing in the *Century*.

Writing of the present distressed state of the Paris book-trade and the difficulty of finding a remedy, the London *Daily News* says:

"Publishers are overwhelmed by an accumulation of novels that won't go off and by a steadily increasing army of novelists who will come on. The situation is not without precedent. The Paris publishers have experienced it before. In 1828, the trade was almost bankrupt; they could not get their bills negotiated, and Barthélemy, the poet, grew quite pathetic about a check for six thousand francs, which 'the city' would not look at. The same thing happened again early in the last Napoleon's reign. The disease was then so desperate that a violent remedy was tried. The house of Lévy started the collection of novels at one franc twenty-five centimes the volume. Happily the enterprising publishers had among their novelists Balzac, George Sand, Gautier, and Feydeau. The remedy worked, and the situation was saved. More recently the house of Carpentier applied a modification of the rule to the production of more solid matter. And, again, the result was success. But these successes have produced the present plethora. They created a sale for French works all over the world—in Russia, Holland, Italy, Sweden, Norway—but this sale has been checked partly by the efflux of treaties of commerce and partly by a diminution in curiosity."

The above statement will doubtless surprise some writers, and may lead them to think on the precarious business of the publisher whose stock in trade consists, not of a pen, ink, and a ream of paper, but of presses, types, plates, and other appliances costing many thousands of dollars. Authors never seem to think that there are ups and downs in the publishing business as well as in others; in fact, they apparently regard publishers as a set of bloated vampires, sucking the life-blood of the poor author who falls into their clutches. We wonder, if a subscription were started for the benefit of the distressed Paris publishers, how many authors would contribute, and how much?

"John Strange Winter" (Mrs. Stannard), having written a novel and called it "Justice," discovered that Mr. Herbert Spencer had already used her title. On being consulted, the philosopher kindly permitted the retention of the name, on condition that it should appear as "Justice: A Story."

D. Appleton & Co. have ready another of their excellent stories for younger readers, all written by writers of acknowledged merit. It is a story of a boy's adventures in the higher Alps, entitled "The Crystal Hunters," and is the work of George Manville Fenn. There are, also, two new pamphlets in the Evolution Series, under the titles "Life as a Fine Art," by Lewis G. Janes, author of "A Study of Primitive Christianity," and "The Evolution of Music," by Z. Sidney Sampson, author of "Evolution of Theology."

Edward W. Bok quotes "one of the most widely known authors in this country" as saying:

"A writer of average ability in the literary world of to-day can not hope to make his income exceed two thousand five hundred dollars per year, and to reach that amount even he must find a market for everything he writes. Of course, if he chances to strike upon a specialty peculiar to himself, either in poetry, essay, or fiction, and can hold the field long enough against imitators, he can do better, so far as his income is concerned. Out of this income of two thousand five hundred dollars a year, the average writer is expected to do much. He must know people, he must meet them, he must be seen around. This is capital to him, but it also means capital. Going out calls for time, which, with the industrious author, is money. He must dress well, for his appearance must hetoken prosperity. Editors and publishers never like to have seedy-looking people around their establishments, except in the case of a rare genius. Your industrious author must read. It is good for him to be known as a buyer of books; he can not always borrow or haunt the libraries. He must have books in his home for reference in his work, and—well, to be frank, for appearance sake, for appearances go far. All this means just a bare existence to the literary man on a two-thousand-five-hundred-dollar income. Of course, as he goes along far enough to have several books on the market, his royalty account will help him somewhat; but unless he makes a better success of his book than do nine out of every ten writers nowadays, his royalty check will hardly be perceptible."

Commenting on this, Mr. Bok adds:

"The simple fact is this: Select at random one hundred modern authors, and, unless you hit upon an unusual list, not twenty-five will you find, who, if they would tell you, are earning over two thousand dollars a year by their pen. The author who earns more is either a particular genius in his line, or he resorts to other and incidental kinds of work, such as reading for the publishing houses, editing books, or writing advertisements."

Thomas Hardy's new story, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," will be published in book form in January.

There is much to interest musical people in the January *Century*, which contains "Gounod in Italy and Germany," by Charles François Gounod, and an "open letter" on "Gounod and his Ideals," by H. E. Krehbiel, the musical critic of the New York *Tribune*.

Again M. Auguste Vacquerie rises to defend Victor Hugo against the assertion that the poet's popularity is falling away in France. He shows that since 1885—the year of the poet's death—the public have paid 7,418,368 francs for the different editions of his works. This gives a rough net average of $225,000 yearly. The highest prices quoted in M. Vacquerie's list were realized by the great prose work "Les Misérables," which was issued by two publishers in a cheap form.

It is hard enough (says Maurice Thompson) to read and report upon manuscripts for pay; it is unbearable to do it for charity when you know that, if done honestly, the recipient of your bounty will hate you for evermore. I transcribe the following notes which lately went through the mails:

Literary Mendicant to already Overworked Author:

"MY DEAR SIR: Please read the inclosed story and give me your opinion of it—plainly, laconically, and without mercy. If I can't be a literary success, I want to know it. Excuse my boldness. Yours very truly," etc.

Answer of Overworked Author:

"DEAR SIR: Your story is of no value. It gives no hint whatever of literary success. Very truly yours," etc.

Reply (by return mail) of Literary Mendicant:

"SIR: Your opinion of my story is what was to be expected of a person so puffed up by his own temporary and accidental success that he would die of malignant envy if he saw anything really good written by another.

"Respectfully," etc.

Lieutenant Julien Viaud, of the French navy, well known as "Pierre Loti"—recently elected a member of the French Academy—has been made commander of the French sloop-of-war *Javelot*, stationed now in the Bidassoa. As the clever writer will be near Spain in his new station, French papers express the hope that he will be inspired to write a book upon the country of the *toreadors*.

Arthur Jule Goodman has ascended another round on the ladder of fame. It is a portrait of Gounod, that he drew a year ago in Paris, that has the post of honor among the pictures in the January *Century*.

Longmans, Green & Co. will issue, in London in February, Carlyle's "Excursion to Paris," and his story "Wotton Reinfred," under the title of "Last Words of Thomas Carlyle." D. Appleton & Co. will be the American publishers.

New Publications.

"The Later Poems of Anna Morrison Reed" is a pretty little book containing something more than a score of poems, ranging in topic from satire to monodies on the death of Grant and Garfield. Published by J. Stuart & Co., San Francisco; for sale by the booksellers.

"Poems of Humanity and Abelard to Heloise," by Lorenzo Sosso, contains two long narrative poems, "Cleonice" and "Ruth," several shorter verses which the author describes as "poems of humanity," and a series of love poems. Published by E. B. Griffith & Sons, San Francisco; price, $1.00; for sale by the booksellers.

Some account—elusive in ideas, strange in jargon, and generally difficult of comprehension by the non-elect—of the peculiar "religion" of which Thomas Lake Harris is the founder, expounder, and chief beneficiary, is contained in a book which he has issued with the title "God's Breath in Man." Published by the author at Fountaingrove, Santa Rosa, Cal.; price, $1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Living World: Whence It Came and Whither It is Drifting," by H. W. Conn, professor of biology in Wesleyan University, is a review of the speculations concerning the origin and significance of life and of the facts known in regard to its development, with suggestions as to the direction in which the development is now tending. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, $1.25; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

If any one wishes to read "The Children of the Abbey," which many of us have forgotten was written by Regina Maria Roche, he can not do better than to get the new McClurg edition. It is well printed and tastefully bound, making as handsome an appearance as the old romance deserves, and is not so expensive as most new and sightly editions of old books are. Published in two volumes by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, $2.50; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Hour-Glass Series," by Daniel B. Lucas and J. Fairfax McLaughlin, contains nine personal sketches, the titles of the articles being "Fisher Ames," "John Randolph of Roanoke," "Jefferson's First Election," "A Study of Henry Clay," "How We Got to Washington," "Benjamin Robbins Curtis," "Daniel O'Connell," "A Historic Landmark," and "Origin of the Star-Spangled Banner." Published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

The second volume of "Children's Stories in English Literature," by Henrietta Christian Wright, completes the series, covering the period from Shakespeare to Tennyson. It is suited to the comprehension of young readers, and is calculated to arouse their interest in good literature, discussing the productions of the great English writers and giving the more important events of their lives. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, $1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Some timid swain who masks his identity behind the pseudonym of "A Speculative Bachelor"—or, cao the "he" be a languishing spinster?—devotes a small volume to discussing the momentous question propounded in its title, "Shall Girls Propose?" The book is a strong plea for the affirmative side of the question, setting down our present exaggerated ideas of the exigencies of maidenly modesty as a relic of Asiatic barbarism. Published by the Cassell Company, New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by William Doxey.

There are sixteen lively tales and records of adventurous life in "Barracks, Bivouacs, and Battles," by Archibald Forbes, the veteran war correspondent. They take the reader from the Punjaub to Pall Mall, from Servia to South Africa, from Tel-el-Kebir to Tennessee—wherever fighting has been done in the past forty years, and they so swing from tragedy to the ludicrous that there is no monotony in the perusal, even if they be all read at one sitting. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, $1.50; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"Friendship" is the title of a handsome volume in which are printed three essays, Cicero's "De Amicitia," and two others, on the same subject, by Francis Bacon and Ralph Waldo Emerson. Cicero regards the institution from the point of view of the Romans, among whom family ties were not strong and friendship flourished; Bacon, like an utilitarian philosopher, commends it from motives of policy and self-interest; and Emerson takes the higher and more modern stand. Published by Albert, Scott & Co., San Francisco; price, $2.00; for sale by the booksellers.

The little volume of "Letters of Charles Dickens to Wilkie Collins," which Laurence Hutton has so carefully edited, goes far to disprove the popular idea that professional jealousy is an invariable bar to warm friendship between writers. Dickens was a man of forty when Collins—then only twenty-five or six—first met him, and these letters show a most genial feeling toward the younger man and a spirit of kindly criticism toward his work, lasting through a period of nearly twenty years. There is much, too, of an anecdotic nature about their contemporaries that will be read with interest. Portraits, facsimiles, and an index are other good features of the book. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, $1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"From the Easy Chair," by George William Curtis, is the third of those delightful little volumes of essays on social and literary matters which Mr. Curtis, with Charles Dudley Warner and William Dean Howells, has been contributing to one of the Harpers' publications for some years past. There are twenty-seven of these essays by Mr. Curtis, ranging from personal sketches of Edward Everett, Emerson, Dickens, Tennyson, Browning, and other notabilities, to descriptions of the opera in 1864, a Chinese critic, street music, "the mannerless sex," and players, and each is characterized by the charm of fresh thought couched in polished diction. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, $1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Slave Mart," by Robert Kemm, R. S. B. A., is still on exhibition at the Bancroft History Building, and is attracting goodly audiences both in the day and evening. It is a wonderful piece of work, and deserves the high praise that has been accorded it both here and in New York.

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SOCIETY.

The Friday Night Club.

The leap-year cotillion of the Friday Night Club was one of the most brilliant affairs of the season. It was the *bal-poudré* of which so much has been said and written, and all of the requirements of such affairs were observed to the most minute detail. Strikingly pretty costumes of the Pompadour style predominated, and powdered coiffures were the rule. The hall was made picturesque with draperies in pink and blue tones, cordons of evergreens, clusters of scarlet berries, and a number of Pullman palace-car lanterns, which were decorated with pink, blue, and yellow ribbons. These lanterns will be given as souvenirs to some of the ladies of the club at the end of the season. The stage was massed with tropical plants, brightened here and there with scarlet ponsettias, and rustic seats were placed in cosy nooks for tête-à-têtes.

The string orchestra was relegated to the gallery, much to the delight of those whose seats were near the stage. The front corridor was canvased and handsomely decorated, and the punch and lemonade were served there. The cotillion was started about nine o'clock, and it was led by Miss Hager. There were five figures, the "Grand Right and Left," with variations; "The Sleighs Bells," in which the participants were driven through colored hoops; the "Figure Eight," "Gray's Figure," and the "Marching Figure." In the last two, colored calcium lights were used with pretty effect. The dancing stopped at half-past eleven o'clock, when an elaborate supper was served by Ernst Ludwig in the large dining-hall, which was decorated with ivy. Afterward the canvased surface of the hall-room was sought again, and dancing was resumed until two o'clock. There were eighty couples in the cotillion, and the total attendance was about four hundred. Those in the first set were:

Miss Hager, Miss Bessie Hooker, Mr. Milton S. Latham, Miss Sallie Maynard, Mr. George Vernon Gray, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Lieutenant G. W. S. Stevens, U. S. A., Miss Mary L. McNutt, Lieutenant J. W. Carlin, U. S. N., Miss Marie Voorhies, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Miss Bessie Shreve, Mr. Everett N. Bee, Miss Hope Ellis, Mr. A. H. Small, Miss Lulu Findley, Mr. Edgar A. Mizner, Miss May E. Pope, Mr. Walter S. Newhall, Miss Simpkins, Mr. C. C. Thorn, Miss Ashe, Mr. Elliott McAllister, Miss Marguerite Wallace, Mr. R. C. Parsons, Jr., Miss Jennie Hooker, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, Miss Mamie Holbrook, Mr. Frank D. Madison, Miss Alice Hohart, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Miss Childs, of Los Angeles.

The Briggs-Ridenut Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Grace Rideout and Dr. William Ellery Briggs, of Sacramento, took place on new-year's-eve at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Norman D. Rideout, 1950 Washington Street. The residence had been decorated in a unique and pleasing manner by Miss Mary Bates. About one hundred guests were assembled in the parlors at nine o'clock, when Rev. Dr. James, of the City College, performed the marriage ceremony. Two little cousins of the bride, Miss Helen Greeley and Master Justice Greeley, were her attendants. After the ceremony, congratulations were extended to the newly married couple, and, at eleven o'clock, a sumptuous supper was served, under the direction of Ernst Ludwig. Dancing completed the pleasures of the delightful affair. A large number of costly gifts were received. Dr. and Mrs. Briggs left the city the next day en route for the East and Europe, where they will travel for several months.

The Dodge-De Veuve Wedding.

Lieutenant Frederick G. Dodge, U. S. R. M., and Miss Julia E. De Veuve, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Henry De Veuve, were united in marriage on Wednesday evening, December 30, 1891. The wedding was celebrated in St. Stephen's Church before a large assemblage of friends of the contracting parties. It was nine o'clock when Rev. Edgar J. Lion performed the ceremony as the bridal party stood in the beautifully decorated chancel. Colonel De Veuve escorted his daughter, and the groom was assisted by Assistant Engineer Meyer, U. S. R. M., as best man. Miss Isabella Lyman and little Miss Louise Brownell were the maids of honor, and Miss Stella Liés and Miss Lizzie McCormick were the bridesmaids. Two brothers of the bride, Mr. P. A. De Veuve and Mr. Clarence De Veuve, acted as groomsmen, and the ushers were Mr. A. Castelazo, Mr. W. K. Briggs, Mr. Ellis Parrish, and Mr. W. W. Miller. A reception was held afterward at the residence of the bride's parents, on Laguna Street, and at eleven o'clock a bounteous supper was enjoyed. Lieutenant and Mrs. Dodge left for Monterey on the following day to remain for a fortnight. They were the recipients of many elegant gifts.

The Bandmann Reception.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Bandmann gave a delightful reception on new-year's eve at their residence, 514 Lombard Street. About forty intimate friends were invited, and in entertaining them the host and hostess were assisted by their daughter, Mrs. J. Percy Rothwell. Conversation, music, and dancing were enjoyed until shortly before midnight, when a delicious supper was served in the dining-room. The new year was saluted with blasts from prettily decorated trumpets, which were the souvenirs of the affair, and good wishes for the future were pledged in bumpers of sparkling wine. After supper dancing was participated in, and Mrs. Mary Wyman Williams sang a number of selections.

The Goewey Cobweb-Party.

Miss Gertrude Goewey entertained quite a number of her friends, on new-year's eve, by giving a cobweb party at her residence, on the corner of Page and Laguna Streets. Much merriment was created through the efforts of the guests in unraveling the maze of twine that formed the so-called cobweb. The result was the distribution of the first prizes to Miss Bachelder and Mr. McArthur and the booby prizes to Miss Ida Carleton and Mr. James Irving. Dancing and a delicious supper formed the remaining pleasures of the evening.

The Pleasanton Reception.

Mrs. M. E. Pendleton gave a charming new-year's-eve reception at the Hotel Pleasanton which was attended by all of the guests of the hotel and many friends that they had invited. The entire first floor was canvased for the occasion and two orchestras were in attendance, playing concert and dance music alternately. Handsome souvenir programmes were issued, and the long list of dances prolonged the affair until a very late hour. An elaborate supper was served at midnight. Every provision had been made for the comfort and pleasure of the guests and the evening was certainly a most enjoyable one to them.

Notes and Gossip.

The Friday Night Club will give three more cotillions this season on the evenings of January 22d, February 12th and 26th. The last one will be the army and navy german and it will be led by Lieutenant Coffin, U. S. A.

An informal hop was given at the Hotel Colonial on Friday evening, January 1st, which was greatly enjoyed by the guests and a few friends whom they had invited.

Party calls were made last Tuesday evening at the Hotel Pleasanton. The attendance was large and dancing was enjoyed until a late hour.

The members of the Concordia Club gave an enjoyable ball on new-year's-eve at the club-house. It was very largely attended, as quite a number of invitations were issued and the dancing contingent was considerably augmented. The dancers made the evening a merry one in the commodious ball-room, and enjoyed an elaborate supper at midnight.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Montgomery, of Portland, Oregon, gave a dinner at the Hotel Shoreham, in Washington, D. C., last week to Mrs. McKee. It was something of a Pacific Coast gathering, and among those present were Senator and Mrs. Cockrell, Senator and Mrs. Dolph, Mrs. Cyrus Dolph, Senators Mitchell and Dubois, General and Mrs. Miles, Mrs. J. W. Pinchart, Mrs. Henry Eno, and Mrs. William P. Eno, of New York, Mr. E. W. Halford, Quartermaster-General Bachelder, Colonel Long, and Surveyor-General Wyman, of the Marine Hospital.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon are at the Hotel Bristol, in Paris.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair and Mr. W. S. Blair are stopping at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York city.

Mr. Herbert A. Page, of this city, is now in Paris.

Mr. E. S. Pillsbury is visiting Washington, D. C.

Mr. James Brett Stokes is at the Hotel Glenham in New York city.

Mrs. John Skae and Miss Alice Skae went East a week ago, and will remain in New York city for several months.

Mrs. George Loomis is still visiting Mrs. W. L. Elkins in Philadelphia. Mr. Loomis returned from the East a week ago.

Mrs. Bessie Stewart and her two sons are visiting her father, Senator W. M. Stewart, in Washington, D. C. She will remain there several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Houghton, of this city, are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Mr. Peter J. Donahue is at the Hotel Maurice in Paris.

Mr. N. G. Kittle has been in Boston during the past week.

Mr. P. E. Bowles, of Oakland, and Mr. W. S. McMurtry, of this city, are at the Savoy Hotel, in London.

Dr. and Mrs. F. H. Dennis were in Paris when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Bunker are at the Gilsey House in New York city.

Justice and Mrs. Stephen J. Field are entertaining Miss Whitney, of Oakland, at their residence in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Field will not take part in this season's gayeties as she is in mourning for Mrs. Cyrus W. Field.

Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre and Miss Mary Eyre will remain East until the end of January.

Miss Lucy Upson, of Sacramento, is visiting Mrs. Charles A. Belden.

Miss Deming, of Sacramento, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Talbot will receive on Mondays in January at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Hope Ellis, of Marysville, is visiting the Misses Dimond at their residence, 2224 Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Miss Nettie Tuhbs, and Mr. A. S. Tuhbs have returned from Monterey, and will remain at the Palace Hotel during the remainder of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Norris, Miss Ida Carleton, and Miss Gertrude Goewey left last Monday for San Diego, and will be away about three weeks.

Colonel and Mrs. J. D. Fry are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York city.

Senator Charles N. Felton was in New York city for several days recently and stopped at the Hoffman House.

Mr. Joseph Livingston was recently a visitor at the Hotel Lakewood, in Lakewood, N. J. He is expected here in a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Cummins are residing permanently at 927 Pine Street, and will receive on the first three Thursdays of each month.

Mrs. S. Crooks and the Misses Crooks are in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing, of San Rafael, will pass the remainder of the winter in this city, and are stopping at a down-town hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Monteverde, Miss Lolita Monteverde, and Dr. Grant Selfridge have returned from a visit to friends in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Belden are entertaining Mrs. George B. Williams, of Washington, D. C., at their residence, 2004 Gough Street. Mrs. Belden will give a reception in honor of Mrs. Williams to-day (Saturday), from five until eight o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Jerome Smith, who have been in the City of Mexico for several weeks, will soon go to the Arkansas Hot Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred D. Holman, *née* Durhrow, have returned from Seattle, and will reside here permanently.

Mr. R. E. Archer, Mrs. F. E. Brown, the Misses E. and A. Brown, and Miss Maggie Duggan, all of Redlands, Cal., left New York a week ago on the *Fulda* for Genoa, Italy, via Gibraltar and the Mediterranean.

Mrs. H. J. Booth and Miss Booth will receive on Tuesdays in January at their residence, 1316 California Street.

Mrs. Albert W. Scott is slowly convalescing after her recent severe illness. She will visit Southern California as soon as she recovers sufficiently to travel.

Mrs. John H. Boalt has been seriously ill with la grippe in her rooms at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. George H. Buckingham and Mr. D. L. Foley, of this city, left New York December 26th, on the *Etruria* for Liverpool.

General and Mrs. N. P. Chipman and Miss Chipman have gone East. The ladies are visiting friends in St. Louis, and General Chipman is now in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Peter Dean has gone East, and is now in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Will E. Fisher are expected to return from their Southern trip in a few days.

Miss Wright and Miss McClellan are passing a few weeks here as the guests of Mrs. Volney Spalding.

Misses Olive and Gertrude Burnett, daughters of Mr. W. C. Burnett are visiting their cousins, Misses Edith and Maude Burnap, daughters of Chief-Engineer G. J. Burnap, U. S. N., at Vallejo.

Mrs. C. M. Johnson, of San Rafael, will pass the remainder of the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Captain and Mrs. Charles Nelson and Mr. and Mrs. Calvin C. McMahan have taken apartments at the Palace Hotel for the season.

Miss Lena Schell is enjoying a visit to friends in Portland, Or., and will remain there a month more.

Mrs. Edna Snell Poulson, Misses Maud and Stella Walker, and Miss Ada Dougherty are passing the winter in Rome, Italy.

Mr. J. Fred Burgin, Colonel Charles F. Hanlon, and Mr. P. J. McGlynn will return from New York in a few days.

Mrs. George M. Pinckard will receive on Mondays in January.

Mr. John Hays Hammond will soon leave to visit his mining interests in Idaho.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Lewis, of Oakland, are passing the winter in St. Augustine, Florida.

Mr. W. G. Lee, of this city, is at the St. James Hotel in Jacksonville, Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Wise are at the Hotel Albemarle in New York city.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant Everett E. Benjamin, First Infantry, U. S. A., is now on duty at Fort Gaston, Cal.

Colonel and Mrs. B. J. D. Irwin, U. S. A., and the Misses Irwin are at the Virginia Hotel in Chicago, and will remain there during the winter.

Brigadier-General A. V. Kautz, U. S. A., commanding the Division of the Columbia, has been placed on the retired list.

The officers and ladies at the Presidio gave their second hop of this season last Tuesday evening, and it proved to be very enjoyable. Quite a number of people from the city were present and participated in the pleasures of the affair.

Captain and Mrs. A. E. Wood, U. S. A., of the Presidio, are entertaining Mrs. W. S. Worth, wife of Major Worth, U. S. A.

Mrs. Glass, wife of Commodore Glass, U. S. N., has gone East to join her husband.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry Stewart, U. S. N., are here from New York on a visit and are stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Prince Ippolito, a nephew of Prince Borghese has entered the Jesuit order in Rome and has taken the oath of poverty and humility. He is a young man, only just turned eighteen, and is a millionaire. Of course his vast wealth will go to the order.

Art Notes.

The Messrs. Gump have lately added several notable paintings to the large number of gems of art that hang on the walls of their gallery. The connoisseurs of the city have long known that the Gump gallery, at 581 Market Street, contains the finest collection in San Francisco, but they will be surprised at some of the magnificent works of art that have been accumulating during the holidays and are now being framed and hung. Others still have not yet come from the framers' hands, and of some of them a view was obtained, a few days ago, through the special courtesy of Mr. Gump.

Among them are two canvases by Gustavo Simone, of Rome—an artist who is well known in the French and German art world as being one of the best artists in Moorish and Oriental work—which are destined to create a sensation. They are both Moorish scenes; one shows the door of a mosque, with a Moorish beggar huddled in his rags at the portal of the sanctuary, while a devout follower of the Prophet is passing proudly in to worship. The other shows a white slave, a woman of rare and haunting beauty, being exhibited in all the splendor of her naked charms, to a possible master, a lean Arab, who tries to find defects while the slave-dealer stands impassively by. There is nothing approaching the suggestive in this picture. The facts are presented on the canvas with absolute fidelity, and the painting is masterly in the treatment of textures—the gleaming flesh-tints, the filmy veil, the silken garments of the men, the rich woven stuffs of the divan, and the mosaic pattern of the wall.

Two other paintings by Italian artists are "The Visit of the Country Doctor," by Luigi Bianci, showing an Italian peasant woman holding up her *bambino* for the inspection of the kindly old physician, while the grandmother peers anxiously into the child's face; and "In the Florist's Ante-Room," by Guiseppe Pennasilico, of Naples, a large canvas which introduces us to a bright room where, amid sunshine and flowers, a party of girls are making up bouquets.

L. Blume-Siebert, of Munich, is represented by two little *genre* pieces that are veritable gems. They are scenes in Tyrolean inns, and present the laughing girl, the jaunty postilion, and the hardy mountaineers in a manner that Defregger himself could not surpass.

In a humorous picture by A. Humborg, also of Munich, we see the refectory of a monastery, where two white gowned monks are tantalizing a third rubicond brother by holding beneath his nose their snuff-boxes, which he dare not touch, for his hands are still soiled from his task of preparing fish for their Friday meal. The fun-loving fancy that imagined this scene has been aided by marvelous skill in depicting the emotions of the three central figures, while a fourth monk is not less good in his evident youth and hesitancy in joining in the mirth of his elders.

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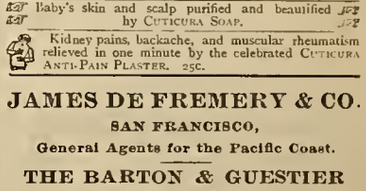

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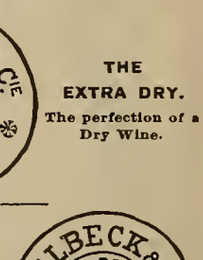

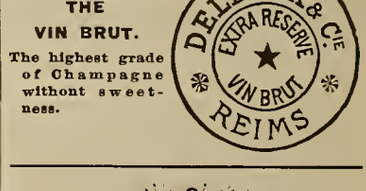

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A SUCCESSFUL REHEARSAL.

Mr. Aloysius Tappenham earned his living by discovering and introducing new attractions in the shape of "Wonders," "Phenomenons," and so forth. When he successfully launched a new impostor, he reaped a handsome return in the way of commissions on the salary of the impostor and the profits of the *entrepreneur*. All his protégés were a success—a fact chiefly to be attributed to his unvarying habit of insisting that he himself should be shown "how it was done." He promised and observed absolute secrecy; but, as he always said, he could not properly judge of the merit of any particular fraud unless he were allowed a private view of the machinery by which it was worked.

One day, Mr. Tappenham discovered a treasure in the shape of a very attractive young lady whose name was Hopkins, but who proposed to call herself Mlle. Claire. Mr. Tappenham proposed to "run" her himself on half-profits terms. Her specialty was the production of any spirit you liked to order. She received in a dimly lighted room; you told her who you were and whose spirit you wished to interview, and forthwith, without any nonsense of hand-holding or table-turning, she caused to appear a shadowy yet clearly perceptible figure which was exactly like the person you named, spoke with that person's voice, and exhibited full—or reasonably full—knowledge of everything which that person, and that person only, might be expected to know.

Mr. Tappenham was much struck with the dexterity of this performance. Of course, when explained, it resolved itself into some clever optical illusion, a little ventriloquism, and a good deal of tact in returning to the inquirer, in another form, information pumped out of him beforehand. The materials were simple, the result was highly artistic, and Mr. Tappenham determined to furnish the only thing needful to set the town aflame with the new marvel—namely, capital. However, before taking the last irreparable step, he decided on a final trial. He prepared the *mise-en-scène* with due completeness, and invited Mlle. Claire to experiment on himself.

"Consider me as one of the public," he said, "and give me a hair-raiser."

Mlle. Claire protested that he was too much behind the scenes; but, on being pressed, she consented to try, and asked Mr. Tappenham to name his spirit.

He thought for a moment, and then said: "When I was a young man, I knew a girl called Nellie Davies—a very pretty girl. I dare say I didn't treat her over well; but that's neither here nor there. Let's have her."

Clever little Mlle. Claire asked a question or two—and Mr. Tappenham admired the neat and apparently undesigned nature of her questions—and then set to work, after drawing the curtains a shade closer and turning the light a trifle lower.

Mr. Tappenham sat comfortably in an arm-chair, his hands crossed over his white waistcoat and a smile of satisfaction on his face. Presently the shadowy shape began to form itself a yard or two from Mr. Tappenham.

"Capital, capital!" he chuckled. "That'll fetch 'em." The shape grew more definite.

"Will that do?" asked Mlle. Claire, triumphantly; "is it like?"

"I should say it was! Make it speak!"

Mlle. Claire laughed, and, projecting her voice to the shape, began in low, sweet, sad tones: "You summoned me. What do you desire of your dead friend?"

She stopped, laughing again, and said: "It's no use when you're up to it beforehand."

Mr. Tappenham did not answer her. He sat looking at the shape, and seemed to be listening intently.

"Shall I go on?" she inquired.

Mr. Tappenham took no notice.

"What's the matter with him?" thought Mlle. Claire; "I shan't go on if he's not listening."

Assuming her pretended voice again, she said: "I will try to forgive. Farewell, farewell," and, with a merry, boisterous laugh, she displaced the arrangement which produced the illusion, and said to Mr. Tappenham:

"Now are you satisfied?" Then she added, in a tone of surprise: "Whatever is the matter?" For as she looked, the expression of his face changed from attention to surprise, from surprise to uneasiness. He turned to her and said, with a forced smile: "It's too clever—a sight too clever. That'll do; stop it, please."

"Stop it?"

"Yes; I've had enough. It's—it's damned absurd, but it's getting on my nerves. Stop it, I say—stop it!" His voice rose at the end almost into a cry.

"Why, I have stopped it this three minutes!" she answered, in surprise.

His eyes had wandered from her again to where the shape had been; but at her last words, he turned to her again, with a start. "What! No, no. No nonsense! Come, now, be a good girl, and stop it. I've had enough."

"Heaven bless the man, he's mad!" exclaimed the lady, who began to be a little uncomfortable herself. It is an eerie thing to see a man looking hard at—nothing and listening intently to—nothing.

Suddenly he jumped up and ran toward Mlle. Claire. He seized her by the arm and cried: "Stop, you little devil, stop! Do you want to madden me? I never did it, I never did. At least I never meant it—so help me God, I never meant it."

"Mr. Tappenham, you're dreaming. There's nothing there. I'm saying nothing."

"She's coming, she's coming," he cried. "Take her away, take her away."

Mlle. Claire looked at his face. Then she, too, gave a shriek of fright, and, hiding her face in her hands, sank on the floor sobbing. She saw nothing. But what was that face looking at?

As for Mr. Tappenham, he fled into the corner of the room. And when Mlle. Claire recovered herself enough to draw back the curtains and let in the blessed sun, he lay on the floor like a man dead.

Mlle. Claire was a good girl. She had a mother and two little brothers to keep; so she stuck to the business. But she never liked it very much after that day. Mr. Tappenham could afford to retire, and he did retire. He lives very quietly and gives large sums in charity. Mlle. Claire knows all the tricks that ever were invented. She is a thorough-going little skeptic, and believes in nothing that she does not see, and in very little of what she does. Therefore, she merely exemplifies feminine illogicality when she thinks to herself, as she can not help thinking now and then:

"I wonder what he did to Nelly Davies?"

She told me about it, and I believed her when she said that she was not playing a trick on Mr. Tappenham.

I repeated the story to a scientific man. He said that it furnished an interesting instance of the permanence of an optical impression after the removal of the external excitant.

Or it may have been the working of conscience; that is an explanation in a way, though an improbable one, because, in spite of many opportunities, Mr. Tappenham's conscience had never given him any inconvenience before. It has since. — *St. James's Gazette.*

A DUEL IN ARMOR.

TIME.—Christmas Eve. Rosalie and Jack, under the disadvantage of an unconfessed love on both sides, discovered seated before the fire.

Jack—I'm sorry I couldn't get the mistletoe.

Rosalie—Yes; it was too bad.

Jack (with sturdy determination)—I wish I could have found some.

Rosalie—Do you really feel sorry?

Jack (despondently)—Yes, indeed.

Rosalie—Why do you wish for it?

Jack (taking refuge in generalities)—Oh—because——

Rosalie (timidly)—I don't believe—it—is—necessary.

(Silence. Jack gazes moodily into the fire.)

Unspoken reflections:

Jack—I wonder if she realizes what she is saying?

Rosalie—Oh, my, why is he so dull to-night?

Aloud:

Rosalie—Did you ever read "The Coming Race?" I wish that I were one of that race to-night.

Jack—Why?

Rosalie (blushing)—The girls always make the proposals there, you know.

Jack—That's no fun. I'm glad they don't here. (Silence.)

Unspoken reflections:

Jack—That was a very bright remark of mine.

Rosalie—Goodness! I am stupid myself. Of course I can't expect the poor boy to understand vague hints.

Aloud:

Rosalie—I am awfully obliged for that glove-box you sent me.

Jack—Did you find my note?

Rosalie (startled)—No. What did you say?

Jack (moodily)—Oh, nothing. I remember now, I decided not to send it.

Rosalie (slyly)—I can guess what was in it.

Jack (decidedly)—No, you can't. (Silence.)

Unspoken reflections:

Jack—I wonder if she can?

Rosalie—What could he have said?

Aloud:

Jack (suddenly)—Well, I must go now.

Rosalie—Must you, really? I'm sorry you could not get that mistletoe; it really was not necessary, however.

Jack (doggedly)—Yes, it was. (A light breaks upon him.) Why not?

Rosalie—Because—because—oh, because our chandelier is being repaired, and there's no place to put it.

Jack (grimly)—Oh!

Rosalie (with a sigh of resignation as Jack holds out his hand)—Well, good-night. Give my love to your sister.

Jack—Yes.

Rosalie—Now be sure to give it to her—*all*, mind.

Jack (positively)—Oh, certainly. Good-night.

Rosalie (as Jack goes out)—Poor boy! he doesn't seem able to take a hint. He's rather dull to-night.

Jack (in the street)—Horribly stupid evening! Rosalie wasn't as brilliant as usual. Well, I should have availed myself of the chances, whether she meant them or not. If there's a greater fool than I am, I should like to know.

Echo (from all sides)—No.

—*Flavel Scott Mines in the Bazar.*

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

In a railway waiting-room, the day before Christmas (says the New York *Times*), a bit of conversation between two women floated to outside ears: "I'm going to the country to a family dinner." "Are you? You'll have a lovely time." "Well, I don't know," cautiously; "family dinners are something of a lottery. One's relatives understand so well how to tread on one's corns, you know."

Allen, the Quaker, once waited upon the Duke of Sussex in order to remind him of his promise to present a petition against capital punishment. The duke did not seem quite to like the job, and observed that Scripture has declared: "Whoso shedderh man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." "Please your royal highness," replied the Quaker; "when Cain killed Abel he was not hung for it." "That's true," rejoined the duke, "but remember, Allen, there were not twelve men in the world then to make a jury."

On one occasion in the old French war, the English, aided by colonial militia, were besieging a French fort somewhere in or near Canada. In front was a space of the forest leveled by a tornado, and beneath the fallen trunks the besiegers sought shelter from the sharp fire of the fort—all save one man. Like another Ethan Allen, he stood upon a tree elevated above the rest, returning the enemy's fire. His companions below hailed him to know if he had any bullets to spare, as they were out. The reply was: "Hang you, come up here; you can catch a handful a minute!"

Leech was by no means gay, but, indeed, a melancholy humorist; it was only when he had his pencil in hand that he diffused his harmless mirth. It was in almost sepulchral tones that he would ask, when any good story was told in his hearing that seemed to lend itself to illustration, "Is that copyright?" Mr. Frith tells us that John Leech used to differentiate his almost namesake, Leitch, the painter, as "Leitch with the itch"; but an even more cruel jest was passed upon Leitch Ritchie, who was described as "having the national complaint twice in his name."

Of Le Sage, M. Claretie says: "Brelon he remained all his life by character, pride, independence, probity, tenacity carried to obstinacy, and by superstition." Before "Turcaret" was played, he had promised the Duchesse de Bouillon to read her the piece; it was thought that the reading would take place before dinner; some business detained him and he arrived late. The Duchesse de Bouillon received him with an appearance of impatience, and told him, with an air of discontent, that she had lost an hour waiting for him. "Well, madame," said Le Sage, coldly, "I will make you gain two hours." After this short speech, he bowed and went away.

A famous Brooklyn clergyman was once addressing a Sunday-school on the lesson of the day, which happened to be "Jacob's Ladder" (says the New York *Tribune*). He got along swimmingly until a little urchin, in one of the back seats, squeaked out: "Why did the angels have to have a ladder when they had wings?" After the inevitable laugh had subsided, the clergyman said: "Well, that is a fair question, who can answer it?" There was a pause, and then up went a pudgy fist. "Well, my little man," asked the clergyman, "why was it?" "I guess mebbe they was a-moultin'," was the astonishing reply, and the address was concluded right there.

Shortly after the attempt to blow up Russell Sage (says the New York *Sun*), a well-dressed man, with his hat tilted back on his ruffled hair and an excited look in his eyes, entered a New York art-store and stalked up to the counter, behind which several clerks were standing. The man slapped his hand imperatively on the counter. "I want a quarter 'v' a million," he cried, "and I want it quick!" The clerks turned pale and stared at the stranger. A porter slid quietly to the door to get a policeman. The well-dressed, but excited, stranger stared at the clerks in astonishment. "What the dickens is the matter with you fellows, anyhow?" he cried. "Can't I get a quarter 'v' a million without all of you having fits?" "Pray, sir, don't get excited," said a clerk, patting the man on the arm; "the porter has just gone after it. We can't get so much money in a second, you know." The stranger looked thoughtful a moment, then laughed, and the laugh gave the clerks another unpleasant shock. "Ha! ha!" said the stranger; "I see, I see. Don't get alarmed. I merely want paint—paint, not cash. A quart of vermilion paint." The clerks recovered their self-possession. "I beg your pardon," said one, "but you talked so fast that it sounded as if you had demanded a quarter of a million. We thought you meant dollars."

The soul of a rajah, who had been released from the cares of this world and an uncongenial wife, presented himself at the gates of Paradise. "Have you been in Purgatory yet?" demanded Brahma. "No; but I have been married." "Enter then—it is the same thing." At this moment another soul arrived, who begged Brahma to allow him also to enter. "Softly, softly—have you been in Purgatory yet?" "No; but neither has that other fellow—he died the same day I did." "Very true, but he had been married." "Married, indeed! Why, I have been married three times." "Away, then, to the lower regions," said Brahma, sternly; "Paradise is not made for imbeciles."

The Polish Countess Potocki, in spite of her lovely, innocent-looking face, was about as free from any sense of morality as any woman of her day. She came to see Mme. Le Brun, with her husband, and, when he had left them, coolly observed: "He is my third husband; but I think I shall take up my first one again. He suited me much better, although he is a regular scamp." Another of Mme. Le Brun's friends who indulged in relays of husbands was "the pretty little wicked Duchesse de Fleury," as Horace Walpole calls her, who managed to escape to Rome from Paris. Before the return of the Bourbons, having occasion one day to visit the Emperor Bonaparte, he said to her, brusquely: "Do you still love men?" "Yes, sire, when they are polite," she replied.

A lady who has been traveling abroad, relates an adventure which befell her in Italy, in a railway train. Her husband put her into a compartment alone, and went to attend to the luggage. After he had gone, a villainous-looking fellow got in, and presently the train started off, the husband not appearing. The lady was naturally a good deal disturbed, and the way in which the stranger looked at her did not tend to diminish her agitation. Suddenly, still with his eyes fixed upon her, the man took from his pocket a large clasp-knife and opened it. Then he rose, and deliberately cut from the window-blinds their cords, and began to knot them together. The lady was terrified almost to death. She expected to be strangled on the spot, and began appealing to the stranger to spare her. He only laughed brutally, answering her in Italian, of which she did not understand a word. Then he pulled off his coat and waistcoat, and just as the terrified woman was almost prepared to fling herself out of the compartment of the swiftly moving train, he knotted the cords so as to piece out a broken suspender, put on his coat and waistcoat, and sat quietly down in a corner, where he went quickly to sleep. The husband, who had by mistake got into a wrong compartment just as the train was starting, and who joined his wife at the next station, found her on the verge of hysterics from the effects of the fright she had undergone.

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Undivided Profits	**3,317,485 11**

September 30, 1891.

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THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR .....Assistant Cashier.
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27th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1891

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N.E. cor. California and Sansome Streets.

Capital (Paid up in Gold)	**$300,000 00**
Net Surplus (over everything)	**278,901.10**

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VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. L. N. SHEPARD
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY
GENERAL AGENT.....ROBERT H. MAGILL

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Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, **3 o'clock P. M.**, for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong. **1891.**
Oceanic.....**Tuesday, January 12, 1892**
Gaelic...(via Honolulu).. **Thursday, February 4**

Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

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5th, 15th, and 25th	Acapulco
25th	Ocos, La Union
5th and 15th	Champerico, San José de Guatemala
15th	Acajutla, Corinto, Punta Arenas

Through line sailings—January 15th, SS. City of New York; 25th, SS. San Blas. February 5th, City of Sydney.

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Way line sailing—January 15th, SS. Acapulco.

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China .....Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking.....Saturday, March 12, at 3 P. M.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From Dec. 0, 1891.	ARRIVE.
7.00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	* 12.15 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga	6.15 P.
* 8.00 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa	* 6.15 P.
8.00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	Second-class Ogden and East, and first-class locally	10.45 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	4 45 P.
9.00 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	12.15 P
12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore	7 15 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	* 9.00 P
3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, & Stockton	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9 45 A
4.30 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10 45 A.
4.30 P.	Woodland and Oroville	10 45 A.
* 4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8 45 A
5.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8 45 P
5 00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12 15 P
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	7.45 A
.....	Niles and San José	‡ 6.15 P.
6.00 P.	Ogden Route Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	11.45 A.
‡ 7.00 P.	Vallejo	† .45 P
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	8 15 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

8.15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	6.20 P
* 2.15 P.	Centreville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	* 10 50 A
4.15 P.	Centreville, San José, and Los Gatos	9.50 A
† 1 .45 P.	Hunters' Train to Newark, Alviso, San José, and Los Gatos	‡ 8.05 P.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7.00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Ohispo), and principal Way Stations	6 10 P.
10.37 A.	San José and Way Stations	5 10 P
12.15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations	4 00 P.
* 2.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way stations	* 10 48 A.
* 3.30 P.	Menlo Park San José, and principal Way Stations	* 10.03 A.
* 4 15 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.06 A.
5.15 P.	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
† 11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	† 7.30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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Commencing Sunday, Nov. 29, 1891, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7.40, 9.20, 11.40 A. M.; 3.30, 5.00, 6.20 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1.50 P. M.

Sundays—8, 9.30, 11 A. M.; 2, 5, 6.15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6.25, 7.55, 9.30 A. M.; 12.45, 3.40, 5.05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.30 P. M.

Sundays—8.10, 9.40, A. M.; 12.15, 3.40, 5, 6.25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6.50, 8.20, 9.55 A. M.; 1.10, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.55 P. M.

Sundays—8.35, 10.05 A. M.; 12 40, 4.05, 5.30, 6.50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco.	
WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.		SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M. 5.00 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 9.30 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M. 7.25 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7.25 P. M.	6 10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6 10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydesville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays, to Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa, $2.25; to Healdsburg, $3.40; to Cloverdale, $4.50; to Hopland, $5.70; to Ukiah, $6.75; to Sebastopol, $2.70; to Guerneville, $3.75; to Sonoma, $1.50; to Glen Ellen, $1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, $1; to Santa Rosa, $1.50; to Healdsburg, $2.25; to Cloverdale, $3; to Ukiah, $4.50; to Hopland, $3.80; to Sebastopol, $1.80; to Guerneville, $2.50; to Sonoma, $1; to Glen Ellen, $1.20.

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"Judab" is Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's best work, and this is saying a good deal, for "The Middleman," "Saints and Sinners," and "The Silver King" are good plays. Its name is a misnomer; nothing in plot or characters recalls the race which spread from where wild Judea stretches far her silver-mantled plains. Judah is a compatriot of Taffy, famous in song in connection with a piece of beef; he is a native of wild Wales, and, when he is at home, his name is Llewellyn.

The plan is a skillful plagiarism from two novels, "The Undiscovered Country," by Howells, and "The Scarlet Letter," by Hawthorne, the *motif* of the first two acts being taken from the former, while the third act is reminiscent of the latter. This is not to Mr. Jones's discredit; all playwrights take their property where they find it; did not Shakespeare borrow his "Romeo and Juliet," his "Merchant of Venice," his "King Lear," and even his "Hamlet" from plays and tales which were in type when he wrote? The genius of the dramatic author is shown in the art he displays in adjusting and draping people and situations that had been touched by others.

In "The Undiscovered Country," Mr. Howells handles the occult mysteries of mesmerism and mind-cure. Egeria Boynton is a mesmeric subject, and her father, Dr. Boynton, takes her about to give mesmeric séances. Her soul revolts at the use to which her cataleptic infirmity is put, and she raises the standard of revolt. In "Judah," Vashti Dethic and her father go about the world pretending to effect cures through Vashti's supernatural gift of healing, and she, too, revolts and threatens to run away. In both cases, the girls are saved by the appearance of a lover; Mr. Ford convinces Egeria that she had better be satisfied with mesmerizing him, and Vashti renounces the supernatural for the more natural destiny of becoming Llewellyn's wife. The stories diverge when the fathers are drawn; Dethic is a common fraud, who cheats and teaches his daughter to cheat; Boynton is an honest crank, who believes in the supernatural. It is, perhaps, a pity that the dramatist did not follow the novelist's lead; Dethic would have been an interesting character, if he had been a deluded enthusiast, while, as a money-seeking knave, he is simply odious, and the audience object to his appearance on the stage.

In the book, Egeria has no specific objective; in the play, Vashti proposes to cure the consumptive daughter of an earl. Her father schools her in her fraudulent undertaking; she professes to be able to subsist three weeks without food; this abstinence is supposed to be necessary to arouse the energy of her spiritual power. As a matter of fact, the father supplies her with food surreptitiously, though not in sufficient quantity to save her from acute suffering from hunger. All this business, and the watch kept upon her by Dr. Bopp, a hard-headed scientist who has undertaken to expose her, is poor work. Dr. Tanner lived forty days without food, though he did not claim that his fast enabled him to cure consumption, and a couple of Pinkerton's detectives would have insured that the fast was a dead reality. Mr. Jones probably dragged in the fasting business because hunger is one of the most common causes of the mental aberrations which are classed as mesmeric or spiritual phenomena.

The Rev. Judah Llewellyn is madly in love with Vashti. He loves her, first, on general principles; and, secondly, because he has a touch of her malady, and hears voices, like Joan of Arc. He catches her in the act of receiving food from her father during her fast, and a fierce struggle between his love and his duty ensues; but, of course, love is the winner. He swears to a lie to save her. He could not well do otherwise. A lie has been said to be so good a thing, that it should not be wasted on a trifling object; but this was an occasion worthy of its employment. Having lied her out of her scrape, and the consumptive daughter of a hundred earls declaring that Vashti has cured her, Judah and Vashti plight their mutual troth, and are about to be married and to live forever happily through the earl's bounty, when a new obstacle arises in the shape of—conscience.

Here is where Mr. Henry Arthur Jones dips into "The Scarlet Letter." Arthur Dimmesdale becomes the prototype of Judah Llewellyn, and—though no scarlet letter burns into her breast—Vashti assumes the robe of Hester Prynne. Hester had no confession to make; an avenging law of nature had long before made her sin patent to all. But in the bosom of both the ministers of God, a guilty secret gnawed at their vitals, and demanded to be set free under pain of death. Like the poor hectic Puritan, Llewellyn declares that neither life nor love can have any sweetness for him until he has liberated his soul, and declared how vile a thing he is, in the presence of God and all the people. With the moral cowardice of a man, he makes Vashti set the example of confession; then he follows, and says his *mea culpa, mea maxima culpa*, in fine bass tones. After which he resigns from the church—which, after all, was about the only thing he could do—and the curtain falls.

It will be perceived that this is an entirely new departure from the stereotyped plots which turn on evasions of the conjugal or violations of the social law. In "Judah," there is no husband who betrays his wife, no wife who is faithless to her husband, no daughter who brings her father's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave, no young people who discover too late that they have loved not wisely but too well. The story turns on quite a new set of factors, chief among which is the mysterious connection between the perishable effervescence of nervous morbidity and the normal existence of persons within the morbid range; it involves all the problems of Christian science, faith-cure, prayer-cure, mesmerism, and electro-biology, which occupy so much of the thoughts of the women of to-day. To hear the play is to visit the lower land between body and spirit, to invade that undiscovered country which Howells feared to tread. It is pleasant to observe that Mr. Jones handles these delicate topics with good sense, and that, in the mouth of his Dr. Jopp, he places lines which are equally remarkable for wit and wisdom.

Like all Mr. Palmer's plays, "Judah" was superbly acted, though the chief honors of the performance did not fall to the star, but to Miss Marie Burroughs. In Vashti, Miss Burroughs had a trying part to play. She was torn asunder by filial obedience on one side and natural honesty on the other. She was her father's accomplice in a fraud which revolted her soul. She lied with a smoothness born of long habit. She cheated the trusting girl who loved her and clung about her neck. She deceived the man she loved and who would have given his life for her. And yet, doing these things, so consummate was her witchery, so appealing her pathos, that she never for a moment lost the sympathy of her audience, and it was only after they had left the theatre that they realized what a bad little person she must have been, after all. Much of her success was due to her beauty of face and form, which ripens from year to year, as she revisits her old home; but she must be a consummate actress, as well as a very pretty woman, to carry off such a part so triumphantly as she did.

Mr. E. S. Willard played Judah as he played the Middleman—with absolute perfection of art. Every tone and every gesture was precisely what it should have been. He has a fine, deep voice, and his elocution could not be improved upon. He acts with ease and naturalness, and never rants or strives at effect. But there is no more spontaneity in him than there is in a brass kettle. His love-making could not have touched any girl who had met with real love. Jones's lines, in the love passages, were exquisite. Willard delivered them with the correct emphasis and accent, but just as if he had been reciting a passage from Scripture. There was neither passion nor pathos in his voice. No woman wooed in those tones would believe that her lover was in earnest. Women who have been under fire expect that their lover's voice will thrill and break, and become tremulous with the fierceness of emotion. Fechter and Montague made love so that no woman could doubt or deny their suit—no woman could resist so fierce a passion. But as for Mr. Willard, he made love to Vashti, and asked her to be his, in the tones he would have employed if he had asked her whether she would fish, cook, or cut bait. If Miss Burroughs had not put a little vigor into their love-making, they would have appeared like a fashionable couple—more concerned about settlements and the location of their conjugal home than the happy fruition of a love suit.

It may be said, without a single exception, that all the performers did well. Special mention must be made of Harry Cane, who was "just right" in his rendition of Professor Jopp, and of Miss Craddock, who was excellent as Lady Eve. In her long story about the dream she has had—which, by the way, recalls false, fleeting, perjured Clarence—she rose to considerable eminence of pathos, and justified the hope that, some day, when she gets a suitable part, she will make her mark among melodramatic actresses.

At the theatres during the week commencing January 11th: The Tivoli Company in "The Mascotte"; Charles Frohman's Comedians in "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows"; E. S. Willard in "Judah"; "Captain Swift"; "A Legal Wrong"; and the Opera Comique Company in "The Princess of Trebizonde."

Like a Venomous Serpent

Hidden in the grass, malaria but waits our approach, to spring at and fasten its fangs upon us. There is, however, a certain antidote to its venom which renders it powerless for evil. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is this acknowledged and world-famed specific, and it is, besides this, a thorough curative for rheumatism, dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, la grippe, and nervousness. In convalescence and age it is very serviceable.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Suit for divorce has recently been brought in this city by McKee Rankin, charging his wife, formerly Kitty Blanchard, with desertion.

"Judah" has proved so popular that Mr. Willard will continue to play it throughout the week, which will terminate his engagement in town.

The Powell Street Theatre is to be remodeled and will be reopened, in June, under the management of L. R. Stockwell and his wife, Ethel Brandon.

George Osbourne will return to the scene of his former labors in another week, appearing in "A Noble Rogue," "Saints and Sinners," and other plays.

Mme. Modjeska has a new play which is somewhat out of the line of the repertoire which she has so long adhered to. It is called "Countess Liana," and resembles "Fedora" in being modern, tragic, and Russian. She produced it in Philadelphia last week.

The young actress whose name has recently grown from Lora Hollis to Loraine Hollis, announces that she has secured the Bijou Theatre, and will open it during the present month with a series of emotional and society plays. She is advertising for recruits for her company.

Minna K. Gale is the latest aspirant for the mantle—or gown, perhaps—of Mary Anderson. She certainly did clever work when she was in the companies that supported Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett, and she has been well received in New York in the rôles of Rosalind and Juliet. She will appear at one of the local theatres early next month.

Mrs. Francis Hodgson Burnett's experiment in becoming the manager of a theatre in London will be watched with interest. She undoubtedly can write a very charming story, and some of her stories have been made into very popular plays; but that is no reason why she should be a successful theatrical manager. It may prove that Mrs. Burnett's vaulting financial ambition has o'erleaped itself.

The following well-known lecturers will visit the Pacific Coast and North-west, under the management of Mr. John F. Bragg, during the coming season: George W. Cable, the well-known reader, in February and March; Max O'Rell, in the latter part of March; Sir Edwin Arnold, in April; and later General Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur," "Bill" Nye, James Whitcomb Riley, and others.

The pretty tunes of "The Mascotte" will be heard next week at the Tivoli Opera House, where it is to be produced with the best cast the stock company can furnish. The cast is as follows:

Bettina, Gracie Plaisted; Fiametta, Tillie Salinger; First Page, Lena Salinger; Second Page, Emma Vorce; Lorenzo XVII., I. W. Norcross, Jr., and Tom Ricketts alternating; Frederic, Arthur Messmer; Pippo, Phil. Branson; Rocco, Tom Ricketts and I. W. Norcross, Jr., alternating; Parafani, Edward Torpi; Matheo, George Harris; Doctor, Nat B. Cantor.

The company which will play "Captain Swift" here on Monday night is under the control of A. M. Palmer, but it is one of those companies that generally confine their operations to New England and the South. It is headed by Arthur Forrest, who has been the leading man in Mlle. Rhea's and Kate Claxton's companies, and other people in the cast are Miss Earle, Miss Hardy, Miss Craig, Miss Rivers, Mr. Craig, Mr. Nunn, Mr. Walcott, Mr. McDonald, and Mr. Holmes—whoever they may be.

The Emma Juch Grand Opera Company has come to life in another place, New Orleans, and is hinting at a trip through Mexico. It seems hard that this company should continually be going to pieces. Miss Juch, Gustav Hinrichs, and the generality of the company are on a sufficiently high artistic level to draw large audiences, but there seems to be bad management somewhere. However, Mr. Charles E. Locke's financial instability may be compensated for in part by his amazing buoyancy.

"Mr. Wilkinson's Widows" is an adaptation from a very funny comedy by Alexandre Bisson, and is said to have degenerated but little in being fitted for American audiences by Mr. Gillette. The company which will present it here on Monday night—announced as the one "that made New York laugh two hundred and fifty nights"—comprises a number of popular actors and actresses, among them Mrs. Georgie Drew Barrymore, Miss Emily Bancker, Miss Mattie Ferguson, Miss Adelaide Grey, Joseph Holland, Thomas H. Burns, and John W. Thompson.

Great Success.

The California Safe Deposit and Trust Company, corner of California and Montgomery Streets, has met with great success since it opened a Savings Department a few months ago, the deposits in this department having aggregated more than $500,000.

This is one of the substantial banking institutions of the city and should receive a large share of public patronage.

— HOME OIL HEATER, THE MARVEL OF ALL. Heat and light produced by the Rochester Lamp. John F. Myers & Co., 863 Market Street.

Crab-Apple Blossoms.

"It has the aroma of spring in it, and one could use it for a lifetime and never tire of it."—*N. Y. Observer.*

DCXLXX.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, January 10, 1892.

Rice and Tomato Soup.
Fried Oysters.
Broiled Beefsteak. Potato Croquettes.
Flageolets. Creamed Celery.
Roast Canvas-back Ducks.
Currant Jelly and Lemon Sauce.
Orange Pudding. Jelly Cake. Fruits.

ORANGE PUDDING.—Cut up oranges and sweeten with sugar; then make a soft custard with two table-spoonfuls of corn-starch, half a cup of sugar, yolks of three eggs, one pint of milk. When it is cold, put it over the oranges; froth the whites and put on top; then set in the oven to brown slightly.

— KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made; makes delicious desserts. Just received gold medal American Institute Fair, New York city. Superior to all brands.

— H. C. MASSIE,
Dentist. Painless filling.
114 Geary Street, San Francisco.

— "ONE MINUTE" PANCAKE MEAL MAKES delicious cakes. Something new. Try it.

BANCROFT HISTORY BUILDING.
The Wonderful Painting,
The "Slave Mart"
Direct from the Galleries of the Metropolitan Art Company, New York, and visited by over 1,000,000 persons.
On Exhibition and Sale, superb collection of
MODERN PAINTINGS
By Foremost European Masters.
10 A. M. to 10 P. M. Admission, 25c. Room 8.
Sunday, 3 P. M. to 10 P. M.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.
MR. MARCUS M. HENRY has the pleasure of introducing to the musical community in San Francisco,
William H. Sherwood
Of Chicago, the eminent American Concert Pianist and Interpreter of Music.
Positively Only Two Lecture Recitals
(As Mr. Sherwood is due East on January 18th, 1892.)
On TUESDAY EVENING, JAN. 12, 1892
And Thursday Matinee, January 14, 1892.
Admission (Reserved Seat included).....$1.00
Ticket office at Kohler & Chase's Music House, 26, 28, and 30 O'Farrell St. The sale of seats opens this (Saturday) morning.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.
KRELING BROS.....PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS
Saturday and Sunday Evenings, Last Nights of
THE ISLAND OF ZENOBAR!
Crowded Houses Nightly! Five New Specialties!
New Amazon March! Great Transformation Scene!
Monday, January 11th,
THE MASCOT!
Popular Prices..... .. ..25 and 50 cents.

OLYMPIAN RINK.
Mechanics' Pavilion.
Most Popular Amusement Resort in the City. Two and a half Acres Maple Floor. 5,000 Pairs Roller Skates. Lighted by Electricity Throughout.
First Skating Carnival of the Season, Friday Evening, January 29th.
Exhibition Skating, Football, and Polo Games' Contest and Hurdle Racing every evening.
Entire Change of Programme Nightly. Three Sessions Daily. ADMISSION:
Afternoons, 15c ...(including skates).....Evenings, 25c

I CURE FITS!
When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.
H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

Dividend Notices.

PEOPLES' HOME SAVINGS BANK, CORner Market and Fourth Streets, in the Flood Building, city.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1891, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and four-tenths (5 4-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-half (4½) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1892. B. O. CARR, Secretary.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOciety, 526 California Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1891, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and four-tenths (5 4-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-half (4½) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits. Payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1892.
GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN Society, corner Powell and Eddy Streets.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1891, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and four-tenths (5 4-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-half (4½) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1892.
VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter. For the half-year ending December 31, 1891, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and four-tenths (5 4-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits and four and one-half (4½) per cent. for ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1892.
CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"You say your present boss treats you hetter than Mr. Smith did?" "Yis, sorr; and oftener."—*Epoch.*

Her mother—"I saw him kiss you. I am terribly shocked. I did not suppose he would dare to do such a thing." *Herself*—"Nor I. In fact, I bet him he didn't dare."—*Ex.*

She—"I don't like flattery. Please don't flatter me, Charlie." *He*—"When I tell you that you are the best girl in the world, that isn't flattery—*(sotto voce)*—it's a lie."—*Epoch.*

Jack Dashing—"She's the most uninteresting girl I ever met, though she is rich. She can't say anything but 'yes' and 'no.'" *Priscilla*—"Which did she say to you?"—*Ex.*

He—"I am sure we could get along on your income. I am not a man of expensive tastes." *She*—"Any one who wants to marry me is a man of very expensive tastes."—*Life.*

A church scene: "Why do those two young ladies look so sad, papa?" "Because each one has a new honnet, my son, and each one thinks that the other has the prettiest."—*Judge.*

"Is this a fast train?" asked the traveling-man of the conductor. "Of course it is," was the reply. "I thought so. Would you mind my getting out to see what it is fast to?"—*New York Sun.*

First actress—"Why, haven't you heard, dear? I'm engaged for one of the principal parts in 'Beauty and the Beast.'" *Second actress*—"How nice! And who plays Beauty?"—*Pick-Me Up.*

Mal-de-mer: *Mrs. Quimper* (who has never been at sea before)—"It's very queer, Rufus, but I have a sort of sinking feeling. Have you?" *Mr. Quimper* (laconically)—"No; mine's a *risin'* one."—*Judge.*

"I looks like a tramp, ma'am," he said; "but I ain't. I'm a sailor, ma'am. I was wrecked and washed ashore." "You ain't been washed since, I'll wager," said the unsympathetic woman.—*Epoch.*

Beggar—"Please, sir, will ye lend me a dime ter git somthin' ter eat?" *Gentleman*—"You've got a quarter in your hand now. What's that for?" *Beggar*—"That's ter tip th' waiter."—*New York Weekly.*

Hoffman Howes—"What was done at the Dudderbocker about Bowling Green's appearing in a dress-suit at the afternoon reception?" *Howell Gibbon*—"Oh, they let him off. He explained it. Said his valet was drunk."—*Puck.*

A true democracy: *Stranger* (to Farmer Hardscrabble)—"Could you kindly give me the names of a few prominent citizens hereabouts?" *Farmer Hardscrabble* (stiffly)—"Mister, we're all 'prominent citizens' here!"—*Puck.*

A judge of the supreme court has decided that the term "home" means simply a shelter and not a support. In that view of the subject one would realize more domestic comfort from an umbrella than from a lamp-post.—*Lowell Courier.*

"But why are you so very anxious to see a whale, Mrs. Trotter?" asked the captain, after the lady had asked for the twentieth time if one was in sight. "I want so much to see one blubber, captain. It must be very impressive to see such a large creature cry."—*Bazar.*

Little girl—"My mamma is awful strict. Is yours?" *Little boy*—"Orful!" *Little girl*—"But she lets you go anywhere you want to, and——" *Little boy*—"Oh, she ain't strict with me." *Little girl*—"Then who is she strict with?" *Little boy*—"Pap."—*Good News.*

A domestic diagnosis: *Jones* (who has come with his wife to call on the new neighbors)—"Wonder if they've been married long, Hypatia?" *Mrs. Jones*—"Oh, no. Evidently newly married." *Jones*—"How can you tell?" *Mrs. Jones*—"Drawing-room smells of tobacco-smoke!"—*Punch.*

Mr. De Seiner (on being introduced to adored one's mother)—"Pardon me, madam, but have we not met before? Your face seems strangely familiar." *Adored one's mother*—"Yes; I am the woman who stood up before you for fourteen blocks in a street-car the other day while you sat reading a paper."—*New York Weekly.*

"Mr. Enjoor," said the church trustee to the pastor, "we are going to raise your salary the first of the year." "Indeed?" said the minister. "Yes; the congregation feels pretty poor this winter, but if we can't raise it all, we will, at least, raise some of it." And then he wondered why the minister did not seem overjoyed.—*Washington Evening Star.*

Mrs. Blinks—"Where in the world is Mr. Blinks's revolver? I forgot to take it from under his pillow this morning." *New girl* (a recent arrival)—"What's it like, mum?" *Mrs. Blinks*—"It's about so long, with a crook at one end, and it's bright, like silver." *New girl*—"I don't know, mum, unless it's that thing little Tommy is hammerin' tacks wid."—*Good News.*

Deserving Confidence.—There is no article which so richly deserves the entire confidence of the community as BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Those suffering from Asthmatic and Bronchial Diseases, Coughs, and Colds, should try them. Price 25 cents.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Bertini Concert.

Mlle. Nina Bertini gave a concert last Tuesday evening under the direction of Herr Joseph Hirschback, and assisted by Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Mr. Gustav Schultheiss, Mr. Hother Wismer, and Mr. Adolph Lada. The following programme was enjoyed by a large audience:

Scena ed aria, "Faust," Gounod, Mlle. Nini Bertini; 'cello solo, cavatina, A. Hügel, Mr. Adolph Lada; song, "Where e'er you walk," Handel, Mr. Donald de V. Graham; cavatina, "Una Voce" ("Barbiere di Siviglia"), Rossini, Mlle Nina Bertini; piano solo, sonata, C major, op. 53, *(1)* allegro con brio, *(2)* introduzione, adagio molto, *(3)* allegro moderato, Beethoven, Mr. Gustav Schultheiss; song, "Mach Auf," Dessauer, Mlle. Nina Bertini; songs, *(a)* "Noel," Augusta Holmes, *(b)* "Le sais tu," Massenet, Mr. Donald de V. Graham; violin, *(a)* elegie, Gade, *(b)* tarantella, Lauterbach, Mr. Hother Wismer; duo, from "Carmen," Bizet, Mlle. Nina Bertini and Mr. D. de V. Graham.

The Tolmie Piano Recital.

Mr. Robert Tolmie, the pianist, gave a recital last Wednesday evening in Steinway Hall. An appreciative audience was present and was well entertained by the following excellent programme:

Sonata, op. 31, No. 3, *(1)* allegro *(2)* scherzo *(3)* menuetto *(4)* presto con fuoco, Beethoven; *(a)* Gavotte, Bach-Saint Saëns, *(b)* Kreisleriana, *(c)* Aufschwung, Schumann, *(d)* Soirées de Vienne, Schubert-Liszt; *(a)* Andante in F, Beethoven, *(b)* Polonaise in A flat, *(c)* Berceuse, Chopin; *(a)* Octave Etude, Kullak, *(b)* Etude, Paganini-Liszt, *(c)* Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 12, Liszt.

The concerts to be given in this city by William H. Sherwood, the eminent pianist, are strictly limited to two, as Mr. Sherwood has Eastern engagements which imperatively call him away in a few days. The first will take place in Metropolitan Temple on Tuesday evening, January 12th, when the programme will include, among other numbers, Beethoven's sonata in C minor, op. 111; the "Royal Gaelic March," from Edgar S. Kelley's "Macbeth," arranged by Mr. Sherwood; and two of Mr. Sherwood's own compositions—all of which are new in this city. At the second concert, which will take place on Thursday afternoon, January 14th, at the same place, another interesting programme will be presented, the numbers new to San Francisco being Mr. Sherwood's "Medea," and a second minuet in B flat, composed by Mr. Sherwood's uncle, Edgar H. Sherwood, of Rochester, New York.

Mr. F. W. Ludovici will give his fourth Musical Sunday Afternoon of this series in Steinway Hall on January 10th. He has prepared an excellent programme, with a splendid array of artists, among whom are the Herrmann Brandt String Quartet, consisting of Messrs. Brandt, Josephs, Schmidt, and Heine; Miss Florence Fletcher, violinist; Miss Ada E. Weigel, pianist; and Mlle. Nina Bertini.

Mrs. Carmichael-Carr and Mr. Sigmund Beel will commence their new series of Saturday Popular Concerts on January 16th, in Irving Hall. The usual care will be exercised in the selection of programmes and they will have the assistance of some of our best local musicians.

Prof. John Henry Comstock, of the Leland Stanford Junior University, is giving a special course of instruction, by means of lectures and laboratory work, in the study of insects, at the university, which began January 4, 1892, and continuing three months. This course is free and open to any person interested in the subject who will do the work required, whether a member of the university or not. In addition to this general course, the week beginning February 15th, will be devoted to a series of popular lectures on "The Insects Injurious to Fruit in California," and to other matters important to the fruit-growers of the State. At the same time, a series of lectures on "Fruit-Growing" will be given by Mr. Emory E. Smith, of San Francisco, editor of the *California Fruit-Grower.* All persons interested are cordially invited to be present at these lectures.

Von Bülow, the pianist, who has been reported as seriously ill, was designed by his parents for a magistrate, and was educated at Leipsig and Dresden with that idea in view. But, as a child, he had shown great aptitude for music, and, being a warm admirer of Liszt, he ventured to seek that artist and ask for advice. Liszt perceived Von Bülow's talent quickly, took him for a pupil, and thus determined the youngster's career.

Polo, foot-ball, and hurdle-racing on skates are among the novelties that the Olympian Skating Rink in the Mechanics' Pavilion offers its patrons every evening.

— ETCHINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS MOUNTED OR bound in mats, neatly, quickly, and cheaply. Robt. R. Hill, 724½ Market St., room 21, near Kearny.

— COX'S GELATINE — 1725-1891 — CHECKERED packets only. The Original and Best Gelatine. Ask for new and large packet.

— "ONE MINUTE" PANCAKE MEAL MAKES THE cake. Try it.

Made with Boiling Water.
EPPS'S COCOA.
Made with Boiling Milk.

THE INNER MAN.

It is a somewhat general opinion that sleep suspends gastric activity, much as it suspends the action of the intellectual faculties. Hence the common objection to meals at late hours. This opinion is adopted by some medical writers. Says one writer: "During sleep the medullary centers relax their activity, digestive fluids are not secreted, and the movements of the stomach and intestines are slow, and almost, if not entirely, cease." The Boston *Medical and Surgical Journal* takes the opposite view. It says that the stomach and intestines continue their functions during sleep, though with lessened activity; that the secretions are not suspended; that all the essential functions continue to be exercised; that while there is a diminished activity of the secreting glands, yet in healthful persons these organs are still adequate to their work, as is proved by the fact that many persons can eat a full meal on going to bed, sleep soundly, and be ready for another meal on waking. It is true, at the same time, that many persons who take late meals suffer from restlessness and wakefulness. This result, however, may not be due entirely to the eating of a late supper, but to the fact that the digestive system has already been overtaxed, perhaps habitually, by eating too much or too rapidly, by eating food naturally difficult of digestion, or food that has been made so by bad cooking, or by eating when harassed with care, or with overtaxed brains, that were drawing to themselves the nervous energy needed by the stomach. Persons who have offended against nature in such ways had better forego the supper entirely, and give brain, stomach, and intestines a chance to recuperate their nervous energy. So, too, if one can not get the muscular exercise so essential to vigorous digestion, it might be well to take only a simple lunch at noon, and a full, but not excessive, meal at night. As to men whose habits in life secure them a vigorous, normal digestion, they need take no particular care about their food. Some persons, as the above quoted journal says, need food that "stands by" one, such as baked beans and pork, boiled beef and cabbage, and mince-pie. Such persons sleep well despite their hearty fare.

It is an undoubted fact that the serving of many and heavy wines at large dinners is gradually becoming a thing of the past (writes George W. Childs in the *Ladies' Home Journal*). Of course, I do not mean that wines are no longer served, for they are, and will continue to be, so long as civilized men consider them a feature of dinners. But I do mean that of the varieties of wine there are fewer, of the quantities less, and of the qualities lighter, than was the custom ten years ago. Were I preparing for a large dinner for men—which is always, from the nature of things, more heavily wined than an ordinary "mixed" dinner—I should not think it in the least degree necessary to order anything like the same amount or assortment of wines that would have been imperative a few years ago. And in extenuation of the statement that the qualities of the wines served are becoming lighter, the simple fact that, at the average English dinner-table, port has been almost entirely superseded by claret, may be cited. It is also becoming a very ordinary thing, at English dinners, to meet prominent men who do not drink wines of any kind, and in our country this is, also, becoming more and more a fact. Of course, a dinner must have fluids; the best of solids require some liquids with which to relish them, and a dinner would be but wasted energy and material without them. But I think it is no longer imperative to serve wines, or, at least, we can serve with them some other beverage which will be of equal pleasure to the constantly increasing set of people who find that wining and dining together is rather too heavy a combination for their comfort.

The *Spectator's* aspiration for a new meat has drawn down upon it the wrath of the *Vegetarian.* If it is imagined that a diet of herbs renders us spiritless and deficient in honest indignation, let him read what that excellent periodical has to say against the desire for "flesh meats." One must confess that the term has not a pleasant sound. We shrink from the best Westphalia ham when it is recommended by one of the Chosen Race as "swine's flesh." One must say for the *Vegetarian* that it has not only the courage of its opinions, but possesses the art of putting those of its antagonists in a very unattractive light. With remorseless finger, it traces the brief history of the sirloin back to the slaughter-house. But as temperance requires for its triumph above all things a palatable drink, so vegetarianism demands dainty dishes. Man, in his present imperfect state, is greatly governed by his palate. A dinner of herbs where love is, is better, we are told (under certain conditions), than the stalled ox, but it requires to be exceptionally well cooked; a herb omelet, when it is not good, is very bad. Vegetables require quite as careful handling as "flesh meats," and they do not always get it. In the way of eating, no revolution, we may be sure, will ever be effected, unless the proposed substitutes are nice.

The pepsin sold in the drug-stores is the veritable product of an animal stomach, and generally of the stomach of the hog. One factory in New York has the oddest method of preparing the article that ever entered into the human mind. A number of perfectly healthy hogs are fattened for market, and for thirty-six hours before killing-time are deprived of all food, not even being allowed a drop of water. Then the trough from which they are accustomed to eat is covered with strong wire-netting, and the most appetizing slops and hog delicacies, smoking hot, are poured into the trough. The fumes ascend with grateful fragrance to the porcine nostrils, the hogs all run to the trough and stand over it, ravenous with hunger, squealing and fighting with each other for a chance to get at the food. The iron-netting prevents them from tasting the food, and while they are still thinking about the matter they are killed, and their stomachs being taken out are found perfectly full of gastric juice, from which the pepsin is prepared.

It is said (Blätter f. Klin. Hydrotherapie, 1891, No. 4) that disease of the heart is very prevalent in Munich, where the consumption of beer amounts, on the average, to 565 litres per head annually; and in the same place the duration of life among the brewing trade is shorter than that of the general population. While the average attained among the latter is 53.5 years, that of ale-house keepers is 51.35 years, and of brewers 43.33 years. The same note adds that for the whole of Germany the annual consumption of beer per head amounts to 88 litres, but for Bavaria it is 209 litres.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.
RELIEVES INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, ETC.

Lee Lash's picture of "Morning Prayer at the Old People's Home," which is now being exhibited at the Bijou Theatre for the benefit of the Old People's Home, will add much to the artist's fame. It has been greatly admired, and the throng of spectators has been so constant that it will probably remain on exhibition for some time yet.

— DR. H. G. YOUNG,
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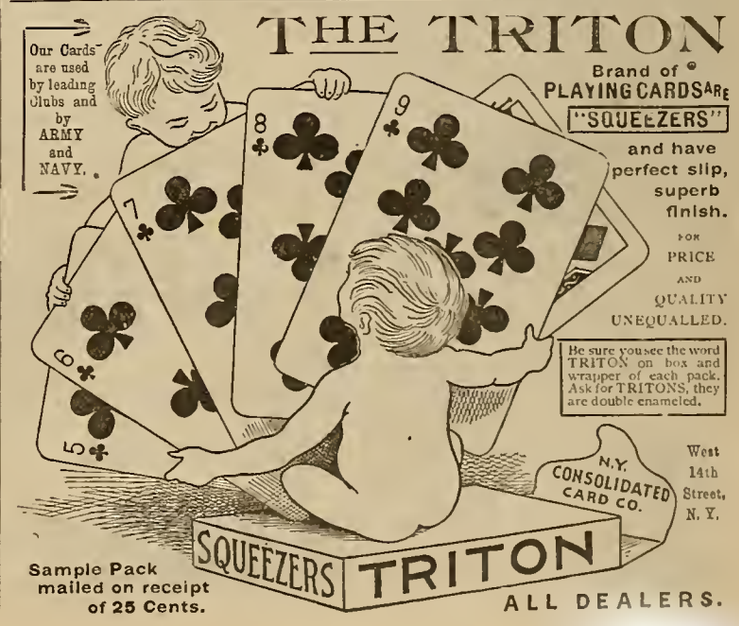

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The Argonaut

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supplying; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

Br'er Dana, of the New York *Sun*, is a thorn in the flesh to Cleveland and his devoted admirers, the Mugwumps. In one of his recent lectures to the New England Mugwumps, he thus paid his respects to the Boston *Herald*, which is one of the leading exponents of Mugwumpism:

"The aversion of the Mugwumps to Governor Hill has never had a more ludicrous manifestation than in the opinion of one of the ablest of their organs, the Boston *Herald*, that they would rather vote for Mr. Blaine than for him. Mr. Blaine was their innocent founder. It was the recoil from Mr. Blaine as the unspeakable sin and the sum of all villainies that produced the Mugwumps. They hated Mr. Blaine, because he was the most popular and successful member of his party, a politician of genius, who sought the advancement of the principles of his party, and interpreted and represented faithfully the convictions of a majority of its members. Naturally the esoteric kickers transferred their uncomfortable support to Grover Cleveland, whose exaggerated egoism and unequaled capacity for getting his party into trouble filled their souls with admiration, and fill them yet."

Dana also takes up the Boston *Post*, which he says is "ringing the alarm-bell, trying to rouse the faithful in Massachusetts to the necessity of rallying around the vast periphery of the Stuffed Prophet." After quoting the *Post's* advice to get up Cleveland demonstrations, and form Cleveland clubs, and hack Cleveland liberally, Dana says:

"This is not merely good, it is great. The mind's eye sees the Mugwumps of Massachusetts waiting and watching, their ears flapped upon the ground. The suggestion that the committees should be 'liberally hacked,' however, smacks of the ungodly. Is money needed to spread the worship of the Convex Oracle of Buzzard's Bay? Shall the methods of Quay and Dudley, the weapons of the unregenerate, Philistine, partisan, and un-Mugwump world be used to advertise the greatest statesman, in waist measurement, whom this generation has seen? No, no!"

These extracts from the *Sun* have been given not merely because they are amusing, but because they indicate a dissension in the ranks of the Democratic party, which can not be healed in time to assist that party in the campaign of 1892. Beneath Dana's hostility to Cleveland and his satire of the Mugwumps, it is easy to detect an under-current of opinion of the hopelessness of the Democratic fight next year, and it must be remembered that Charles A. Dana has been in public and political life a great many years, and that his judgment is not to be despised.

If, however, there are those who want some more convincing testimony than Dana's assertions or implications, all they need do is to use their own eyes, and they will see the discordant condition in which the Democratic party finds itself. Congress is now in the second month of the session, and yet the overwhelming Democratic majority is afraid to do anything. There is a tremendous split in the party on the question of free coinage, the West and the East being as far apart on the question as are the poles.

Even on such a question as the formulation of rules for the conduct of the House of Representatives absolutely nothing has been done. The House is proceeding upon a general understanding of the rules which ordinarily govern legislative bodies, which it may be remarked, in passing, was a leading count in the indictment against Speaker Reed and the Republican party at the first session of the preceding Congress. The fact is that all the sensible men on the Democratic side of the House would be glad to adopt the Reed rules, but the one-termers, who live in mortal dread of their constituents and who are trying to make what they imagine to be a record, are afraid to take the plain and sensible way, and so the House is divided on the question and is lumbering along without any rules.

Even on the subject of tariff reform there is little likelihood of agreement. When Roger Q. Mills wrote his sore-headed letter to his Texas constituent, after his defeat for speaker, he told some plain truths, though not in a very good-natured way. He said:

"The blow to me is much less severe than it is to the Democratic party. The authors of my defeat must be rebuked by the Democratic party, or a large element that has been voting with us will abandon us in the coming struggle. The defeat of one man is nothing, but the defeat of a great cause is everything."

It is unquestionably true that the defeat of Mills was an abandonment of the supposed well-defined position of the Democratic party on the tariff, and it is hard to see how even a truce can be arranged between the free-traders, whom Mills represents, and the expediency men and semi-protectionists, for whom Crisp stands.

Taking the present situation into careful consideration, it seems impossible that the Democratic party can elect its candidate for the Presidency next year. In 1888, there was but one candidate on whom the party was united, and who received the unanimous support of the Mugwumps, and yet he was defeated. This year, Cleveland can not receive a unanimous nomination, if he can be nominated at all, and he certainly will not be if Hill can prevent it. On the other hand, if Tammany and the machine in New York are powerful enough to give Hill the nomination, he will drive the Mugwumps to the support of the Republican candidate, even though it should be Blaine.

Nor is the party any happier as to its choice of measures than of men. The success of the McKinley Bill, with its reciprocity provisions, has cut the ground from beneath the feet of the free-traders. The pro-silver and anti-silver men are hiting their thumbs at each other as they pass—the one faction asserting that Wall Street and foreign gold want to dominate the United States; the other, that the financial policy of the West is only a renaissance of the wild-cat banks and worthless money of half a century ago. The party, as to its policy, is about as much muddled as the darkey who decided that if the broad and straight road led to perdition and the straight and broad road to damnation, he would take to the woods. After mature consideration, the Democratic party will, we think, be forced to take to the woods.

The report of Mr. John Swett, superintendent of common schools in this city, presented to the board of education at the first meeting of the new-year, offers some figures which, however familiar the lesson they teach may be, can not but give serious concern to all who are interested in the progress of popular education. Mr. Swett shows that the average daily attendance, in the first month of the school year—from July 14th to August 7th—was 34,808, and for the fifth month, ending December 4th, only 32,563, a falling off of 2,245, or a reduction of 6.4 per cent. in five months. In explanation, the superintendent says:

"Why the schools should be crowded at the beginning of the school year and then should be so rapidly thinned out, is a fact not easy to be explained. The records for several years past show a similar falling off. It is, perhaps, partly owing to the prevalence of diphtheria and measles among the children as the long dry season is drawing to a close. There seems to be some reason for supposing that many pupils drop out because they are unable to keep up in the new grades to which they are promoted."

No doubt the causes mentioned by Mr. Swett contribute somewhat to the result, but they are obviously inadequate to account for the persistent phenomenon of stationary or even retrogressive school attendance in a rapidly growing city. There were more children enrolled in our public schools in 1885 (43,926) than there were in 1890 (42,926)—this, too, although we have more school-houses, more teachers, a larger populated area, and, of course, a great increase of children of school age in San Francisco. Mr. Swett, being a prudent man, imitates the press in blinking what he and everybody else, who is informed upon the subject, knows to be the predominating reason for this peculiar condition of things—the activity of the Roman Church in promoting the growth of its parochial schools. The comparatively large attendance on the public schools at the opening period, and the steady diminution from month to month toward the close is, aside from all the factors mentioned by Mr. Swett, indicative of the never-ceasing struggle on the part of many Catholic parents, between their desire to give their children an American education and their respect for the authority of the church. By no class in the community is a higher value placed on education than by such parents, who in great part are Europeans of the peasant class, and having themselves been deprived of schooling, they are for that reason all the more ardently, and worthily, ambitious for their offspring. Moreover, they are usually poor, and attendance on the public schools costs nothing, whereas tuition at the parochial schools must be paid for. Much more closely than members of the board of education, teachers, editors, or anybody else, the authorities of the Roman Church scan the rolls of the public schools, and at the beginning of each season, when such rolls are made public, the organized work of attacking them begins. The priest has admission to every Catholic household as a visitor, more honored and feared than any other. His voice is that of command rather than of persuasion, and it is his official duty to see to it that the children of the

members of his flock shall not be permitted to stray to the pastures of secular, "godless" education, but be safely herded in the parochial paddocks. Even when Catholic parents have become sufficiently enlightened not to dread the priest as one clothed with a supernatural authority, they yet live in a social atmosphere charged with Romanism, which is not easy to breathe for those who presume to run counter to the wishes of the church. Life is made exceedingly unpleasant for those who enroll their children as pupils of the public schools. If pious, they do so with the consciousness of risking excommunication and eternal damnation; if not pious, they incur the cold looks of Catholic friends and neighbors.

The hostility of the Roman Church to our public-school system is too deep-seated and pervasive to be concealed or explained away by the occasional priest or prelate, who, either sincerely or from motives of policy, makes contrary profession. Bishop Hennessy, of Dubuque, Ia., in a recent public address, well expressed the Romanist view of State education when he said:

"My fears are not at all lessened when I see a mammoth institution stretching over the land from ocean to ocean, in every district, every city, every ward; supported by wealth untold . . . sometimes in the hands of men who are selfish and unscrupulous . . . holding our little ones wholesale, soon after they have left their cradles, and that, with the consent of their deluded parents, even under the protest of God's church . . . sending them forth into the wicked world with their passions untouched and untamed, and with an intellect that longs to gratify those passions. . . . To rescue these little ones out of the grasp of *that monster* is our work."

And that work is nowhere prosecuted more sedulously than in California. It is prosecuted, too, with all possible secrecy, and with an unscrupulousness which betokens the sort of moral training that children receive in the parochial schools, for the church does not hesitate at concealment and falsehood to delay the day when the American spirit will be roused to the dangers of the situation and offer battle to this stealthy and unpatriotic undermining of the State's schools. The Federal census for 1890 gives the total number of "private pupils" in California as 17,720. The census marshals could find but 7,123 "parochial children" in the whole State, which is sufficient proof that the marshals went to the priests for their information. It is probable that there are more than 7,123 children in daily attendance upon the parochial schools of San Francisco alone. These schools make no report to the State, and the church has fully demonstrated its power to prevent the school marshals from giving the public any definite information as to the progress of parochial education. The board of education has no official knowledge of the number of pupils in parochial schools; that knowledge is studiously withheld by the church. The local situation has not altered essentially since the taking of the school census in May last. That census showed a total of 62,456 children of school age in the city—43,626 enrolled in the public and 9,883 in the private schools. This leaves 8,947 children unaccounted for, but who are presumed to be running at large, in defiance of the compulsory education law. While 43,626 children were enrolled as public-school pupils, the average attendance was only 31,809, a difference of 11,817. These figures of attendance and missing give us an army of over 20,000 non-public-school children, some few of whom are in non-sectarian private schools, but most of them either in the parochial schools of the city or obtaining a Catholic education on the streets.

The people of San Francisco are derelict in their duty. A board of education should be elected that would not be afraid of the Roman Church. Such a board of education would require an enumeration of the children in attendance on that church's schools, and such a board would refuse to elect a Catholic to the position of teacher in the common schools so long as Catholicism means enmity to the system. We need, furthermore, a legislature which would give the priesthood to understand that this is a portion of the United States, by enacting that all private schools of whatever nature, which assume the task of educating future American citizens, shall open their doors freely to the proper officials of the public-school department, submit their text-books to them, render sworn reports as to attendance, and in all ways consider themselves as a part of the State's school system. There is the clearest constitutional right for such action on the legislature's part, but so long as the Roman Church evinces an unsleeping interest in politics, organizes its priesthood and laity for the maintenance of its special, educational, and other privileges, and encounters no organized public sentiment in opposition to its un-American activities, it is not likely that California will have the kind of legislature, or San Francisco the kind of board of education, which the circumstances call for. From the daily press, of course, nothing is to be expected, save abject subservience to the power of the Roman Church.

On the sixteenth of November last, the *Argonaut*, commenting upon the session of the Transcontinental Association, which had just been held in New York, called attention to the fact that a dispute had arisen which threatened the disintegration of the association, the bone of contention at that time being the subsidy to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. The Northern Pacific, the Canadian Pacific, and other roads, with which the Pacific Mail did not come into direct competition, objected to paying any portion of the subsidy, and so far carried their point that the best that could be done was to make a provisional agreement to remain in force until the next meeting, which was fixed for the present month. It was clear at that time, as the *Argonaut* said, that the Transcontinental Association was held together only by ropes of sand.

Mr. J. C. Stubbs, of the Southern Pacific Company, has hastened to the meeting of the Transcontinental Association to look out for the interests of his company. Mr. Stubbs has acquired a great reputation as the reconciler of the irreconcilable, and he is charged with the task of persuading the Canadian Pacific and the Northern Pacific that their best interests lie in the direction of combination with the other roads, even though it involve a large annual subsidy to the Pacific Mail Company, which transportation agency does not, and can not, affect directly the business of those roads.

Mr. Stubbs will not have an easy task. The Canadian Pacific, about a week ago, renewed its old differentials from all points east of San Francisco, which means, in the vernacular, that it has dug up the hatchet which was buried a year ago and threatens a rate war. The Canadian Pacific is not hampered by any interstate commerce laws, and it can take freight for this city, if it chooses so to do, at rates below the tariff to its own Canadian terminus on the Pacific Coast.

Following this announcement, came a notification to the chairman of the Transcontinental Association from the Northern Pacific, saying that unless the obnoxious differentials are withdrawn, the Northern Pacific will step out of the association and make any rates it pleases on California freights, both east and west-bound. It will, therefore, be a portion of Mr. Stubbs's duty to reconcile both the Canadian Pacific and the Northern Pacific to the Transcontinental Association, and this will be a matter of difficulty, since these roads are mutually antagonistic. The Canadian Pacific can be restored to its allegiance only by concessions to which the Northern Pacific is bitterly opposed.

Is it probable, then, that this city will really have genuine railroad competition, and that rates of fare and freight will be reduced in consequence? Such would seem to be the outlook; but we must not be too sanguine. All the railroad companies are actuated by a common purpose—that of getting as much as they can out of the public for the least amount of service possible; and it has been shown, again and again, that they can adjust their differences, no matter how irreconcilable they may appear, if the rule of "all the traffic will bear" is threatened seriously. They unite against the public in the face of what they consider a common danger.

It is for this reason that San Francisco must not rely too strongly on the hope of the Transcontinental Association going to pieces. Unless the Canadian Pacific and the Northern Pacific think they can see more profit in independence than in pooling, they will renew the compact.

But whatever may be the future of the Transcontinental Association, this city holds the key of her destiny in her own hands. She can disregard the agreements or disagreements of the railroad companies when once she has a steamship line under her own control between San Francisco and New York, for then it will be her turn to dictate terms, instead of having to accept such as are thrust upon her.

George W. Dickie, whose proposed plan for a line of steamships plying between San Francisco and New York had received some adverse criticism, read a paper in his own defense last week before the Technical Society, in which he elaborated the technical elements of the subject and gave reasons for the adoption of his plan. It is probable that his figures of profit were too high, but inasmuch as Captain Merry, his chief critic, admitted that such a line would pay from six to eight per cent. a year, it is evident that the investment would be, at least, an entirely safe one.

There is one consideration which has not been dwelt upon, we think, as fully as it deserves in the discussion of this important subject, and it is this: When the Nicaragua Canal is completed, as it certainly will be, and in a short time if the United States guarantees the interest on the bonds, this city must have a line of steamers between here and New York. The arguments are in favor of a line of whaleback steamers via the Nicaragua Canal, since they are cheap to build and operate and are desirable freight-carriers. Why not build our steamers now and run them by the Straits of Magellan until the canal is completed? Whether Mr. Dickie's steamers be better, or the whalebacks be better, may be left to be determined by actual experiment. The point is that here is a business which will pay fair interest on the investment now, and which can be increased at once upon the completion of the Nicaragua Canal. What better argument could there be for the construction of a steamship line at once?

Here, then, to sum up, is the situation in a nutshell. It is not safe for San Francisco to rely upon the dissolution of the Transcontinental Association. She can make herself independent of the railroad companies by constructing steamships which she must have when the Nicaragua Canal is finished, and which can be run at a profit so soon as they are completed. Such a line would bring the railroads to terms, on the one hand, and would secure a call on the business of the Nicaragua Canal, on the other. Is this not reason enough to warrant the Traffic Association in taking steps at once to build and equip a line of ocean steamships, and to induce the business men of this city and State to aid and encourage such an enterprise?

Another American girl has fallen a victim to the craze for foreign alliances. The victim in this case is a Miss Miller, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; the happy man who irradiated this poor little American plebeian with the halo of aristocracy is Frederick George Barton, who said he was an officer of the British Engineers and connected with the nobility. He produced letters of introduction to prove his statements. Before all the letters were shown to be forgeries, but after some of them had been found out, Frederick George wooed and won his divinity, who threw her fair person and a rather substantial purse into his arms. He took her to England, and planted her in a snug home—for which she paid—at Tunbridge Wells. Soon afterwards, a number of burglaries at Tunbridge Wells attracted the attention of the police, and a brief investigation established the fact that the new-comer was the burglar. He was duly arrested and his record looked up. It turned out that he had spent many of his thirty-four years in jail; that he had been six times convicted of burglary or robbery; and that he was actually a ticket-of-leave man at the time he became the husband of Miss Miller. He was so incorrigible a rascal that the police assumed all his associates to be suspicious characters, and they held his wife in custody until they satisfied themselves that she was not also a professional.

To think that this fellow could impose himself on Brooklyn's "best society" as an officer and a gentleman, and that no one suspected under his smooth manner the burglar and the convict! If he had been an American, his story and his manner would have been scrutinized so closely that he would probably have been detected; but being an Englishman, allied to the British aristocracy, everybody took his word for what he was. We had in this city, not very long ago, an adventurer of precisely the same type, who wormed his way into some of our best houses, and was only found out when he took wing, with the money of his male friends, and some of the jewels of the fair creatures who invited him to their afternoon teas.

The bankering after foreign aristocrats is getting to be positively a monomania. Yet English noblemen, as a rule, do not outshine plebeians, either in manners, or education, or morals. They are quite often coarse, ignorant, and ill-bred. Their behavior supplies no guarantee that they would treat a wife kindly, or that they would show her decent respect. Of course a man, who is a gentleman, is none the less a gentleman because he happens to have a handle to his name. But the handle is no presumptive evidence of gentlemanly instincts. The very man who is now Duke of Devonshire, and who was Lord Hartington, behaved so infamously at a ball in New York that he was publicly insulted by a guest, and would have been kicked down-stairs, but for the intervention of the late August Belmont.

As to morals, if De Brett should catalogue the recent sins of the British nobility with their titles, the chronicle would rival Suetonius's record of the twelve Cæsars. One of the proudest peers in England, the Duke of Sutherland, deserted his own wife for the wife of a game-keeper—a raw-boned Scotchwoman. The Duke of Rutland took the wife of Captain Miles, of the Lancers, to live with him, the captain being perfectly aware of the fact. The Earl of Clancarty married a concert-hall Venus, who had been on the most intimate terms with himself and others, and when his father stopped his allowance, lived on her salary from the concert-hall. The life of the Duchess of Fife, whose son married the Prince of Wales's daughter, was one long scandal; his sister used to show herself intoxicated in Rotten Row, and, finally, eloped with her coachman. Another titled lady who gets drunk is Lady Zouche, who left her husband long ago with young Lord Mayo, and now constantly figures in the police courts as "a plain drunk." The Duke of Marlborough—not wholly unknown in New York—acknowledged the paternity of a child borne in Paris by Lady Aylesford, whose husband was steeped in debauchery in London, and lately died of his excesses in Texas. The Earl of Berkeley, having two children by a woman to whom he was not married, and desiring that the elder of the two should succeed to his title, swore that he had married his mistress, and produced a certificate of marriage, with the

signatures of witnesses; the House of Lords decided last year that the signatures were forgeries and that the earl had forged them. It is impossible, in a paper which is read by ladies, even to hint at the details of the Colin Campbell case, the Lord Russell case, or the Cleveland Street abomination, in which a score of noblemen in England were implicated. Nor are continental Europeans much better. The little frolics of the Prince of Monaco, who has lately been entertained by the Prince of Wales, would seem peculiar in a plebeian. This prince married the sister of the Duke of Hamilton, a lady of remarkable beauty of form. He invited a party of boon companions to his castle, and diverted them by contriving that they should in a body surprise the Princess of Monaco in her bath.

If these are the leaders of European aristocracy—and no greater names than those mentioned are to be found in the peerage—what can be expected of those minor sprigs of gentry and nobility who come here, are welcomed into our best families, and wind up with marrying the daughter of the house?

An American girl had better remain single if the only alternative is a foreign alliance. The condition of the great houses of Europe, royal and noble, is the fruit of inbreeding. They have intermarried with each other for so many generations that the original fibre—the manhood, the intelligence, the sense of principle, which won the original title—has been worn out. The posterity of the great men of the past are stupid, ignorant, and debauched. They have lost their money, among other things, and they try to recoup themselves by marrying American girls. An American father who assists them to carry out their scheme has only himself to blame when his daughter comes back to him, broken in health and spirit, and more or less tainted by the air she has breathed in her conjugal home.

On the whole, perhaps Miss Miller is fortunate that, instead of marrying into the British nobility, she married an industrious and energetic British burglar.

The River Improvement Convention, called to meet in Sacramento on the fifteenth instant, ought to have important results for the State. It convenes in pursuance of an invitation extended by Secretary Marsden Manson, of the convention held a year ago, to the boards of supervisors of Shasta, Tehama, Colusa, Glenn, Butte, Sutter, Yuba, Yolo, Solano, Sacramento, Placer, San Joaquin, Sonoma, San Francisco, Contra Costa, Merced, Fresno, and Stanislaus Counties. Each of these eighteen boards has been empowered to appoint not less than ten delegates. The convention of 1890 sent to Washington a delegation to urge upon the River and Harbor Committee of Congress an appropriation commensurate with the needs of the rivers of California. The lack of detailed plans and estimates, by the engineering department of the United States, upon which alone Congress can act, delayed adequate response. It was directed, however, that the Secretary of War procure a proper examination of our water-ways, and, accordingly, a board of engineers was appointed. This board, together with the one previously existing charged with the duty of studying the debris problem, reported in favor of an opening appropriation of seven hundred and twenty thousand dollars for the improvement of interior navigation. The present convention has for its purpose the securing of this appropriation, and the adoption by Congress of a permanent policy of improvement.

The committee which the present convention will, no doubt, dispatch to the capital, could not further its objects better than by endeavoring to induce the senators and representatives of the several Pacific Coast States, all of which need appropriations, to join forces and make common cause. There would be no politics in such a union, and it would have encouraging precedents. The congressmen from the South before the war were able, by standing together, to protect slavery, and those of New England, from the beginning of the government, have held together as closely for appropriations as for the old flag in the hour of danger. Consequently, though New England is no more numerously represented in the Senate than is the Pacific Slope, she is much more influential there. If Senators Stanford and Felton, of California, Mitchell and Dolph, of Oregon, Squire and Allen, of Washington, Jones and Stewart, of Nevada, Sanders and Power, of Montana, and Warren and Carey, of Wyoming, combined, they would be as puissant in the body as are the twelve senators of New England. Reinforced by the twelve representatives of their States, they could accomplish twenty times over what they now do by acting without much reference to one another, and taking too narrow a view of their duties and opportunities. Whatever helps to develop any portion of the great empire lying west of the Missouri River, necessarily inures to the welfare of the whole.

The Pacific Slope has not had its fair share of Federal attention. The coast-line of California, Washington, and Oregon is equal to that from Maine to Georgia on the Atlantic side. Those Eastern States have had appropriations for river and harbor improvements, coast defense, light-houses, navy-yards, etc., aggregating about two hundred millions of dollars, or more than twice the amount estimated as necessary to build the Nicaragua Canal, while since California became a State, in 1850, she, together with Oregon and Washington, have received from the Federal Government, for all purposes, not above twenty-five millions of dollars. There is no portion of the Union which better deserves the appropriation attention of Congress than this comparatively neglected West Coast. It is new, and, as almost everything has yet to be done, the older sections, which already have been so favored, could, without reason for complaint, be required to wait until fresher and more urgent needs had been supplied. The rivers of California demand this especially. As has already been shown to Congress—and will be again and again, till the facts are realized—we of California have a coast-line fronting the commerce of Asia, Australia, and the islands of the Pacific, with tributary and naval possibilities to the southward as well, which merits Federal solicitude quite as pointedly as the equal line reaching from Cape Cod to Savannah. In length, the Sacramento River is the equivalent of the Potomac and Susquehannah Rivers combined, and the San Joaquin is equal to the Roanoke and James. A river, taking its rise on the south-western border of New York State, winding through Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, and having its mouth in Chesapeake Bay, would be the equivalent of our Sacramento. Another river, having its source on the western edge of South Carolina, flowing through that State and North Carolina and Virginia, would be the counterpart of the San Joaquin.

The Sacramento convention at its last session recommended the following programme:

First—A permanent yearly appropriation, not to exceed $25,000, for the improvement and conservation of the channels and banks, by the use of a snag-boat and crew on the Sacramento River, above the city of Sacramento.

Second—A specific appropriation of $275,000 for the removal of obstructions in the lower Sacramento, and $25 000 for the closure of Jacobs Slough on the east bank of the Sacramento River, above the city of Sacramento.

Third—A specific appropriation of $300,000 for the improvement of the Yuba River, near and above Marysville, and to retain the mining debris there.

Fourth—A specific annual appropriation of $20,000 for the improvement of the navigable channel of the Feather River.

There are also recommended: For the San Joaquin, an appropriation of $136 750; for the Mokelumne, $9,100; and for Petaluma Creek, $30,000.

That is a programme which covers the rivers only. Our harbors, fortifications, navy-yard, the gun-foundry proposed by Senator Stanford, and suggested public buildings—these are all objects demanding the combined action of our delegation in Congress. The needs of the other five Pacific States are familiar to their representatives, and it ought not to be difficult to bring about combination for action when there is community of interest. This is peculiarly true now that the various delegations are of the same political complexion as the Senate and administration. All the senators from California, Oregon, Washington, Nevada, Wyoming, and Colorado are Republicans, and of the twelve representatives, ten are Republican. But, as we have said, politics do not enter into this matter. The Pacific Slope needs appropriations, and her people will be a unit in support of all proper efforts put forth by their congressmen to secure them. A band of twenty-four men, working as one, could achieve wonders in Congress.

The adoption of the policy of reciprocity, in connection with the McKinley tariff, is all the time bearing good fruit. The first of January, 1892, was appointed as the date on which the President was to issue proclamation of the countries which had entered into the plan, and all that had not by that date were excluded from its prescribed interchange of products, free of duty. Up to that date Brazil, Cuba, Porto Rico, Costa Rica, Santo Domingo, and the British West Indies had concluded treaties of reciprocity with the United States. Similar treaties are pending with Mexico, Guatemala, San Salvador, Colombia, Venezuela, Peru, and Ecuador. Partial arrangements have been made with Germany and France, not yet definitely concluded, by which the two great European nations admit American pork. Germany has been allowed to import sugar free of duty, and France to derive benefits yet to be determined upon. The duties will be restored on sugar, molasses, tea, coffee, hides, and other stated products, imported from foreign countries, which had not, up to January 1st, entered upon reciprocal trade relations by treaty. The German Reichstag will assemble February 7th, when it is expected that definite action will be taken. Meantime, the duty on German beet-sugar may be restored and continued until a reciprocal treaty shall be concluded. Similar conditions apply to every other country. The President, who is empowered by Congress to that end, can not take cognizance of any country in relation to reciprocity unless a treaty to that effect has been duly ratified. The draft of a treaty has been submitted, between the United States and Mexico, which will probably pass into effect within a few weeks. Of the South American countries, Chile and the Argentine Republic are not expected to enter into treaties, on account of the peculiar condition of domestic affairs in each—the existing trouble with Chile and the bankrupt situation in the Argentine, Bolivia, and Uruguay, likewise, are not contemplated in the scheme of reciprocity, but the trade of these two countries with the United States is of small importance—that from Uruguay being mostly of hides, and that of Bolivia, since she has been deprived of her nitrate-beds, of no real account. From Venezuela, which is mainly governed by British interests, upward of ten thousand pounds of coffee were imported into the United States last year, free of duty, but henceforth duty will be levied unless a treaty of reciprocity shall be concluded. Brazil, with which a treaty has been ratified, will derive the benefit from this, as she is favored by free duty on her imports of coffee and is the largest shipper of the product to this country. The tariff on coffee is three cents per pound, and the total per annum thus derived by Brazil amounts to a very important item of trade and revenue. Dutiable sugar is subjected to a tariff of about one and one-half cents per pound; molasses, of four cents per gallon; hides, of one and one-half cents per pound. As these are the principal products of the South American states, for export, the amounts annually involved in duties levied and in reciprocity bear a very important relation to the revenues. It is fair to assume, accordingly, that, in brief time, all those countries will come into the reciprocal scheme—at least every one of them with which the United States will care to deal. Canada is manifestly anxious to enter into the scheme, but she is trammeled with the imperial connection with England, and until this shall be dissolved, or materially modified, reciprocity with Canada will not be effected. During its operation for the year and more since the passage of the law, reciprocity has so much commended itself to foreign nations—the states of Central America, of South America, and the islands of the West Indies, also some of the countries of Europe—as to cause reasonable hope that in time it will largely prevail with the nations that hold commercial relations with the United States. It assures trade and yields profit to all.

A squad of Russian-Poles, immigrants and destitute, came overland from the Atlantic a few days ago, to settle in Merced County. Some of them were absolutely penniless. Undoubtedly they were "assisted" immigrants, of the class that are by law prohibited. It appears, however, that the Immigration Law, as it is administered, is inadequate to the requirement. It devolves upon the Congress now in session to make a law that shall be effective, and the authority to appoint officers whose duty it shall be to enforce the law should take especial care in this respect. The whole country is disgusted with the lax administration of the law, by which prohibited immigration is continually pouring into the country from Europe, mainly of non-English-speaking nationalities, and the worst of these—paupers, diseased, loathsome, the riffraff and scurf of cities, vicious and criminal—who rarely work, and, after a few months in this country, are public charges, in poor-houses and hospitals or in prisons.

On January 2d, an interview with Secretary Tracy appeared in the New York *World*, over the signature of Julian Hawthorne. Mr. Tracy was thus reported:

"Secretary Tracy said, slowly, emphasizing his words: 'You may say this: Four months from the time those sailors were killed at Valparaiso, if we had declared war, Chile would have had our Pacific Coast entirely at her mercy. With the ships she has, together with those that will be ready shortly, she could have done anything she pleased with us.'"

It is needless to remark that such a statement, coming from such a high official, amazed the country. But on January 13th, the New York *Herald* interviewed the Secretary, with this result:

"Secretary Tracy desires to have it known that he did not say, as he has been widely quoted as saying, that the naval strength of Chile is greater than that of the United States. 'What I did say,' remarked the Secretary, 'was that I believed Chile was ambitious to maintain a stronger naval power in the Pacific than any other nation, and that, if there had been no war in that country, and she had not lost her ships, and if the three new ships constructed for her in Europe were out, she could have done anything she pleased with our Pacific squadron. I was not speaking, however, of our naval strength as a whole, for the reason that our Pacific and Atlantic squadrons combined are much larger and more powerful than the Chilean fleet.'"

On another occasion Mr. Julian Hawthorne appeared as a reporter, when he interviewed Mr. James Russell Lowell, who expressed himself with freedom on certain persons and topics, not knowing his remarks were to be published. When his utterances appeared in print, Mr. Lowell was much incensed, and repudiated the interview.

On this reappearance of Mr. Hawthorne as a reporter, he has again caused a sensation, but again an unfortunate one. If Mr. Hawthorne were to transfer some of the realism from his novels to his interviews, and some of the romance from his interviews to his novels, the combination would be a happy one.

TWO SOLDIERS' WIVES.

A Stirring Story of the "Terrible Year."

This extraordinary episode took place shortly after Bourbaki's defeat in the Eastern provinces. His decimated and exhausted army had, after a terrible campaign, taken refuge in Switzerland, the brevity of the struggle alone saving some hundred thousand men from certain death. Hunger, the fearfully cold weather, and the forced marches through the snow-covered mountain-paths, had more particularly affected the *francs-tireurs* thrown out as forlorn hopes, without tents or provisions, with the vanguard when it was advancing toward Belfort, or with the rear when it retreated in the direction of the Jura Mountains. Our little troop—which, on the first of January, numbered twelve hundred men—had dwindled down to two-and-twenty emaciated, tattered scarecrows by the time we reached the Swiss territory. Here, at last, were rest and peace; and, greeted by the inhabitants with kindly sympathy, we received every care and attention. Life seemed to spring afresh in us, and even those who, before the war, had been rich and happy, declared that creature comforts had never seemed so precious till then. Just fancy, we ate every day and slept every night!

War, however, was still raging in the eastern district of France, which, by some oversight, had not been included in the armistice. Besançon continued to present a bold front to the enemy, who retaliated by devastating the Franche-Comté. Sometimes, indeed, we would hear that the Germans were close to the frontier, and we saw the Swiss troops hurriedly start off to keep a watchful cordon between them and us.

At last we grew weary at heart; and, as our health and strength returned, we longed to renew the struggle. It gave us a feeling of shame and irritation to know that yonder, not more than nine miles from us, our unhappy country was overrun by the Prussians, who roamed about as insolent conquerors, while we were, at the same time, protected and rendered helpless by our captivity.

One day, our captain called five or six of us aside, and spoke long and angrily about it. He was a fine fellow, formerly a non-commissioned officer in the Zouaves; he was a tall, wiry kind of man, hard as nails, and, during the whole of the campaign, had cut out plenty of work for the Germans. He was eating his heart out at this inactivity, and could not resign himself to the idea that he was a prisoner and unable to do anything more.

"Good heavens!" he said to us, "can you remain quiet when you hear that the Uhlans are only two hours' march from here? Does not your blood boil at the thought of those wretches stalking about like masters in our mountains, when five thoroughly determined men could easily kill off a file every day? As for me, I can not rest—I must go there."

"But, captain, how can we get there?" we said.

"How?" he replied; "oh, that's easy enough. We have often got out of woods more closely guarded than these Swiss forests. The day you choose to go into France, I'll manage to get you there, no fear."

"Of course," we rejoined, "we might pass; but what could we do in France without arms?"

"Without arms!" he retorted; "we shall find plenty over there."

"You forget the treaty," objected another; "we should run the risk of bringing trouble on the Swiss, if Manteuffel hears they have let prisoners recross the frontier."

"Come, come," said the captain, "all these are poor reasons. I want to go and kill some Prussians, that's all I know. You do not want to; very well—only say so at once. I can go alone; I don't need anybody."

We protested; but as it was impossible to make the captain change his mind, it ended by our promising to accompany him. We were too much attached to him to abandon him, for he had never failed us in our need; so the expedition was decided upon.

The captain had a plan that he had been cogitating for some time past. He got a friendly farmer to lend him a cart and five peasants' costumes. Two of us were then stowed away in a couple of chests in the vehicle, straw was thrown over us, and the whole laden with Gruyère cheeses, which we were supposed to go to sell in France. The captain, dressed up as a carter, told the sentinels that he was taking a couple of friends with him to protect his goods in case of robbers, and there seemed nothing out of the way in this precaution. A Swiss officer appeared to cast a knowing look at the cart, but that was merely to impress his men. In reality, neither the officer nor the soldiers had any suspicion of the truth.

"Gee up!" cried the captain, cracking his whip, and our three men calmly smoked their pipes and chatted together in the country dialect. Meanwhile, I was half-smothered in my box.

"Gee up," again cried the captain, as the cheese-cart entered French territory.

The Prussian lines were very badly kept, the enemy relying on the watchfulness of the Swiss. The Prussian sergeant spoke Northern German, our captain the German dialect of the Swiss cantons; so they did not understand each other. The sergeant, however, pretended to understand and allowed us to pass on. At last, as night fell, after seven hours of this strange journeying, we reached a small, half-ruined village in the Jura.

What was going to become of us? The captain's whip was our only weapon, our clothes the peasants' smocks, and our sole food Gruyère cheese. We were rich in ammunition, for we had concealed some packets of cartridges in the middle of the big cheeses, and had about a thousand—that is, two hundred shots apiece; but we required guns.

Luckily the captain was both ingenious and daring, and his plans were well laid. While three of our party remained hidden in a cellar of the village, he and the other man went on in the direction of Besançon. The town, it was true, was invested; but it is an easy matter to enter a city situated in a mountainous country, by following the plateaux till within about fifteen miles of the walls, and then going on foot through the paths and ravines. At Ornans, in the midst of the Prussian lines, they abandoned the cart, and, in the night, gained the heights above the River Doubs. The next morning they reached Besançon. There they found plenty of arms, and the commanding officer, General Roland, highly approving the captain's daring adventure, gave him six rifles and wished him good luck. The captain also found there his wife, for she had made the previous campaign with us, and had only been prevented following Bourbaki's retreat by an acute attack of illness. Now she had completely recovered her strength, and, notwithstanding the wretchedly cold weather and the numberless privations that were to be expected, she insisted on leaving the town with her husband. He was obliged to consent, and, accompanied by his wife and our comrade, started off at once. The return journey was most hazardous; they had to travel by night, in order to avoid meeting any one, for the possession of six rifles would have roused suspicion. After an absence of eight days, the captain and his two companions rejoined us, and our campaign began in earnest.

The very first night of his return, the captain began proceedings. Under pretence of reconnoitering the country, he went down to the high road. I must mention that the village, which served as our fortress, consisted of a small cluster of poor, ill-built houses that had long been abandoned. They were situated on the summit of a steep plateau, surrounded by thick woods; the inhabitants were in the habit of cutting the wood and sliding it in large blocks down the abrupt slopes, called *coulées*, that run down to the plain, where it was placed in heaps, and twice a year sold to the contractors. Two huts, or, rather, small inns on the highway, marked the spot where the sales took place, and it was to this place that the captain had gone down by one of the *coulées*.

We were on the look-out at the top of the ravine, and he had been absent about half an hour, when we were startled by the report of a gun. The captain had left strict orders that we were not to move unless we heard his bugle, so, notwithstanding our cruel state of anxiety, we felt obliged to wait motionless, with our rifles ready. A mortal hour passed, but not another sound reached us, not even a rustle in the copse. The captain's wife grew terribly impatient; what could he be doing? Why did he not summon us? Was that an enemy's shot? Had it killed or wounded our chief, her husband? These and many other were the questions we exchanged. We did not know what to think. As for me, I thought that either he must be dead, or his expedition prospering; I was only curious and anxious to know what he had done. Suddenly, a sharp, ringing blast resounded; but, to our intense surprise, instead of rising from below, it came from the village behind us. What could this mean? We all had the same idea—evidently the captain had been killed, and the Prussians were sounding his bugle to draw us into a trap. We, therefore, cautiously wended our way toward the houses, step by step, finger on trigger, hiding in the brushwood as we advanced.

The captain's wife, however, in spite of all our entreaties, dashed forward into the open, fixing the bayonet on her gun, for she fancied she would have to avenge her husband's death. We lost sight of her at the very moment when a second blast burst forth, and a few minutes later we heard her call out:

"Come on, come on; he is alive—it is he!"

We hurried forward, and at the entry of the village were met by the captain, smoking his pipe; but, strange to say, he was now on horseback.

"Well," he said; "you see something can be done here. I am mounted now; I shot a Uhlan and took possession of his horse. There was a small troop of them at the inn, probably guarding the high road, but they were feasting and drinking freely. The sound of their voices guided me; the sentry at the door had not even time to see me before I made daylight through him, and, jumping on his horse, I dashed off, followed by eight or ten in hot pursuit. However, I took some cross-paths, and here I am, you see, only a bit scratched and torn. Now, lads, we must look out; those fellows won't rest till they find us, and we must greet them with bullets; each man to his post."

One man was placed as an advanced sentinel at some distance from the village, I was put at the entry of the street, the two others and the captain and his wife occupying the center of the village, near the church, the little belfry serving as watch-tower and fortress.

We had not long taken up our positions when we heard a shot, followed by another, then two, then three reports. The first was evidently from a chassepot; it could easily be recognized by the sharp crack, like that of a whip. The three others proceeded from the cavalry rifles used by the Uhlans.

The captain was furious; he had given strict orders to the advance-post to allow the enemy to pass, and only to follow them if they came on in the direction of the village, and to rejoin me when the little troop should be closed in between the houses. Then we should have got them between two fires, and not one would have escaped.

"The devil take Piédelot," said the captain; "the idiot has put them on the alert, and they won't dare to come on. Besides, I am sure he has managed to get hit, for we don't hear him call, nor return their shots. He has only got his desserts; he ought to have obeyed orders." Then, after a moment's pause, he muttered in his beard: "Poor fellow; he is so plucky, and shoots so well."

The captain's conjectures proved true. We waited till evening, but no Uhlans put in an appearance. They had evidently withdrawn after the first attack. Unfortunately, we did not see anything of Piédelot; was he a prisoner or dead? When it was dark, the captain proposed to go and reconnoiter, and three of us started off. At the place where the sentry had been posted, we found blood, a broken gun, and the ground very much trampled, showing that there had been a desperate struggle; but, although we searched the brushwood around, we could find neither wounded nor dead. We returned, at midnight, without any news of our unhappy comrade.

"It is very strange," growled the captain. "They must have killed him and hid him in the underbrush. It is impossible that he should have escaped. He would have called for help. I can not make it out."

As he was speaking, a great red glare rose up in the direction of the inn, on the high-road, and lit up the sky.

"Blackguardly cowards!" he screamed; "I'll wager that to revenge themselves they have set fire to the sale-houses. And then they will sneak off; one man killed and two houses burned satisfies them. But we won't let them off so cheap. Come, my men, we will force them to leave their bonfire and fight."

"If only we could rescue Piédelot at the same time, what luck it would be," said one of the men.

We started off, all five of us, full of anger and hope. In twenty minutes, we had slidden down the *coulée*, and were within a hundred yards of the inn. The fire was at the back of the house, and the lurid glare over the roof was alone visible. We were advancing slowly, fearful lest we should fall into a trap, when we heard Piédelot's well-known voice. It sounded strange, hoarse and loud, stifled and, at the same time, sharp, as if he were screaming with all his might, while his mouth was stuffed full of rags. He seemed to be groaning and wheezing out the words, "Help! help!"

We cast prudence to the winds, and in two bounds were behind the inn. An appalling sight met our gaze.

Piédelot was being roasted alive! Fastened to the center of one of the piles of wood, collected there by the foresters, he writhed in agony, while the flames licked him with their sharp tongues. To knock down the pile, scatter the firebrands, and cut his bonds was but the work of a moment.

Poor fellow, what a condition he was in! His left arm had been broken, and he looked as if he had been beaten and thrashed all over, his whole body was so swollen, so black, so covered with blood.

Poor, poor Piédelot! How we longed to avenge him. How we thirsted for the blood of those villainous Prussians. But they had disappeared, leaving only their crime behind them. Meanwhile, the captain's wife did her best to dress his wounds. After a few minutes he recovered consciousness.

"Ah, captain, is it you?" he murmured, and then he burst out: "Ah, the blackguards, the wretches. Twenty of them came to surprise us!"

"Twenty?" said the captain.

"Yes, a whole gang of them. That is why I disobeyed orders, captain, and fired on them. They would have killed you all, so I preferred stopping them. That frightened them, and they did not dare advance any further, they are such cowards. Four of them fired at me at twenty yards, as if at a target; then they fell on me with their sabers. My arm was broken, and I could only use my bayonet with one hand."

"But why did you not call for help?"

"I took care not to. You would have come, and would not have been able to defend me nor yourselves—five against twenty."

"You know very well," replied the captain, "we should not have allowed you to be taken prisoner."

"I preferred that only one should be killed. I did not want to draw you there; it would have been madness."

"Well, well, we won't talk of that any more. Do you feel any easier, now?"

"No," said poor Piédelot, "I am choking. I know I can't live. The wretches tied me to a tree, and beat me, and wrung my broken arm till I fainted. But I did not scream; I would have bitten off my tongue sooner than cry out before them. Now, with you around me, I can say how I suffer; I can cry, and it does me good. Thank you, my dear friends, thank you."

"Poor Piédelot, we will avenge you."

"Oh, yes, I am quite willing you should do that. There is a woman among them—the wife of the fellow the captain killed yesterday. She is dressed like a Uhlan, and she is the most cruel of them all. It was she who proposed roasting me, and she herself set fire to the wood. Oh, the brute—what pain—oh, my back, my arm!"

He fell down, gasping and writhing in a terrible agony. The captain's wife wiped the perspiration from his brow; we cried like children, with rage and despair.

I can not relate the end. He died in about half an hour; but before he expired, he told us in which direction the Prussians had gone. We hurriedly buried him, and dashed away in furious pursuit of them.

"We will throw ourselves into the middle of the Prussian army, if it is necessary," said the captain; "but we will avenge Piédelot. Let us swear to die sooner than let those fellows escape. If I am killed, these are my orders—all prisoners taken, not excepting the woman, are to be shot on the spot."

"Not the woman," said the captain's wife; "if you survive, you will never shoot a woman, I know. But if you die in this attempt, I will fight her single-handed, and kill her myself. If she kills me, you may do what you like with her."

"We will roast her, tear her to pieces!" the others exclaimed; "Piédelot shall be avenged! Eye for eye, tooth for tooth."

And with this we set off.

The next morning, we fell unawares on an outpost of Uhlans, some twelve miles distant. Surprised by our sudden attack, they were unable to get to their horses or even to defend themselves, and, in a few minutes, we made all five prisoners. The captain cross-examined them. From their answers, we felt sure these were our fellows, and when we discovered that one of them was a woman—the female torturer who martyred our comrade—we were savagely delighted. The four men were at once dispatched.

Then we discussed what should be the woman's fate. I must confess that we all wanted to shoot her, for hatred and thirst for revenge had deadened all pity in our hearts. We forgot we were going to kill a woman. It was a woman—the captain's wife—who recalled us to our senses, and, by her advice, it was decided to keep the Uhlan's wife a prisoner.

Poor woman, she little guessed how cruelly she was to be punished for her pity.

The following day, we learned that the armistice was extended to the Eastern District, and that we were, therefore, obliged to put an end to our little campaign. Two of our men, who belonged to that part of the country, went back to their homes, and only four remained—the captain, his wife, and two men. We came from Besançon, which, notwithstanding the armistice, was still besieged.

"Let us remain here," said the captain; "I can not believe that the war will end like this. There are still brave men in France, thank heaven! and it will soon be spring. The armistice is but a trap laid for the Prussians; in the meantime, another army will be got together, and some fine day we shall fall on the enemy. Then we shall be ready, and we have a hostage; let us remain here." So we took up our winter-quarters. The weather was terribly cold and we hardly went out-of-doors.

Some one was always obliged to mount guard over the Uhlan's wife. She was very gloomy and hardly spoke, except to lament her husband, whom our captain had killed. She always cast angry glances at him, and we saw the thirst for vengeance that tortured her. It seemed to us a just punishment for the hideous tortures she had inflicted on Piédelot. Impotent revenge is a terrible grief.

Alas! we, who had known how to avenge our comrade, ought to have realized that this woman would know how to avenge her husband, and we ought to have been on our guard. It is true that, at night, one of us watched her; and, at first, the prisoner was bound, by a long cord, to an old oak-bench fastened into the wall. But, little by little, notwithstanding her silent hatred, as she had never tried to escape, our vigilance relaxed, and she was allowed to lie down without being tied. There was nothing to fear, she was at the further end of the room, a man mounted guard at the door, and, between her and the sentry, the captain's wife and the two other men slept. Besides, she was unarmed and alone against four; it really seemed as if there could be no danger.

One night, while we were asleep, the captain being on guard and the woman quietly crouched in her corner, seeming calmer than usual—indeed, she had that day smiled for the first time since her captivity—we were suddenly awakened by a terrific scream.

We jumped up, and, groping about, stumbled over a couple of bodies that were rolling and struggling desperately on the ground. It was the captain and the Uhlan's wife. We threw ourselves on them, and succeeded in parting them. The woman was laughing horribly, while the captain seemed to be gasping. All this took place in the dark. Two of us held the prisoner down. At last we got a light, and then we saw, to our horror, the captain lying in a pool of blood, with an enormous gash in his throat. His sword-bayonet had been plucked from his gun and stuck in his throat. A few minutes later, without having been able to utter a word, he died.

His wife did not shed a tear; she seemed choked, and, looking at the woman with a calm ferocity that was appalling, she stammered out:

"This woman belongs to me. You swore a week ago to let me kill her in my own way, if she killed my husband; you must keep your word. Fasten her firmly in the fire-place and stand her up at the back of the hearth; then you may go where you like, far away. I will take my own revenge. Leave the captain's body. We will stay here, we three—he, she, and I."

We silently obeyed her and went away. She promised to write to us at Geneva, whither we were going.

Two days later, I received the following letter, dated the day after our departure and written from the old inn on the high-road:

MY DEAR FRIEND: I write to you, according to my promise. I am at the present moment at the inn, where I have just handed over my prisoner to a Prussian officer.

I must tell you that the poor woman has left two little children behind her in Germany. She, too, had followed her husband, to whom she was deeply attached, unwilling to let him expose himself alone to the chances of war. She had left the children with their grandfather.

I have known this since yesterday, and this knowledge has changed my thoughts of vengeance to more humane ones. While I was insulting this woman, foretelling her the torments I was about to inflict on her, recalling to her poor Piédelot's fate, and preparing the same torturing death for her, she gazed coldly at me and said:

"What have you to reproach me with, Frenchwoman? You think you are doing right in avenging your husband, do you not?"

"Certainly," I replied.

"Well, in killing him, I did what you are going to do in burning me. I avenged my husband, whom your husband killed."

"Then," I retorted, "as you approve of vengeance, prepare to submit to it."

"I do not fear it," she answered.

And, in truth, she did not seem to lose courage. Her countenance was serene, and she watched without a tremor while I piled up the wood and dry leaves, and feverishly poured powder from the cartridges to hasten the fire. For one moment I hesitated. But the captain lay there, ghastly and bloody, looking at me with wide-open, glassy eyes. I kissed his pale lips and returned to my work.

Raising my head unexpectedly, I saw that the woman was weeping. I was astonished.

"Oh, you are frightened," I said.

"No," she answered; "but when I saw you kiss your husband, I thought of mine and all those I love."

She sobbed aloud; then she stopped abruptly, and said, in a faltering, almost inaudible voice:

"Have you any children?"

I quivered all over, for I well understood by her question that this poor woman was a mother. She asked me to look in a pocket-book that was in her breast-pocket. There were two photographs of little children, a boy and a girl, with the good, gentle little chubby faces of German children. There were, also, two fair curls and a letter written in big, awkward letters, beginning with the German word *Mütterchen*.

I could not restrain my tears. I unfastened her bonds, and, without daring to cast a look at my poor dead husband left there unavenged, I came down with her to this inn. She is free. I have just parted from her, and she cried as she bade me good-by. I am now returning to my poor husband, to my dead love. Come as soon as possible and fetch our two bodies. . . .

I started off in all haste. When I reached the village, I found a Prussian patrol guarding the little house. I inquired what had taken place, and was told that a captain of *francs-tireurs* and his wife lay dead there. I gave their names, proved that I knew them, and asked to be allowed to bury them.

"Some one has already undertaken their burial," was the reply; "but you may go in if you choose, as you knew them. You can settle with their friend about the funeral."

I went in. The captain and his wife lay on a bed, side by side, covered with a sheet. I raised it gently, and saw that the wife had inflicted on herself the same wound that had killed her husband.

By the bedside, watching and weeping, was the person who had been mentioned to me as their friend.

It was the Uhlan's wife.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Jean Richepin by Laura Ensor.*

OLD FAVORITES.

The Captives of Charon.

Why are the mountains darkened,
And wet, as if with tears?
Is it the sword of the north wind,
Or the rain's long flight of spears?

Neither the winds that smite them,
Nor the rains incessant shed;
It is the constant presence
Of Charon and the dead!

Before him he drives the young men,
Behind he drags the old,
And seated on his saddle
The children he doth hold.

The old men supplicate him,
Their hands the young men wring;
"O halt beside some village,
Beside some flowing spring.

That the old may quench their thirst there,
The young the discus throw,
And the children pluck the flowers
That on the margin grow."

But Charon, smiling sternly,
Pursued his gloomy way;
"I halt beside no village,
And by no spring I stay.

"For mothers coming for water
Would know the babes they bore,
And their late-lost wives the husbands—
And none could part them more!"

So over the mountains Charon,
With swift and silent tread,
Upon his black horse mounted,
Compels the captive Dead!

—*R. H. Stoddard.*

Voyage of the "Hopeless."

The moon delayed and the sun was down,
And never a light was in the town;
The ship stood straightwise like a bier;
The water wept against the pier,
Where not a footfall met the ear.

The hull was black, and the figure-head
Carved in ebon—a mariner dead,
A mariner drowned; and over him
A rent mast pierced the horizon's rim.
Like a cup of death, the sea to the brim

Lay full; lay black to the livid line
Where the westward color, cold and fine,
Stooped, like a dying face, to drink
Of the flood wherein let no man think
But sun and soul alike must sink.

The sails were black as black might be,
Which bore that freight upon that sea.
Weigh they for woe, or weigh for wreck?
Who gave the order? Whence the beck
Which summons a heart upon that deck?

Weighed be for woe, or weighed for wreck!
Leaped he alone upon her deck.
Blood-red the letters on stern and prow.
The *Hopeless* gives her anchor now,
Seaward and westward feel her plow!

Far falls the shore; its joys and its cares.
Bold need he be that voyage who dares.
Bears she her course to gulf or field?
Ask. But her chart is unrevealed,
The *Hopeless* sails on Orders Sealed.

She held straight out upon the sea.
A caged storm crouched sullenly.
"Better it sprung and struck," he said.
He bent his knee, and bared his head:
"Who fears death is already dead.

"Since mine is the voyage and mine the freight,
Be mine the power of my fate.
Come wreck or haven—let it be.
Who sent me forth upon this sea,
He has no mutiny from me."

The storm broke, bounding down the wave.
Oh! a craft like that could Heaven save?
The *Happy* tossed with her silken sail,
Flitted by, dancing on the gale.
Two, glancing over, marked how pale

And bright was the smile upon the face
That flashed, a star, from its lone place,
The *Hopeless* reeled upon her way.
She had her errand on that day—
Deathward, or lifeward, who should say?

She passed—her dark course unrevealed.
She passed—her awful orders sealed.
Some said she rode the tempest by,
Some said they heard a dying cry.
But one looked out upon the sky:

"The signs are strange, and the signs are fair.
Great is the sea, and God is there.
Who bares the head, and bends the knee,
Is stronger than his fate shall be,
Who hopes not, yet steers on," said she,
"He bravest is that sails the sea."

—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

Colonel John S. Mosby, the Confederate raider, says that the saber of the cavalryman is nowadays merely an ornament of warfare. It looks well, and is entirely in keeping on dress-parade, but as a weapon of defense in actual combat it long ago lost its usefulness. According to Colonel Mosby, only seven men were killed with sabers during the Franco-Prussian War, and hardly more during our own Civil War. His own command gave up the use of the saber at a very early period of the rebellion.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

A number of women of Galicia have submitted a petition to the Emperor of Austria, asking for the right to enter military service. They claim that they are more robust and more courageous than effeminate men.

The Princess Hereditary of Meiningen, who was so beautiful in her youth that she was known as the "Venus of the Hohenzollerns," has been one of the high personages abroad who has suffered lately from the grippe. She is Emperor William's oldest sister.

A Moscow daily describes thus a reception by the Countess Tolstoï for the benefit of the starving peasants: "To the house of the countess walked and rode persons of every condition in life, entered the room, prayed before the pictures of the saints, and laid bundles and money on the table. Sooo the table was covered with notes and checks. Hardly a person asked for a receipt. The countess packed up all the gifts, sealed the packages, and sent them off at once to her sons and daughters among the suffering."

Royal and imperial personages, who travel *incognito*, often have unpleasant experiences. During her recent tour in Egypt, the Empress of Austria took a seat, one afternoon, in a restaurant of Cairo, and ordered a cup of coffee. Her curiosity being excited by the peculiar color of the drink of a neighbor, she asked the waiter what it was. "That," said the man, standing near her majesty, "is absinthe. And if little madame," touching her familiarly on the shoulders, "would drink five or six glasses of that a day, she would become fatter and stronger than she now is."

Miss Cornwallis West, who was recently married to Prince Henry of Pless, is barely seventeen—just the age of her mother at the time of the latter's marriage. Mrs. Cornwallis West, who is still an exceedingly pretty and young-looking woman, first became known as a reigning beauty about the time Mrs. Langtry appeared upon the social horizon, and, during several seasons, divided the honors with her. She hailed from Dublin, being the daughter of an Irish parson who had married Lady Olivia Taylour, the lively sister of the Marquis of Hertford. Mrs. West has somewhat quieted down; but was formerly full of life. Washington society still speaks, with bated breath, of her startling eccentricities during the winter which she spent at the English embassy there with her cousin, Lionel Sackville West, who has since become Lord Sackville.

On her marriage, the Duchess of Campo Selice, who is indebted for her vast wealth to the fact that she was one of the widows of Mr. Singer, of sewing-machine fame, bought the title of duke for her second husband from the Vatican for ten thousand dollars, while dues amounting to close upon eighty thousand dollars have just been paid into the treasury of the Italian Government for the acquisition of the titles of duke, prince, marquis, and count by young Sachetti, who led to the altar, the other day, the heiress and sole surviving representative of the grand old patrician house of the Barberini. It appears that the purchase of these titles is effected by means of the payment, either to the Vatican or to the Italian Government, of fees of registration. These amount, in the case of the title of prince, to thirteen thousand dollars; in that of duke to ten thousand dollars; marquis, eight thousand dollars; count, five thousand dollars; viscount or baron, four thousand dollars.

Five envied girls there are in the van of Washington society, known as the "Cabinet daughters." They are supposed to lead a butterfly existence of ease and pleasure, but it is safe to premise that they are quite as tired when they "do up" their bangs at night as any girl clerk or type-writer in the department. Miss Blaine, who is called upon so often to act as proxy for her mother, looks after the house, purchases the supplies, and personally superintends the marketing. Miss Foster also ably shares her mother's duties in the line of marketing and the direction of servants, and before the arrival of her mother, she had put the large house in complete order, placed the household goods sent on from Ohio, and hired the servants. Miss Rusk, practically, takes charge of the house, servants, and table, arranges the menus, and does the marketing. Miss Miller shares equally the cares of the house with her mother, each superintending the arrangements on alternate weeks. Miss Wanamaker busies herself in attending to the demands for charity, with which the family are overwhelmed. These girls are all the well-read, unaffected, and unassuming typical American young women of the day.

The Riviera will become a rendezvous this spring for an extraordinary number of queens and empresses. Queen-Regent Emma of Holland and her little daughter, Queen Wilhelmina, have already secured a couple of villas at Cannes. The Empress of Austria has taken a house at Mentone. Queen Victoria has hired the whole of a hotel at Hyeres, and her daughter, the Empress Frederick of Germany, is to reside once more in Lord Carnarvon's beautiful château at Porto Fino, about a couple of hours to the west of Genoa. Ex-Queen Natalie, too, has announced her intention of spending a few weeks at Nice, and the reigning Princess of Monaco, a daughter of the New Orleans banker, Heine, will be in residence at Monte Carlo. The Dowager-Queen Olga of Wurtemburg is to stay at Grasse, and Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, who is still much of an invalid, is to winter at Cannes. The reigning Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerein has already established herself, with her moribund husband, at Nice, and it is reported that the Czarina will likewise visit the Riviera before Easter, for the purpose of seeing her second son, who has been forced by consumption to winter at Algiers. Should she fulfill her intentions in this respect, it would be the first visit that she has paid to the Riviera since she was summoned thither, more than a quarter of a century ago, to receive the dying request of her *fiancé*, Czarewitch Nicholas, that she would transfer her heart and hand to his younger brother, the present Emperor of Russia.

THE DECAY OF DELMONICO'S.

"Van Gryse" tells how the Famous Restaurant has Lost Tone.

Observers of the tide of metropolitan manners and customs say that the glory of Delmonico's has departed. That ancient temple of gastronomy, where all the great ones of the gay world have feasted and made merry, has passed its day of splendor. Those halls of dazzling light, where the beauties of three generations have dined and wined under the blaze of the bunched lights, have seen their golden prime go by. That noble army of *garçons* no longer serve their mellow wines and curious dishes to the best-trained palates in Gotham. Icbabod! Thy glory has departed!

Not that the banquet-hall is deserted. Nothing of the kind. The banquet-hall was never quite so full as it is now. Delmonico's must make more money to-day than ever. The place is crowded. At lunch-time you can not get a table there. At half-past eleven at night there is a jam of opera and theatre people having *petits soupers*, dallying with Shrewsburys about the size of a half-dollar, daintily savoring *frappé* champagne that will not dribble out of the bottle till urged by a series of coaxing pats. But the crowd of milord and milady are there no longer. They have gone to bend the knee at other shrines. There are lots of new restaurants now, quite as good as Del's, where the price is even higher and the patrons more *recherché*. We all want to go where we can see the best-looking women in the swellest clothes, and the handsomest men, and pay the most money. There is one thing sure about the Gotbamite—wherever the prices are the highest there will he be laying down his dollars like a lamb. In this rich and pleasure-loving city, a good time is worth any sum.

The trouble with Del's is that the omnipresent Hebrew has overwhelmed the place. The Hebrew is like the coral insect which takes eighty years to build an inch. It takes the Hebrew a long and a weary time to achieve the end upon which his heart is fixed; but he never gives up hope. He plods along patiently and untiringly, and eventually arrives at the goal—a little worn, but triumphant. The Hebrew, too, despite the fact that he is rebellious and stiff-necked, is fond of pleasure. He has the *joie de vivre* in its highest form. He loves the good things of life, the joys of which the preacher—having tested them all—thought so ill. He is willing, too, to pay any sum for a passing pleasure, and, unlike the Christian, he generally has the wherewithal. With money and patience, a person may do a great deal.

For many years, Del's has exercised a fascinating influence upon the Chosen People. At first, they regarded it timorously from afar, for it is one of the peculiarities of this remarkable race that they never seem to work out their salvation alone. They move in phalanxes, in large battalions. Union is strength, and, knowing this, they invariably combine forces before they risk any invasion. Thus it was that, almost before one realized they had cast the eye of envy upon Del's, they had taken possession of the place. They took it by sudden assault. They literally stormed it, and the Christians, who looked upon it calmly as their own particular stamping-ground, woke up one morning to find the twelve tribes in possession. They have held the fort against all comers ever since. It is useless trying to surprise or besiege them. Delmonico's is theirs as much as the synagogue is. Soon the men will sit there with their hats on, and they will have a rabbi to point people to the empty tables, and on great nights they will carry the Urim and the Thummim up and down the front steps.

So milord and milady have drawn their pride about them, as a garment, and gone up the street to Sherry's and the Holland House. The victorious hosts of Jerusalem do not seem to be much cast down by the desertion. Nightly they make merry in the gilded halls that they have reft from the gentle Gentile. The champagne-cork pops just as cheerfully as ever for Isaac and Abraham, and, as a rule, Isaac and Abraham order more costly dinners than did Thomas, Richard, and Henry. Mrs. Isaac and Abraham do their share by beautifying the room. They wear gorgeous clothes and not infrequently gorgeous jewels. Sometimes they bring with them fair Hebrew maids, with midnight eyes and curly locks, and at these the male Christians, feasting at adjacent tables, cast admiring looks, such as Ivanhoe might have thrown toward the lovely Rebecca.

Dining at Del's one evening last week, one could not fail to be struck by the preponderance of the Hebrew element. They almost filled the place. In the middle of the room, parties of men sat at the larger tables, talking and laughing, one and all showing the unmistakable physiognomy of Israel—the high-rounded forehead, the peculiarly almond-shaped eyes, full and liquid, the nose bending down toward the mouth like some sort of large, shiny beak, and the lips, thick and red, the upper one always projecting a trifle and looking as if it were slightly swollen. This face was reproduced on every side, now in the members of the large parties in the middle of the room, now at the smaller tables near the windows. Two young Jews, nice-looking men, talked gayly to a young woman, in a dark-red velvet dress, with a big hat set sideways on her head. Her hair was short and arranged in neat little terraces of curls. She was not a Jewess, and she seemed to be enjoying herself in a quiet way.

At the next table, in the corner, sat another couple. They had a newly married air. The man, about forty and evidently a person, was in evening-dress, and was in a high state of brushed and barbered perfection. The woman, ten or fifteen years younger, presented one of the rarest types of Jewish beauty. She was small, slim, and delicate, with a dead-white skin, almost like ivory in its opaque purity, and thick, straight, heavy hair of lusterless black. This was drawn back loosely from her face, which was small, thin, and refined. A pair of superb dark eyes, soft and sad, were her most striking feature. She was dressed in black, and wore a turban hat, with some light-blue velvet knots and bows in it. She was not what you would call an effective woman; but her face against the darkness of the window was mysteriously charming, and looked like the face of some saddened sprite or forgotten fay.

To hold up the Christian's end of the line, three of New York's gay young bloods now appeared in the doorway and stood surveying the scene. They must have been sure of their positions, for they were arrayed in such a way that one would have supposed them either traveling English lords or cowboys from Arizona. They were dressed in decidedly rusty tweed suits, wore big, clumping boots, and one of them would have gained much by a shave. Judging by their appearance, they had either been shooting or riding somewhere in the country. They ensconced themselves near one of the Hebrew parties, and proceeded to study the *carte* with thoughtful deliberation.

A feminine, silken rustle diverted them from this agreeable task, and they looked up, with the frank stare of the New Yorker, at a beautiful damsel, who now waggled in with a conscious air. This charmer, who wore a large, spreading hat, with a smashed-up brim, and had crimped all her hair round her head into a golden fuzz, was wrapped about the shoulders in a shapeless mantle of curly white fur, which enveloped her from her ears to her hips. Casting it back, with the languid air of a princess, she revealed herself in a black dress, cut round her throat in a discreet little V. The throat was pretty, and so was the face. Two escorts surrounded this lovely being and hung on her smiles, which she showered upon both with generous prodigality. Even while she sipped at her champagne, in a long, horn-shaped glass, she let her smiling eyes speak for her over the rim.

Two more Hebrews appearing, every one let their eyes travel toward the entrance. One of these was a six-foot lady, the other a five-foot man. The lady, as is often the case with these immense women, was finely proportioned, and, as a "tryer-on" of cloaks in a millinery establishment could have made her fortune. She was a handsome Jewess, with the splendid eyes of her race and a haughty, magnificent air. As she rustled along between the tables, her dress trailing a foot behind her, her long, tan-colored cloth coat loosely following the lines of her fine figure, but never fitting her closely, her head, in a black-jet hat, held scornfully up, she looked as proud as Queen Vashti when she sent that saucy message which lost her a throne. Behind her toddled the little man, trotting along happily, taking good care not to tread on her train, and quite pleased, one could see, with the openly admiring glances that this fine creature drew from all sides.

A few more Hebrews dropped in, and then the large room was quite full. Now and then a lone man, or a couple, sauntered in and took a long, lazy dinner, evidently anxious to pass the time between seven and the hour of some evening appointment. Many of these were fine-looking flowers of Gotham growth—tall, dark, slender, and refined, grave and thoughtful-looking men, talking earnestly and looking meditatively intellectual in the trim correctness of their stiff evening-dress. There were one or two English or Scotchmen present, as different from the average New Yorker as he is from a New Englander. These Britons were handsome, undoubtedly, florid men, with rosy skins and blonde or reddish hair showing an inclination to curl. They had fine figures, and they held themselves amazingly well. But their eyes were lack-luster and their manners unresponsive and phlegmatic. In an American assemblage, such as gathers at Del's, this singular stolidity of the average Briton shows all the stronger by contrast.

The remark is going the rounds just now that never have the theatres offered us such a poor show of plays to choose from. The most horrible part of it all is that Hoyt's plays are being performed to packed houses and that Lillian Russell can get two dollars apiece for the orchestra chairs for her performance of "La Cigale." Meantime, the opera, where they have scraped together such a collection of stars as never shone before, is very poorly attended, and the De Reskes and Mme. Albani sing their sweetest to half-empty benches. If these are signs of the times, the times must be in a very bad way. There is no doubt about it, New Yorkers do not go to the theatre for their intellectual pleasure. The question is do they go anywhere for that? Or rather, do they admit the existence of such a thing? *Quien sabe?* Mrs. Cleveland once said that "The Duchess" was her favorite authoress, and she is one of the beacon-lights of the Four Hundred. The immortal Ward himself has written a book. Long may it wave!

The Lyceum Company is doing a nice little play called "Lady Bountiful," which people, in their despair, go to see two and three times. It is a tale of English life and love. The love lasts over six years—which, one might remark, may be a peculiarity of English love, but has never been known to distinguish the love of any other country. For six years, Mr. Kelcey is faithful to the memory of Miss Cayvan, though during that time he marries, has a child, and becomes a widower. Miss Cayvan loves him, too, yet when he proposes to her in the first act, she refuses him scornfully and tells him she despises him. Then he goes away and she loves him faithfully for six years. She has told him to go and do deeds of valor—go and be great—go, and, when you return, see that it be with a laurel crown binding your brow!

Mr. Kelcey goes and becomes a riding-master—which was not exactly great, but was all he could do. Afterward he goes to America. The way in English plays and books people pack their valises and "go to America" is a beautiful and touching thing. Mr. Kelcey "goes to America," taking with him a mother and father-in-law, a father, a baby, and a nurse. It is needless to remark that once under the shadow of our large and hospitable flag, he makes an immense fortune—in the West, of course—and comes back to England, a cattle-king, hunting for Miss Cayvan, whom he hopes to make a cattle-queen. He arrives just in the nick of time. Another is about to lead the future cattle-queen to the altar. However, at the very last moment, she falls back upon the sole privilege that her sex enjoys, and changes her mind. The way she shows that she has changed her mind is natural, true, and original. At the foot of the altar, she simply gives a cry of horror, draws back, shudders, and falls fainting into the arms of the cattle-king.

The company are all well-fitted, and this pretty and rather affecting little drama moves along as smoothly as the ghost in "Julius Cæsar." Mr. Kelcey is the good, stupid, kind man that the English nation seem to regard as the flower of its civilization. Why should stupidity be always associated with goodness and faithfulness? Why can not somebody put into a play a good man who is both faithful and clever at the same time? Surely there must be such a thing, even though it is rare. Miss Cayvan is, of course, the pure, white-souled heroine, who has never known what it is to have an evil thought and would be thrown into a spasm if she looked at the cover of a French novel. She sends her lover away because he is not up to her standard. There may be such women in the world—not many, though. Afterward, when she sees what she has done, she is sorry, and would bring him back. The scene where she attempts to do this, and her love and desire to assist her fallen lover war with her pride and modesty, is a good one and gives the character some color and force. Miss Cayvan is, as ever, sentimental, refined, and finished. She looked pretty, and wears some extremely dainty clothes. VAN GRYSE.

NEW YORK, January 6, 1892.

INDIA.

Ganges swoons rippleless in the fierce midday,
Drenched in the white-hot sun's acutest fires,
Winding in calm its turgid, indolent way,
Around Benares and its thousand spires.

The monstrous crocodiles on either bank
Loll in the sheen, and watch the ichneumons creep;
And 'mid the rushes, and the tall grass rank
Of fecal pools, the huge flamingoes sleep.

No sound, no stir, no pleasant dip of oars,
No sail to charm the scene, no cloud of white;
Naught but the silence of the scorching shores,
Naught but the wilderness of burning light!

Master and slave have sought the shadeless town,
The iris fish hide in the alga dense,
With deadly heat the hell-sun poureth down,
Blinding a continent in its insolence.

While o'er the slumbering waste of heat and sand,
Where nothing human moves, or sways, or speaks,
Far in the fertile distance, mute and grand,
Rise the great Himalayas' icy peaks!

—*Francis S. Saltus in "Vistas and Landscapes."*

Franz Minnichsdorfer, a Vienna cabman, loved Marie Singer, cashier in her mother's restaurant in the Leopold Strasse, Vienna, but early last month she was married to another cabman. On the day of the marriage, Minnichsdorfer appeared before the Singer restaurant with his cab and decrepit nag trimmed with crape. When the wedding-party drove to the church, he circled around the procession with his funeral establishment and did fancy driving on each side of the bridal coach. When the party returned, he went with them in the same eccentric fashion. During the wedding-feast, at Restaurant Singer, he threw open the double doors and drove his crape-covered horse and coach into the room. After he and his had been ejected, he backed his cab up against the closed doors until they flew open again. He tried to back into the room, but the bridegroom and Mother-in-law Singer took him in charge and landed him and his mourning accouterments at a police station. The next day he pleaded guilty to six charges, and he is now in jail.

According to the *National Zeitung*, a company has been organized in Hamburg to forward persons by pneumatic tube from Hamburg to Buchen, about fifteen miles. The distance, it is expected, will be covered in eleven minutes. The tube will be made by the famous Mannesmann process, and will carry a car about seven feet wide and three and one-half feet long, capable of holding three persons. When the passengers are ready, the end of the tube will be closed, and highly compressed air will be released from a receptacle, attached to the car, so that the current will strike the end of the tube behind and start the car. The fare, the circular of the company says, will be ten cents.

Princess Mary of Teck, who was to have been the bride-elect of the late Duke of Clarence, is celebrated as being one of the best dancers in London; and it was during the course of a dance at Mme. de Falbe's country-house, Luton Hoo, that the duke proposed marriage to her. She was his frequent partner at all the balls which they attended. Her teacher was the late Marie Taglioni, Comtesse de Voisins, the most graceful and fascinating *prima ballerina* of the nineteenth century.

The Baroness von Zuyllan, of Paris, has the finest stables in the world for her magnificent horses. Even those of the great Czar himself do not equal them in magnificence. On Sunday afternoons she takes her tea in the stables, where, down the center of the great building, a thick pile-carpet is placed, leading up to the tea-room. The horses come up to the table for sugar from their mistress, like pet dogs. The buildings cover over three acres of ground.

Luigi Emanuele Farina, the Italian deputy who died a short time ago, was a politician of unique electioneering devices. On one rainy election day, he sent to each of about four hundred voters an umbrella, with his compliments. At another time, he had pigs driven through the streets with this notice hanging through the snouts of each: "Whoever votes for Farina, may eat of me."

Senator Hawley, Charles Dudley Warner, and Charles H. Clark have bought the stock which their long-time associate, William H. Goodrich, had in the Hartford *Courant*, and the last-named gentleman has retired from the position of business-manager of that paper.

Edgar Saltus says: "Chicago has two suburbs, New York and San Francisco."

THE PARIS SHOPS.

"Parisina" discusses the Holiday Sights in the Gay Capital.

We all thought this year that we were going to have what people choose to call "a real, old-fashioned Christmas." Jack Frost had entered into possession some days previously, and, being in an energetic frame of mind, had set to work to sprinkle diamond-dust and white sugar over the gardens in the city, from the stately Tuileries to the democratic park of the Buttes Chaumont. His icy breath had already congealed the more shallow of the lakes and pools in the Wood of Boulogne—to the great astonishment of the younger generation of water-fowl, which were thereby driven to show off their splay-footed awkwardness on *terra firma*. It had hung pendant icicles to the noses of the sea-gods and to the long, floating tresses of the mermaids in the fountains, and bound the roads in an iron grip, rendering them hard as a billiard-ball and putting a sudden stop to the hunting, shooting, and racing. All the fashionables appeared swathed in furs, their garments faced, lined, hemmed with skins of beasts—especially that rare little "varmint," the Russian sable; while the roses mantled to their cheeks, giving brightness to their eyes and a warm glow at their hearts. The girls and young men pulled forth their skates from their wash-leather bags, so as to be ready as soon as the ice held, and the members of the Club des Patineurs made preparations for the daily gathering in their special inclosure.

Alas for expectations raised only to be dashed to the ground! On Christmas eve, a creepy, crawly mist arose from the Seine; the chalky-white roads began to vanish, the thin ice melted away, the water-fowl returned rejoicing to their natural element and the skates to their bags; the bare branches of the trees stood out black against the gray sky; the splash-splash of the fountains accompanied the roar of wheels; and the sea-gods and mermaids once more blew water out of their conch-shells. Jack Frost was driven out of the field, and another foggy, damp, bedraggled Christmas dawned upon Paris.

There is an elasticity, a make-the-best-of-things, about Parisians which never fails. The city looked as bright and gay after the change as before. If the mist blurred the distances and destroyed the brilliant perspective of the lighted streets, the lamps shone double in the wet pavements; and if we missed the roses on the ladies' cheeks, we were, also, relieved of the view of many a pinched, cold, starved face among the poor.

There is in Paris a holiday rule which allows the finest thoroughfares to be converted, for the space of a fortnight, into a sort of fair. Stalls—of rough wood, in tawdry trappings of colored calico—for the sale of ginger-bread, oranges, penny-whistles, stationery, and various sweetmeats, are erected along the boulevards and wherever the pavements are wide enough to admit of it, wherein artisans and small dealers exhibit their wares, and the "plebs" swarm down from the Faubourgs to make their cheap purchases and to feast their eyes on the beautiful shops, through the portals of which only those with their pockets full of gold or silver dare to pass. Strange irony of fate: gorgeous Boissier, the king of confectioners, has now, almost facing his shop-front, a poor little gimcrack stall, where candies—white, pink, and yellow—are doled out by the ounce; nigh to Klein's superb establishment is a merchant who deals in knicknacks *tout à treize sous;* while the elegant toy-shop, *Au Paradis des Enfants*, is not the only juvenile paradise on the Boulevard des Italiens.

Of course there are people who do not like this democratic eruption in the very heart of luxurious Paris, and who complain bitterly because their favorite promenade is cramped and confined for the nonce; but a better and a kindlier feeling is the more common. Rich and poor alike glory in the shops. Gazing at the exhibits in the windows is a cheap pastime in which all indulge, more or less, at Christmas time. The latest novelty in bonbon-boxes and drawing-room knicknacks, the last production of the horticulturist, the highest fashion in diamond tiaras, interest thousands who are never likely to have the wherewithal to purchase chocolate-creams, orchids, or gems. On his way to the common eating-house, the poor employee stops to gaze in wonder at the culinary marvels of Patel and Chabot; the work-girl discusses the merits of the prettiest bonnets at the milliner's; and the *bourgeoise* loves to ponder over which jewel should be her choice if twenty-franc pieces were as plentiful in her purse as sous.

I think the jewelers in the Rue de la Paix deserve well of the public for the generous way in which they lend their wares to the public gaze. What a sight it is after night-fall, this Rue de la Paix! The brilliants flash and dazzle your eyes, set off by the pure white of the pearls, the rich crimson of the rubies, the cold glitter of the emeralds, the burning glow of the topaz, and the deep luster of the sapphires. Husbands and lovers, with well-lined pockets, have only *l'embarras du choix:* Vever shows pearls worth a king's ransom; Ravant, a coronet made of a twisted serpent, set with brilliants as big as hazel-nuts; Coulon excels in artistic devices—he has a coronet worthy of Venus, a Cupid's bow, with a quiver full of arrows as a panache, and a bunch of Juno's favorite peacock's plumes, in which the ruby and emerald struggle for supremacy; while Aucoc composes a head-dress of a pair of bat's wings. But, though many admire and long for these magnificences, few are able to indulge themselves or others in their possession, and so, as even Rue de la Paix jewelers do not work for fame alone, they provide a varied assortment of smaller articles. True-lovers' knots and flower brooches in enamel, reproducing the sheen of satin or the soft velvet of the natural blossom to perfection, are in much favor. "'Oranges and lemons,' saith the bells of St. Clements," I remember children used to sing when I was in the nursery. The old catch came to mind in seeing whole rows of pins in the form of a branch of orange or lemon, the yellow fruit glistening among deep-green leaves. The seasonable holly and mistletoe-bough, too, are put to the same purpose. Those who believe in "luck," purchase four-leaved shamrock brooches and "lucky" sous, the hole plugged with a diamond. Here, in the Rue de la Paix, as elsewhere, we find the Russian craze in force—banner brooches and heraldic pins exhibiting the emblems of the new ally.

I need hardly say that the newest bonbon-boxes are got up in the Russian colors. Gouache shows a double phalanx of animated yule-logs, the face which peers from out the bark being that of a Cossack peasant-woman, wearing the national head-dress of heads and velvet. Another *confiseur* uses Russia-leather boots as a receptacle for *fondants*, and mounts his bags of sugared chestnuts on a Russian sleigh. In one of the biggest toy-shops is to be seen a row of dolls, dressed in yellow and black; naturally, the finest doll of all is enjoying a sleigh-drive, with a bearded *moujik* on the box-seat, driving a pair of fiery Ukrane steeds. Some of the stationers are offering yellow letter-paper, edged with black, for sale, and, in the *magasins*, whose Christmas decorations are always a great attraction, the Russian flag is a conspicuous feature. The "Louvre" has given it precedence over those of all other nations, save France, hanging long Russian banners and the French tri-color from the roofs of the halls and gathering them into trophies, while thrusting the stars and stripes, the union Jack, and other foreign hunting into obscure corners.

It is in vain the boulevard shops put forth their most tempting wares, in vain have they sought after novelties for Christmas week. The *magasins* carry all before them. It is war to the knife between the special shops and the big emporiums always, but the rivalry is at its keenest at this season. Then the *marchands de nouveautés* leave nothing undone that may swell the crowd of their visitors and customers. The daily press teems with advertisements of their exhibitions; the premises, lit from attic to basement by electricity, are one blaze of brilliance; flags float from the roof, long rows of windows arrest the attention of the most careless passer-by, and a dozen open doors invite entrance. Within resounds the hum of many voices, the tread of hundreds of feet. Their great advantage lies in the fact that they sell almost everything—from the last new hook to the latest production in millinery, from a pair of gloves to a diamond ring, from a saucepan to a suite of drawing-room furniture, from a match-box to an Indian idol.

A few days before Christmas, a fir-tree, thirty feet high, was brought to the "Louvre" and set up in the covered court—once the court-yard of the Louvre Hotel, the beloved of Americans—and among its somber green boughs were hung toys of every description, with flags and electric-lamps glowing like the fabled fruit of Aladdin's garden. Around the base of the tree is an elevated platform, whereon are arranged wax *Christkinder*, with flaxen hair and chubby, pink limbs, some of them the natural size of a new-born baby, and models of the stable in which the Child Jesus was born, with figures all complete—the blue-robed Virgin, bearded Joseph, the kings, the lowing ox in his stall, and all rendered in quaint guise and attitude, like the *dramatis personæ* of a mediæval miracle-play. This is the kind of toy which is kept on a shelf through the week and which children are allowed to look at only on Sundays. To counterbalance all this piety, there is a group of huge, life-sized sprites, their hinged limbs bent all manners of ways, an aviary full of twittering birds, and a crowd of dolls of every age, size, and station in life. Behind these, canopied by the overarching branches, sits Santa Claus—a gray-robed, white-bearded man—rather an awful figure and like to strike terror into the hearts of the juvenile whose conscience is not of the clearest. PARISINA.

PARIS, Christmas Day, 1891.

The statement that spectacles are used for horses, strange as it may seem, is perfectly true. The business of a well-known firm of opticians, in London, consists largely of the manufacture of horse-spectacles. The object of these spectacles is to promote high-stepping. They are made of stiff leather, quite inclosing the eyes of the horse, and the glasses employed are deep concave, and large in size. The effect is to give the ground in front of the horse the appearance of being raised; the animal, therefore, steps high, thinking he is going up-hill or has to step over an obstacle in front of him. This system is generally adopted when the animal is young, and its effect on his action is said to be remarkable. It is found that the cause of shying is, as a rule, short sight, and it is now suggested that the sight of all horses should be tested. By a little artificial assistance, many valuable horses, which are optically unfit for their work, can be made as valuable as ever.

What an alchemist Dr. Leslie Keeley might have been had he lived in mediæval times! Every drop of the bichloride of gold he uses precipitates into the bottom of his crucible, or money-bag, a hundred times as much coin of the realm. As an instance of his success, he has just purchased a thirty-acre tract of land near Chicago, for eight hundred dollars an acre. On this he will erect a new coin-factory at a cost of six hundred thousand dollars.

Sir Edwin Arnold says that, in one sense, he dreads to die. "If my death," said he, a few days ago, "is to be painful, I should shrink from it as I would from a trying ordeal. Then, I should regret to die, because of the large number of dear friends I would leave behind. And yet, who has reached sixty years, as I have, without counting most of his friends on the other side? What a joy it will be to meet them again!"

The report comes from Mr. Pulitzer, of the New York *World*, that he would now gladly give up his great success for the health he had when he started out to win half that he has. Mr. Pulitzer has found out that there are more desirable things than a great newspaper and all that it brings.

The pay-rolls of landlords, for leases of polling places, and of election officers, for services rendered, amounted last year in the city of New York to $209,620.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lord Hartington, who is the new Duke of Devonshire, has sat in Parliament since 1857, and has, in that time, served his queen and country as secretary for war, postmaster-general, lord of the admiralty, secretary for Ireland, and secretary for India; but his succession to the dukedom will probably prevent his ever becoming prime-minister.

When Du Maurier, the English artist, who draws such fine, tall women and fat, short men, came out as an author, not long ago, it was suggested that he did so to test his ability to earn a living by his pen should the loss of his sight ever make it impossible for him to continue the making of pictures. His eyesight has been failing, and although he has not become blind, as has been rumored, he will be compelled in a few days to undergo an operation of a dangerous character.

Archduke Sigismund, who died so suddenly at Vienna some days ago, barely three weeks after the demise of his brother, Archduke Henry, enjoyed the reputation of possessing the finest numismatic collection in Europe. He was a singularly handsome man, bearing but little personal resemblance to the somewhat homely Hapsburg family. A brother-in-law of the late King Victor Emmanuel, he found himself face to face with him at the battle of Novarra, barely three years after the day on which he acted as best man to the latter at his wedding.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, whose power in England, even in temporal matters, is inferior only to that of royalty, is a very enthusiastic horseman. He rides to avoid the increase of corpulence, and rides well, though his attire, when on horseback, seems rather incongruous, for with knee-boots he wears his shovel-hat and apron. He may be seen galloping about London, and frequently in the slums of Westminster, where he goes to administer charity to the poor. His father was a poor country clergyman, and his rise in the church has been a matter of phenomenal good fortune.

That young giant of royalty, Prince George of Greece, after distinguishing himself by saving his cousin, the Czarewitch, from assassination by a fanatical Japanese policeman, has placed another act of gallantry to his credit. The other day, during a terrible hurricane in the Bay of Piræus, the waves caused a boat to capsize in which one of the men-of-war's men was attempting to reach his ship. Prince George, who happened to be on one of the vessels anchored in the immediate neighborhood, without a moment's besitation sprang into the angry sea, seized the sailor, and succeeded in bringing him within reach of one of the ironclads.

Jules Verne writes his extraordinary stories in a study perched at the top of the tower of his Amiens house. The room is crowded with charts, electrical apparatus, and the various scientific instruments with which the author surrounds himself when he is elaborating imaginary adventures. Verne is most abstemious for a Frenchman, drinking cider in preference to wine, and shunning tobacco. He is a very painstaking composer, and rewrites his manuscript several times before sending it to the printer. He says that his boyish liking for Baron Münchausen's marvelous tales started him to explore the field of authorship in which he has been so successful.

One of Bismarck's amusements is pistol practice, of which he is fond, and at which in his youth he was expert. The range at Friedrichsruh is across a small lake, perhaps a hundred yards in diameter, and the Iron Chancellor's hand is still steady enough for him to hark a squirrel occasionally. A recent visitor to Friedrichsruh says that the fallen minister, contrary to popular belief, is a man of great personal magnetism. He fascinates his guests, and when they depart, it is as if they were under the spell of a magician. The prince's home life is delightful, and when his son, Count Herbert, and his daughter, the Countess Rantzau, are present, the family gathering is most genial.

The poet James Whitcomb Riley, in his younger days, had established a local reputation as a very clever amateur actor. He is remembered particularly by some Indianians for his impersonation of old Solomon in the play of "Solomon Probity," in which he scored a remarkable success. The play was produced in Greenfield, Ind., about fifteen years ago, and was the event of the season there. To render his make-up effective, and to catch the tricks of manner of an old man, Riley picked out the most aged resident of the town, and for a week followed him about, carefully watching his movements and studying his mannerisms. The poet also constructed the stage fire-place used in the drama.

Prince Henry von Pless, who was married the other day, at Westminster, to the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Cornwallis West, is a member of a family which shares with the reigning house of Reuss the curious custom of numbering its male members. They all bear the name of Henry: thus, the present Prince of Pless is Henry the Eleventh; his son, who has just married Miss Cornwallis West, is Henry the Fifteenth. Every member is numbered in the order of his birth, and, when a certain number is reached, the enumeration begins again at number one. We find a Henry the Fourth of Pless, who is the eldest son of Prince Henry the Sixty-Third, who was himself a grandson of Henry the Ninth.

Andrew Carnegie was a messenger-boy in a Pittsburg telegraph-office forty-three years ago. His first step upward was taken when he gained a practical knowledge of telegraphy, an accomplishment that meant more in those days than it does now. The transition was easy to the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Thomas A. Scott, who was then at the head of the great corporation, saw his worth and pushed him forward. Mr. Carnegie says that in those days his great ambition was to be a newspaper writer, an ambition that also possessed Thomas A. Edison just after he learned telegraphy. But though Mr. Carnegie was disappointed in this desire, he lived to try his hand at literary work in a book that gave great comfort to his enemies.

A ROMAN-NOSED MAVERICK.

The Deus ex Machina of the "HX" Cattle-Ranch.

The early days of his sojourn on the range were days of quiet, reserved behavior on his part. In fact, so lacking was he in the gregarious tendencies of his kind that for a long time he was considered a mytb by the more conservative citizens of the locality, and this skeptical feeling on their part was apparently confirmed by the animal's wonderful ubiquity. One starry nigbt he was seen by one of the boys, who was coming home from town late, and, about the same hour, Cale Snelling saw him and climbed a cottonwood sapling for safety's sake, at a point fifteen miles distant. But as both the gentlemen referred to acknowledged that they had been giving some little attention to driving dull care away via the bottle-route, and as other persons who had met or seen the wonderful steer were invariably individuals of bibulous tendencies or a facility in the fiction line, whose descriptions of the maverick were undisguisable misfits of eacb other, those who had not, with their own eyes, beheld the monstrosity, still smiled the wise, aggravating smile of disbelief.

Cale Snelling averred that the creature was at least as tall as a giraffe, with horns six feet long, and hoofs whicb left footprints on the sands of time as big as a sombrero. "It" was black as the interior of a coal mine at midnight, with great eyes which flasbed lightning. I think Cale would have said that they also flashed thunder, but he feared this statement would leak. Deponent further set forth that "it" charged upon him with more or less impetuosity, stampeding his horse and causing him to use much celerity in gaining access to the upper story of a slender, swaying tree, where the creature beld him prisoner, occasionally butting the tree witb much gusto, thereby causing Cale's store-teeth to fall out and making his head ache. According to Cale, this resulted in much insomnia on his part, continuing until Aurora and a large bunch of cattle appeared, wbereat "it" withdrew, after various sanguinary threats, uttered in a low bass voice.

The story of the other chap, who claimed to have seen the creature on the same evening, fifteen miles away, did not dove-tail with Mr. Snelling's. According to this veracious gentleman, who was *chef* at Jim Harden's ranch, the maverick was quite a well-behaved animal, although quite uncouth and freakish in appearance. It was very large, with a head as big as a barrel, and quite as long, said the cook, and had big, brancbing horns and fiery eyes. But it was not, he said, black, as Snelling claimed. On the contrary, it was red, with white trimmings.

The only point on wbich any two stories agreed was the description of the maverick's nose. Nearly all united in affirming this to be the most remarkable portion of the beast's make-up, for, instead of being as a well-regulated steer's nose should be, it was so Romanesque that every one who had seen it was quite ready to swear that the lower portion was very nearly, if not quite, at rigbt angles witb the upper.

But nobody seemed to see him by daylight, and circumstances were against tbose wbo did see, or claimed to bave seen, bim at all.

One afternoon, however, he figured in an incident whicb held considerable interest for the party of the second part, who was no less a person than the veteran Hank Barr. Hank, next day, related, in muffled tones, througb several thicknesses of bandages, the following:

"How do I feel? Sa-ay, son, was ye ever kicked by a reel promp' muel, 'r toyed witb by a buzz-saw, 'r bit by a pile-driver? 'Mpb! W'y, them's parlor-games 'longside o' tbat crooked-faced maverick. He ain't no steer—be's a elyfant, that's wbat. Naw, I didn't git no good look at tb' brute. He's one o' tbese here upgardsanattem fellers, an' don't was'e no idle moments sizin' folks up.

"I was ridin' intub camp, 'bout snorin' in tb' saddle, an' had jes' come out o' that long coulé b'tween them low bills ontuh th' crick bottom, w'en, all of a suddent, Plug-ugly snorts an' rares up, an' sometbin' sez 'M-m-m-m-mf-oo-oo!' You bet I wakes up, an' here, 'bout two rod ahead, was th' ole Harry hisself. I reacbed fr my gun an' tried t' make Plug-ugly stan' still, but tb' dern gun was twisted in my belt, an' tb' fool boss was cranky; an' th' fust tbing I knowed, a streak o' greased ligbtnin', witb a full head o' steam, hit me in 'hout forty-six places, an' wben I come to I was lyin', all skun up, with my dainty little dimpled feet an' laigs a-soakin' in tb' crick. Then I pulls tb' gun an' lets go a few times, an' you fellers comes out an' picks me up. Sa-ay! I'm goin' t' ride in a waggin an' kerry a Gatlin' gun, after this bere epysode."

But before Hank was well enougb to attend to business again, there was a change io tbe affairs of the maverick. A few days after Hank's "epysode," Fleming and I heard a tremendous row among a bunch of the boss's blooded cattle, which be always kept near home, away from the others, under special supervision. They had been driven in close to tbe rancb for water that day, for some reason or other, and one of the Flemings and a Mexican cowboy bad started back ioto the hills with them a short time since, so they were only a mile or so away when we heard the disturbance, and it did not take us long to reacb the spot.

As we turned a clump of willows and rode out on to the little level near the creek, wbere Hank had his encounter with the monstrosity, a thrilling sight met our eyes. In a crowding, buddled, terrified mass, a buncb of cattle, bawling and snortiog, were gathered at the upper end of the flat, and tbe two boys had tbeir hands full trying to keep them from stampeding. In full view, and only a couple of hundred yards away, Jerry, the bull, in whose glossy hide there was a small fortune invested, was engaged in deadly combat with the maverick, wbich had been seen only yesterday, at least, twenty miles away.

It was a magnificent fight. Old Jerry had killed several scrub bulls, and had mucb celebrity as a strategist and a powerful figbter, but he evidently bad all he could take care of on this occasion, for the monstrosity seemed to be something of a fighter himself. As we appeared on the scene, the combatants withdrew from eacb other, for a breathing spell, and we had a good look at the maverick.

He certainly was an odd-looking creature. In color he was a curious mottled roan, with large spots of yellowish-white. His back curved upward at a point back of the shoulders, for several inches, and he had long, sinewy legs and great hoofs. And such a nose! It was something like that of a veteran moose, only more exaggerated in its curve, and less accentuated by the lower lip, which was not so prominent as the same feature in the moose. He was sufficiently homely, however, to frigbten almost any animal but the redoubtable Jerry.

Presently the two gladiators began to walk in a circle, which gradually diminished as they walked. Both were bleeding freely from their wounds, but both looked ready to continue. In our excitement, we forgot all about Jerry's value as the head of a herd, and Fleming, thinking only of the animal's fighting qualities, ejaculated: "Scribe, I'll bet ten that Jerry wins!"

I took the bet. The stranger was not so heavy nor so formidable-looking as Jerry, but he seemed to have plenty of "sand" and agility, and was certainly a tactician of higb merit.

I had hardly accepted the bet, when the fighters, in response to a mighty roar of defiance from Jerry, came together. What a crasb! There was not mucb to be seen but a cloud of dust and a couple of great, shadowy forms struggling, butting, and tbrusting for several minutes. Then, suddenly, they emerged. The maverick had evidently found Jerry's weak spot, for the titled foreigner was retreating, tail to the foe, with much more haste than dignity, wbile the conqueror, almost exbausted, stood on the field he bad won and gave a roar of satisfaction.

"By Jove!" said Fleming; "let's rope that cbap. What a fighter he is!"

This was not mucb trouble, for the maverick was almost ready to drop, and, after our horses had been induced to behave themselves, Fleming and I "surrounded" him and led him triumphantly home, sending a couple of the boys after Jerry, who was sadly in need of repairs.

Strange to relate, Julius, as he was christened, was an entirely different creature in captivity from the savage he had shown himself to be wben roaming around according to his own erratic notions. In the little pasture, where he was kept, no hard-working ox could have been milder. Given his freedom—or, rather, taking it once in a while—he was the same ferocious, terrifying steer as of yore. I do not know how to account for this. Nobody tried to, but it was an accepted fact that, wben Julius made bis escape, there were lively times getting him back again, although he seldom went far from home.

But Julius chiefly distinguished bimself the summer after his capture. The stockmen in our vicinity bad been missing an animal or two quite often, and it was remarked that there were always a number of losses of this kind at or about the same time. There was no doubt that there were "rustlers" about, and doing excellent work, too, with considerable profit to themselves. There were no suspicious-looking strangers in the neighborbood wbo seemed to need watching, and, as time passed, it became apparent that somebody near home was in league with tbe thieves. The thefts became more frequent and larger, and tbis continued until every stockman in that section was wrought up to tbe pitch of desperation; hut yet no thief and no clew to him or tbem. A couple of them were sighted near Harden's one nigbt, and bis men took several sbots at tbem, but tbe "rustlers," being splendidly mounted, got away.

Down tbe Five-Mile, several miles from tbe stage-crossing, lived two men, Bryan and Morse by name. Tbey bad a small rancb and a few bundred bead of cattle, and seemed to exist very comfortably. This latter fact was bard to explain for some time.

One night, late in the summer, Sborty Fleming, riding sleepily around a small buncb of cattle which had become separated from the main herd, and were too far distant from tbe latter to be rounded up that night, was suddenly roused by having bis borse sbot under him, and finding himself pinned to the ground by the animal's body. Shorty was full of pluck, and endeavored, to tbe best of bis ability, to make the sbots in bis revolver count; but the rustlers—there were two of them—succeeded in driving off the cattle, leaving the unfortunate youngster to extricate himself and walk bome, a matter of seven or eigbt miles.

Near Bryan and Morse's crossing, a few bours later, two men lay beside a camp-fire. One of tbem seemed to be in paio. It is not one of the most pleasant things in the world to bave a 44-bullet in one's shoulder. A short distance away a Mexican boy, of about sixteen, stood guard over a buncb of cattle.

Presently he glanced toward the east, and, seeing that daylight was very near, rode over to the fire and spoke to the men. They grunted, and tbe one wbo bad been asleep sat up and rubbed his eyes. There was a sudden commotion. Something buge and terrible, witb flaming red eyes, crashed tbrough the underbrusb directly toward them. The Mexican, terrified, gave a shriek, turned his pony, and fled. He may be running yet, for be was never seen in those parts afterward. Tbere were plenty of trees at hand, and tbe two men lost no time in getting into the branches of the nearest one. It was really astonishing how the wounded chap could climb.

They were none too soon, for they were hardly out of reacb when Julius, for he it was, was snorting and pawing at the foot of their percb. Tbe wounded man was partly undressed, and had left bis arms by the fire. The other had his revolver, but had left his belt bebind in the hurry. Custom had made him careless. He must have been nervous, or else it was the darkness that spoiled his aim, for out of the six shots only one touched Julius, and that was a mere scratch on the flank. For several long hours the two men remained in tbat tree, Julius standing guard very near. Then, about nine o'clock, a party of a dozen or fifteen men bappened that way, intent on business. Tbey saw the bunch of "HX" cattle, and heard Julius muttering in the timber. They followed the sound, and saw Julius and tbe besieged Bryan and Morse. Tbe latter was almost delirious witb pain from his wound.

Having captured the belligerent Julius, and assisted Bryan and Morse from the tree, the astute discoverers held a council and discussed matters. They put two and two together—two cattle-thieves and two lariats—and, witb mucb satisfaction but little ceremony, they hoisted Messrs. Bryan and Morse back into the tree, with nothing but their necks to hang on by, after which they rounded up the "HX" animals and went home.

Two thousand dollars will not buy Julius.

R. L. KETCHUM.

YANKTON, S. D., January, 1892.

THE TWELVE-TINED BUCK.

The mist rose out of the valley,
The mist climbed up from the lake,
And a muskrat's course in the water
Spread out in a glimmering wake.

The red sun's edge came peeping
O'er the top of a far-off hill,
The winds lay furled in the floating clouds,
And the leaves and the grass were still.

But over the pines and cedars
Reechoed a distant horn,
And a hound's faint bay chimed with it
In the hush of the waking morn.

And then from a balsam thicket
Came the sound of a sudden crash,
And a twelve-tined buck sprang out and stood
By the side of a quaking asb.

His horos were brown as the autumn,
And his hoofs like jasper shone;
And his dark eyes gleamed in the dawning,
As he snuffed the breeze alone.

And then as the gathering echoes
Brought up the hound's deep cry,
He passed like a steel-gray shadow
And scattered the pine-cones dry;

And down through the tall pine timber,
As an arrow will cut its way,
He fled to the quickening clamor
Of the bounds with their mellow hay.

The partridge flew from the pine-top
As the twelve-tined buck went by,
And the chipmunk dived in a knot-bole smooth
And closed his glittering eye;

And a black snake slid from his coiling,
And deeper in shadows crept;
And a great white owl, disturbed on high,
Called once, and then he slept.

But out from the shade and shadow,
And down through the woods apace,
Came the deer, with the dogs pursuing,
And out through an open space;

And there for a fateful instant
The crack of a rifle came,
A puff of smoke in the russet air,
Death-tipped with a dart of flame.

But over the buck's broad antlers
The wandering bullet flew,
And into the tangled copses
He plunged and battled through;

While still on the trail came floating,
As be fled with his mighty bounds,
The deep, relentless haying
Of the first of the foremost hounds.

So he turned to the sleeping water,
Edged round with spongy moss,
And leaped in the dimpling ripples,
And bravely swam across,

Where a long, low island stretcbing
In the midst of the lonely lake,
Held bog and fern and a haven
Of shadowy, wildest brake.

And into its far recesses
He dropped like a wind-tossed waif;
And a deer-hound wbined on the sbore
he left,
But the twelve-tined buck was safe.

—*Ernest McGaffey in Independent.*

The firm of Jobn Rosenfeld's Sons is now perfecting arrangements for furnishing this city with cheaper coal. Their plans include the running of a line of colliers, cheaper transportation, increased supply, better facilities for handling, and hence minimum cost. Among other things, the firm is engaged in constructing enormous coal-bunkers, and an elevated tramway for transferring the coal directly to the delivery yards. This will save a handling and hauling of a few blocks which frequently cost more than a transportation of hundreds of miles at sea. The importance of this movement to San Francisco can scarcely be overestimated. All manufacturing and most forms of industry are based on power, power on steam, steam on coal. High-priced coal means languishing industries. San Francisco has suffered mucb from her bigb-priced and fluctuating coal-supply. If this project be successful, sbe will be measurably relieved. It is pleasant to note that this firm is doing what will be a public good. There are too many San Francisco firms who would prefer to curtail the supoly and increase tbe price. The firm of John Rosenfeld's Sons prefer to increase the supply and diminisb the price. They deserve success, and they deserve more—tbey deserve the earnest appreciation of tbe people of San Francisco.

A faitbful and clever animal, formerly well known to many passengers on the London and Brighton Railway by the tidal train from London Bridge to Newhaven for the Dieppe steamboats, has lately died at Newbaven. This dog, a Scotcb collie, wore a handsome silver collar, to whicb was appended a silver medal bearing tbe following inscription: "I am Help, the railway dog of England, and traveling agent for the orpbans of railway men who are killed on duty. My office is at 55 Colebrook Row, London, where subscriptions will be tbankfully received and duly acknowledged." It is estimated tbat Help was instrumental in obtaining upwards of one tbousand pounds for the orphan fund.

The unsportsman-like features of battue-shooting, whicb was unknown in England until inaugurated by the queen's German husband, the Prince Consort, were strikingly exemplified during the recent visit of the Prince of Wales to the Duke of Portland, at Welbeck Abbey. On tbe morning after the prince's arrival there, he went out shooting with his bost and seven other gentlemen in the Welbeck covers. In less than five hours, two thousand four hundred head of game were killed by tbe nine guns, the pheasants being so plentiful and so tame that shooting ducks in a barn-yard would have been exciting sport in comparison.

Owen Meredith's (Lord Lytton's) coffin was borne to the grave without a blossom to decorate its pall, according to the direction of Lady Lytton, who said that her husband had requested that not so much "as the tiniest violet or the smallest rosebud" should be used about the bier. "What in heaven's name have poor flowers dooe to be condemned to serve such a horrid purpose as being consigned to vaults and graves? I like a sad-looking funeral," was a frequent saying of the poet's, and his funeral ceremony was, indeed, a gloomy one.

Senator Pettigrew reports that nearly all the silver men of the West are drawing in their borns on the question of free coinage, aod that, at the best, most of the extreme men are coming around to the Republicao position—that, if there must be free coinage, it should be restricted to American bullion.

VANITY FAIR.

Bishop Potter, of New York, in his Christmas-tide sermon, deplored the element of beauty in woman, because it "leads her to sin and deflects the pious flowing of life's stream." The bishop considers "it is an open question whether it is worth while to have beauty at all." To take a charitable view of the bishop's sentiment (says the Chicago *Tribune*), it at least condemns him as a man of exceeding poor taste. Suppose that all the women in the bishop's flock were as homely as hedgehogs, does he believe there would be any less sin among them, or that the vital stream would flow more piously than it does now? Does he really believe that virtue and goodness are dependent upon facial ugliness? If so, then he must complete the logic of the situation, and concede that hags and harridans are less liable to sin than pretty women, which is the reverse of the truth, for the worst women are usually the homeliest. It goes without saying that a woman is not necessarily sinful because she is homely. There are very bad pretty women and very good homely ones, but, if a census could be taken, it would be found that there are more bad homely ones than bad handsome ones. But even if the bishop had stated the case correctly, *cui bono?* Is woman responsible for flashing eyes, sea-shell ears, ruby lips, rounded curves, wealth of hair, and the other characteristics which go to make up the sum total of beauty? If nature has been kind to her, is she to blame? Does the bishop expect or would he desire that all the pretty women in his diocese shall disfigure and reduce themselves to one drear, horrible level of ugliness so that they may not sin any more? Does he not know that under such circumstances they would be worse than they are now, and that for every Helen of Troy now setting men by the ears, there would be a hundred ugly Cleopatras involving men in endless troubles as well as themselves? The truth of the matter is, the bishop has launched a *brutum fulmen*. All the world has admired a beautiful woman since the days when Adam first gazed upon his handsome consort and shared the penalty of her indiscretion of curiosity, and it always will. It wants women to be beautiful, and it wants every homely woman to relieve and mitigate her homeliness as much as she can. No apology can be accepted for a willfully homely woman. It is the duty of every woman to be as handsome as it is possible for her to be, and if this be wrong, there is no sin which the world will forgive so willingly and unanimously as the sin of a handsome face and graceful form. Equally there is nothing so horrible to contemplate as the possibility that all women might be ugly.

Still the ugly woman's apples are not all Dead Sea fruit. Some words of cheer and consolation are addressed to her by Frances Albert Doughty, in *Lippincott's*. The gift of personal beauty is unquestionably one of the highest prizes in a woman's life, she says; but the life of her counterpart, man, is so complex, his needs are so many-sided, that, in some situations, he is led to appreciate a cabbage a good deal more than he does a rose. Imagination is such a potent factor in love that if a man admires a tiny foot, its possessor often borrows from her extremities a general comeliness of person in his opinion. Most ugly girls have something pretty about them, and the few who know that they cannot claim even this limited endowment, become pathetic to men of a generous mind, exciting pity, and we all know what pity is akin to under favorable conditions. Ugly girls, however, generally carry their consolation with them, in a blessed unconsciousness of their want of good looks. Has not every one seen them standing before a mirror noting the effect of a color or a new fashion, with an undisguised expression of admiration on their faces? Much like the ugly young man, who ties his cravat and smiles at his image in the glass, with the comforting mental comment: "Not handsome, but devilish fascinating." The statement that "ugly girls are generally left to run to waste, as unappropriated blessings," is not supported by evidence. Who has not met wives as ugly as any old maid in his list of acquaintances? It is safe to make the broad generalization that an ugly girl, all other things being equal, is likely to have fewer offers than a pretty girl, but quite as likely to receive the one offer which will make her a happy wife. It may be doubted whether a plurality of lovers is an unmixed advantage to a girl; one good lover, the elect man, attracted to her by affinity in its highest sense, is forever enough. But all other things (save the gift of beauty) seldom are equal between the ugly and the pretty girl; by the natural law of compensation, the ugly girl has either some inherent or some acquired quality that is lacking in the other, which asserts its charm as acquaintance progresses. Beauty only has the start in the race. The ugly girl, being obliged to study human nature closely in order to get the most out of it, learns so well how and when to speak delicate flattery, that she ends by convincing the man, who scarcely noticed her the evening when they were introduced, that the lips which can utter such bewitching things are really beautiful; for somebody has said that men are vain. An ugly girl is not sated with admiration, or confident when she gets it that it will be perennial, so she does not let chances give her the slip, after the fashion of many belles. When once married she has plenty of grit, too, to protect her lawful property and to distance the pretty and unscrupulous flirts who would try their wiles on him. It is questionable, after all, if a woman's beauty or homeliness makes much difference to a man after he has been married to her a year. He sees her inner nature, and the happiness of the couple is decided by the effect of their inner natures upon each other. Many a man, with a pretty wife, has been infatuated with the society of a plain-looking woman, who possessed either intelligence or some power of adaptation he missed in his partner.

"I can always spot a woman who has studied the Delsarte system of grace," observed one man to another, as the two were seated in the dining room of an hotel. "When a Delsarte woman enters the room, she doesn't walk as if she were propelled by her elbows, nor as if she were merely hung together. You realize all at once that she is a creature complete in herself. There are no dangling arms, no sharp corners, no angles anywhere. She is the embodiment of grace, and when she sits down, she doesn't double up as if she were a jack-knife being put away from active duty."

The late lamented Jeames Yellowplush, in his happiest moments, never surpassed a touch which *Harper's Weekly* finds in a recent description of a funeral in New York. Among those present was a gentleman who is not in any sense a public man, nor a seeker of newspaper notoriety. He is a very rich man, however, and this fact evidently filled the observant Jeames's buzzum with awe and reverence. "The young man," says Jeames, with bated breath, "whose wealth is computed at over fifty millions, stood . . . an attentive, devout, and sad participant in the obsequies," his "pale face, fringed just beneath the ears with tufts of black whiskers, wore a melancholy expression. He was attired in a neat-fitting suit of black, black gloves, and tie. He stood when the congregation rose, knelt when it knelt, and sat when it sat. Throughout the long service, he remained with set, saddened face, and most of the time with bowed head. Never once did he glance around to see who was there, and not once did he exchange words with his pew companion." Jeames was overcome. A gentleman behaved like a gentleman, and yet, strange to say, he is computed to be worth fifty millions of dollars! Evidently, the awe-stricken Jeames supposes that a man so rich might be naturally expected to wear a red coat and yellow breeches at a funeral, to rise when the congregation sat down, to sit down when it rose, and to dance a jig when it knelt. That a rich man should condescend to be a gentleman evidently amazes Jeames, and with trembling fingers he records the wondrous fact, which is then placed within the possession of every friend of humanity for the insignificant sum of two cents. These are the things that inspire respect and admiration for a free and independent press.

"If I am to run this bazaar," a bright young woman said, her black eyes shining with an executive glow, "I'm going to run it to make money; and I'm going to reach for the money just where it is to be found in the largest quantities—in the pockets of the men. They always buy half the things at a church fair—but to their everlasting confusion and shamefacedness, too. What I'm going to do is to give these men, whom we mean to levy upon, a fair equivalent for their money in things that they can use themselves. I'm going to organize a new kind of fair for men, and I'm going to call it——" "Call it a 'Bachelor's Bazaar!'" "That's capital, and we'll have a bewildering array of things that bachelors like, and we'll make more money and give more satisfaction than ever bazaar gave before in life." And they did. There were pocket-handkerchiefs, with initials and without, in little boxes of half a dozen each; neckties which any bachelor could buy with confidence; silk handkerchiefs and silk protectors, gloves, key-chains, and the kind of writing-paper that men like. There were boxes for collars and cuffs, already filled, and silk umbrellas, and scores of other things that any sensible man would be willing to give up good, hard dollars for, because he could see a use in them.

The writer of an article on "Why Do I Favor Club Life?" in *The Club* for January, answers the question asked by saying: "Well, first, it is a haven of refuge from belligerent, over-affectionate, neglectful, or uncongenial wives in time of domestic, marital cyclone or filial rebellion; second, it is a padded weapon of defense to hold in front of nagging, disrespectful, or society-loving wives, to keep them to at least a show of decorum; third, it forms a comfortable, home-like resort, where men can assemble and relate anecdotes of personal reminiscences, past frolics, present scrapes, and future campaigns without the restraint of womanhood; fourth, it furnishes gastronomic tid-bits in a better style and better preparation than can any restaurant, or, indeed, any home, not of the highest order of expensive management; fifth, it offers complete retirement, with an atmosphere of the best sociability."

A condition of affairs, in connection with a recent Eastern wedding, which would have produced a serious result had it continued, was discovered just in time. The list of guests, quite five hundred long was given to the engraver, and the cards were to be sent directly from his place, at a date two weeks in advance of that set for the ceremony. When the time for the cards to be out had passed, the bride-to-be wondered that no one of her dozen intimates spoke of having received them. Nearer drew the wedding day, and still no comment, nor, what might reasonably be expected, any gift from any quarter. At length, when but six days remained of the fortnight of announcement, the bride's mother heard a friend comment upon having received shortly before an empty envelope, and she wondered what might have been in it, as it looked like an invitation cover. This set the listener to thinking, with the result that inquiries were made, and the remarkable fact disclosed that, to the entire list of guests, properly addressed envelopes had been sent destitute of contents.

"I don't see why I shouldn't have that kind of cloth for my new tailor-made gown," said a young girl, when her brother's new trousers came home from the tailor's. "But it's for trousers," said her brother. "That's no reason why a girl shouldn't have a gown of it, if she wants one," she answered. It was a soft gray, with tiny stripes of darker gray and a hair-line of black running through it. "It would make a pretty gown," said her mother, doubtfully; "but it is too heavy." "It isn't any heavier than your Bedford cord. I shouldn't think of having it lined," said the young woman, positively, "except in the bodice, and that with thin silk." "It cost three dollars and fifty cents a yard," her brother remarked. "So does Bedford cord," she responded. The result was plain from that moment; and the fact is that a great many young women have stolen masculine cloths for their street-gowns. Many of the patterns are pleasing and refined in the dainty hair, fine stripes, soft colorings, or invisible plaids that the man of good taste selects for his trousers.

The alleged mystery as to how it is possible for American girls to be so successful in English society is, after all, no mystery, but simply owing to their self-assertion. They appraise themselves highly, insist upon attention, and decline to be ignored, all without the sacrifice of their dignity. The English girl does nothing of the sort, but remains to the Englishman "something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse." I have stopped at the country-house of an English peer (writes Arthur Brisbane in the *World*), and seen twelve English gentlemen ignore the existence of twelve English ladies at dinner every evening for a week. These men hunted all day, talked nothing but hunt all dinner, and played cards and billiards all the evening. The fair sex were apparently a part of the furniture of the establishment, and nothing more. It was pitiable to see them try to appear interested in the talk about the day's sport, asking timid questions and getting snubby answers. The time when an Englishman is most attentive to one of the opposite sex is when he is trying to steal the affections of another man's wife. This party was afterwards joined by an American girl. After being there two days, she told me she would not stand being ignored. She would make the men talk to her and stay a little while in the drawing-room after dinner—and she did. The next day, when they began on their old subject, she said, laughingly: "Oh! I have such a happy thought; suppose you men stop harping on horses and hunting and make yourselves agreeable to us. I know you are all *blasé*, and dying for a new sensation, and this will be very strange and weird to you." This speech simply electrified the *Front-de-Bœufs* seated around the table. They laughed, looked at her with interest, and, from that time on, the women had a delightful time, particularly the American.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The returned checks paid to General and Mrs. Grant on account of the memoirs are eleven in number, and amount in all to $414,855 28. Some $3,000 more will be paid shortly after January.

Mr. Churton Collins has just acknowledged the authorship of the *Cornhill Magazine* article, published long ago, on "Tennysonian Origins." By a republication in an extended form, under the title "Illustrations of Tennyson," he does not accuse the poet of plagiarism, but brings up parallel passages showing that the Laureate "borrowed ideas and phrases by the wholesale from previous authors, always, however, improving them."

The Boston Public Library trustees have excluded *Puck* and *Judge* from the library periodical list.

Lady Burton is preparing a memoir of Sir Richard; and is also editing for the press his unpublished works as well as his "Pentamerone" and "Catullus."

Though not intimated in the book, "A Summer in Alaska," by Frederick Schwatka, published by John Y. Huber Company, of Philadelphia, is a new issue of "Along Alaska's Great River," by F. Schwatka, published in 1885. Three new chapters are added, but the index is the old one, and does not contain any reference to the new matter. The date of the expedition, 1883, has been removed from the title-page and preface, and two maps left out.

Concerning the starting of new periodicals, E. W. Bok has this to say in a syndicate letter:

"Floating a fully-equipped magazine is very much like pouring water in a rat-hole. When the present *Scribner's Magazine* was started, money flowed out like water months before the first issue came out. With everything in its favor, and with more gratuitous advertising and advance booming than has ever been given a magazine, nearly half a million dollars was spent before the magazine 'turned the corner.' The *Cosmopolitan*, into which three hundred thousand dollars has been sunk by Mr. Walker, is just about beginning to give the first return of his investment. The *Illustrated American* has spent nearly two hundred thousand dollars. The *Forum*, without illustrations, sunk over seventy-five thousand dollars before its backers saw the first gleam of light. The public is slow to take hold of a new periodical unless it has some specially striking qualities, and the advertiser is slower yet. And between the reluctance of the two, a heavy capital is needed to stand a strain of everything going out and comparatively nothing coming in."

A uniform edition of the novels of William Black, now twenty-six in number, will be issued by Sampson Low, of London, at the rate of one volume each month.

A story by Clark Russell, called "Mrs. Dines's Jewels," appears this month.

A unique experiment will be tried in one of the February magazines. The entire number has been contributed in prose, fiction, and verse by the daughters of famous parents, as a proof that genius is often hereditary. The work of thirty of these "daughters" will be represented. These will comprise the daughters of Thackeray, Hawthorne, Dickens, James Fenimore Cooper, Horace Greeley, Mr. Gladstone, President Harrison, William Dean Howells, Senator Ingalls, Dean Bradley, of Westminster, Julia Ward Howe, General Sherman, Jefferson Davis, and nearly a score of others.

Rennell Rodd, who has lived long in Greece, will publish, in London, a book on "The Customs and Lore of Modern Greece." He also has in preparation a volume of verse called "The Violet Crown."

Dr. Josiah Royce's Cambridge lectures on "The Spirit of Modern Philosophy" are to be published in one volume.

Joseph Knight, the veteran dramatic critic of London, is writing a life of Garrick. He is also preparing to publish a volume under the title of "Theatrical Notes," which will be a record of the principal performances at the London theatres during the last twenty years.

The third volume of Professor John Bach McMaster's history will appear this week from the Appleton press. It covers the history of the people of the United States from the Louisiana purchase down to the beginning of the War of 1812 and Hull's surrender at Detroit. It includes the story of the Burr conspiracy, the long embargo and its effects, and a review of the social, economical, and political development of the people since 1784. The author describes the apportionment of the public lands and the questions arising therefrom, and the spread of democracy in the early part of the century; also the various conflicts more or less connected therewith between the judiciary and the people.

An American author, who spent some time with Henrik Ibsen last summer in Norway, asked the famous author whether he would not visit America some time. "America?" replied Ibsen; "that frog-pond, where every frog pokes his head above the surface and croaks at some other frog? Not much."

A story by William Black, called "The Magic Ink," will appear soon.

The next issue in Appleton's Town and Country Library will be a novel by Katherine Lee, entitled "Love or Money." The author traces the career of a fashionable woman in the London "smart set."

The *Bookman* is the title of a new monthly journal for "book-readers, book-buyers, and booksellers," published in London by Hodder & Stoughton. It is bright and "newsy"—two qualities rather rare in English literary journalism. The motto of this journal is taken from James Russell Lowell: "I am a Bookman."

"W. B.," of Parkersburg, W. Va., writes: "In reviewing Mr. Cawein's 'Days and Dreams,' the *Critic* quotes the following stanza as a good example of the simpler manner in which Mr. Cawein has learned to express himself:

> 'Herein the dearness of her is:
> The thirty perfect days of June
> Made one, in beauty and in bliss
> Were not more white to have to kiss,
> To love not more in tune.'

The *Independent* quotes the same stanza as an example of the poet's 'exfoliations of artificiality,' and says it attracts attention only by its halting flow and vagueness of expression."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* hears of "three of the leading publishers who have set, or are about to set, the American compositors to work." They "propose having their books put into type in the States and importing the plates over here." In this way, Americans may expect, in time, to effect a needed reform in English spelling.

President David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, will have in the February *Popular Science Monthly* an account of how the hot-springs and lava-cliffs of the Yellowstone Park were formed, and what adventures have befallen the finny inhabitants of its lakes and streams. The article is called "The Story of a Strange Land," and it will be illustrated with several full-page and smaller views.

"The Century Dictionary."

"The Century Dictionary" has been completed by the issue of the sixth and last volume well within two years of the appearance of the first fasciculus. This last volume commences with the word *strub*, and contains ten hundred and forty-six pages, with thirty pages of addenda, in which are given a list of authors cited in the work, comprising three thousand names, and a supplementary list of new forms of spelling recommended by the English Philological Society and the American Philological Association, and strongly advocated by Professor William Dwight Whitney, the editor-in-chief of "The Century Dictionary." The entire work, then, contains seven thousand and forty-six pages and the addenda, instead of six thousand five hundred, as was originally intended, and in this space gives five hundred thousand definitions of two hundred and fifteen thousand words, fifty thousand defined phrases, three hundred thousand illustrative quotations, and eight thousand cuts. From the printer's point of view, "The Century Dictionary" contains two-thirds as much matter as "The Encyclopedia Britannica." Much space is saved, too, by the device of tabulating under the prefix *un* nearly a thousand words, such as *unlashed*, which need not be specially defined and yet must be recorded in a work of this character.

The encyclopedic character of the work is well sustained in the definitions of such words as *sun*, *sun-spot*, *transit*, *temple*, *swallow*, *sub*, *substance*, *trot* (with reproductions of instantaneous photographs by Muybridge), *trust*, and *warbler*, and in the entries under *water*, etc., while the richness of the illustration is exemplified in the pictures accompanying the words *tabard*, *testudo*, *tiger*, *toboggan*, *tube* (pneumatic), *type-setting machine*, *tunnel*, *Venus*, *victory*, and *volute*. The derivations of the words are clearly shown, the definitions are at once comprehensive and concise, and the illustrative quotations that follow almost every word are in many cases ticketed with book and page as well as author's name. The "new" words recorded and defined would alone make a very large dictionary, including, as well as the popular coinage, the hundreds of new words which invention and discovery in the sciences have created. In doing this, however, the editors have not neglected the past, but have also gleaned and brought together much that has hitherto been inaccessible from the age of Chaucer and of Shakespeare. It is equally true of "The Century Dictionary" that it is the first dictionary by which Shakespeare can be read and that it is the first by means of which modern physical, biological, and technical literature may be understood.

Published by The Century Company, New York; for sale by the J. Dewing Company.

New Publications.

"Sir Anthony's Secret," a novel by Adeline Sergeant, has been issued in the Broadway Series published by John A. Taylor & Co., New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Princess Roubine: or, Nadia's Vow," translated by George D. Cox from the French of "Henry Gréville" (Mme. Durand), has been issued in paper covers by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; price, 25 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

In the first issue of "Choice Poems for Recitation," compiled by George Hastings, seventeen out of the forty-eight poems are credited to "The Old Favorites Column of the San Francisco *Argonaut*." Published by Edward Brandus & Co., New York; price, 10 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Barker's Facts and Figures for 1892," compiled by Thomas P. Whittaker, contains a vast amount of statistical and other information regarding the commerce, agriculture, finance, health, government, population, religion, etc., of the nations and peoples of the earth, with specially elaborate treatment of the affairs of Great Britain. Published by Frederick Warne & Co., New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Glimpses of Nature" is the title of a volume of popular essays by Andrew Wilson, the noted English scientist, which have been appearing from time to time in an English periodical under the general title of "Science Jottings." Though many of the papers were suggested by current events, they are all of permanent value and interest. There are nearly fifty of them, and the topics range from "The Night-Lights of the Sea" to "Town Life and Its Effects." Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Latest Literary Essays" is the title of a volume containing the last uncollected papers and addresses of the late James Russell Lowell. All but one of them, that on "Richard the Third," had been revised by the author for this final collection; the others are "Gray," "Some Letters of Walter Savage Landor," "Walton," "Milton's 'Areopagitica,'" "The Study of Modern Languages," and "The Progress of the World." An excellent portrait on steel serves as a frontispiece to the book. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, $1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The half-dozen essays by Maria Ellery Mackaye which have been collected from the periodical press and appear in a volume entitled "The Abbess of Port Royal and Other French Studies" are, as Colonel Higginson says in his preface to the volume, a partial refutation of the oft-repeated charge that American women are not doing their full share of thoughtful and studious literary work. The subjects of the essays are: "The Abbess of Port Royal," "The Song of Roland," "Beaumarchais," "French-women before the Revolution," "The Marvels of Mont Saint Michel," and "Provençal Songs." Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, $1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The officers of the Occidental Kindergarten Association for the ensuing year are: President, Miss Sarah Samuels; vice-president, Miss Lilly Callahan; second vice-president, Miss Madge Harrison; recording secretary, Miss Sadie Levy; corresponding secretary, Miss Amy Smith; and treasurer, Miss Florence Musto.

Races, fancy skating, and lively music are the attractions the Olympian Rink in the Mechanics' Pavilion holds out to mere spectators. Skaters need no other attractions than the splendid floor and the pleasure of the exercise.

— GRUNFELD, THE PIANIST.—ALFRED GRUNFELD has made the artistic success of the musical season. There is a unanimous feeling that he is the greatest pianist that has come to this country since Rubinstein. His success is so complete that he is booked for a large number of engagements in all parts of the country, extending to the Pacific Coast. It is pleasant to note that he expresses an unqualified preference for pianos of American manufacture. He accords a full moiety of his triumphs to the Knabe pianos, which he has used at all his concerts. —*New York Judge, December 26, 1891.*

— THE COSTIKYAN COLLECTION OF ORIENTAL art-goods which is now on free public exhibition at the San Francisco Real-Estate Exchange, 16 Post Street, and is to be sold at auction, commencing Monday, January 18th, comprises some of the finest specimens of Turkish and Persian rugs, carpets, tapestries, bric-à-brac, etc., which have ever been brought to this city.

— WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS — CORRECT styles. Harbourne Stationery Company, 5 Montgomery Street.

— NOW THAT YOU ARE TIRED OF EATING turkey, try a kit of those fat, juicy bloater mackerel to be had of S. Foster & Co., 26 California Street.

— "ONE MINUTE" PANCAKE MEAL MAKES delicious hot cakes. Something new. Try it.

— ARTHUR B. PIERSON IS NOW LOCATED AT 225 Kearny Street. Books and stationery.

— EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

Always

"Good Luck"

with

Cleveland's

Baking

Powder,

and the last spoonful does as good work as the first, are good reasons why Cleveland's has been a growing success for 22 years.

FASHION MAGAZINES
—AT—
ROBERTSON'S,
126 POST ST

Don't occupy more space in a newspaper than you can fill. A small advertisement, crisp and fresh, is better than a column or two grown stale. Change often.

Don't be satisfied merely to "catch the eye." 'Tis true, Addison pronounced that to be "the great art in writing advertisements," but as great a one is to *hold* the eye after it is caught and thereby get the attention. The dominant line, the catchy first words, must not, of course, be undervalued, but they are not all-sufficient.

Make your advertisement's readable. You can't do it with poster-type. Avoid too many display-lines. Drop all your superlatives and half your capital letters. Barnum's manner is well enough once a year—for a circus.

Cultivate style—not fine writing, nor big words, but plain, direct Saxon speech, shorn of both slang and tinsel; plain enough for the simple, good enough for the refined, as Shakespeare is and the Book of Job.

Never exaggerate. Tell your little story in a modest, friendly way, and don't promise more than you can perform. Aim to create an impression of candor and fairness. Describe your goods, but don't overpraise them. Pay no attention to your competitors. Above all, don't be forever asking the public to buy, like an "old-clo'" man. It is enough that you have goods to sell. That you want buyers goes by inference.

Acquaint yourself with type, so as to use it effectively. Consider the value of plain Roman in broken paragraphs as compared with the ordinary display. Plenty of people will declare that such-and-such a book *looks* interesting from merely glancing at it, simply because it is full of conversational matter and broken lines. Take the hint and make your advertisement look interesting, by introducing a sufficiency of open space. Ample white space, top and bottom of an advertisement, is a great help sometimes.

Advertise one thing at a time. Make a distinct impression. Don't catalogue your wares. The man who read the dictionary through complained that he couldn't remember much about it. A good many advertisements are similarly confusing.—*Printers' Ink.*

Sanford's Perfect Heel Protector

is the only device that prevents lop-sided Boot-Heels. Guaranteed to add 50 per cent. to the wearing quality of any pair of shoes. Made of Silver Steel, chilled, very durable. Easily applied by any one. We mail a sample pair, with nails, for 10c., or a box containing six pairs protectors, with nails, a steel chisel, tin gauge, and full instructions for applying, for 50 cts. *Agents wanted.* Address, Woodman Co., Box 2872, Boston, Mass.

ROOS BROS.

27, 29, 31, 33, 35, 37, KEARNY STREET

ALL THE LATEST STYLES

—IN—

MEN'S, BOYS', AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING and FURNISHING GOODS,

-:- AT MARKED-DOWN PRICES -:-

SOCIETY.

The Donahue Dinner-Party.

Mrs. Peter Donahue gave an elaborate dinner-party last Thursday evening, at her residence, on Bryant Street, in honor of Judge and Mrs. Matthew P. Deady, of Portland, Or., who are here on a visit. The table was very prettily decorated. The centerpiece was a large banquet-lamp, shaded by clusters of pink roses, while at its base and scattered around among the silver and crystal-ware were beautiful Rainbow roses. At each cover was an unique name-card, each differing from the others in color and bearing the name in golden-hued letters. A gilded spray, tied with bow-knots of gauze ribbons, adorned each card, and upon the spray was a butterfly, with outstretched wings. Covers were laid for twelve and the menu was bounteous. Mrs. Donahue entertained her guests in a most hospitable manner, and all retired at midnight, delighted with the affair. Those present were:

Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mrs. Edward Martin, Judge and Mrs. M. P. Deady, Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. James D. Phelan, and Mr. J. B. Randol.

The Belden Reception.

Mrs. Charles A. Belden gave a delightful reception, at her residence, 2004 Gough Street, on Saturday, January 9th, in honor of Mrs. George B. Williams, of Washington, D. C., who has been her guest for several weeks. The residence was tastefully decorated with a profusion of foliage and choice flowers, and each apartment appeared to the best advantage. The hours of the reception were from five until eight o'clock, and, during that time, there were about two hundred callers, who were most hospitably entertained. Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle, Miss Beth Sperry, Miss Susie Russell, and Miss Nellie Hillyer, of this city, and Miss McCreary and the Misses Upson, of Sacramento, assisted the hostess in receiving.

Notes and Gossip.

Cards are out for a small tea to be given by the Misses Wethered to their young friends next Wednesday, at their home, on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. M. E. Pendleton and the guests at the Hotel Pleasanton will give a party at the hotel on Tuesday evening, January 26th.

The little child of Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson will be christened this (Saturday) afternoon at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson on Pine Street.

The children's international costume ball, which is to be given at the San Francisco Verein on Saturday evening, January 30th, is attracting much attention. Mr. J. H. Rosewald will have charge of the music, which will include Romberg's "Kinder Symphony," the "Serenade," by Metra, and a march by the liliputian band of the verein. There will also be dancing and a supper.

Miss Ashe gave a charming matinée tea at her residence on Sacramento Street on Saturday, January 9th, and very pleasantly entertained many of her friends.

Under the auspices of the Society for Christian Work three entertainments will be given in the parlors of the Unitarian Church by Miss Susan Hale on Wednesday evenings, January 20th and 27th, and Saturday afternoon, January 30th.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. J. C. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood have returned from New York and are at their residence in Menlo Park.

Colonel C. F. Crocker is making a tour of Mexico and will soon go to New York. He will be away about six weeks.

Senator John P. Jones is in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Jones will remain at her home in Santa Monica all of the winter, owing to her ill health.

Mr. James V. Coleman is visiting his mother in Washington, D. C.

Major and Mrs. Frank McLaughlin and Miss Agnes McLaughlin, of Oroville, are passing a couple of weeks at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Cutler Paige has returned from a visit to Fresno.

Mr. and Mrs. Will E. Fisher have returned from their wedding tour through Southern California and are stopping, temporarily, at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. James Brett Stokes is visiting relatives in New York and will remain there until the end of the season.

Mrs. H. J. Booth and the Misses Booth will receive on Tuesdays in January at their residence, 2012 Broadway.

Miss Alice Ziska has returned from a pleasant visit to Mrs. A. V. Kautz at Vancouver Barracks, Wash.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Sachs are in Nice, Italy.

Colonel D. E. Hungerford and Mrs. M. L. Mackay, who have been passing several days in Paris, are now in Rome.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill are passing the winter in Philadelphia.

Mr. D. B. Gillette, Jr., is at the Hoffman House in New York city.

Mrs. George B. Williams returned to Washington, D. C., last Tuesday, after a pleasant visit to Mrs. Charles A. Belden.

Miss Frank has returned to her home in Portland, Or., after an enjoyable visit here to Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank, at their residence on Van Ness Avenue.

Miss Ella Goad has returned from a pleasant visit to Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, at Stag's Leap, in Napa County.

Mrs. E. F. Qualtrough came down from Vallejo last Tuesday, and has been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Major and Mrs. J. L. Rathbone have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Rideout are visiting in Marysville, their former place of residence.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. White, of Los Angeles, are at the Hotel Duval, in Jacksonville, Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, of Oakland, will soon leave to make a tour of Europe.

Miss Leila Carroll, of Sacramento, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Alexander.

Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre will return from New York in about two weeks.

General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton will pass the remainder of the season at the Palace Hotel. Miss Minnie Houghton, who is visiting her sister, Mrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley, in Hartford, Conn., will remain away until the latter part of March.

Mrs. E. B. Coleman and Miss Lena Blanding will soon leave for Santa Barbara, where they will remain several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Moody and the Misses Moody have returned from their tour of Southern California.

Miss Jessie Newlands is enjoying a visit to the southern part of the State.

Hon. Charles Fernald, of Santa Barbara, is in town, accompanied by his son. They are stopping at the residence of Mr. Fernald's niece, Mrs. H. H. Hobbs.

Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Johnson and Miss Kate Johnson, of Los Angeles, is at the St James Hotel, in Jacksonville, Fla.

Hon. James G. Fair has returned from his Eastern trip.

General Walter Turnbull has been passing the week here, after a long visit to his vineyard in Tulare County.

Mrs. Robert Oxnard will receive on Fridays, at her residence, 1613 Van Ness Avenue.

Mr. Louis A. Garnett left New York a week ago on the steamer *City of Paris* for Liverpool.

Mr. Henry P. Hall, of this city, whose engagement to Miss Minton was recently announced, is the guest of Mrs. Charles Minton, at Staten Island.

Mr. E. S. Pillsbury is stopping at the Windsor Hotel, in New York city.

Mr. Robert B. Brenham left for Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands on the steamer *Monowai* last Tuesday, to rejoin his wife, who has entirely recovered from her late severe illness.

Army and Navy Notes.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant Everett E. Benjamin, First Infantry, U. S. A., is on temporary duty at Fort Gaston, Cal.

Lieutenant Robert H. Noble, First Infantry, U. S. A., is on duty at St. John's College, Annapolis, Md.

Lieutenant Elbridge R. Hills, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is on duty at the University of Illinois, Champaign, Ill.

Lieutenant John M. Neall, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is on duty at the Nevada State University, Reno, Nev.

Lieutenant Willoughby Walke, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is on duty at the artillery school, Fort Monroe, Va.

Lieutenant Warren P. Newcomb, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is absent on duty at the Military Academy, West Point, N. Y.

Lieutenant Garland N. Whistler, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is absent from duty on a leave of absence, which will expire on March 8, 1892.

Captain William N. Tisdall, First Infantry, U. S. A., is in Philadelphia, Pa.

Lieutenant George W. Kirkman, First Infantry, U. S. A., is away on a leave of absence, which will expire February 3, 1892.

Lieutenant Charles G. Starr, First Infantry, U. S. A., is in general recruiting service at Columbus Barracks, Ohio.

Captain George W. Crabb, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is ill at the Hot Springs, Arkansas.

Lieutenant David D. Johnson, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is on duty at the Perdue University, Lafayette, Ind.

Lieutenant Harvey C. Carbaugh, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is acting as Judge Advocate in the Department of Texas.

Captain Joshua A. Fessenden, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is absent on sick leave until May 13, 1892.

Major Marcus P. Miller, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is still absent on duty at Fort Monroe, Va.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Sherwood Concerts.

Mr. William H. Sherwood, of Chicago, the eminent solo pianist, has given two concerts in Metropolitan Hall during the past week. In each case he attracted large and appreciative audiences and entertained them well. His programme on last Tuesday evening was as follows:

Sonata, C minor, op. 3 (his last piano sonata), Beethoven, *(a)* maestoso, allegro con brio ed appassionato, *(b)* arietta, adagio molto semplice e cantabile; soirée de Vienne, No. 6, Schubert-Liszt; march in D flat, op. 39, Alexis Hollaender; ballade in A flat, op. 47, Chopin; "La Campanella," Paganini-Liszt; "Royal Gaelic March" ("Macbeth"), arranged by William Sherwood, Edgar S. Kelley; "Buy a Broom" (minuet), op. 14, No. 1, "Ethelinda," op. 14, No. 2, William H. Sherwood; "Tremolo," Gottschalk; "Moment Musicale," op. 7, No. 2 (edited by William H. Sherwood), Moszkowski; "La Fileuse," Raff; "Faust Waltz," Gounod-Liszt; "Feuer Zauber," from "Die Walküre," Wagner-Brassin; polonaise in E, Liszt.

The programme at the matinée on Thursday comprised the following selections:

G minor, fantaisie and fugue, Bach; impromptu in B flat, op. 142, No. 3, Schubert; waltz caprice, staccato etude in C, Rubinstein; sonata quasi una fantaisia, op. 27, No. 2, (moonlight), adagio sostenuto allegretto, presto agitato, Beethoven; second minuet in B flat, Edgar H. Sherwood; "Medea," op. 13, William H. Sherwood; cavatina and march, op. 91, Raff; romanza in F sharp, op. 28, No. 2, maestoso, op. 17, No. 2, Schumann; nocturne in D flat, op. 27, No. 2, waltz in A flat, op. 42, Chopin; "Tannhauser March," Wagner-Liszt.

A Musical Sunday Afternoon.

Mr. F. W. Ludovici gave his fourth Musical Sunday Afternoon of the second series in Steinway Hall on January 10th. As usual at these affairs a fashionable audience were present, all of whom were delighted with the able presentation of the following numbers:

String Quartet, No. 12, in E flat, op. 127 *(1)* maestoso, allegro teneramente, *(2)* adagio ma non troppo e molto cantabile, *(3)* scherzando vivace, *(4)* finale (dedicated to Prince Nicolaus von Galitzin), Beethoven, Herrman Brandt Quartet—Messrs. Herrman Brandt, John Josephs, Louis Schmidt, and Louis Heine; violin concerto, andante, allegro, Mendelssohn, Miss Florence Fletcher and Miss Ada E. Weigel; songs, *(a)* "Ich liebe dich," Ed. Grieg, *(b)* "Erscheinen, noch einmal Erscheinen," Curschmann, Miss Nina Bertini; quintet for piano and strings, *(1)* allegro, ma non tanto, *(2)* andante con moto, *(3)* scherzo, molto vivace, *(4)* finale, allegro, Dvôrak, Miss Ada E. Weigel and the Herrman Brandt Quartet.

The next concert will take place on Sunday, February 14th.

Mrs. Carmichael-Carr and Mr. Sigmund Beel will give their first Saturday Popular Concert of the new series this (Saturday) afternoon, in Irving Hall. They have prepared a very interesting programme, selected in great part from Beethoven's compositions. Mrs. L. Brechemin will sing Beethoven songs, Mrs. Carr will play the thirty-two variations, beside the first sonate in D for piano and violin, and the other number will be a trio for violin, viola, and 'cello.

— IT IS RUMORED THAT MESSRS. S. & G. GUMP are preparing for their annual art sale. If this is so, those desirous of purchasing good paintings should await this favorable opportunity.

Alexander Dumas proposes a tax upon diners-out, the revenue of which shall go to the poor.

THE LEAGUE OF PRESS CLUBS.

The delegates and guests of the International League of Press Clubs have been entertained in San Francisco during the past week as the guests of the Press Club of San Francisco. Their visit is one of more than ordinary interest, representing as they do the press clubs of the prominent Eastern cities and many of the leading journals of the East. Various committees, composed of members of the Press Club, were formed to make proper arrangements for the entertainment of the visitors and their plans have been successful in every respect. The programme, outlined in brief, is as follows:

Wednesday, January 14th—Arrival in the city; "late watch" in the Press Club rooms; the De Young dinner to the governing board, Governor Markham, and Mayor Sanderson.

Thursday, January 14th—Drive through the park to the Cliff House in the morning; lunch at Sutro Heights; delegates' meeting in Press Club rooms; ladies' reception in the evening at the Press Club.

Friday, January 15th—Steamer trip on the bay; lunch at the Pacific Yacht Club house; delegates' meeting in the afternoon; ladies' tea at the Palace; open meeting in the Powell Street Theatre, in the evening; night trip through Chinatown.

Saturday, January 16th—Trip to Monterey, including visit to Stanford University; lunch at Monterey.

Sunday, January 17th—Return trip, including visit to Santa Cruz, the Big Trees, and a lunch at San José, a drive about the city of San José, and a dinner in the evening.

Monday, January 18th—A drive from San José to the Lick Observatory and a return trip in San Francisco; grand banquet at the Palace Hotel; entertainment of the ladies by the Women's Press Association at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Tuesday January 19th—A visit to the theatre and a reception at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young.

Wednesday, January 20th—Departure of the visitors.

The names of the delegates and guests, and of the clubs and papers they represent, are as follows:

New York Press Club—Delegates: William Berri, chairman, Brooklyn *Standard-Union*, and wife; Charles W. Price, *Electrical Review*, New York, and wife; W. R. Worrall, *Mail and Express*, New York, and wife; Major T. P. McElrath, *American Analyst*, New York, and wife; J. I. Charlouis, the *School Journal*, New York, and wife; George F. Lyons, *Law Journal*, and wife; Thomas H. Evans, New York representative Chicago Tribune and San Francisco *Chronicle*, and wife and boy; Alfred E. Pearsall, *Commercial Advertiser*, and lady (Miss Mattson); E. B. Phelps, the *Club*, and lady (Miss Kellogg); Charles H. George, New York correspondent Baltimore *American*, and lady (Miss Cottrell); Samuel C. Anstin, Associated Press; Marshall P. Wilder, *Sunday Advertiser*, New York, alternate, W. N. Penny, *United Press*. Invited guests: W. Wilde and wife (Mrs. Frank Leslie). Leslie's publications; Miss Kate Field, editor *Kate Field's Washington*; Dr. A. S. Hunter and wife, *Medical Record*, New York; Foster Coates, managing editor *Mail and Express*, and lady (Miss Elita Proctor Otis); M. H. Brown, *Electrical Review*, New York; G. H. Lowerre, *Mail and Express*, New York; J. Seaver Page, secretary Union League Club, New York.

Boston Press Club—Delegates. J. C. Morse, Boston *Herald*; William V. Alexander, *Transcript*, and lady (Miss Parloa); J. S. Keeler, *Herald*; William C. Grout, *Herald*, and lady (Miss Chamberlain); E. J. Carpenter, *Advertiser*; William B. Smart, *Post*.

Buffalo Press Club—Delegates: Byron R. Newton, *Daily News*; Eugene J. Fleury, *Daily Express*.

German Press Club, New York—Delegate: Dr. John Frederich, *Amerikanische Schweizer Zeitung*.

New York Women's Press Club—Delegate: Miss M. V. Lewis.

Cleveland Woman's Press Club—Mrs. Elroy M. Avery, Cleveland, O.

Chicago German Press Club—Delegate: Emil Hoechster and wife.

Grand Rapids Press Club—Delegate: E. B. Fisher.

Canton Press Club, Canton, O.—Delegate: T. K. Albaugh and Mrs. Judge Albaugh Canton *Democrat*.

German Press Club, Milwaukee, Wis.—Delegate; Julius Muehle and wife.

Georgia Women's Press Club—Delegate: Mrs. William King, Atlanta *Constitution*, Atlanta.

Journalists' Club, Baltimore—Delegate: John Stillman, Baltimore *American*.

New England Woman's Press Association, Boston—Delegate: Mrs. Lulu S. Upham, Boston *Gazette*.

Pittsburg Press Club—Delegates: George H. Welsbons and wife, Pittsburg *Times*; William H. Davis, *Commercial Gazette*; L. D. Bancroft and lady, *Despatch*; T. J. Keenan (president of the league), and sister, *Press*.

Philadelphia Press Club—Delegate: T. Henry Martin and wife, Philadelphia *Item*.

Reading Press Club—Delegate; John P. Dampman and wife, Reading *Herald*.

Syracuse Press Club—Delegate: E. H. O'Hara, Syracuse *Herald*.

Southern Rhode Island Press Club, Narragansett Pier, R. I.—Delegates: Irving Watson, Narragansett *Herald*, Narragansett Pier, and wife; H. F. True and lady, Westerly (R. I.) *Daily Tribune*; Rev. Dr. William Nichols, Ackley.

St. Paul Press Club—Delegate: Julius Schmahl.

National Organization of German-American Journalists and Authors—Delegates: Arthur Koenig, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mr. Greenblatt (alternate), San Francisco.

Illinois Woman's Press Association, Chicago—Delegates: Miss F. E. Owens, Mrs. Belle L. Gotton, Mary Allen West.

Toledo Press Club—Delegates: P. C. Boyle and wife, *Daily Commercial*; M. P. Murphy and lady (Miss Boyle), *Daily Bee*.

J. C. Yager, division superintendent Wagner Palace Car Company, and wife, and W. B. Jenme, of the New York Central road, also accompany the party.

The Pacific Whist Club recently held a tournament, closing with the year. The first prize for ladies was won by Mrs. D. B. Francis, with one hundred and forty-five points; the first prize for gentlemen was won by Mr. Will Daingerfield, with one hundred and thirty-three points.

They Needed More Room.

Sauborn, Vail & Co., the art-dealers, are going to move from their present quarters to a new building not so far out Market Street. Their business has been growing enormously of late years, and, in spite of the establishment of branch houses in Portland and Los Angeles, the volume of their business has increased so that their present quarters are now entirely too cramped for them. Fortunately, from their point of view, F. S. Chadbourne has just given up the large five-story building, on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue, formerly occupied by his furniture-store, and Sanborn, Vail & Co. have leased the entire building for a long term of years. They have put a large force of carpenters and decorators at work, and when they get through with the building and the firm's tremendous stock of pretty things is properly arranged, Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s will be one of the very handsomest stores in San Francisco and the largest in its line in the United States, if not in the entire world. The ladies will be glad to hear that the firm intends to have a spacious and well-lighted art-gallery, and will fill it with constant importations of the very best pictures.

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AN IDEAL FATHER.

Dick de Pater, who has been a father for just seven days, is seated beside his bachelor friend, Jack Goitle, in the car.

Dick—Thanks, old man! You must come up and have a look at him. He's a bouncer.

Jack—I will, for your sake. I'm not much of a hand for babies, though. They all look alike to me. I suppose this little fellow looks like you?

Dick—They say so, though I can't see much of a resemblance. But, I say, suppose we drop the baby——

Jack—You inhuman father!

Dick—Oh, come, now! I mean that I'm not going to be the fool most fellows are, and bore everybody to death talking about my offspring, just as though no such thing as a baby ever existed before.

Jack—Oh, I see. How are things in the street?

Dick—Dull—deadly dull. Why, there's not a living to be made down there any more. Why, do you know, Jack, as I looked at my boy lying asleep in his crib this morning, I actually had fears that I might not be able to earn enough by the time he grows into boyhood to give him a college education. I was telling Fogerley yesterday—you know Fogerley, don't you? Fogerley's a father, too. Little girl; born the same day as Selwyn. Oh, I didn't tell you, did I? We've called our boy Selwyn—his mother's family name, you know. Fogerley's infant weighed only six pounds, while ours tipped the scale at ten.

Jack—You were telling Fogerley, you said?

Dick—Oh, yes; I was telling Fogerley—hang it! what *was* I telling Fogerley? I remember he stopped me to ask what I paid for my perambulator, and where I bought it. You know I went right off and selected the finest thing of the kind that was to be had in the city the very next day after the baby was born; and it's a dandy. Of course he's too young to be taken out in it yet, but he'll grow old soon enough; it's a way babies have. You may not believe it, but he has——

Jack—Grown a week old in seven days? I haven't a doubt of it. You've moved from your flat, haven't you?

Dick—Yes. We got out of there last spring, and took a house. A flat is no place to bring up children, you know. I mean to have the whole third floor of our place turned into a nursery, so that the youngster won't be restricted. It's a shame to confine a baby to one room. They so love to crawl in and out of doors, you know. I remember my sister's first child. He was continually——

Jack—By the way, how is your sister? We used to be great spoons on each other before she was married.

Dick—Molly? Oh, she's as settled as can be. They have three now. The oldest is five, and the youngest thirteen months. The baby had the whooping-cough the last I heard, and I haven't been there since. I wrote her not to dare to come near the house.

Jack—Been to the theatre lately?

Dick—Not once this season. I intended going to the Lyceum on Saturday night; but, by the time dinner was over, I was so sleepy I decided to stop at home. You see, that boy of mine is a victim to the colic, and Friday night I didn't get over an hour's sleep. I wonder why it is that babies always choose—— (And so the conversation continues until his station is reached, when Jack has to tear himself away. As he is saying "good-by," Dick gives him another pressing invitation to call and see the little one, adding:) Come up early, old man, and dine with us; and then, after dinner, we can have a smoke and a chat. I'll promise not to talk baby to you. You know how I hate a man who hasn't a thought except for that one subject.—*Charles Stokes Wayne in the Bazar.*

AN ORIENTAL TALE

Of the Dervish and the Walking-Delegate.

A dervish journeyed forth to teach mankind the uselessness of riches. He was scantily clothed in the filthiest of rags; his head was bare and on his feet were fragments of sandals. About his neck hung a leathern scrip with a handful of dates.

On the edge of the desert, he met a walking-delegate, who was on his way to Mecca to order a strike among the pilgrims—a non-union hadji having been permitted to kiss the holy Kaaba.

"Hello, old duffer!" said the delegate. "Where do you buy your garments? You look like a locked-out tramp."

"I am dressed," answered the dervish, "as befits my vocation, and am in all respects equipped for any emergency. No blight of fortune can cast me down or impede my mission."

"So?" replied the delegate; "suppose I were to confiscate that bag of grub?"

"I have been inured to hunger from my youth up, and seldom is the thought of food uppermost in my mind. Besides it is the Fast of Ramadan, and it is not lawful to eat."

"The stones of the desert are sharp; what if I take away your sandals?"

"Behold!" and the dervish uncovered a foot and exhibited a sole as tough and leathery as that of a camel.

"But suppose I were to strip those rags from your back?"

"Sun and simoon have scorched my back for seventy years, and it matters little whether it be covered or not. And now," continued the dervish, "shut your bread-winner and let me talk. You think your equipment perfect, but you are not rigged for a long-distance race. A little accident, by the way, will rattle you. See me prove it!"

And, grasping his staff, he executed a flourish, and, with one swift, clean, horizontal stroke, he hit the delegate's plug-hat in the middle and knocked it a shapeless thing upon the sand. With a look of anguish, the delegate picked up the wreck. The top was gone, the sides were caved in, and the brim was cut across and hung dangling from the crown.

"There!" said the dervish, "your power is gone from you, for what is a walking-delegate without a plug-hat? Oh, Bismillah! Oh, Mashallah! Oh, rats! Yah!" and, brandishing his staff, he drove the delegate forth; and, as the burning Syrian sun rose higher in the sky, their vanishing forms passed over the line of the horizon, the delegate ahead, with the dervish a good second about two jumps behind. —*Truth.*

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Envoi.

'Twas the night *after* Christmas,
And all through the house
Not a creature was sleeping—
Not even a mouse.
Mince-pie, cheese, and coffee
Had got in a lick,
And at four in the morning
Were raising Old Nick. —*Puck.*

A Simple Tale.

He wore one night a flannel robe,
Which brought on perspiration,
Which caused the robe to shrink so much,
He died from strangulation.
—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

Only a Hint.

Now that tales of "Californy"
For the nonce our eyes engage,
And the 'Forty-niner's horny
Hand is seen on history's page,
Let me draw an illustration
From his novel way of life
That may be a revelation
To the maid who would be wife.

Gold was in the gravel bidden—
That was known beyond a doubt;
O'er the plains were hobbies ridden
Guaranteed to get it out;
But they perished in the trying,
And 'twas found the only plan
That succeeded was relying
On a simple little pan.

You who would my thought unravel
With this axiom should start,
"Like to gold within the gravel
Oft is love in manly heart."
You who would be gold extracting,
Gold of love from heart of man,
All your arts in one compacting
Learn the handling of the pan.
—*George Moore in January Century.*

The Kendals.

We're quite the genteel thing, you know,
And favored by Sassiety,
And everything about our show,
Is always strict propriety.
'Tis true some folks with notions wild,
Think acting more delectable;
We own our show is rather mild,
But then it's *so* respectable. —*Life.*

Before and After.

Three sweet maidens sat in a row,
With three grim dragons behind 'em;
And each sweet maiden had a young beau,
And all of 'em made 'em mind 'em.

But those three maidens are matrons now;
In three brown-stone fronts you'll find 'em
All alone—for since the very first row,
They can none of 'em make 'em mind 'em.
—*Life.*

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A curious compliment to a dead man was uttered by the Marchioness of ———, who, when told that the celebrated physician Borden had been found dead in his bed, exclaimed: "Ah! death was so afraid of him that he did not dare attack him except when he was asleep."

Of Charles Maclaren, of Edinburgh, editor of the *Scotsman*, the following is narrated: "On some one telling Mr. Maclaren that old W. was dead, 'What a pity!' he exclaimed; 'he was one of the finest specimens of the ravages of small-pox that we had left in Edinburgh.'"

Fontenelle, when ninety years old, passed before Mme. Helvetius without perceiving her. "Ah!" cried the lady; "that is your gallantry, then? To pass before me without even looking at me!" "If I had looked at you, madame," replied the old beau, "I could never have passed you at all."

A working-man called on a country clergyman closely related to a ducal house. The applicant wanted a letter of recommendation to a neighboring nobleman, from whom he hoped to obtain employment. "Why not go personally and see my lord?" the friend asked. "Well, you see," was the nervous answer, "I do not like speaking to Lord X.; he may be proud and not care to listen to the likes of me. It's quite a different thing with yourself, for there's nothing of the gentleman in you."

M. Got, the famous old comedian of the Comédie-Française (says the *Stage*), can occasionally be funny off the stage as well as on. The other day an autbor was reading his drama, when, turning around, he perceived that the great comedian had fallen asleep. He turned and reproved the sleeper. How was it possible, he argued, for a man to express an opinion of a play when he was sound asleep? M. Got ruhbed his eyes and remarked, with a yawn, to the angry dramatist: "Sleep is an opinion."

An excellent Chinese missionary—but not, as one gathers, himself in the disturbed provinces—has issued a circular letter urging his people not to leave their posts. "To show alarm and go away," is, he thinks, the worst possible plan, and "naturally invites looting." This intrepidity of spirit is most commendable, but has its parallel in the firmness of the absentee Irish landlord. "Stop where you are," he wrote to his agent, "and if my tenants think they will alarm *me* by threatening to shoot *you*, they little know the man they have to deal with."

To an English clergyman, one day, a parishioner came to ask him to sign a paper stating that the man was alive on a certain day. "No, my friend," was the reply, "I can't do that." "Can't do it, sir? 'Twould be only signing your name." "I can't do it. I didn't see you on that day, and I can make no statement whatever about it." "But, sir, you see me now." "Very well," said the clergyman, unmoved, "I will sign a paper saying that you are alive now; but as I did not see you on the date you mention, I can't possibly make any statement in regard to it."

A lady belonging to a community called the "Sisters of St. John the Baptist," in New York city, was spending a month, not long since, in one of our backwoods districts (says *Kate Field's Washington*). Going to the post-office shortly after her arrival, she asked if any letter had come for Sister Bernardine. The rural postmaster looked bewildered for a moment. "Sister who?" he asked. "Sister Bernardine," repeated the lady, "a sister of St. John the Baptist." "Well, I should rather think not," replied the man, with an uproarious laugh; "I guess he's been dead pretty near a hundred years, now."

An old miner, named Tim, was found dead in his cabin one morning (says the *San Diegan*). The body was brought in, and the court was called to order. When everybody was quiet, the coroner arose, with commendable dignity, walked over to the side of the deceased, and, leaning down, shouted in the dead man's ear: "Say, Tim, come take a drink!" Of course there was no answer. The "inquiry" was repeated three times. Then the coroner returned to his bench to make his announcement. "We find that Tim is dead," he said. "Any man in San Diego that won't get up and take a drink when he's asked to, is dead. This inquest is closed."

During my second year at the Jefferson Medical College, in Philadelphia (writes a physician in the New York *World*), I had for a classmate a regular lunkhead. One of the professors was in the habit of taking the boys unawares, and quizzing them. He said to this chap, one day: "How much is a dose of ——?" giving the technical name of croton oil. "A tea-spoonful," was the ready reply. The professor made no comment, and the fellow soon realized that he had made a mistake. After a quarter of an hour, he said: "Professor, I want to change my answer to that question." "It's too late, Mr. ———," responded the professor, looking at his watch, "your patient's been dead fourteen minutes."

Ben Butler formerly owned a large mastiff, who became famous for continued depredations on various butcher-carts as they passed through the streets of Lowell on their morning rounds. The dog was so ferocious that none dared attack it; so, for a time, he was quite master of the situation. Finally, one victim decided to approach the general on the subject; so, one morning, accosting him on the street, he said: "General Butler, if a man's dog steals meat from my butcher-cart, what would you do?" "Why," said the lawyer, "I should make him pay for it." "Very well," continued the butcher, "your dog has stolen two dollars and a half worth of meat from my cart, and I want you to pay for it." "Certainly," said General Butler, "but I shall have to charge you five dollars for professional advice." It is said the case was not pressed.

When a certain very innocent lady, with grown-up daughters, was left by one of the latter at a railway-station for an hour, she thought she would buy a hook to while away the time (says the Detroit *Free Press*). The hook was one of Zola's, and when the daughter came back—she was a junior at Vassar, and knew a thing or two—she was horrified. "What on earth did you buy that for, mother?" she asked. "I did not know there was anything wrong about it," said the mother; "is there?" "I should say yes," said the Vassar girl; "didn't you find it so?" "No," said mamma; "but I was not interested in it. Is it very bad?" "No," said the daughter; "it's not the worst of his books; but it isn't good." "Come to think of it," said mamma, "I noticed when I picked it up that it was entered at the New York post-office as second-class matter."

A cough was mainly responsible for the bloodshed that attended the *coup-d'état* whereby Napoleon the Third obtained his throne (writes the "Marquise de Fontenoy" in the *Recorder*). The unscrupulous Marshal de St. Arnaud had charge of the military operations. But he was unwilling to assume the direct responsibility of ordering the troops to fire upon the people, being not altogether certain as to the result of Napoleon's memorable enterprise. When the moment for action arrived and the mob began to show signs of sweeping aside the troops, the brigadier-generals under his orders sent an officer to him at head-quarters to ask him what they were to do. Strangely enough, St. Arnaud was seized at that moment with a violent fit of coughing, which lasted for several minutes. Finally, when it ceased, the general just managed to gasp the words: "Ma sacrée toux!" (my cursed cough.) The officer, having waited until the general had recovered his breath, repeated the question. Again St. Arnaud was seized with a violent fit of coughing, which terminated, as on the previous occasion, with the parting exclamation of "Ma sacrée toux!" The officer was no fool; he could take a hint as well as any one else, and, saluting, he left St. Arnaud's presence. On returning to the troops, he was asked what reply St. Arnaud had made. "The general's only words and commands were *massacrez tous!*" (massacre everybody). These commands were obeyed to the letter, and many thousand people were shot down and bayoneted in consequence.

Champion Hurdler.

A. A. Jordan, champion hurdler of America, and holder of the American record for running 120 yards over 3 feet 6-inch hurdles, says:

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Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From Dec. 6, 1891.	ARRIVE.
7.00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	* 12.15 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga	6.15 P.
* 8.00 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa	* 6.15 P.
8.00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	Second-class Ogden and East, and first-class locally	10.45 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	4 45 P.
9.00 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	12.15 P
12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore	7.15 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	* 9.00 P.
3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, & Stockton	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10 45 A.
4.30 P.	Woodland and Oroville	10 45 A.
* 4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A
5.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8 45 P
5 00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 P.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	7.45 A.
.....	Niles and San José	‡ 6.15 P.
6.00 P.	Ogden Route Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	11.45 A.
‡ 7.00 P.	Vallejo	† .45 P.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	8.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

8.15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
* 2.15 P.	Centreville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	* 10.50 A.
4.15 P.	Centreville, San José, and Los Gatos	9.50 A.
† 1 .45 P.	Hunters' Train to Newark, Alviso, San José, and Los Gatos	‡ 8.05 P.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7.00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Ohispo), and principal Way Stations	6 10 P.
10.37 A.	San Jnsé and Way Stations	5.10 P.
12.15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations	4.00 P.
* 2.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way stations	* 10 48 A.
* 3.30 P.	Menlo Park San José, and principal Way Stations	* 10.03 A.
* 4 15 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.06 A.
5.15 P.	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
† 11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	† 7.30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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Commencing Sunday, Nov. 29, 1891, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7.40, 9.20, 11.40 A. M.; 3.30, 5.00, 6.20 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1.50 P. M.
Sundays—8, 9.30, 11 A. M.; 2, 5, 6.15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6.25, 7.55, 9.30 A. M.; 12.45, 3.40, 5.05 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.30 P. M.
Sundays—8.10, 9.40, A. M.; 12.15, 3.40, 5, 6.25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6.50, 8.20, 9.55 A. M.; 1.10, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.55 P. M.
Sundays—8.35, 10.05 A. M.; 12.40, 4.05, 5.30, 6.50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. Week Days.	Leave San Francisco. Sundays.	Destination.	Arrive San Francisco. Sundays.	Arrive San Francisco. Week Days.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M. 5.00 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 9.30 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M. 7.25 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7 40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7.25 P. M.	6 10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydesville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays, to Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa, $2.25; to Healdsburg, $3.40; to Cloverdale, $4.50; to Hopland, $5.70; to Ukiah, $6.75; to Sebastopol, $2.70; to Guerneville, $3.75; to Sonoma, $1.50; to Glen Ellen, $1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, $1; to Santa Rosa, $1.50; to Healdsburg, $2.25; to Cloverdale, $3; to Ukiah, $4.50; to Hopland, $3.80; to Sebastopol, $1.80; to Guerneville $2.50; to Sonoma, $1; to Glen Ellen, $1.20.

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People who want to have a good laugh should go to hear "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows." It is a farce-comedy, adapted by Gillette from "Feu Toupinel," by Alexandre Bisson, whose "Ninetta," "Roi Koko," "Voyage d'Agrément," and "Lycée de Jeunes Filles" have been so successful in France, and have been so often adapted and translated in England. It is as funny as anything that Hoyt ever wrote, and is not vulgar in the least. A man can laugh through the whole three acts without feeling that he has done anything to be ashamed of.

A whole repertoire of plays have been written on the complications resulting from "two establishments." There was material in the Blythe case for two or three comedies.

Lawyers rarely venture to contend that the defunct leaves more than one widow. They try to show that there had been a Sarah; as to any other daughters of Eve, they admit that they must have occupied the position of Hagar. In Mr. Gillette's version of M. Bisson's play, the deceased is made out to have left two Sarahs. That sort of thing is not uncommon in the Orient. When the once blooming bride of our modern sheik withers, she hies her to a neighboring tribe, and, for a few purses, acquires a plump damsel of fifteen to take her place in the arms of her lord; and this is repeated so long as sheiks may love and beauty may fade, so that the old chieftain may have at his death three or four widows, who are all equal in the eye of the law. But, in Christian countries, as a man may have but one wife, so he can have but one widow. In M. Bisson's play, a solicitor, learned in the law, hints to the audience that the two Mrs. Wilkinsons were married on the same day and at the same hour, so that no one can say which of them is fish and which is fowl. But this explanation involves a heavy draft on public credulity. As one of every pair of twins is the elder, and inherits title and estates, while the other can claim nothing more than the portion of a younger son, so two marriages, being separate acts, must be divided by an appreciable if infinitesimal portion of time, and she to whom the husband first says "I will," is the wife, and the other is nothing more than a light o' love.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Wilkinson, being a man of wealth, able to treat himself to luxuries, marries a wife in London, and establishes her in a convenient residence, and then marries another wife in Edinburgh, to whom he also gives his name and the key of a conjugal domicile. The ladies spend halcyon lives in ignorance of each other's existence, and Wilkinson is alternately happy with either, the other fair charmer being away. If his dreams are disturbed by visions of indictments for bigamy, he brushes them away. The English law is stern on the subject; it gives everything to the prior appropriator, and nothing to the subsequent trespasser; five years' penal servitude—it used to be death without benefit of clergy—is the penalty of the bigamist. But in England, as elsewhere, the law is allowed to slumber until Ariadne complains, or the children of her successor clamor for their rights. There are plenty of husbands *de par le monde* everywhere, who pay Rachel's board-bills as well as Leah's. One of the wealthiest men in New York State had, to the day of his death, two wives, each of whom bore his name, each of whom had her handsome residence, and each of whom brought up his children in the fear of the Lord. He was never indicted, because successive district-attorneys declined to move in the matter so long as the first and only lawful wife made no complaint. They took the ground that, while the interest of society required the law to condemn bigamous marriages, it was not sound policy to punish them, unless some substantial and immediate wrong had been, or was being, done to some one.

In M. Bisson's play, the two widows of Wilkinson—who, whatever his morals may have been, must have been a man of taste—no sooner lay the dear defunct under the sod (by the way, the audience are not told which of them buries him), than they marry again, in conformity with the law of vital statistics, which declares that a widow's chances of marrying are to a spinster's as two to one. One of them—Mrs. Perrin—is a model of propriety, and proposes to make as good a wife to Mr. Perrin as she had made to Mr. Wilkinson. The other, Mrs. Dickerson, has been a gay little bird, and, in the life-time of the late Wilkinson, had beguiled the tedium of his long absences by sundry flirtations. One of these is conducted with a Major Mallory, and the drollery of the piece is brought out by Mallory's confidences to his friend Perrin, who has married the other widow. Mallory alludes to his gay little bird as Mrs. Wilkinson, and Perrin, of course, supposes that he is referring to Mrs. Perrin; while the Mrs. Wilkinson who did flirt with the major is driven to her wit's end by his appearance on the scene, which she ascribes to a desire to renew, at a most untimely moment, this ancient love affair.

There is not much in this to build a play on, nor are the episodes of the servants very substantial material for a farce-comedy. But it is all very funny, and people laugh till their sides ache. We laugh consumedly when Horace chooses his old rival, Arnolphe, to be the confidant of his love for Agnes; in the whole range of comedy there is probably no situation more ludicrous than that of a husband who receives the confidences of one who appears to be his wife's lover. It is that situation which saves "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows."

Not that alone, however. The piece is acted as might be expected from a party of the most accomplished comedians of New York. If it be absolutely necessary to award the palm of merit to one performer above the others, the honor will have to go to Miss Mattie Ferguson, who played the Irish waiting-maid. She had one fault: her utterance was at times somewhat indistinct. But her diction and her action were both artistic and really finished. She surpassed Amy Ames in a line in which that gifted actress has been almost without a rival. The impersonation of an Irish Biddy is not very high art, but one who can give it as well as Miss Ferguson did, can do other things as well, and she ought to have a chance of trying.

Mrs. Barrymore, who has hereditary claims to dramatic genius—the daughter of Mrs. John Drew takes rank by virtue of her birth—was fine as Mrs. Perrin. She seems, unconsciously, no doubt, to be imbibing something of Ada Rehan's hysteric intonation. She vibrates, perhaps, too frequently on the edge of the falsetto. Rehan produced fine effects with her stifled notes in the upper key; they even told in the "Taming of the Shrew"; but it was producing effects by fictitious art. Women in real pain do not use falsetto notes; their screams are within the common gamut of speech. One octave is enough to tear a passion to tatters in. But Mrs. Barrymore is always satisfying—correct, lady-like, and superbly dressed, as well as animated and vivacious.

Mr. Holland was entirely out of place in the wretched part of Perrin. He got just a little chance for facial display in his interview with the major; but he is really too good an actor for such a trifling part. Any young walking-gentleman could fulfill all the requirements of such a rôle as that of Perrin—Holland occupies the first rank in his profession, and can interpret the most difficult and delicate parts in modern comedy. To set him to dance round and squirm under the revelations of the major, and to make him whisk the lunch off the table, is like intrusting the general of an army with the duty of separating a couple of drunken brawlers.

San Franciscans are getting their reward for the liberality with which they have supported the theatre. They have lately had the choice of witnessing two plays—the high comedy-melodrama of "Judah" and the farce-comedy of "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows"—both of which are good, and both interpreted by finished comedians. Both afford the critic opportunities for cavil; but when criticism is exhausted, both must be pronounced valuable contributions to dramatic literature and admirable displays of histrionic art. It is a fair question whether Holland would not have made a better Judah than Willard; he would, at any rate, have put more fire into his love-making, if his elocution had been less classically perfect. Mrs. Barrymore would have been good in Vashti; but Marie Burroughs would have been sweeter than ever in Mrs. Perrin. Mr. Burns could have played Dr. Bopp to perfection, and probably Harry Cane would have filled the part of the major acceptably. Whether Emily Bancker would have made as touching an Eve as Miss Craddock is a question which it would take study of the former lady to decide. Both plays have drawn full houses—about as many people went to weep as went to laugh. As a rule, a farce-comedy that is really funny will draw better than a high comedy which appeals to loftier emotions. But a really well-constructed melodrama, if interpreted by competent artists, need never despair of success in San Francisco. Each generation, in its turn, will flock to hear the pathetic tale of Romeo and Juliet and the titanic agonies of King Lear—the old, perhaps, like best to be amused when they go to the theatre; but young people, especially young ladies—perhaps, because they have so little experience of the thing in real life—love to revel in the luxury of woe on the stage.

At the theatres during the week commencing Monday, January 18th: Frohman's Comedians in "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows"; a Hoyt Company in "A Texas Steer"; "Captain Swift"; the Tivoli Company in "The Yeoman of the Guard"; George Osbourne in "A Noble Rogue"; and the New York Opera Comique Company in "Erminie."

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Mr. "Tim" Murphy and Miss Flora Walsh are the bright particular stars of "A Texas Steer."

The New York Opera Comique Company will put on "Erminie" this (Saturday) evening, with Charles Drew, George Olmi, Henry Hallam, Emily Soldene, and Bebe Vining in the cast.

George Osbourne will make his first appearance in a local theatre after his long absence on Monday night, playing the rôle of Jack Adams in Steele Mackaye's melodrama "A Noble Rogue."

"Captain Swift" will be played throughout the week by a company comprising Arthur Forrest, Misses Earle, Hardy, Craig, and Rivers, and Messrs. Craig, Nunn, Walcott, McDonald, and Holmes.

"The Yeoman of the Guard," which has always been fully as popular in San Francisco as any of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, is to be the attraction at the Tivoli during the week. It will be well cast by the stock company.

The Patti craze is starting again in New York. When the box-office opened for the sale of tickets for the concerts, at nine o'clock, a few mornings ago, the line extended around the block, and the first men had been there since four o'clock. Twelve thousand dollars were taken in for the two nights.

Minna K. Gale, who succeeded to Marie Wainwright's place in the Booth and Barrett companies, is now a star, and will make her bow as such in San Francisco a week from Monday night. Her repertoire of rôles includes Juliet, Rosalind, Beatrice in "The Duchess of Padua," Julia in "The Hunchback," and Galatea.

Ada Deaves and Sylvia Gerrish have been engaged for the next spectacle to be produced by Dave Henderson, in Chicago. He is the manager who got up "The Crystal Slipper" and "Sinbad." He is also the husband of Grace Henderson, the stately blonde with the fog-horn voice, who was last here with Kelcey and Cayvan, in "The Wife."

The remarkable imitation of a German street-band which has been so heartily encored between the last two acts of "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows," is to be played during the "Texas Steer" engagement. The composition—such as it is—is the work of W. S. Mullaly, the man who wrote the music of the "Tamale Song" that Charlie Reed used to sing.

Henry Arthur Jones, who seems to be the most prolific and successful of the English playwrights, has inaugurated a reform at the Avenue Theatre, in London, which should endear him to the American patrons of London theatres. He has perceived the foolishness of that good old English custom of compelling the spectators of a play to buy programmes if they desire to identify the actors and actresses before them, and, as the management will not support him, he has the hills of his play, "The Crusaders," distributed gratis outside the theatre. His innovation will surely push the old custom to the wall, and then there will be some chance of American managers providing play-bills which are not smothered in cheap advertisements.

Marie Prescott indulged in a bit of eccentricity a few nights ago, which, happily, was so little of a success, even of curiosity, that she is not likely to repeat it. What she did was to appear in the character of Iago. She has had predecessors in this assumption of a masculine rôle by a woman in Anna Dickinson, who used to essay Hamlet, and Charlotte Cushman, who made a mild failure of Romeo. Miss Prescott wore a cloak in which she partially concealed the feminine characteristics of her figure, but her strut was mock-manly, and her voice, though deep enough, was strained like that of a child pretending to be a man. And, though her reading was fairly good, there was a lack of virility in her every action that showed the folly of her innovation.

Despite the fact that there was no music to two of Gilbert's funniest ballads, and the manager was reduced to the expedient of printing them and pasting them into the programmes, "The Mountebanks," W. S. Gilbert's comic opera for which Alfred Cellier had not quite completed the score at the time of his death, was a success. The music is light and catchy, and the libretto is very funny. The leading female rôle was enacted by Geraldine Ulmar, an American girl, for whom Mr. Gilbert developed a tremendous admiration when he was in New York. Another American girl, a débutante from Hartford, was in the cast, in the person of Lucille Saunders. The remaining prominent female rôle was taken by Aida Jenoure, a lithe and graceful young woman, with long, gray eyes, who appeared at the California Theatre, three or four years ago, in some Christmas spectacle—"The Pearl of Pekin," perhaps. She, too, is an American, in all human probability, for all the young women on the English lyric stage are Americans. Miss Palliser, Miss Groebl, Miss Henson, and Miss Lucille Hill, Americans all, have sung at the Royal English Opera, and Rita Elandi, who sang "Cavalleria Rusticana" before Queen Victoria is Miss Amelia Louisa Groll, of Cleveland, O.

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DCXLXXI.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, January 17, 1892.

Clam Chowder.
Lamb Chops, Tomato Sauce.
String Beans. Cauliflower au Gratin. Sweet Potatoes.
Roast Turkey.
Celery Salad.
Gelatine Pudding. Orange Cake.

GELATINE PUDDING.—One quart of milk, in half of which soak for an hour one-fourth of a box of Knox's Sparkling Gelatine; boil the rest of the milk and add the yolks of four eggs, beaten with one cup of sugar; stir well till it thickens, and pour upon the gelatine. It can be flavored with the grated rind of a lemon, wine, or extract of lemon. Put in a dish, and, when stiffened, beat the whites of the eggs with five tea-spoonfuls of powdered sugar and juice of lemon; spread it upon the pudding, and set it in a quick oven to slightly brown. Prepare the pudding the day before it is wanted, that it may become thoroughly stiff. To be eaten cold. It is better to put in the whip the day it is eaten and is better browned by a salamander than by the oven.

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Capital	$3,000,000 00
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BYRON MURRAY, JR .....Assistant Cashier.
IRVING F. MOULTON.....2d Assistant Cashier.

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27th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1891

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Capital (Paid up in Gold)	$300,000 00
Net Surplus (over everything)	278,901.10

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

He (a poet)—"Poets are born, not made." *She*—"Don't say that. You will discourage matrimony."—*Ex.*

It is the Englishman who gets the most benefit from the song, "Never Judge a Man from his Clothes."—*Puck.*

She—"It is reported around town that we are engaged." *He*—"I have heard worse than that." *She*—"I never have."—*Life.*

"Lemme see; didn't Bligshy marry a divorced woman?" "Yes; but she was only divorced for about a week."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Ethel—"How do my new shoes look, Clara?" *Clara*—"Immense!" And Ethel is wondering whether she was complimented or not.—*Ex.*

Inquiring child—"Papa, why do people cry at weddings?" *Papa* (abstractedly)—"Most of 'em have been married themselves."—*New York Weekly.*

Justice—"Officer, what is the prisoner charged with?" *Officer Lafferty*—"Well, your honor, I'm not much of a judge, but it smells a good deal like whisky."—*Life.*

The skeptical aunt—"What does he do, Dolly, for a living?" *Dolly* (greatly surprised)—"Why, auntie, he does not have time to earn a living while we are engaged!"—*Life.*

"Have you seen poor Jennie Smith's portrait at the Academy?" "No; but why do you speak like that? Isn't it like her?" "Yes; that's just it. It's her living image!"—*Bazar.*

Drummer—"And do you mean to say that you never have any of your goods thrown back on your hands?" *His traveling acquaintance*—"No, sir; I'm an undertaker."—*Harper's Weekly.*

Election inspector (severely)—"Sir, have you ever read the Constitution of the United States?" *Naturalized citizen*—"No. Have you?" *Election inspector*—"N—o."—*New York Weekly.*

Man may be the "lord of creation," but he can't dance at a crowded ball all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for him, and look as though he were enjoying himself all the time.—*Life.*

Traveler—"Say, my friend, there's no meat in this sandwich." *Waitress*—"No?" *Traveler*—"Don't you think you'd better give that pack another shuffle and let me draw again?"—*Life.*

First girl (waiting for the man who doesn't come)—"David said in his haste: 'All men are liars.'" *The other bitter one*—"If he lived in the present age, he might have made the statement at his leisure."—*Life.*

Man in wagon (who has bought an unsound horse from the Quaker)—"No; I don't expect you to take him back. I only want you to lend me your hat and coat, so that I can sell him to somebody else."—*Harper's Weekly.*

Bell boy (excitedly, to hotel-clerk)—"Lightning has struck through in to 499, sir!" *Clerk*—"Is 499 hurt?" *Bell-boy*—"No, sir. He's all right." *Clerk* (to book-keeper)—"Charge 499 two dollars for extra heat."—*Life.*

Mamma (with some indignation)—"I have called you three times. I am very much annoyed." *Charlie* (who is fond of Bible stories)—"Well, the Lord called Samuel three times, and he didn't get mad about it, did he?"—*Ex.*

George—"Whew! What can be the matter? Telegram says: 'Come home, immediately.'" (Rushing into his suburban home, one hour later): "Tell me quick, my dear. What is it?" *Young wife*—"The baby said 'Mamma.'"—*Life.*

Jessie—"What a pretty face Kitty has! But a little sorrowful, don't you think?" *Ned*—"Yes; that sad expression is her strong hold. No man ever sees it without feeling a fierce desire to spend the rest of his life in making her happy."—*Puck.*

Jack—"What are you going to do new-year's-eve?" *Harry*—"Going to a raffle." *Jack*—"Where?" *Harry*—"Miss Trix's. She gave her heart to about a dozen of us at Bar Harbor last summer, and we're going to shake for it."—*Bazar.*

Husband (kindly)—"My dear, you have nothing decent to wear, have you?" *Wife* (with alacrity)—"No, indeed, I haven't; not a thing. I'd be ashamed to be seen anywhere. My evening-dress has been worn three times already." *Husband*—"Yes; that's just what I told Blifkins when he offered me two tickets for the theatre for to-night. I knew if I took them they'd only be wasted, so I just got one. You won't mind if I hurry off."—*Ex.*

A Shabby Little Game,

Generally foiled by legal measures ere it has attained any degree of success, and that is the palming off of fiery local bitters and trashy tonics as akin to or identical with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The genuine bears a vignette of St. George and the dragon with a minute note of hand, with directions for use on a bronze label. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters eradicates dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney and rheumatic troubles, malaria, and la grippe.

"RUNNING FOR THE DICKEY."

How Harvard Men are Initiated into "D. K. E."

Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, of Boston, has written a letter to the president and faculty of Harvard College, alleging that certain practices of the D. K. E. Society—the "Dickey" it is familiarly called at Harvard—are objectionable.

The D. K. E. (Delta Kappa Epsilon), of Harvard, is the Alpha Chapter of an organization which has chapters at all of the larger American colleges. It is a purely social club, and is managed by members of the sophomore class. The method of selection of members is this: Towards the end of each scholastic year, the sophomore members of the society select ten men of the freshman class to be members of the "Dickey." These are called "the first ten"; and it is a mark of considerable distinction to be chosen among the number, as this half-score is supposed to be the very pick of some five hundred students, and to represent what is socially best in the freshman class. These "first ten" select, at the beginning of the sophomore year, a second ten, and the twenty thus chosen select a third ten, and so on till forty members of the sophomore class are included in the society. These sophomores manage the affairs of the society and pay the charges. The members of the older classes, however, continue to participate in the festivities.

When a man is "running for the Dickey," his novitiate period lasts five days—from Friday to Wednesday. During that time the man must do everything he is bidden to do by any member of the society.

For instance, two young men, well known at Cambridge as the Sears twins, were commanded to dress up as grooms, and take the hack seat of a dog-cart, which was driven into Boston, and a young lady well known to the Messrs. Sears was taken to drive. They acted their parts with irreproachable nicety, and jumped down to hold the horses, touched their hats, and scampered to their places again, with a skill and decorum worthy of long training. These same young men were chained together, and commanded to pull toy carts through Beacon Street, in Boston.

Mr. George Norman, a brother-in-law of Mr. "Freddie" Prince, one of the most celebrated of Boston's smart set, was compelled to dress up in knickerbockers, and proclaim in the yard of Harvard and through the streets of Cambridge, "I'm Rollo, the Danish idiot." Another young man was requested to purchase a ticket for a front row of the theatre at which Mr. and Mrs. Kendal were playing, and to arise just before the close of the first act and say, aloud: "This is too tedious, too rotten bad for me. It's the worst I ever saw." It is needless to say that the young man was promptly ejected; and there was where the fun came in for those who had gone to see the sport; the theatre was full of his friends. Young Mr. Eustis, the son of the United States Senator from Louisiana, was required to take a German band in front of Beck Hall, and lead it with a lighted cigarette for his baton and a banana in his mouth. Young Mr. Brice, the son of Mr. Calvin S. Brice, Senator from Ohio, was compelled to wear a short-sleeved blazer and a straw hat, and walk up and down in front of the grand stand at the Wesleyan foot-ball match, with a placard attached to him, proclaiming in big letters, "I am Brice." His father, the senator, is now the president of the D. K. E. Society in New York city.

These things attract no particular notice either in Cambridge or Boston. When a well-appearing young man is seen to be doing something rather silly or idiotic, the people smile as they pass by, and say: "He's running for the Dickey." During this novitiate, and previous to the final initiation, the man who is "running" is fully informed of the horrors which he will experience as the final test which shall prove his worthiness to be a full member of so ancient an order. And it can be depended upon that a short how is not drawn in the telling of what will happen. He is to be branded. He knows that, and he knows that that is the final test. As practiced now at Harvard, six brands are made with a lighted cigar. The "victim" is blindfolded, his arm bared, and a freshly lighted cigar pressed against the arm till the cigar goes out. This is repeated six times, and the result is six little scars, which those who have them wear as badges of honorable distinction until they forget all about them. Members of the boat crew and foot-ball team are not burned, for sometimes these burns are sore for a little while, and might interfere with training and the rough work of the foot-ball field.

There seems to be no doubt that in the last few years the process of initiation has undergone some slight changes. Men who were at Harvard between 1870 and '80, and who were then "Dickeys," say that there was never any actual burning of the arm except by accident, and such accidents did not happen once in fifty times. The practice seems to have then been to hold the cigar very close to the arm, so that its warmth should be felt. When an actual burn was made, it would be because the hand of the officiating dignitary had slipped, or some eager members had pushed him while he was performing the great function.—*Harper's Weekly.*

— COX'S GELATINE — 1725–1891 — CHECKERED packets only. The Original and Best Gelatine. Ask for new and large packet.

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Shirts to Order a Specialty.

It is generally admitted that the prosperity of this country depends upon the ability of the agricultural classes to spend money, and whether they spend money or not depends upon whether they have it to spend. Last year the total value of the cereal crops marketed by the farmer was four hundred and fifty million ($450,000,000) dollars, as gathered from the most reliable sources. From very conservative estimates the wheat crop this year will, at Chicago prices, amount to six hundred and fifty millions, and allowing twenty (20) per cent. for carrying same by the railroads, will leave the farmer net for wheat alone the sum of five hundred and twenty million ($520,000,000) dollars. Corn last year sold in Iowa at the railroad station at fifteen cents a bushel. To-day it is selling at forty cents no, and this crop is nearly one-third larger than last year. A large proportion of the corn crop is retained for stock and home uses, but it is believed that the amount shipped will net the farmer more than the wheat crop, as the proportion of corn to wheat is about four to one; so, not counting for all the other crops, the farmer will net without question over a billion dollars, all in cash.

The conditions that existed in the years of 1879 and '80 now exist, only in a greater degree. We have a larger surplus of cereals, while Europe has a greater shortage. Their stomachs must be filled, and we have the wherewithal to fill it—*for a consideration.*

The four hundred and fifty millions that the farmer received last year, and spent for his necessities, he will also spend this year for the same purpose; but the surplus of five hundred and fifty millions which he did not have last year, but has this, he will also spend for such comforts or luxuries as he may think he needs or wants.

This money will go into all channels of trade, into the pockets of the great public, who will, in time, spend it in true American style, by adding to the comforts of home and buying those articles that they think they want.

If there ever was a time in the history of this country when the opportunity offered for the advertiser to make the great public want his goods, it is *now*, for to want them is to buy them, as the public will have the money to do so.—*J. Walter Thompson.*

Dividend Notices.

PEOPLES' HOME SAVINGS BANK, CORNER Market and Fourth Streets, in the Flood Building, city.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1891, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and four-tenths (5 4-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-half (4½) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1892. B. O. CARR, Secretary.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1891, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and four-tenths (5 4-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-half (4½) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits. Payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1892.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN Society, corner Powell and Eddy Streets.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1891, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and four-tenths (5 4-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-half (4½) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1892.

VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

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"Brilliant" Poppy, - - 15c.
6 Rare Chrysanthemums, Each 50c.; Set $2.50
6 Choice Geraniums, Each 25c.; Set $1.00
Tulip-flowered Poppy, - - 25c.
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2 Elegant Roses, - - both 50c.
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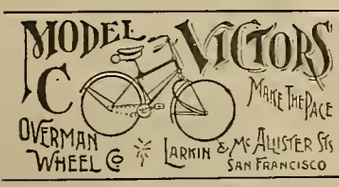

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The Argonaut

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supplying; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

The Democratic House of Representatives is destined to treat the country to a great many surprises, pleasant and unpleasant, before its members return to their several constituencies, but there will be nothing more farcically surprising than the Holman resolution of last week and the difference between its entrance and its exit.

To put the matter into a very few words, Holman, of Indiana, who is known indifferently as the "Great Objector" and "The Watch-Dog of the Treasury," introduced a resolution preceded by a long preamble on the sins of Republican extravagance, which provided that the appropriations of the present Congress should be limited strictly to the several requisitions of the various departments.

There was consternation when that resolution came to the front. The Democratic member from Wayback consulted in thick and hurried whispers with his colleague from the Crossroads District. Each conjured up a grisly specter of defeat at the ensuing election at the hands of an outraged constituency, who, to a man, were for the old flag and an appropriation.

But what could they do? Holman was too tough a customer for a novice to handle. He had earned a prescriptive right to catch the speaker's eye when he pleased, while the new members were like their unfortunate comrade of some years ago, who, shaking with Washington ague, burned up with Potomac fever, and racked with rheumatism, declared in piteous tones that he had been two years in the national capital and had caught everything but the eye of the speaker.

An open defiance to the venerable member from Indiana was out of the question, and yet the dilemma was one from which they must be extricated, or the Democratic party of the United States would very soon reach the end of its rope.

Luckily for them there were some older hands who, while they knew that Holman could not be induced to withdraw his resolution, thought they saw a way to induce him to consent to its emasculation, on the plea of party exigency. They tackled the Great Objector, and induced him to consent that his resolution should be modified; and how do the readers of the *Argonaut* think it looked when modified? Something in this way:

Resolved, That all appropriations of public money by the Fifty-Second Congress be limited to appropriate and legitimate legislation.

This resolution was adopted by a very large vote on the part of the Democrats, who, for that purpose, were divided into three classes: Class A, who did not understand what it meant; Class B, who were content to follow the lead of "Old Man Holman" on appropriations; and Class C, who saw very readily that it meant nothing at all, but left the House entirely free to make appropriations for any purpose which might come within the very liberal scope of "appropriate and legitimate legislation," the House being the sole judge of the questions involved.

The most amusing feature about Holman's economy is that it never became rampant until Indiana had received all she was entitled to, and something over, out of the public crib. Holman was first elected to the Thirty-Sixth Congress, and no State ever had a more zealous advocate for national grants of all kinds than he was. School lands, agricultural college grants, public buildings, river improvements, and everything which the nation could give to a State, were all asked for by the industrious and persistent Holman, and secured; and then for the first time did he experience a spasm of that economy which, since then, he has flourished on all occasions and which has made him the terror of every congressional district in the United States, except his own and those of his colleagues from Indiana. Having captured for his own State all that it could reasonably ask, and good measure, heaped up and running over at that, he immediately became impressed with the sinfulness of the expenditure of public money, especially if there were a Republican majority in Congress, and he has proclaimed his faith in season and out of season.

But, after all, Holman does not cut any very important figure in this particular matter, except as an exponent of the shifty and evasive trickery which seems inseparable from Democracy as a political party. It must be obvious that, under the resolution just adopted, such appropriations as may seem likely to inure to the benefit of the Democratic party in doubtful districts will come under the head of "appropriate and legitimate legislation," while such as might be for the common good, or not distinctively for Democratic benefit, will be rejected at once.

If California wants an illustration of how this Holman resolution will work, wait until there is an attempt to provide an appropriation for paying the sugar bounties under the McKinley Bill, and see how Holman and his supporters will denounce it as improper and illegitimate legislation. It will not matter in the least that California last year produced eight millions of pounds of dry beet-sugar from only three factories under the impetus of the McKinley Bill; that sugar has fallen in price since the bounty law went into effect; or that the beet-sugar industry, with proper encouragement, is practically limitless in this State. California is a Republican State, as are Nebraska and Kansas, where the beet-sugar industry is being prosecuted to advantage, and that is enough in Democratic eyes to convict the sugar bounty of being inappropriate and illegitimate legislation.

Among the graceful acts of the Democratic majority, led by Objector Holman, is this: The States of the North-West had recently donated a ship-load of flour for the starving people of Russia; the railroads had hauled it at nominal rates to the Atlantic sea-board; the Government of the United States had provided a ship to carry it across the Atlantic; the House was asked to appropriate the small amount of money necessary to man this ship. When these facts were laid before the House, and the urgent need of the famine-stricken Russian peasants pleaded, Mr. Holman, representing the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives, arose and said:

"I object."

From such economy as this and from such legislators as these, may the Lord deliver us!

It now takes a brave man to be a millionaire with any comfort to himself, particularly in New York. Since the late Mr. Norcross took dynamitic liberties with Russell Sage, nearly every person of conspicuously great wealth in the metropolis has lived in daily and nightly fear of cranks. Many of them have changed their habits completely—they no longer walk freely forth like other American citizens, but cause themselves to be accompanied by body-guards. The private detective agencies are booming, and many deserving young men earn their eight dollars a day—which is union wages for the work, so to say—by marching heavily armed before or after a nervous plutocrat and keeping an alert eye for gentlemen with grievances and small hand-bags. A new style of vehicle for the opulent has even been introduced. It is thus described by the New York *Times*, which apparently takes a reprehensible and singularly un-Mugwump-like pleasure in the terrors of the wealthy:

"The carriage is like many other 'swell' coaches in general shape, but the windows at the side and in front are supplied with paneled shutters, which close entirely, thus shutting in the timorous occupant from the scrutiny of observant cranks on the sidewalk. The only unguarded window in the vehicle is in the rear, and that is a small one. There is another new style of coach seen on the avenue since the explosion, with the glass in the side and front-windows divided into small square panes, after the very old-fashioned style. Each pane is of French-plate glass, thick enough to be bullet-proof. The vehicles of this sort and of the other sort, with wooden blinds, excite a good deal of interest among pedestrians."

So general is the fear of cranks that it has become very difficult to gain admission to the offices of large capitalists. Their homes as well as places of business are guarded like so many forts. When Jay Gould's daughter gave a party recently, detectives were stationed outside and inside the mansion. Efforts are being made to devise some scheme whereby common action may be taken for protection, but so far the Anti-Bomb-Droppers' League has not made much headway, for the reason that inventors do not offer plans by which such an organization can be made effective. Of course, unless a bomb-proof armor be possible, it is not to be expected that all peril can be provided against. Nevertheless, American mechanical ingenuity, combined with coöperation, ought to solve the problem up to the practical point. It is not necessary that the inventive mind should soar into the region of the unfamiliar. Indeed, the best results are to be looked for from the combination of long-recognized principles and their application to this new need which has so unexpectedly arisen. We have, in this city, the germ of an idea which holds out flattering promise. Strange to say, the source of the suggestion is the young ladies' seminary, with its kindergarten attachment. Each day a large, strong, and highly ornamental coach leaves the institution of learning, and is driven about town to the homes of the pupils who are too

young to be trusted alone on the streets, and, when thus collected, the little ones are delivered at the seminary, and when school is over they are redistributed. Such a coach—iron-clad, of course—would come near to meeting the needs of the crank-beleaguered plutocrats. Supplied with the torpedo-netting of a modern man-of-war and surrounded by a mounted military escort, a vehicle of the sort, containing Russell Sage, Jay Gould, Cornelius Vanderbilt, and enough of the ragtag and bobtail of metropolitan millionairedom to make a load, would add a striking feature to New York's too prosaic thoroughfares, and baffle even the most desperate villain or lunatic. One can not, it is needless to remark, turn toward the field of invention without encountering the ubiquitous personality of Thomas A. Edison. He announces that electricity may be used with terrific effect in warfare.

"With twenty-five men in a fort," he says, "I can make that fort absolutely impregnable. In each fort I would put an alternating machine of twenty thousand volts capacity. A man would govern a stream of water with which the alternating current would be connected. The man would simply move this stream of water from side to side, playing on an enemy as they advanced, and mowing them down with absolute precision. The men trying to take a fort by assault, though they might come by tens of thousands against a handful, would be cut to the ground without any hope of escape."

Mr. Edison does not seem to have had it flashed on his wizard's brain how easily this principle could be subjected to the service of the rich. With a machine resembling a Babcock fire-extinguisher, strapped to his back, the machine to contain a storage-battery and a dozen gallons of water, the millionaire, when out of the iron-clad coach, might not look pretty, but he would be an appalling object for a crank to gaze on.

But pending the time when science shall render them bomb-proof and, therefore, securely indifferent alike to the good-will or enmity of their fellow-men, the millionaires of New York, and of the entire country, for that matter, would consult their safety by following a few simple rules founded on the philosophy that prevention is better than cure. They should:

(1) Endeavor to refrain, so far as they may, from appropriating other people's property.

(2) Seek to cultivate the illusion that they are really not essentially different from other men, and, therefore, not entitled to immunity from the operation of laws, penal and social.

(3) Try to imagine that they have some duties toward the community from which they have derived their riches.

(4) Abstain, if they can, from ostentatious display, arrogance, and the general cultivation in the minds of the commonalty of the nation that wealth is the only thing worth living for, and that a man without it, even though he have the gift of genius, the acquirements of a scholar, and the breeding of a gentleman, is of a caste so inferior as to be beneath the social recognition of a silver brick or a golden pig.

A *modus vivendi* may in this way be established until invention shall make the life of the average millionaire as free from the peril of violence as that of a man who is either too poor or too decently human to attract the malevolent eye of the crank.

If it be assumed, as it may for the sake of argument, that we are to have war with Chile, we may also assume that she would take the offensive in the hope of inflicting such injury upon the Pacific sea-board of the United States as to induce us to make peace upon terms favorable to her.

Assuming that war is declared and that Chile takes the offensive, what may be expected to occur? If the Chilean ships of war, convoying a fleet of transports, can escape the vigilance of our cruisers, they will probably make a dash for the coast of California. Upon this point, General O. O. Howard says:

"A country situated on the sea should have three lines of defense when receiving an attack from the sea: First, the navy itself; second, forts, torpedoes, and harbor-defense vessels, fixed and movable; and after a foreign enemy shall have established himself in a harbor, then the third is the army proper, with a base in the interior.

"We have some good guns of old pattern mounted at principal harbors, as at San Francisco and San Diego; a number of submarine mines that could be placed in position to shut out an enemy and close the openings to the harbors.

"Again, we have for sudden use all the tugs, small yachts, and harbor boats, which, by a great sacrifice of life and property, giving each a long spar in front and some dynamite, can be used to protect the entrance to the harbor. These means, with other aids readily suggested to inventive brains, might keep out an enemy from our Pacific Coast harbors; that is, from San Diego, San Francisco, Columbia River, and Puget Sound.

"But assuming that one harbor, San Diego, for instance, should come into full possession of the enemy; then a field army would have to be equipped and organized in order to regain that harbor. Assuming San Diego to be in the power of a hostile force, the ultimate direction in which that force would act would be northward, for by our destroying the railroads in Arizona, and blocking the vast unsettled country with few railroads in Nevada, its action would then be confined to working up the coast toward San Francisco, probably attacking San Francisco at the same time from the sea. In such a contingency the United States troops would make a rapid movement toward Los Angeles. Probably, however, that place would fall into the hands of an enemy before we could gather there a sufficient number of troops to act against an invading army; then we might concentrate on the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad south of San Francisco and the San Joaquin Valley."

General Howard, it will be noticed, virtually concedes the possession of San Diego to the enemy, but shows how the Chilean forces could be restricted in their operations. Continuing, he says:

"Of our present regular army probably not more than ten thousand troops would be available, the others being required in the posts they now occupy, to protect the people from local troubles or foreign attacks. The States would be speedily called upon by the President to furnish such number of men as would give us a larger army than the hostile one landed, or probably landed, by our opponent. There would be from a few States well-drilled militia; but they would be unaccustomed to campaigning and field service. From other States, we would expect only raw levies.

"The size of our country would make it certain that we eventually would drive out any hostile force that could probably be landed on our shores. Our unprepared condition, however, is so great that a war would cost many precious lives and millions of dollars in money that could be saved if we had, as we hope soon to have, the requisite preparation."

But, after all, is it really credible that a nation of some three millions of people should declare war against a nation of sixty-five millions, whose strength is gigantic and whose resources are unlimited? Can it be that the Chileans are so ignorant as to undertake a task which no two nations of Europe would care to engage in even though firmly allied? It seems impossible.

But if there is to be a war, the people of this coast will endeavor to bear it with that fortitude born of plethoric pockets. Mr. J. C. Stubbs, Vice-President of the Southern Pacific Railroad, recently remarked that a war with Chile would be the best thing that could happen to San Francisco. Mr. Stubbs's love of country is evidently complicated with his love of freight. Still we are inclined to think that his opinion is correct. A war with Chile would mean that San Francisco would be practically the head-quarters of the War Department. Ships of war would be constructed here; fortifications erected, employing thousands of artisans; merchant steamers, tug-boats, and steam-yachts transformed into cruisers, dispatch-boats, and torpedo-boats; transports for troops would be built; all sorts of vessels, in short, armed and equipped; scores of thousands of artisans, soldiers, and sailors would have to be fed here; all sorts of industries would thrive in consequence of the large increase of the population. Vast sums of money would be expended here by the government, and, when the war was over, we would probably have the finest fortifications in the world.

Incidentally, we may remark, Mr. Stubbs's railroad would make so much money hauling troops and munitions of war for the government that it might, perhaps, pay part of its debts to that government.

So it is evident that, while California is a peace-loving community, her interests now are distinctly bellicose. Our delegation in Congress should be instructed to strain every nerve in favor of war. Even if the National Guard of California should be forced to do some fighting, we consider it their duty to sacrifice themselves for the pecuniary profit of the State. California's voice is still for war.

Last week, Senator Kyle, of South Dakota, introduced into Congress a resolution for a constitutional amendment, giving to Congress the power to pass a uniform law of divorce. He thus follows the example of Springer, of Illinois, who laid before the Fiftieth Congress a similar resolution, which that body refused to consider. As every State in the Union has its own divorce law, it is hardly necessary to reopen the old controversy on the necessity of divorce; such uniformity of opinion prevails on that subject that the Senate will not be required, in discussing Mr. Kyle's resolution, to go over the ground which was covered by the debate in the French Chamber on the Naquet Divorce Bill, nor will it need to waste time in discussing the arguments by which the church has maintained the indissolubility of marriage.

There was lately a meeting of the Sorosis Club, at New York, at which the relations of the sexes were discussed, and ingenious theories were propounded for the taming and subjugation of husbands. It would appear from the debates that Mrs. Marion Harland, who took the lead in the discussion, is better qualified to cook a dinner than to solve social problems. The regulation of husbands is doubtless an interesting pursuit, but ladies who follow it with the ardor which Mrs. Harland recommends would, in this State, drive their husbands either to the club or to the divorce court. Sorosis might more beneficially use the intellect which is at its command by giving the world the benefit of its views on the fit causes of divorce, rather than by chattering fiddlefaddle about taming husbands. The subject is very grave, indeed—especially to women. That the law should provide machinery to set a patient Griselda free from the clutches of a hectoring husband is clear enough. But when Griselda has got her divorce, where does she land?

While all the States, without exception, have agreed on the necessity of a law of divorce, they have differed widely as to the grounds upon which a marriage may be dissolved. Want of space forbids an enumeration of the grounds specified in the various codes; it may be stated, however, without referring to the new States, whose codes are still inchoate, that among the older States, Alabama recognizes eight grounds for divorce; Arkansas, seven; California, eight; Connecticut, eleven; Delaware, four; Florida, six; Georgia, ten; Illinois, seven; Indiana, eight; Iowa, six; Kansas, nine; Kentucky, sixteen; Louisiana, six; Maine, three; Maryland, four; Massachusetts, seven; Michigan, eight; Minnesota, seven; Mississippi, eight; Missouri, eight; Nebraska, seven; Nevada, seven; New Hampshire, ten; New Jersey, two; New York, one; North Carolina, three; Ohio, eight; Oregon, eight; Pennsylvania, nine; Rhode Island, seven; South Carolina, two; Tennessee, nine; Texas, six; Vermont, seven; Virginia, eight; West Virginia, eight; Wisconsin, nine. Besides these specific causes, the laws of four States—Maine, Indiana, Illinois, and North Carolina—empower courts to decree a divorce for other causes which in their discretion render it expedient. The wide variations between the divorce laws of the various States have led to inconveniences with which every one is familiar. A man may be a bigamist in one State and not in another. In one State, his children by a second wife may be legitimate, and, in another, they may be bastards. A man may have a lawful wife in one State, and another wife equally lawful in another State. The offspring of a divorced father may divide the property he leaves in one State, yet have no claim on his estate in another. Under the constitution, each State is required to recognize the validity of the legislative and judicial acts of its sister States; but, as a matter of fact, the tribunals of New York have frequently refused to recognize Western divorces as valid.

A uniform law of divorce would have to be a matter of compromise, in which each State yielded something of its fixed opinions to meet its sister States half-way. For instance, New York holds that the only ground on which a divorce should be granted is adultery, and South Carolina grudgingly added desertion to this single ground. In order to obtain the consent of these States to a national divorce law, it would be necessary to persuade them that marriages may become intolerable on other grounds as well. And in like manner, Kentucky would have to be persuaded that it could afford to strike out of its code such grounds for divorce as desertion for a year, uniting with an anti-marriage society, intemperance for a year, mishehavior for six months, wife-beating, when not habitual, and mental weakness; while Connecticut—in which there are more divorces to marriages than in any other State in the Union—would have to repeal the provision of its divorce law which empowers a judge to dissolve a union on the vague ground of "conduct which defeats the purposes of marriage." In Pennsylvania and Ohio, an agitation has been going on for some years with a view to promote uniformity of sentiment on the divorce question; if two or three of the central States should agree upon a basis of legislation, it might commend itself to other States.

A notion prevails at the East that the marriage tie is lightly esteemed west of the Alleghanies. It is not long since conductors were said to announce the names of stations in Indiana, with the addendum: "Twenty minutes for divorce!" And now we are reminded that, while 3,490 marriage licenses were taken out in San Francisco, in 1891, 770 petitions for divorce were filed, and 263 divorces were granted. Those who harp on these things forget that divorces are caused by specific conditions which are easily reckoned. In new communities, people marry young, from causes which are obvious, and consequently the proportion of ill-assorted unions is larger than in societies where men are rarely able to support a wife before they have got out of the thirties. In the Western States, it does not cost much more to support two than to support one, and outside of the pale of matrimony there is no bliss; thus boys and girls marry before either knows his or her mind; they repent at leisure, and sue for divorce. In the East, grizzling hair the brain doth clear, young men enter the marriage state with more deliberation, and the partnership formed is more likely to be enduring. This reasoning does not explain the propensity of Connecticut Yankees to get divorces; that, though proved beyond controversy by statistics, is thus far an inexplicable problem.

When the Naquet Bill was before the French Chamber, the opponents of the bill, who were chiefly clericals, predicted that half the marriages in the country would be dissolved before two years elapsed. But, as a matter of fact, the number of divorces granted under the new law has been very small, indeed—some four or five thousand per year in a population of thirty-eight millions. The effect of the law has been to dissolve a few unions which were inflicting intolerable suffering upon innocent and virtuous people. Its consequences were not wide-spread, as the clericals declared they would be, simply because the unions which had been contracted between parties who were likely to quarrel and separate had never re-

ceived the sanction of the civil magistrate. In France, men rarely marry under thirty-five; they take the step with a full realization of its gravity; and, having taken it, they require very strong reasons, indeed, to retrace it. Any previous unions which they contract are voluntary, and dissoluble at will, without recourse to legal proceedings.

It is the same in Germany. As society recognizes morganatic unions among royal and high-born personages, so it admits the existence of irregular unions, or *wilda Ehen*, among people of lower rank. Our people absolutely ignore and frown upon such associations. Ladies affect not to be aware of their existence, and, as a matter of fact, they are rare in this country. But in all parts of Germany they abound. In one small German town, three thousand such households were lately reported to the census officials. The impoverished nobleman; the underpaid official; the artist struggling for bread; the clerk working for a pittance; the officer of the army—all these do not marry because, first, they do not think they can keep up the pomp of matrimony; and, second, because they do not desire to assume a bond from which it will take a decree of court to free them. In France, the officer of the army or navy who desires to marry must show that his wife's *dot* will enable her to live without depending on his pay. In Germany, the officer under the rank of senior captain must deposit fifteen thousand thalers, or their equivalent in securities, in the army treasury before he can marry. It follows, of course, that all these various classes of men fall back upon the *wilda Ehen* as preferable to marriage; and in Germany they are encouraged to do so by the law, which practically sets the father free from supporting his illegitimate child.

In addition to this, women rarely bring suits for divorce in Continental Europe. This takes away about fifty per cent. of the complainants, as compared with America. In this country, a woman is encouraged by her relatives to divorce herself from a dissolute or neglectful husband; not so in Germany—there is no place there for a divorced woman. Under the German law, each female child can claim a dowry from her parents. They owe a duty, then, to their unmarried daughters, and shut their doors against the divorced daughter who would return to them. This contingency has a repressive influence on the wife who chafes under the marriage bond. Then, too, the obligatory military duty of the men in Continental Europe makes them used to discipline. Obedience to another, suppression of one's personal likes and dislikes, is excellent training for matrimony.

It is not probable that this session of Congress will bring about any important change in the situation as concerns the tariff and the silver question. The House is strongly Democratic; but the Democratic members are not in harmony, and there appears to be no recognized leader on that side. The Republican minority have only to watch and wait, and take advantage of the dissension and discord of the ruling majority. Ex-Speaker Reed is assiduous in attendance, vigilant in the observance of all that is going on. The governing ring formed under the speakership of Carlisle, now in the Senate—which was composed of Mills, of Texas, the two Breckinridges, of Kentucky and Arkansas, McMillan, of Tennessee, and Bynum, of Indiana—and virtually directing the legislation during the closing years of President Cleveland's administration, is supplanted in the numerically stronger Democratic House now in session; and, while Mills sulks at his home in Texas, his displaced colleagues vex their party associates in Congress by their unconcern and apathy. The election of Crisp as speaker over Mills made wounds which will not heal. The appointments to the standing committees created feelings that refuse to be assuaged. The selection of Springer, of Illinois, as chairman of the committee on ways and means, is already discovered to be a grave blunder. The chairman of that committee has been recognized from time immemorial as virtual leader of his party in the House. From it James K. Polk was elevated to the Presidency. Mr. Springer has not the qualities of a leader. He is neither sturdy nor able, and lacks the qualities which attract, the dignity that commands. He has made utterance of his views on reforming the present tariff, and they are ridiculed by the able men of his own party as tinkering and inefficient for any good. On the silver question, he has in speeches outside of Congress expressd opinions at variance with his own former utterances and not in accord with his party. He has simply muddled the situation as relates to the two leading issues, out of which it was the expectation of the triumphant Democracy of last year to make great capital for the Presidential campaign of this year. The tariff, if at all amended, will undergo only immaterial alterations, agreeably to the determination of the Senate. The present silver law will not be changed. The great majority who favor unlimited free coinage of silver are Democrats of the West, the South, and the North-West. The Democrats of the Atlantic States are mostly opposed to free coinage of silver. The Republican sentiment favorable to free coinage is mainly in the silver-producing States—Nevada, Colorado, Idaho, and Montana. In California, Oregon, and Washington, the popular sentiment is more evenly divided upon the subject, with the preponderance in favor of the present law. But the more sagacious leaders of the Democracy, South and West, think the agitation of the subject at this session inopportune, and consider the prospects of passing a free-coinage bill over the executive veto it would be sure to encounter, as hopeless. They fear the breach it would make in the ranks of the Democracy in the different sections of the country. A strong silver plank in the platform, that would meet the views of the South and West, would cause disastrous antagonism in the Atlantic States. It could not affect the party situation in Pennsylvania, but it would ruin the Democratic party in Ohio, and cause Massachusetts to swing back to her former place in the Republican line.

The gerrymander, as a partisan device, has been resorted to by each of the great parties of the country, when in power in the different States, from an early period of the century. It was introduced in Massachusetts in 1810, by the Democrats, during the governorship of Eldridge Gerry, from whom the term is derived, although, in truth, he was averse to the method, and counseled fair and accustomed means in the apportionment. The advantage the gerrymander gave the dominant party at the time was, however, too important to be neglected, and it was adopted. Massachusetts was divided into districts in such manner as to give the Democrats the majority in the general court, or legislature, and to enable them better to carry the congressional districts. The method has been adhered to ever since, and practiced alternately by the parties agreeably as they held control of the State. The most notorious and flagrant instances of gerrymandering have been practiced in Ohio and Indiana, in the North, and, since the reconstruction period, in the South, in Mississippi, where the Chalmers "shoe-string" congressional district was typical of the shameless apportionment to make the State solidly Democratic.

An aggressive advance movement has been made in the gerrymander within the past year, and it threatens to overturn and radically change the method of appointing Presidential electors and choosing the President and Vice-President. The constitution ordains, Article II., Section 1, that "each State shall appoint, in such manner as the legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors, equal to the whole number of senators and representatives to which the State may be entitled in Congress." In conformity with this, the prevalent system has been for the different parties in every State to nominate the full number of candidates for Presidential electors, for election by the people. The sole exception to this general system was South Carolina, which adopted and adhered to the system—until 1860—of appointing the electors by the legislature.

But now, under the operation of the gerrymander, the Democrats of Michigan and Wisconsin, "in majority" in the legislature and in the congressional districts, have resolved to depart from the unbroken system of the past and adopt that of electing the Presidential electors by congressional districts, with the two to equal the number of United States Senators to be elected at large by popular vote. It is within the constitutional right of the legislature so to direct the method of choosing or appointing the electors. The present representation in Congress from Michigan is composed of 8 Democrats and 3 Republicans; from Wisconsin, of 8 Democrats and 1 Republican. In Michigan, the legislature stands, on joint ballot, 71 Democrats, 51 Republicans, 6 Independents, practically Democrats. In Wisconsin, Democrats, 84; Republicans, 48; Union Labor, 1. In Michigan, 1890, the Democratic nominee for governor had 11,520 plurality in a total vote of 397,826; in Wisconsin, a plurality of 28,320 in a total vote of 309,149. On these bases, in the Presidential election this year, the Democrats, by the gerrymander, would elect eleven of the thirteen electors of Michigan and ten of the eleven electors of Wisconsin. It is believed, however, that the change in popular sentiment will show better to the advantage of the Republicans; but should the Democrats force their opportunity, under the operation of the gerrymander, the electoral vote of these two States, ordinarily and fairly Republican, will be cast for the Democratic candidate. As party innovations aggress upon accustomed methods, party integrity becomes dulled and popular sentiment does homage to success, without caring much how it is obtained. In this changed condition of things lurks the danger.

In New York a more alarming condition exists and sharper Democratic methods are threatened. By the extraordinary and unprecedented action of Governor Hill, in which he was sustained by the court of appeals, the two houses of the legislature were made Democratic, and the party has absolute control of the State. Republicans elected to the Senate have been displaced and their seats are occupied by Democrats. Governor Hill has made way for Governor Flower and taken his seat in the Senate of the United States, where he can exercise to greater extent his peculiar capacity for unscrupulous political conduct to obtain the mastery for his party in the Presidential election, with himself as the candidate for President. Governor Flower, as the candidate of Tammany, is disposed to act in accordance with its dictation and to back Hill in his ambitious scheming. Before his retirement from the governorship and before he took his seat in the Senate, Hill revealed something of his scheme to secure to his party, if not to himself, the Presidency. New York will follow the examples of Michigan and Wisconsin. The legislature will make an apportionment of the State that will guaranty a Democratic majority in the State at large and in the greater portion of congressional districts. The Presidential electors will be appointed by the legislature—not elected by popular vote as heretofore. There are now 401 electoral votes; 201 votes constitute an election. With the 107 electoral votes of the Solid South of the ex-Confederate States, the 40 votes of Delaware, Maryland, and Kentucky, 11 of the 13 votes of Michigan, 10 of the 11 of Wisconsin, and the 36 votes of New York—the total of 204 electoral votes—would go to the Democratic candidate—three votes in excess of the requirement. Besides this possible contingency is the probability that West Virginia and New Jersey will cast their electoral votes for the Democratic candidate. Connecticut voted for Cleveland in 1888; but it is believed that the strong protective duty on leaf-tobacco will restore the State to the Republicans. Having practically stolen the New York legislature to his own and his party's purposes, there is small doubt of Hill's readiness to wrest the Presidency from the people and divert it to his own account, should the opportunity come in his way. The Republicans will require to be duly vigilant, and should adopt methods against the emergency to avert the threatened irregularity. To see his way is enough to determine David B. Hill to make a hold push to grasp the situation.

Congressman Bowers, of California, has introduced a bill to prohibit the employment of aliens in any capacity in the governmental departments, to which only citizens shall be eligible. It is a good measure, and should pass. The appointment or employment of aliens in the service of the government is contrary to American sentiment in any case. There are plenty of worthy citizens in every instance upon whom to bestow the favors of the government. In the higher walks of government service, as ministers to foreign courts and important consular positions, only native citizens should be appointed. But in no event is the employment of aliens to be approved, and it is not to be tolerated. Make this the law and let it be adhered to.

Congressman Wyke, of Illinois, Democrat, warns Mr. Springer and his associate tariff-tinkerers that if they place wool, iron, and coal on the free list, the manufacturers in New England of woolen and cotton goods, cutlery, machinery, etc., will lose all interest in tariff reform, and those States, with New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and West Virginia will be arrayed against the party. Mr. Wyke finds no comfort in studying the details of Mr. Springer's project to reform the McKinley tariff. If any of these States voted for protection, to enjoy its benefits, it is not, he thinks, good politics to impose upon them free trade which would relegate their industries to inactivity and themselves to poverty.

The Mining Convention now in session in San Francisco unexpectedly turns out to be a most harmonious body. Although both mountain and valley counties are represented—which hitherto were hostile—both now seem to strive for a better understanding. The long cessation of hydraulic-mining has proved to the State that she can not afford to allow the gold to lie locked in the Sierra's sides if any method can be devised to extract it without ruining our rivers. The United States government engineers have reported, recommending certain plans as effectual. The Mining Convention will memorialize Congress in favor of these plans. If they can be carried out without injuring the rivers, it is to be hoped that the matter will be taken up at once. *But the rivers must not be further injured*—the few millions of damage done to farming-lands is as nothing compared to the injury to the natural water-ways of our great interior valleys.

If the plans of the government engineers are successful, the resumption of hydraulic mining will mean the addition of some ten millions every year to the bullion product of the State. It will mean the instilling of new life into the mining towns and mountain counties, which now are dead.

The whole State wishes the miners well. The complex problem of jangling interests is now in a fair way to be solved. It ought to be. We do not believe that, since the world began, there was ever so striking a spectacle as that presented by the hydraulic miners of California, when they laid aside their tools, shut down their mines, left the gold untouched in the earth, and gave up what to many of them was their sole support, simply in obedience to the decree of the law.

FOR YELLOW GOLD.

When the stage "went ligbt" they ran out the small buckboard; but when there were more than four passengers the big mud-wagon was "put on." This was a buckboard day, for there was not a single passenger. What was more to the point, as the Gold Butte Mining Company regarded it, was that under the driver's seat was a box with ten thousand dollars in the newest of new tens and twenties in it.

The driver had looked very blue when he drove his four mustangs from the post-office—where he took on a very flat leather hag, which spoke loudly of the incapacity or disinclination of the Thimble Spring people for letter-writing—over to the railroad station, where he was to take on the box. Things were going all wrong at bome. That was why his brown face looked so haggard; that was why he held so loosely to the "lines"; that was why he chewed so hard on the hit of "plug" in his mouth.

"Such hard scratchin' I never seed afore," was what he bad said as he had listlessly thrown the mail-bag into the wagon; "can't git no decent job nowadays. Nothin' ter be hed by prospectin'—tried thet time an' agin; ef I git anything it peters out inside of a week. I might make a strike over ter Sand Gulch, but it's a derned long way off, an' me 'n' Sue an' the kids hez moved so often 'at we can't raise nothin' ter move on now. Why in Sam Hill did Sue hev ter git that rheumatiz jes now, when we's so hard up, an' afore she weaned the haby? It's a damned shame. Why can't Bill git somethin' ter do?—great, big, lunk-headed cuss. Ef I hed a brother, poorer'n a crow, d'ye think I'd go an' live on him, an' live on him, till thar warn't nuthin' ter eat in the house? Sho, Zach Springer, you're a blamed fool. Bill hain't done that. He ain't ter blame fer gittin' his leg hroke that time. Bill's all right, but he's onlucky. Been tryin' fur a month ter git a job, an' can't git in nowhere. He's willin' ter work. He'd stan' crotch-deep in the creek all day long washin' out tailin's, ef he could make his salt at it. Tried it fer six weeks an' didn't git enough to buy a pair o' gum-boots. Whoa, Buckskin! Damn that one-eyed crow-hait! be'd jam right inter the station platform ef yer didn't saw his teetb eout."

And then the box was taken on, and tbe express-agent had something to say. That "something" was not to Zacb Springer's liking. He chewed harder than ever on the bit of plug, and sawed the hard mouths of the mustangs by an unnecessary yanking of the reins. It was a positive relief to be able at last to whack his lash down upon the sides of the nervous brutes and turn them loose for the forty-mile run to Gold Butte. Why had he needed a lecture from a hireling of the express company, and why sbould that smooth-jowled agent have looked at him with such dark suspicion?

"They think 'cos I got stood up down ter Black Rocks las' time I had a big load o' gold, thet I need to be preached to every time I go out now with a full box. Damned stoop-shouldered, desk-settin' hounds! I'd like ter see one on 'em handlin' the ribbons when thar's a Winchester lookin' at 'em with an eye as big as a bar'l-bead. Can't tell me they wouldn't give in! The sweet-scented, calf-skin booted young ladies! Thar ain't a man among 'em."

Zach Springer's indignation was now in mere complete possession of him than had been his feeling of blueness a little earlier. What he had delivered himself of just now was not what he would have said had he voiced his true sentiments with reference to the express-agent's lecture. In between the words ran the thought, that "they" had suspected him of having a band in the Black Rocks robbery. It had come to bim before in what he called a "left-handed" way, and he had bad other outbursts of righteous indignation, but none in which tbe upheaval was so great as that of the present. Had *that* been the reason the stage company had cut down his pay to "sixty" a month? The chances were that it was It was too blamed mean for a lot of swine, like these people, to come it so high-handedly over a poor man who only wanted his own. Wouldn't it serve them just right, if——

The white dust of the desert rolled up from the mustangs' hoofs in little puffs, and sprays of it, powdery fine, followed the turn of the wheels half-way up, there to be caught by the breeze and drifted behind in a long cloud that followed the buckboard like a haunting spirit. Sometimes, as the light breeze shifted, it came back upon the buckboard and its driver like heavy thoughts on the conscience of a guilty man.

It would serve them just right! Besides that, only think—ten thousand! What would the people down in Mexico or Guatemala, where be would fly, know or care if somebody up in far-off Nevada had dumped a box off his buckboard and gone back and got it after a few days—maybe a week? It would have to be a dark night, wouldn't it? You couldn't go and get a hox like that in the day-time and take it anywhere, for the whole country would be out looking for the man who had it. Maybe a month. That would be better. It would all blow over by that time. Let's see, would it? Ten thousand was a good deal. Those stage-stoppers were always striking the box on tbe wrong day. They never got so much as that at one haul. In two months, then—perhaps two months. But it would have to be well-hidden.

And the thought stuck to him, despite all attempts to keep it off, though by the time he had driven the mustangs into Red Canyon, his indignation at having heen suspected by the company had died down. The box at his feet had taken on a new meaning for him. It meant smart gowns for the wife. It meant a good schooling for the children. Those five little ones bad had a bard "rustle" of it to get what few scraps of learning they had tbus far managed to clutch; and, as for clotbes, they were dressed like juvenile scarecrows. Yes, all the hard scratching would be over if be dared to do what many another hard-pushed man had done. Resolving the whole matter down to a plain, clear-cut proposition, it was, after all, simply a question of "nerve."

Here was the place to do it. Right here, where the bigh, scraggly rocks, with the patches of sage-brush atop, came so near to the buckboard. It could be thrown over there—anywhere—into the sage-brush. It would be as well-concealed as though buried in six feet of earth. The buckhoard had reached the top of a long down-grade. Zach put on the brake and twisted the reins about the brake-handle. As if about to take a plunge into ice-cold water, he reached down for the box. But wait a bit. He took off his big sombrero and hung it on a projecting rock. Then flashing out his six-shooter, he sent a bullet through the brim of the hat, which he then replaced on his head. Though it had been hot enough when he started out from Thimble Spring, there seemed to he a chill in the air just now. Would they believe the story that be would have to concoct, even though he showed them the hole in the hat-brim? What would he care whether they did or not? They already suspected him. If he had the name, he might as well have the game. He looked at a spot where the sage-brush clustered thickest, and made a mental throw or two in a tentative way, in order to "get the distance."

Then he laid two nervous hands on the box. He gave a little tug. Lord, how heavy it was! Could it be tossed over there, after all? It might have to be carried. He lifted it upon the seat. "Via Thimble Spring Stage Line." What was the sense in putting on such a direction as that? It was the only way it could go. The only way. And that way was now closed, for he was about to——

"God, kain't they trust you—you, Zach Springer. Kain't they trust Old Zach?" he burst out, hoarsely. "Yes, hut why don't they do as any other decent minin' comp'ny does—turn their stuff into the bank at 'Frisco, arter it's minted? What in hell do they want on it up thar?"

Well, after all, that was *their* business. But he couldn't be trusted. What would Bill say? Bill was an honest man. He would blusb with shame every time his brother's name was mentioned after that—for, of course, *he* would know. Sue would never suspect. Any kind of a story would bamhoozle her. Bill was smart. He could put two and two together as quickly as any man in the country. And yet Bill himself was a little reckless sometimes. He had been acting very queer of late, and bad been over to Johnson's a good deal, drinking and playing cards with the boys. Tbat would not do. Bill must be looked after. He was only a young fellow—a mere boy, even if he had been trying to raise a mustache lately. Yes, Bill was a good deal younger than he. Why, he remembered well the day he was born, when they took him in to show him his new haby brother. He used to carry Bill all around, and he was the first one to stand him on his legs and try to make him walk. He remembered how it used to hurt his own head when Bill got a knock by falling out of his high-chair. Bill was just as much to bim now as ever, and those knocks which fate and the weaknesses of his nature were giving him now hurt him just as badly—worse, perhaps, than they did Brother Bill.

What would Bill say?

He laid his hands upon the box again. It would be safe enough behind the rocks there under the sage-brush—as safe as if——

"Git up thar, damn ye! Git, Buckskin! Git, old Gabe! Ye lazy critters. G'lang!" And down came the long lash upon the dust-covered backs of the mustangs, and off down the long grade they ran, making the dust fly in the cañon as it never flew before. For Zach had grasped the reins in a grip of iron, and both his big cowhide boots were planted firmly on the box.

"This 'ere is what I call goin' helly-ty split!" he said, ten minutes later, as they were still flying down the grade. "But I lost some time with a blamed-fool notion that I orter a ben licked for ever thinkin' on a minit. Wal, the mustangs got a good rest. Makin' up fer it now, though. They'll soon be in a lather. I'll git to the half-way house in quarter of an hour, and then I'll take a good born. I feel kinder narvous yit. Thet 'ere hox is a durned heavy load on a man's mind. I s'pose the sup'rintendent up to Gold Butte is worryin' about it, too. Never mind, ol' feller, you'll see that stuff stowed away in yer safe afore sundown.

"What's this? A hold-up, sure as shootin'!"

Out from behind a tall rock, a man, with a piece of dark calico over his face and a very large Winchester in his hand, had suddenly sprung, and the muzzle of the rifle looked right into Zach's big, round eyes. The brake scraped the wheels and made the sparks fly. The mustangs came to a sudden stand. There was no getting by that Winchester.

"I reckon you've got ther drop on me, stranger," the driver coolly made remark. "Stick up my hands? In *course* I will, ef you insist on it; but I tell yer these 'ere mustangs is mighty skittish, an' it's on ther daown-grade. So yer needn't shoot ef they start up, fur it'll be yer own fault. I s'pose yer arter this 'ere hox. Throw it out? It's too blamed heavy fer that. Ye'll hev ter give us a lift."

The man with the gun had said nothing; but the subtleties of the holding-up process were not so fine but that Zach understood every wave of the stranger's hand and every shrug of his shoulders, when the waves and shrugs meant anything. Zach had been held-up before. He of the calico mask did not step forward at once. In tbis suggestion that he should assist in taking off the box he seemed to suspect some trick. But one of Zach's hands was held aloft and the other, with the four reins in it, was on tbe level of his shoulder. The man edged up to the buckboard, exchanging the weapon whicb he presented at Zach's head for a six-shot revolver.

"Thanks, stranger," said Zacb, with forced merriment. "I never like to hev one o' them air long-barreled things p'inted at me. They shoot too durn straight. Now, here ye are."

Witb his foot be sboved tbe box along until it was near the edge of the wagon.

"Thar it is, help yourself; but ye'll find it a blamed heavy load ter pack, ef yer goin' far—over forty pound."

The robber's fingers grasped the box nervously.

"A green un at the biz," thought Zach; "mehbe thar'll be an openin' here yit."

The robber pulled and hauled at the box, but it would not budge, for it was caught on a nail-head in the hottom of the wagon. In his feverish anxiety to secure the gold, he lowered the revolver a little and grasped the box with both hands. Swiftly Zach's right hand fell to his hip and out he whipped his bright-barreled pistol.

"Got the dead drop, stranger! It's no go!" he shouted. "Put that weepin daown, you fool!"—for the man was raising his pistol. "You won't? Then take that."

A flash, a report, and back fell the robber without a moan. His fingers clawed the dust for a moment, as if he were grasping for a hold on life. But the hold was not to be had, and he gave it up, and lay there quietly in the dust.

The driver shoved his pistol into its holster, and wiped the sweat from his brow. It had been a close shave for the box and a closer shave for him.

"Takes a purty keen un ter git erway with Ol' Zach, arter all," he chuckled, springing lightly from the buckboard, while a broad smile lit up his brown face. "This 'ere means a big raise from ther stage comp'ny an' a hundred er two from the Gold Butte folks. I guess they'll think the ol' man's 'bout right arter this. Hooray fur hooray! my stock's iiz! It's 'way up ter a hundred an' fifty. Whoop-e-e! Haw-haw-haw!"

He stooped down over the dead man and lifted the bit of cloth from his face.

"Almighty God! *It's Bill!*"

FRANK BAILEY MILLARD.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1892.

OLD FAVORITES.

Little Giffen, of Tennessee.

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital-ward as dire,
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene
(Eighteenth hattle and he sixteen!)
Specter such as we seldom see,
Little Giffen, of Tennessee.

"Take him—and welcome," the surgeon said:
"Much your doctor can help the dead!"
And so we took him and hrought him where
The halm was sweet on the summer air;
And we laid bim down on a wholesome bed—
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

Weary war with the hated hreath,
Skeleton hoy against skeleton death.
Months of torture, how many such?
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch!
Still a glint in the steel-hlue eye
Spoke of the spirit that would not die.

And didn't! nay, more! in death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write!
"Dear mother," at first, of course; and then,
"Dear captain"—inquiring about "the men."
Captain's answer—"Of eighty and five
Giffen and I are left alive!"

"Johnston's pressed at the front, they say!"
Little Giffen was up and away.
A tear—his first—as he hade good-bye,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye;
"I'll write, if spared." There was news of a fight,
But none of Giffen—he did not write!

I sometimes fancy that were I king
Of the princely knights of the Golden Rule,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that tremhles here,
I'd give the hest on his hended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For little Giffen, of Tennessee!

—*Francis O. Ticknor.*

The Hero of the Commune.

"Garçon! You, *you*
Snared along with this cursèd crew?
(Only a child, and yet so hold,
Scarcely as much as ten years old!)
Do you hear? Do you know
Why the gendarmes put you there, in the row,
You with those Commune wretches tall,
With your face to the wall?"

"*Know?* To he sure I know! Why not?
We're here to he shot;
And there, by the pillar's the very spot,
Fighting for France, my father fell:
Ah, well!—
That's just the way I would choose to fall,
With my hack to the wall!"

"(Sacré! Fair, open fight, I say,
Is something right gallant in its way,
And fine for warming the hlood; but who
Wants wolfish work like this to do?
Bah! 'tis a hutcher's business!) How?
(The hoy is heckoning to me now:
I knew that his poor child's heart would fail,
Yet his cheek's not pale:)
Quick, say your say, for don't you see
When the church-clock yonder tolls out Three,
You are all to he shot?
—What?
"*Excuse you one moment?* Oh, ho, ho!
Do you think to fool a gendarme so?"

"But, sir, here's a watch that a friend, one day,
(My father's friend) just over the way,
Lent me; and if you'll let me free—
It still lacks seven minutes of Three—
I'll come, on the word of a soldier's son,
Straight hack into line, when my errand's done."

"Ha, ha! No doubt of it! Off! Begone!
(Now, good St. Dennis, speed him on!
The work will he easier since he's saved;
For I hardly see how I could have hraved
The ardor of that innocent eye,
As he stood and heard,
While I gave the word,
Dooming him like a dog to die.)"

"In time? Well, thanks, that my desire
Was granted; and now I'm ready:—Fire!
One word!—that's all!
—You'll let me turn my *back* to the wall?"

"Parhleu! Come out of the line, I say,
Come out! (Who said that his name was Ney?)
Ha! France will hear of him yet, one day!"

—*Margaret J. Preston.*

The gold medal given to Virchow on his seventieth birthday is the largest ever made. It weighs nearly six pounds, and the metal alone is wortb $1,750.

WHY BRITONS "WINTER ABROAD."

A Man in the Smoking-Room explains it to "Cockaigne."

Among the many institutions of English life which have felt the finger of time must be included the country-house. I do not allude to decay of stone, bricks, and mortar, or the inherent ruin of non-repair and neglect of property, but the simple and gradual fall into discontinuance of the English country-house life as it existed a few years ago, and whose usages and customs have formed the staple for the novels of Whyte-Melville, "Ouida," Rhoda Broughton, and other society writers.

Once upon a time, every fortunate possessor of a country-house spent the winter in it. There, surrounded by a succession of "house-parties," whose individual stays never exceeded the prescribed limit of a week—often less, but never more—and immersed in the joys of fox-hunting and covert-shooting, from November to March was passed. Then occurred that ideal "life at a country-house," which has charmed so many Americans lucky enough to get the *entrée* to it, and has been the dream of the anglomaniac to imitate. But, now? Well, of course, there is some country-house life of that sort left in the land. It would be a large order to assert that no English country-house is occupied and kept open for the entertainment of guests all through the winter. But what I do say is, that the custom is not what it used to be. A month, perhaps, suffices with many. A week's pheasant-shooting is indulged in, a fortnight's hunting—a few especial friends come down to help the owner and his family to enjoy both; and then away go the family to the continent—to Cannes and dozens of other similar resorts of the wealthy and fashionable.

And why? Can anybody guess? Are English swells tired of hunting, bored with shooting, or are they suddenly grown inhospitable? No; most certainly not. It is because they want to get away from the damp, and cold, and fog of an English winter. It has become quite the fashion to do this; and at a time when their grandfathers used to revel in all the rural pleasures of a seasonable winter, the grandsons shut up their ancestral homes and flee to the South of France, Italy, Spain, Egypt—anywhere abroad where they may be assured the delight of seeing the sun at least once a week.

"The idea of any one in his senses staying in England during the winter!" exclaimed an Englishman to me, the other day, when we were talking over the subject of this now fashionable and steadily increasing craze to "winter abroad." "Fancy freezing, and chattering, and sneezing through three long, weary months, muffled up in great-coats and rugs, when one can go where it is warm and get there in, say, thirty-six hours!"

"Then you don't care for hunting?" I hazarded.

He looked surprised, then disgusted; then pity beamed from his eyes.

"Don't care for hunting? I should rather think I did."

"Then why do you willingly turn your back upon it?" I asked.

He looked about him to make sure that no one should overbear the outspoken heresy. It was in a club smoking-room, thronged with other doubtless similarly minded country-house possessors, on the eve of a channel-crossing, like himself. Then he bent down and said, almost in a whisper:

"My dear fellow, hunting has gone to pot. Don't look surprised. I mean what I say. No one knows it better than I do. Fancy three hundred people turning up at a meet! What do you say to that?"

"That it had *not* gone to pot. A sport which can attract——"

"Stop a bit," he interrupted, with his hand up; "that's just where it is. Every fool hunts nowadays. That is to say, they get into pink and astride a horse, and they come and make skittles of the whole thing. Just imagine a field of three hundred! It's become an utter farce."

"Must be a grand sight," I said, with pretended enthusiasm. I had heard the same thing before, but thought I would draw him out.

"Grand sight," he repeated, screwing up his face in disgust; "yes, so it would be, if it wasn't that two-thirds of 'em knew nothing of riding straight, or could do it if they did know. But there you have two hundred out of the three mounted on livery-stable screws, military chargers, and animals whose work in harness when their masters don't hunt (save the mark!) takes all the go out of the poor, jaded brutes. I wish the chancellor of the exchequer, when he is casting about for a new subject of taxation to relieve the strain of his next budget, would pick out horses used in hunting. By Jove, what a revenue it would bring in!"

"It would fall on you as heavy as any one."

"And most cheerfully would I bear it. And so would hundreds of others who keep genuine hunters—horses that do nothing else. Anything, I say, to weed out the grotesque make-shifts, and restore hunting to what it was. For one, I'm sick of it. I'm ashamed of it, and something ought to be done before it is too late."

"But is yours a general opinion?"

"Yes; it is. But every one is too much of a coward to give it utterance."

"Except in a cautious whisper, I suppose."

He did not a bit see what I meant. He only opened his eyes very wide and stared at me, and said:

"Eh?"

"It's a pity there are not a few more with your courage," I remarked.

"So it is," he replied; "so it is. But, you see, every chap's afraid risking the chance of being misunderstood. It's a dangerous thing to say a word against hunting, you know."

"So it appears," I said. "But can't you do something about it?"

"I wish I could, but I'm afraid it would do no good. Yes, hunting has gone to pot. No mistake about that. What would Assheton Smith or Jack Russell say if they could see what it has become?"

"And so you are obliged to go abroad to escape it?"

"Yes; in a way."

"Wouldn't it be better to stay at home and frown it down?"

"Fancy England in the winter—England in the country, in the winter—without hunting! No, thank you kindly. It's all that makes the place endurable."

I must say I was struck by his words, and they gave a new emphasis to my long entertained views as to the absurdity of having the London season in summer, when everything in nature would make existence at an English country-house perfection. Perhaps this growing custom of going away in the winter will, in time, work a revolution, and put an extinguisher on a summer session of Parliament. If hunting is no longer the supreme attraction of the country in winter it used to be, and ceases to be the sole reason for a residence in town during the summer, let there be no excuse of "Parliament" to bolster up the delusion.

It is curious when one comes to think it over. The very thing that is ordinarily supposed to benefit a sport, viz., popularity, is actually the ruin of hunting. Not only has it become too common, but it has become ridiculous. Everybody hunts—as well say that everybody drives a four-in-hand drag, and expect coaching to thrive. Nothing thrives in England without the heart and patronage of the swells. Once that is withdrawn, or even grows weak—good-bye! And so it is with the country-houses. Perhaps it may be that, like in hunting, they have grown overcommon and vulgarized by the snobs. Yet, if the snobs have driven swelldom out of their country-houses in winter, they will (snob-like) pretty soon find out where the swells have gone, and follow them. If they thus drive the swells home again, their good doing will be almost poetic in its results.

As for the hunting, there is a good deal of truth in the idea that it is being spoiled by the multitude, and I do not wonder that the men who have means to go in for it and keep it up in proper style, should be disgusted at its being put within the reach of everybody. As a sport, it was never intended to be followed by the masses. Now you might say the masses had captured it. Everybody wants to hunt, whether he owns a horse or not—nor does it signify what sort of horse it is—a pony will do for a light-weight. I know a retired army surgeon whose pension helps to keep him going. He has a pony which he drives in a cart, and, being a small man, on the days that he does not drive the animal out in the cart, he rides her to hounds! Of course such hunting consists in riding to covert, and then hunting for gaps in the hedges, gates in the walls, and roads generally. It is not what you would call sport, and to the men who can afford to keep hunters who can carry them over everything, it is humiliating to see a grand old custom made a laughing-stock of.

LONDON, January 2, 1892. COCKAIGNE.

A mutiny which ran a peculiar course, and had a proper termination, is reported to have broken out on board the brig *Aimé*, Captain Binard, bound from Bordeaux to St. Pierre and Miquelon. The captain was kept in irons for twenty-four hours. The mutineers intended to make for the Azores, with what precise object does not appear. A man named Bétuel, the first mate, was appointed to command the vessel, but he soon proved his incompetency. None of the crew, in fact, could navigate her. The following day the captain was brought up on deck and lashed to a mast. He was asked his advice, but refused to give it unless set at liberty. In the afternoon the mutineers, who began to fear for their safety, released him on condition that he should take instructions from them. "Where do you wish to go?" asked the captain, when he was once more on the bridge. "To the Azores," was the answer. "At the present moment," he said, "you are making straight for Ireland." He thereupon put the vessel about; but, instead of making for the Azores, he set sail for St. Pierre, where, on their arrival, the men, much to their surprise, were taken into custody by the French authorities. They have been tried, found guilty of mutiny on the high seas, and sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from three years to eighteen months.

A noteworthy experiment has been made in the little regular army of the United States during the year 1891. Seven full companies of Indian soldiers, three of cavalry and four of infantry, have been recruited and added to as many regiments; and more companies are now being recruited, so that ultimately every regiment stationed west of the Mississippi will have an Indian company. The Indians already enlisted are much pleased with the service. They are uniformed exactly like the white soldiers; they receive the same rations, cook their food in the same way, and are treated, in all respects, like their white comrades. The military commands used in drilling them are in English; and they receive from the officers regular instruction in the English language and in the ways of civilized life. The Indian soldiers, so far, have conducted themselves exceedingly well. They have good military bearing, are respectful to their officers, and take excellent care of their arms, equipments, and horses.

John Bright had an interesting experience in catching his first salmon on the Beauby. He was told to cast over a spot not more than three yards from him, and, thinking to steady the line, he turned it around his forefinger. The result was that when Mr. Bright hooked his fish, he gave an agonized yell and forthwith tumbled into the river. The line had cut his finger nearly to the bone, and he threw the rod away to free himself. Lord Lovat quietly slipped a gaff into Mr. Bright's nether garments, and held him until he could be pulled out by some friends who were near.

Señor Matte, the Chilean Minister to France, says it will take four or five months' time to equip and arm the *Capitan Prat*. This is all right as a diplomatic opinion, but there have been occasions when incomplete vessels have been sent to sea and received their armaments while there. Uncle Sam has had experience in such things.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Prince of Wales has begun to sign himself "Edward," instead of "Albert Edward," indicating that when king he will be Edward the Seventh.

Russell Sage has paid the druggist, where the victims of the explosion in his office were fixed up, the sum of fifteen dollars for services and materials furnished; but the claim of Clerk Laidlaw for one hundred thousand dollars for acting as a shield for Mr. Sage to dodge behind, is apt to remain a sort of court-plaster for some time yet.

Mounet-Sully, the great French tragedian, has become so troubled by defective vision that he is almost blind. He is barely able to see his fellow-actors on the stage, and the glare of the footlights affects him painfully. A correspondent writes that he heard the actor say to Mlle. Reichemberg, at rehearsal: "Are you near the table or the sofa?"

The Duke of Marlborough has had some trouble with the Metropolitan Club, New York. It is stated that he was proposed for membership at the club, and, when the committee met, his name was put aside. That looked as if blackballing were meant if he were not withdrawn. Mr. Charles F. Fearing, the duke's proposer, however, says that he withdrew the duke at his own request, and that there was no threat of "pilling" him.

Since Dom Pedro's death, the most interesting of the "kings in exile," in Europe, is ex-King Francis of Spain. In every way he is quite unlike the Brazilian monarch, for he is so small in stature that he seems almost to be a dwarf, and he is not noted for any nobility of mind. He lives at Epinay, apart from his wife, ex-Queen Isabella, who occupies a handsome mansion near the Arc de Triomphe. Francis is said to be one of the meanest of men, while Isabella, despite all her faults and the stains on her character, is popular in Paris, because of her hospitality and kindness of heart.

Judge Denman, who presided at the trial now known as "The Great Pearl Case," and who has caused so much discussion by his threat to commit for contempt any person caught sketching in court, is as eccentric and as cranky, though not as deaf, as his elder brother, Lord Denman. Judge Denman, by the bye, has a nephew who formerly lived in San Francisco, and was married to the daughter of Mr. W. B. Thornburgh, of this city. In course of time, Judge Denman will succeed his elder brother—now a man of eighty-five years of age—as third holder of the Denman peerage.

The death of ex-Postmaster-General Creswell leaves General Schofield, Hamilton Fish, George S. Boutwell, E. Rockwood Hoar, and ex-Secretary Robeson as the prominent surviving members of Grant's cabinet. Only one of these men, General Schofield, now at the head of the army, is as conspicuous in the public eye as he was in those times as Secretary of War. Judge Hoar lives a retired life at Concord, hardly known by the present generation, whose interest centers in his son, Representative Sherman Hoar. Ex-Secretary Hamilton Fish is passing his declining years at his home on the Hudson, a vigorous and keen-minded man of more than eighty. Robeson is still a figure of more or less prominence in public life. Boutwell has lived in Washington of recent years, where his law practice brings him good returns. He is a man of social leanings, noted for his Chesterfieldian manners, and his always correct attire.

Count Hartenau, better known as Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, has just been authorized by the Emperor of Austria, in whose military service he now is, to accept from the Bulgarian treasury the life-pension of ten thousand dollars a year voted to him almost unanimously by the Sobranje, or legislature, at Sofia. The originator of this compliment was Alexander's successor, Prince Ferdinand, who retains a magnificent portrait of Alexander in the throne-room, and is never tired of singing the praises of the man whom he succeeded. Prince Alexander might have kept his throne had he been willing to conform to the wishes of Russia, but he refused to do this, resigned, married the pretty German opera-singer, Fraülein Loesinger, and then applied for permission to enter the Austrian army. At first, this request was refused, owing to the influence of Emperor William, who bitterly resented Alexander's having jilted his sister, Princess Victoria. Subsequently, however, Emperor Francis Joseph acceded to his entreaties, and the ex-ruler of Bulgaria is now the commander of a crack cavalry regiment.

The late Tewfik Pasha illustrated that part of the commandment which says that "the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children." Papa Ismail had yachts; and Suez Canals; and visits from Eugénie, Empress of France not alone, empress of the world of beauty and fashion; and operas by Verdi—the only thing of Ismail's ordering, by the way, which will survive is the music of "Aida"; and American military officers; and a high court of high-priced jurists from all over the world; and the love of his people; and the wondering admiration of Nile tourists; and everything, in fact, that several hundred million borrowed dollars, at fifty per cent. discount, could buy in the hands of a man whose Oriental imagination had been both stimulated and educated by a long Parisian residence. Son Tewfik had his people's hatred, one wife, no operas, no canals, no American military staff, no polyglot jurist staff; visits from El Mahdi instead of Eugénie, lessened territory, narrowed revenues—all that the young lord whose predecessor on the estate has been a splendid spendthrift in the hands of usurers has and has not. If we look at him in this light—as a plain matter-of-fact son of a gorgeous sire, who settles down to pinch himself in order to pay off the mortgages and free the estate—we can find something admirable in his thirteen years of sovereignty and his forty years of life. His very taking off was in keeping with this rôle. An Oriental monarch who should by precedent have died of assassination, cholera, bowstringing—or old age, like his famous great-grandfather—he perished of the essentially unromantic and rather *bourgeois* malady of grippe.

ENGLISH SOCIETY.

Lady Violet Greville on British "Friskies," Maids, and Boors.

A book, by Lady Violet Greville, entitled "The Gentlewoman in Society," has just appeared in London. It is reviewed at length by Mayo W. Hazeltine, in the New York *Sun*, who says: The author of this instructive treatise is no social reformer. She accepts things as they are, and she inclines to the belief that they are not likely to change materially. Marriage, she holds, must inevitably remain the chief end and aim of young women in society. Owing to the arrangements wherehy daughters are slenderly portioned, and because professional occupations are pronounced out of the question, wedlock is their only possible goal. Consequently, despite the outcry about match-making mothers, and the execrations that falls upon their heads from people who know nothing about the matter, Lady Violet Greville looks upon their strenuous efforts as the lesser of two evils. A mother who cares for her girls' happiness can not bear to see them fading away, knowing that they are destined to future indigence and heart-sickening disappointment, and not do her best to rescue them from such a fate. Like a far-seeing general, therefore, she marshals her forces, counts the cost, and proceeds bravely to skirmish through the hot, oppressive mazes of the London ball-room, continuing the arduous chase to Cowes, Germany, and the country-house. In the last-named place she knows that the game is more likely to he found off his guard, and to be caught napping by the rosy charms of Georgina in the early morning, as under the big elms she plays tennis in a pink cotton dress, which displays to perfection the statuesque curves of her limhs; or by the splendid figure of Louisa, who rides like a goddess across downs; or, when wearied and passive after a day's tramp through the heather, he listens to the entrancing strains of Mary's voice. But, although the watchfulness and wise provision of a veteran commander used to be deemed indispensable to the success of a campaign, we are told that, of late, some young Englishwomen have learned to do without a cbaperon. Under the innocent guise of paying duty visits to relatives, they travel by themselves to a considerable extent. They manage, escorted only by their maids, to attend most of the principal country balls and Scotch meetings that take place in the off season. Hostesses, it seems, are always glad to secure a pretty girl without her parents; she can be put anywhere, squeezed into any party, and fitted to any use, besides serving as a bait to attract men. Still, as a rule, the unchaperoned young woman does not, we are informed, marry well. Men are a little bit afraid of her. They think that she knows too much, and they like to keep a corner of their lives sacred from her curiosity.

If we may trust the author of this volume, the romance on which the grandmothers of the present generation insisted as a *sine qua non* in their love affairs is disappearing from English courtship. Sentiment is unfashionable, love-making is accounted somewhat mawkish, and, almost as soon as the couple are engaged, the wedding is hurried on. Time is allowed only for the drawing up of marriage settlements and the buying of finery. The arrangements for the wedding and the choice of the trousseau occupy the girl's thoughts, to the ahsolute exclusion of love, duty, and the future husband. He is a mere accessory, although an important one, heing the ostensihle cause and willing purveyor of all the expense and excitement. Presently the pair are whirled away in a cloud of dust and a shower of rice and slippers; the hridesmaids look after them with envy, the parents with a sigh of relief that all has gone off well; the bride fusses about her traveling-cloak, and examines her last gift of jewelry, and the bridegroom lights a cigarette. Hardly have hushand and wife realized their new position, after the faintest apology for a honey-moon, when, in a week or ten days, they are back again in the unrest and bustle of town. The study of each other's character is the furthest thing from their thoughts. Their lives are to be passed in public, and they can not begin too soon.

Married life having begun in earnest, the husband is relieved from irksome attendance on his wife, and she on her part goes about independently as much as she likes, so long as she preserves propriety and gives Mrs. Grundy no grounds for complaint. Lady Violet testifies to tbe amount of liberty now accorded to married women in England. There is, she tells us, very little that two women together can not do or see. They have, it appears, their clubs, where letters not exactly suited to the conjugal eye may be sent. They have their own set, outside of which they do not think it worth while to make themselves agreeable. They dance, and flirt, and amuse themselves all the summer like the grasshopper; but, far from making up for it by suffering in winter, they skate, shoot, hunt, get up private theatricals, and have a good time all round. In a word, young married people have freed themselves from prejudice in every form, and recognize no duty except that of enjoying themselves. Our author acknowledges that they are pagans at heart, and have given in their adherence to the sensuous worship of youth and beauty.

The first thing a smart young woman wants to do is to entertain. But, for that purpose, it no longer suffices to he a person of good family, to be the wife of a well-known man, to have money, and to he ahle to count on a certain number of friends. To be a successful hostess in these latter days requires an immense quantity of knowledge and experience, combined with grace and charm of manner, and a singular tact or fineness of instinct which teaches you exactly what to do and how to do it and is the very rarest of all qualities. Until lately, it was generally supposed that a lady belonging to the charmed circles never needed to advertise or assert herself, being perfectly "sure of her position." Now it is rapidly growing doubtful whether anybody has any rightful, unshakable position; at all events, no one can continue to enjoy such a coign of vantage without toilsome and unpleasant effort. At present, public opinion, which, being irresponsible, is capricious, decrees who shall reign as the queen of fashion or the acknowledged beauty. Thus it has come to pass that dames of the highest standing, with means and family influence to support them, are voted dowdy and their parties slow; their ancestral halls remain empty, their costly viands are untouched, their high-bred daughters are undanced with, partnerless, withering on their virgin stalks. A brewer's wife, on the other hand, or a stock-broker's spouse, or the wife of a man who has made a fortune nobody knows how or cares where, is suddenly raised to the pinnacle of fashion: her receptions are crowded, her toilets are chronicled in every society paper, her dinners are pronounced perfection, a prince of the blood has given his fiat in her favor and in that of her cook, her diamonds are said to be and probably are the finest in London, and she has attained the brevet rank at least of a successful entertainer. One would naturally like to learn how these people gain their high estate, when neither by birth, position, character, nor even by appearance are they fitted to be leaders of society. Lady Violet explains that money generally does the trick; but, sometimes, the end may be attained hy beauty, and frequently hy mere perseverance and push, coupled with a mastery of the modern art of *réclame*.

It is Lady Violet's opinion that, as things are now, balls are not only expensive, but generally unsatisfactory, owing to the increasing dimensions of society, which make it impossible to invite all one's acquaintances. But the root of the matter is the difficulty of alluring dancing men. It requires a strong lever in the shape of love or ambition to induce men to sacrifice several hours of luxurious liberty for the amusement of others. It is sad, Lady Violet says, to see the numhers of pretty girls standing out at a dance, and the disappointed and melancholy looks stealing over their faces as the night slowly wanes and none of the hoped-for partners makes his appearance. With their experience, Lady Violet contrasts that of the smart young married woman who gives dances to please herself, who has no crowd, who, if she offends everybody, cares not a jot, who has plenty of men at her party, who bars out girls but asks every fast young married person of her acquaintance. Her husband is blind, or foolish, or indulgent, as the case may be, and so she thoroughly enjoys herself. She sits out her dances, goes down to supper with her favorite admirer, and afterward sniffs gracefully at the bouquet of roses he has sent her, while she lies back on pink-silk cushions in tbe conservatory, lazily flirting in the most open manner. Dancing, pure and simple, she despises as a pursuit fit only for boys and girls. The opportunity for flirtation or for outshining or annoying other women is what she values.

Large dinners are evidently looked upon by Lady Violet as a penance. The food is stereotyped; the wine, although this happily is invariably champagne, is by no means always as dry or as well iced as could be wished; the dinner-tables resemble either flower-gardens and hot-bouses, or else a jeweler's emporium, or the window of a mercer's shop, where silks of all colors are freely displayed. Far more agreeable than such repasts is the *diner intime*, at which the number of persons, if it exceeds that of the Muses, should not, at most, transcend twelve. Here, though the viands will, of course, he good, they are but accessories—pretexts for the bringing together of congenial people. So far as special thought is given to these little dinners, it is innovation, variety, originality, that is sought. In one bouse, the guests in winter sit around the sides of the table only, so that all may see the cheerful blaze of the fire; in another, the party is broken up into small, lively groups seated at separate tables, as in a restaurant; in a third, maid-servants, dressed in livery, are substituted for men-servants. What used to be the type of an informal, social meal, the breakfast, is now nearly extinct. The late Lord Houghton was about the last giver of breakfasts. This repast has been supplanted with the new generation hy the luncheon, which, although sometimes as long and heavy a meal as a dinner, is relatively cheery and convivial. Besides, people can be asked to luncheon who can not well be invited to dinner; in fact, it is often a criterion of the exact degree of intimacy which exists whether a man is asked to dinner or luncheon. Poor relatives, country cousins, men of business, artists, or professional men, may, it appears, be asked to luncheon who would not be desirable guests at dinner, though Lady Violet is good enough to say tbat seldom in these days is a literary man destitute of a dress-suit. The poorest young couple can give a luncheon, and Lady Violet thinks it a pity that people not rich do not confine themselves at this repast to single *plats*, with which claret-cup, cider, or beer can be drunk, instead of attempting the equivalent of an expensive dinner, with a profusion of champagne. The author adds that the Sunday luncheon has, in London, become an institution—a meal at which intimate friends can drop in without ceremony, and almost the only kind of entertainment in which some people indulge.

Discoursing of dress, Lady Violet concedes that it has long ceased to he a mark of class. In England, at all events, society has no distinctive garb; nevertheless, although great ladies are said sometimes to try to resemble *petites dames* in the variety of the colors and startling combinations of their attire, while on the contrary the *petites dames* now affect quiet tints and sober styles, yet a lady has always about her something intensely refined and high bred to which the less carefully reared woman in vain aspires. The author suggests that we may discern the difference in a certain repose of manner and innate assurance, and in the easy grace with which great ladies can afford to be affable and kindly without being condescending; or in the little eccentricities which they may permit themselves, and which seem always in good taste—so that the air, the style, the charm of manner may be imitated, but never perfectly acquired. However we define feminine distinction, it is this which gives the curiously characteristic tone to the best society, in which there is no arrogance, no pretense, and yet a flavor of set-apartness, like that of the tribe of Levi among the children of Israel. It is Lady Violet's conviction that the gift, the touch, the air of the *grande dame* is inherited only after generations, so that of the great lady as of the poet it may be said, *nascitur, non fit*.

We are told that prudish people opined that with the advent of the tea-gown a corresponding laxity of morals would set in. Lady Violet Greville does not deny in terms the fulfillment of the forecast, but she maintains that at the witching hour of five a woman is commonly at her best. There is then about her movements a *soupçon* of lassitude which adds to their grace. There is a coziness in the surroundings, a softness and gentleness in her tones and her appearance that leave her, as it were, disarmed. For her the five-o'clock tea is the equivalent of the after-dinner cigar, in the consumption whereof a man is seen to the hest advantage; it is then that you ask his consent to your marriage with his daughter, or try to persuade him to huy a horse, or to do any of the hundred things against which, in less tractable moments, his soul would revolt. But if a man should be approached in the smoking-room, a woman should be studied in her boudoir, where questions of tender import may be ventured and where silence is often pregnant with a deeper meaning than belongs to words. In society no woman can be natural. There she wears her war-paint. She is on the defensive; she is clothed in triple armor of self-repression; she is watching the tactics of a rival or trying to outbid her for the homage of an admirer, or to create some impression which is not the true one—that she is either colder, or prouder, or more indifferent, or more affectionate than one may think. But over her tea-table, in the shelter of her boudoir, a woman can afford to be herself. Lady Violet advises the man who wishes to know his adored one's character to spend an hour with her at tea-time.

In a chapter on "Men and Manners," the author bewails the almost total abolition of courtesy and politeness which pervades contemporary life. Beyond the fact that a man lifts his hat in the street to a lady, or gets up when she leaves the room, Lady Violet can not see that he troubles himself to perform any acts of civility. The *fin-de-siècle* young man thinks he confers a favor on his hostess if he answers her invitation to dinner a week or two after he has received it, reserving to himself the right of accepting something more agreeable in the meantime, should it present itself. Unpunctuality is another form of his incivility. Some men are such incorrigible offenders in this regard that, in houses where their habits are known, no one dreams of waiting for them or of expecting them within half an hour of the appointed time. As to card-leaving after dinners or parties, the youth who is up to date considers it a perfectly exploded relic of the past, and despises any one who conforms to so antiquated a usage. His presence at the party was honor enough for the hostess, and stamped the affair as first-rate; any further acknowledgment, which might look like gratitude, he leaves to the struggling member of society who is not yet smart enough to afford to be uncivil. If he goes to a dance, he takes good care not to arrive till supper-time, completely ignoring the smiling-faced, nicely frocked young ladies anxiously awaiting his advent. Then, either in company of his fellows, or with a married lady of his acquaintance hanging on his arm, he makes his way to the supper-room, and, having refreshed his inner man and whiled away an hour or two, walks jauntily home in the serene conviction that his evening has been well spent.

It is not only toward the old that indifference is freely displayed by the young in the England of our day. We are assured that even courtship has become absolutely devoid of sentiment. Even lovers pride themselves on being practical. The man calls the girl "a ripper," talks to her about his guns, his horses, his bets, his love affairs, nay, sometimes about his friends' or his own former mistresses. She, in her turn, fails to resent his free-and-easy talk, his lax manners, and the monosyllabic expression of his affection. "I never was so hard hit before, don't yer know," he says, and imagines he has exhausted the vocabulary of love. Poor and bald, indeed, in Lady Violet's opinion, must be the modern girl's idea of love. A few halting words of praise, the epithets "fetching" or "a real good sort," a certain number of kisses, some squeezes, a few badly scrawled lines, the conventional presents, and courtship is at an end. All has been said; the cream of life is skimmed. The author not unnaturally thinks that the inertness and unconcern of her *fiancé* or her husband must react upon the woman. How is it possible for her to feel aught but indifference for a nature incapable of passion, ardor, and generosity? It is Lady Violet's conviction that a woman requires to be impressed, to be dominated, to realize some individuality in the man she gives her life to; otherwise he is doomed to become what many women's husbands are—a mere appendage.

Some of the most pleasing pages of this book are those which treat of the little follies of nice women. The author says truly that woman, subject as she is to irrational caprices and incessant variability, fraught as she is with ever-recurring charm and incorrigible weakness, is, after all, but human nature distilled and intensified. It is true, also, that the most captivating women are those who are least perfect. Even the good woman, who has been called an understudy for an angel, is not consistent, nor would men love her if she were. What lover, for instance, ever found fault with the impulse that leads the feminine mind always to fall foul of "the other woman," rather than of the man? Lady Violet would ascribe this idiosyncrasy to a distorted sense of loyalty to the beloved object. But it might be explained on more general principles if, as our author asserts, the hatred of women for their own sex is as characteristic as their love for the other. We are assured that, although every woman has a bosom friend, even she can not escape the searching, scathing criticism of her second self. "Poor Lotty, she is so nice, isn't she? Quite a sweet woman, but it's a pity she can't tell the truth." Lady Violet is quite right in saying that, were a man to venture upon such a speech about his comrade, their friendship would immediately end. With women, on the other band, it serves just to add a little piquant sauce to an otherwise insipid morsel. The author goes on to surprise us with the information that nothing gives some women sucb exquisite delight as to steal away another's lover, although what she calls a trifling bit of sport would seem to a man very like treachery. She does it, however, so smilingly and with such seeming innocence that for her men find excuses. On the whole, Lady Violet has arrived at the conclusion that women are deficient in the keen sense of honor which often stands worldly

men in lieu of religion, and which makes it a cardinal sin for one man to circumvent another by intrigue and deception. The author thinks that in love men's sense of honor may possibly suffer some eclipse, though she admits that even in their love affairs some men have a meritorious regard for truth! But women, she says, have often queer ideas of what truth means. One will lib to her husband because to know the exact truth might annoy him; so that in some households a code of alloyed truth, adapted to various occasions, obtains. Another will think it no wrong to dissemble to her lover, her dress-maker, her mother, or her hair-dresser, glossing over little frailties or imperfections. Of course, no woman was ever known to acknowledge that she squeezed her waist. "The fact is, really," she avers, "that my gown is so large it positively hangs on me." Neither was a woman ever known to rouge, although to make-up is now, we are told, as common in London society as on the stage. It is always the heat of the room, or the cold wind, that has caused the becoming flush. The notion that any woman was ever extravagant must also be rejected for want of evidence. "My dear," the unjustly accused one says, "I am really a positive miser; my husband is always asking and imploring me to spend more. But, then, Jack is so reckless and cigars are so expensive." Passing to the aphorism that women are made up of contraries, Lady Violet warns us solemnly against the little, gentle, tearful creatures who look as if they would scream at the sight of a mouse. They are the stuff, she tells us, of which tryants are made. Their porcelain-china delicacy is a sham; they are really made of cast iron; they always have strength to do what they like, go where they like, and marry the man they like. It may be doubted, however, whether this type of femininity is capable of love. Not without reason did Thackeray rank Becky Sharp among the little women; they, according to our author, are the really dangerous ones.

There are few pages in this volume in which are not interspersed some references to flirting; but Lady Violet Greville recognizes the gravity and complexity of the theme by ultimately giving it a chapter to itself. What would society be, she asks, without flirtation? and she answers the question by averring that all its arrangements are deliberately invented for the purpose of rendering flirtation easy and agreeable. She puzzles us a little, however, by first proclaiming flirting an art, and then insisting that it requires no experience. We will not deny, however, that whether it be true or no that the little girl is born an arrant coquette, she can, at all events, laugh in her sleeve at the clumsy overtures of a love-sick boy. Lady Violet, indeed, maintains that it is the greatest mistake to suppose that girls are shy. They may pretend to be, but, in reality, they are audacious to the verge of rashness. It is the boy who is diffident; who longs to declare his love, but dare not; who distrusts himself; who, given an inch, will not take an ell; who sees only dangers and difficulties ahead. As to women, whether maids or wives, they all, according to our authority, require in love one of three things—amusement, sympathy, or adoration. Flirtation combines the three, and, when sagely conducted, is fraught with no untoward consequences. We all know, says Lady Violet, the fraternal phase so dear to some chilly natures that are incapable or afraid of passion, the myth of intellectual brotherhood that satisfies them, the pleasant intimate conversation that seems to them so destitute of harm. "Is he not quite like a brother to me?" the lady will reply, in innocent astonishment, to any remonstrance addressed to her, scouting with wide blue eyes the notion that a man can not feel toward any pretty young woman as he does toward his sister. And when the man, tired of fruitless wanderings in the *pays du tendre*, shows dissatisfaction and demands his wages for all the time spent and sighs exhaled, the lady, apparently surprised and shocked, gives him his *congé*, leaving her victim to rail ever after at the coldness and heartlessness of women. The author of this book avers—and no one, we fancy, will dispute her assertion—that many women are congenitally incapable of passion; but, at the same time, they adore its simulacrum. They revel in the little triflings, the delicate emotions, the sweet surprises, the expectations, and disappointments that accompany and attest love, and they can not understand why men of stronger feelings should want more.

It seems that in England flirtations are no longer sternly discouraged by mothers as of yore. Now that the empire of parents is waning, and the reins of government have been laid loosely on the daughters' necks, young women generally aspire to having a good time. At the end of a season they get engaged—a condition which formerly meant the termination of girlhood, but which now, unless the *fiancé* is a great prize, is as likely to eventuate in the freedom of both parties. Lady Violet opines that the most unsophisticated girl learns something during a three months' engagement, and that the void created through its breaking off, the absence of adoration and of the hundred and one attentions that prove the ardor of a man, naturally impel her promptly to try her luck again. This time she has a better chance of success, for now she is armed cap-à-pie. She knows a man's weaknesses, his fads, his ambitions, and his follies. Lady Violet ends by acknowledging that flirtations on the part of married women are pretty frequent in these days in England, and that they no longer meet with the public disapprobation they provoked some years ago. She does not know whether husbands are more indifferent, or more lax, or more forgiving, but she is sure that pretty women now do and say things constantly which pass the boundary of legitimate coquetry, and which differ markedly from the interchange of compliment and smile which make the current coin of society intercourse.

The Duke of Marlborough's predictions about the growth of a great game-preserving, castle-building, merchant aristocracy in America lend interest to the peculiar growth, in West Virginia, of great game-parks, owned by companies as well as by individuals.

There is to be a new Prussian throne. Frederick the First had one, but Napoleon took it off and melted it, and there are now only two small chairs of little value.

THE NEW YORK THEATRES.

"Van Gryse" writes of the Daly Company in "As You Like It."

The weather is bad—grippy to a degree. There is slush and moisture underfoot, and, after a few days of nipping cold, a fog has suddenly descended and folded us in dampness and despondency.

The streets are a sight to see. Every sidewalk is slimy with moisture and slippery with mud. The women go by in caped ulsters and turban hats, holding up their clothes and allowing the passer-by to gaze upon a frill of soaked white petticoat, slapping up against their heels, and a suggestion of bespattered black stocking. Some wear silk petticoats which do not show the mud quite as openly, but carry it caked on their nicked-out frills. It is a bad time for Beauty. She looks blue about the face and red about the eyes. Her neat figure is hidden under an ulster, and her charming feet look really bad in a pair of clumping galoches. As to her umbrella, she sticks that into everybody's eyes, and the fog drops off its points all down the back of her military cape.

To escape the dreariness of the wet and weeping streets, there is nothing for it but to patronize the theatres. These, cognizant of the depression which falls upon the world at the opening of the new-year, when all the old sins are still fresh in one's repentant mind, and the new resolutions suppress one's hopeful vivacity, have opened their doors wide and announced a list of new attractions. The old favorites are all withdrawn. "Reilly and the Four Hundred," "The Merry Monarch," "As You Like It," "Lady Bountiful," have all taken hands, made their farewell bow, and in a little storm of regretful clapping, retired to let the new ones take their chance.

We must be amused, and yet who can help regretting that artistic "tough girl," with her prominent jaw and her Bowery slouch; or "The Merry Monarch," with the funniest talking voice and the worst singing voice on the comic-opera stage; or Marie Jansen, that most *séduisante* young person, who, dressed as a boy, really looks quite a little bit like a boy with big, ingenuous eyes and a round, peach face; or the pure and soulful Lady Bountiful, in her nicely setting skirts and her lady-like voice, and her delicate, snow-drop style; or, oh, most beautiful princess from fairyland! regal, sweet, tender, and proud queen and coquette, boy and woman, honey-tongued enchantress and saucy-witted lad—you, Rosalind, who have had your winter domicile on Broadway, between Twenty-Eighth and Twenty-Ninth Streets!

No mortal company can ever act "As You Like It" as it really ought to be. No mortal beings, with feet that will fall heavily, with figures that will cast shadows, with voices that will have notes in them which are not pure as the murmur of the brook, clear as the call of the nesting robin, can ever be as the people were that Shakespeare saw in the Forest of Arden. These were figures from the fairyland that the great enchanter alone knew. They were light as the mists at dawn, and bright as the rainbow, warm as the sun at noon, and sweet as the water of a leaf-hidden spring. All happiness, irresponsibility, joyousness, gayety, lightness of heart were theirs. No breath from "the envious court" ever disturbed the uneventful peace of their days. No murmur from the forgotten world ever found its way into those fairy glades, where lovelorn shepherds pastured their flocks, where hungry lionesses lay silent beneath spreading palms, where dappled does sprang from the fern, and the Banished Duke and his merry court sang in gayety of heart under the mossy oaks.

There was no rain, nor tempest, nor cloud in the Forest of Arden. The sun shone always here through the cooling shadows of overlapping leaves. In the aisles, between the whispering boughs, untouched by sorrow, free as the wind, crowned with content and joy, the pastoral figures step lightly along through shade and sun. Touched by a lover's tender listlessness, Orlando comes into view, a tall and graceful shape, clad in brown leather and cloak that droops in careless folds from a stalwart shoulder. Through the rustling of light and shade, this figure, all in russet-brown and hunter's green, goes softly, hanging on the trees his love-songs to "the fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she." Then comes Celia, a sweet and gentle princess, simple and loving, and Oliver, with his hurried repentance and hasty love. Touchstone is here, too, "the deep, contemplative" fool—the knowing fool of courts and diplomacy—who hides his wisdom beneath his motley, and, under the show and splendor of the court, has penetrated down into the heart of many things.

Phœbe comes crossly, and brings the one bitter note—the proud and acrid Phœbe, with her limp shepherd trailing along at her heels. But even she—under the spell of this enchanted wood, where lovers that fate has sundered meet without surprise, where a Banished Duke finds a splendid daughter, where hard hearts soften with a touch and love blossoms as swiftly as the magician's mango-tree—even she feels the soothing sweetness of this mystic spot, and her frowns give place to the smiles that all the world wears in the Forest of Arden.

And in the midst of all—the source of light in this realm of brightness, the focus of joyousness, the spirit of happiness—stands Rosalind, the flower of Shakespeare's women. She is always exquisite, this Rosalind of Broadway, whether as the half-sad princess, loving her cousin and with a heart ever turning toward her banished father, grieving over the youthful wrestler, suddenly flushing into deeper interest in him, which, deepening and ever deepening, ends in a look of passion, a word of love, a gold chain about his neck, an arrow gone straight and trembling to his heart.

But in the forest, its magic fallen upon her, fears, and pains, and trials are forgotten. There is no care, just as there is no clock in the Forest of Arden. The princess who could not face her uncle with the pride of a race of queens is now "a saucy page," a merry lad, clad all in russet-brown, a boar-spear in hand—that white hand which threw the chain about the young wrestler's neck—a cap upon the golden curls that now fall thickly upon a leathern doublet where, but yesterday, they swept the warm, smooth neck of Rosalind, daughter of the Banished Duke. And that stately figure, so queenly in its robes of velvet and fur, is concealed in the loose leathern jerkin laced across the shirt of linen, the smooth-drawn hose, the trunks and steel-studded belt, the long, graceful cloak, and cap decked with an eagle quill of the page Ganymede—Jove's page—and pretty, and witty, and gallant enough to have been the page of all the gay Olympian hierarchy in its merriest days.

One of the most noticeable things about this fine performance is the perfection with which the detail is arranged. There is no slip-shod management here. From the rise to the fall of the curtain, the trained and careful eye of a veteran stage-manager, a loving student of the drama, has watched and studied every smallest scene, every tree in the forest, every setting of every background. The star shines brightly, but not alone. There are quite a concourse of satellites that sparkle about her—all sparkling bravely, too—and sending out their little beams of true brightness. This is management such as Henry Irving showed us. As an actor, Henry Irving must be regarded as a brilliant failure—it is said that he regards himself so, which speaks a good deal for the soundness of his judgment—but as a manager he deserves a high place in the temple of dramatic glory. It is he who has taught us the true value of completeness on the stage—he and the Germans. They would as soon let Wotan appear in "Die Walküre" without the patch over his eye as Henry Irving would represent Mephistopheles minus his little limp.

But to return to "As You Like It." You have never known just how tender Orlando was to Old Adam—just what sort of an antique, fond, and noble servitor Old Adam was—till you see these two at Daly's. Think of the majority of Old Adams you have seen. They were a lot of grumbling, old dotards, who mumbled their words and were somewhat of a nuisance. When they lay them down to die, Orlando yanks them up fiercely and pulls them along with justifiable impatience. At every performance at Daly's this scene gets a little storm of applause. Perhaps because of the innate beauty and sweetness of the rendering; perhaps because for the first time New York has really realized how lovely the simple episode is—the poor old man, fond but feeble, sinks down to die of exhaustion by the way; but the young master, hale and strong as the sapling oak, cheers him, lifts him, and, laughing out words of encouragement and hope that he can not really feel, almost drags him forward in a desperate search for help, food, and shelter.

There is another scene where Drew is unusually strong. This is where he makes the fierce entrance into the circle of the Banished Duke and his followers. Hunger and despair have made this gentle nature—for, as Adam says of him, he is "gentle, strong, and valiant"—savage and unruly. There is the ferocity of desperation in his sudden cry of "Forbear, and eat no more!" which may well make the duke and his followers sit amazed. Orlando thinks to find these men fierce and ungenerous as those he has left in the outside world. He comes to fight with drawn sword for the food that he and Adam need. He is wonder-struck and only partly reassured by the duke's dignified and quiet rejoinder. Then, touched with a sort of shame, he explains his dire necessity, goes on to state that he is inland-bred and "knows some nurture"; but, as he speaks, seeing some one at the table move as if to taste the food, breaks off to cry, in fury, through set teeth:

> "But, forbear, I say:
> He dies that touches any of this fruit
> Till I and my affairs are answered."

The interruption, the flash-like change from apologetic gentleness to frenzy, the menacing gesture with the drawn sword, give one a vivid impression of the fierceness of a sweet and tender nature driven to bay. But there is nobility in it—this imperious wrath, this rude defiance is to gain food for the old man dying in the wood yonder. And then, in response to the duke's kindly welcome and invitation to eat, come the beautiful lines, beginning, "Speak you so gently." Drew delivered these nobly, with the contrition, the almost broken abasement, the softened demand for toleration, that his "gentle, strong, and valiant" nature would have felt in shame to show.

There is one singular point to note in his Orlando, especially as contrasted with Miss Rehan's Rosalind. It is, that of the two, she is the stronger, the more daring, the more masculine. The proverb says that when two Frenchmen ride a horse, one must ride behind. When this Rosalind and Orlando mount their horse, Orlando will emphatically be the one who will ride behind. The Rosalind that he loves—the splendid, regal, glorious, sunny, brilliant creature—is of a stronger, broader mold than he. The colors of this personality are richer, and deeper, and more glowing than are his. There is more sun in her than in him, more joy, more passionate delight in life. She will be always young, and always gay, and always rich in happiness. Orlando will some day grow old, and gird against the pains of life, unless, indeed, he lives ever in the Forest of Arden.

But this was Shakespeare's idea. He wanted to make a woman formed of the sun and the dew, and he made Rosalind; but the man to be loved by her must have a tint of the twilight in him as a foil. There is just the soft gray touch of a lover's melancholy in Orlando's nature. He is sad in the forest, and does a trifle of pining and loves moodily and with a smarting sense of failure. "How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes," he says, when he hears of his brother's successful courtship of Celia. A strong and sunny nature could never have had such a thought. This is the fancy of the moody heart and the saddened mind. He does not suffer keenly at the thought of the lost and lovely Rosalind, but he dreams tenderly and almost bitterly over her. She could not be bitter over anything. That acid could never eat its way into her merry heart. She can laugh at the jest to her father while the tears are in her eyes over Orlando's tardiness. She is the strong one of the two. Shakespeare knew that the women of her type almost invariably love men that are—ever so slightly it may be—their inferiors. VAN GRYSE.

NEW YORK, January 20, 1892.

MY DEVIL AND I.

I possess a Devil. That is mucb more satisfactory than to be possessed by one, as some of my friends seem to be. I acquired my Familiar in India, where tbey are wiser than we in many things, though we do not believe it. But bow, or where, or when, I came by him you will not care to hear, for you will smile at my preface as well as at my story. He showed me many strange things in this world and the other, and proved himself such an amusing and devoted friend that I would not have exchanged him for an angel. Since I became his owner, I have eschewed society to some extent, finding no one more entertaining than my invisible imp of darkness, but this evening the whim took me to return to some of my old haunts. A card for a reception at Mrs. X.'s lay on my dressing-table, and I rose and got into my evening-clothes about half-past nine, much to my Familiar's displeasure.

"Why not take me?" he suggested. "If you will let me go, I will give you a rare treat. Listen—here's a bargain. Each person whom you see, I will show you in a veritable scene in bis or her past. Come, I've done nothing so good as this for you. It will pay you to take me! You will have a succession of surprises. You know you enjoy new sensations, and, as for myself, I have seen nothing of society here, and, I doubt not, I shall feel as thoroughly at home as if I were down below."

I took him. As he belonged to me and was in a measure my slave, he would have been obliged to stay behind had I willed it otherwise; but, feeling in just the mood for the kind of entertainment he promised me, I acceded. I cherished few illusions about my friends and I could dispense witb what I had left. They are uncomfortable property, anyway.

The rooms were crowded as usual. Mrs. X. always has a crush. She is a pretty, plump little woman, with a caressing smile and—but why describe her? You know her, as does every one. I made my way to where she stood, by a big palm, in a dainty, white gown, which had, however, to my surprise, long sleeves to the wrist. I say to my surprise, for Mrs. X. has a famous arm, if I might say so—absolutely perfect, and she is very proud of it. "You are looking at my ugly sleeves!" she cried, with a beaming smile. I held her pretty fingers in mine as I greeted her. "Is it not wicked? That stupid John spilled a cup of hot bouillon on me at lunch, and my poor arm is frightfully scalded. It may be cruel, but I dismissed him. I simply can not keep the clumsy creature after this last exploit." . . .

Suddenly Mrs. X., smiling, faded away, and I saw her in a négligé in her dressing-room, her white face distorted with fury. Her husband's hulking figure was just passing out of the door, which crashed loudly behind him. She turned up her sleeve slowly from the wrist. On its white surface were the purple marks of brutal fingers. . . .

And then Mrs. X., waving her great fan of snowy ostrich-feathers, stood by me again.

"Have you met Miss K.?" she asked. "No? Take me to ber, and I will present you. There is such a romance about her. They say she is about to enter a convent. She is so devoted to religion. Fancy, with over a million—but, then, if one is pious——"

We had reached Miss K. at the conclusion of my hostess's whispers. She stood, a tall, dreamy-faced girl, in a simple gown, talking to an old man by the piano. Grave peace was written on her smooth brow, and seemed to abide in the serious violet eyes that were raised to mine. She looked like a snow-maiden—an edelweiss flower. I could well believe the world did not charm her. . . .

What a sky, what golden, riotous sunlight!—and the olive-tree's gnarled branches in the corner of the old garden. It must be Italy. And Miss K., paler even than now, in a traveling-gown. She can not leave that sunny corner. She kneels—it seems a long time. And when she goes, I find among the high grasses only a little mound, scarcely a foot and a half long. . . .

The Devil laughs. I hear him distinctly, but I——

"Are you ill?" asks Miss K., solicitously; "pardon, but you seemed so white just then—perhaps the heat——"

"Yes, it is the heat," I reply, hastily; "if you will excuse me one moment, I think I will go out to the air."

"I like society," says my Devil blandly in my ear; "let us go in society often, will you? I have not seen so many people I could take to my heart since we came over."

I made no reply. I fancied I was hardened and cynical enough to meet any such revelations with composure. If not, it was time I should be.

Returning to the drawing-rooms, I was button-holed by my old friend S. He was excessively gay, and looked prosperous. "Well, wbere have you kept yourself?" said he; "I want you to come over to the island and dine with me Sunday. I tell you I have the sweetest wife and baby in the world. Want to show you the boy. Why didn't you marry, yourself? Oh, there's nothing like marriage, old fellow. Yes, the world uses me finely—making lots of money. Ta-ta till Sunday." . . .

A moonlit sleeping-room. A little child crying long and loudly in its cradle. A woman's form lying half-dressed, with flushed face, across the bed. A brown stream of brandy from an overturned decanter trickling across the carpet. . . .

Not at present, S. No marriage for me. And my Devil echoes sagely in my ear: "No marriage for *you!*"

What? There in the chair, talking to a bejeweled, bewigged old dame, is M., stouter than of old, but with that same air of perfect rectitude, that expression of dignified frankness that is so engaging, and, after all, a bank-president should he a portly, solid-looking gentleman to inspire the trust and respect of depositors. I will go over and speak to him. . . .

Before I can reach him he is in a small, dark room with heavily barred doors, the safe is open, he is fingering a pile of envelopes irresolutely, his face is sickly, yellowish, evil. So, so. The die is cast, and my dear M. is no longer an honest man. . . .

No. I stop in disgust. I do not care to grasp his hand in mine. I will go home. I have had enough of my fellow-men—swine! Bah, I loathe them all—all. Let me get out of tbis—the sooner the better.

"Oh, do not go home," pleads my Devil, plaintively. "I was just beginning to enjoy myself so thoroughly! This is a great city, and I tell you I never met pleasanter people at home. Don't go yet, there's a good fellow!"

But I turn resolutely, sick at beart. In the hall I catch a glimpse of myself in the great mirror, and pause. I am ghastly white, which is not, perhaps, strange, and—*what!* . . .

She is lying, prone on the polished floor, senseless from the blow of my cruel words, in the circle of light cast by the rose-shaded lamp, and I—I pause to look at her just one moment, and then I turn like a coward and steal away, leaving her forever with her past—such a past! . . .

We got home somehow, my Devil and I. He has been trying to console me; he tells me it is much pleasanter here than in some other places, but my pistol is lying temptingly close to my hand on the table, and I rather think before dawn that I shall have left life and, perhaps, my Devil both behind.

ANNE REEVE ALDRICH.

JANUARY 10, 1892.

A craft has just been completed for use as a floating "shooting-box" for its owner, Mr. Pierre Lorillard, and his favored friends. The vessel is of the "house-boat" type, a style of craft which has been long in favor upon placid English streams, and has much to commend it with American sportsmen. The ordinary house-boat is unprovided with reliable means of propulsion, being dependent either upon the humble mule, a favoring breeze, or a chance tug-boat for a change of scene. The *Caiman*, Mr. Lorillard's new boat, has, however, been equipped with two engines, acting upon double propellers, which will swing the craft around the shortest corners in the erratic Floridian water-ways. Her length is ninety-six feet; beam, twenty-four feet six inches. The main-deck contains the motive power, galley, and quarters for the crew and servants. The upper-deck is housed, with a considerable open-deck space fore and aft, as well as a companion-way along each side. Forward there is a roomy observation-cabin, painted in white-and-gold and upholstered in olive; upon each side, aft of this apartment, are two state-rooms, witb intermediate bath-rooms. The dining-cabin, richly furnished, occupies the after section. Lockers and cabinets for weapons and *impedimenta* generally are plentiful. Gunning-punts are swung from davits, and every contingency in the life of a sportsman upon a prolonged expedition seems to be provided for. The *Caiman* will proceed southward outside as far as Norfolk, although her draught is less than three feet, and thence by the inland water-ways available nearly all the distance to Florida, where she will again venture upon the open sea to one of the Indian River inlets.

A charming little anecdote of Browning's courtesy is told in *Temple Bar*. On one occasion, Mr. Browning's son had hired a room in a neighboring house in which to exhibit his pictures, and, during the temporary absence of the artist, Mr. Browning was doing the honors to a roomful of fashionable friends. He was standing near the door when an unannounced visitor made her appearance. Mr. Browning immediately shook hands with her, when she exclaimed: "Oh, I beg your pardon; but, please, sir, I'm the cook. Mr. Barrett asked me to come and see his pictures." "And I am very glad to see you," said Mr. Browning, with ready courtesy; "take my arm and I will show you around."

Paris courts are likely soon to hear the echo of the recent conflict in Chile. Last February three admirers of Balmaceda ordered in Paris three umbrellas for him and his family. Each umbrella was to have a solid, massive gold handle, and was to cost three hundred dollars. All three were shipped in August, that they might be presented this Christmas. When they arrived at Santiago with about five hundred dollars in freight and tariff charges due on them, Balmaceda's star had faded, so that his three friends decided to make no presents to his family and refused to pay the bill. The manufacturer will sue for one thousand four hundred dollars.

Mrs. H. K. Ingram, of Florida, is preparing to exhibit at the World's Fair an arrangement by which one who can not afford the luxury of a Pullman car can enjoy a night's rest in one of the ordinary passenger-coaches. A panel or door is built in the sides of the car between each two seats. This is unlocked and pulled down at night, and fits in the space between the two seats, giving the traveler a place to lie down. In the morning, it is shut up again and completely hidden from view.

Sovereignty in the eastern states of Europe is a very risky means of livelihood. Very few, indeed, of the executives have ever died other than violent deaths, and plots to assassinate or to kidnap them are of almost daily occurrence. Prince Ferdioand's prime minister, M. Stambuloff, receives his visitors with a loaded revolver lying next to the inkstand upon his desk, and a loaded repeating-rifle within easy reach of his hand.

The late John B. Carson, of Chicago, president of the "Monon" Railway, counted many actors among his personal friends—Booth, McCullough, Florence, Wilson Barrett, and others. He once persuaded McCullough, while on board a yacht, to hold a useless wheel for an hour or more, under the impression that he was steering the craft.

As Richard Vaux, of Philadelphia, had not known a day of sickness for the last forty years, it was believed that he would be proof against the grippe. Nevertheless, the rugged ex-minister to Great Britain has succumbed to the epidemic, though he is not regarded as seriously ill.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts has insured her life for one hundred thousand dollars in favor of her new husband, Captain Vivian, this being the only settlement sbe can make on him, as her income from the estate of ber late husband dies with her.

Mrs. Tsue Kwo Yin, wife of the Chinese Minister at Washington, never goes out with her husband, but Mrs. Ye Cha Yun, wife of the Corean Chargé d'Affaires, left Corean customs at home and goes almost everywhere her husband goes. She was one of the picturesque features of the President's new-year's reception.

Giuseppina Robbia, considered to be the most beautiful ballet-dancer in Italy, fell unconscious during her appearance at the Theatre Savigliano in Turin, about a month ago. Two doctors in the audience hurried to her aid, but she died in the glare of the footlights. In the confusion, nobody thought to lower the curtain, so the whole house witnessed the scene.

Mrs. Potter Palmer, President of the Board of Lady Managers, has addressed a letter to the several queens of all the leading countries of Europe, asking that women commissioners be appointed in each country with the royal sanction. Each letter has been handsomely engrossed in the Department of State by the courtesy of Secretary James G. Blaine.

"Becky" Jones, who spent forty-five weeks in jail to prove that a woman can hold her tongue if she wants to, and whose silence as a witness in the Hammersly will case helped to carry the life-interest in the great estate to the present Duchess of Marlborough, says "the duchess never gave me as much as I could hold on my thumb-nail." Miss Becky was a martyr to principle alone.

Mme. Meissonier, the widow of the famous painter—whose action in preventing the public exhibition and surrender to the government of her husband's studies in accordance with his frequently expressed intention—is a tall and very vulgar-looking woman. Her name, prior to becoming Mme. Meissonier, was Mme. Besançon, and she was either the widow or the divorced wife of a lawyer of that name. It was she who acted as model for the celebrated picture of Mrs. Mackay, painted by her husband.

English society yearns to avenge the insult put upon tbe Dowager Lady Dudley at a diplomatic reception held in 1889. The story is that Herbert Bismarck offered himself to her, and she declined his proposal of marriage. He replied: "That is quite right. A mother with grown-up children has no business to marry. I will go and propose to your daughter—Lady Edith Ward." Lady Edith scornfully rejected his proposal, and her mother let Lord Salisbury know of the insult. In time, all this came to Emperor William's ears, and he took pains, upon his subsequent visit to England, to honor the Dudleys especially with his attention.

The daughter of Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna, has become somewhat famous in Turkey, of recent years, for her poetical gifts. She lives on the heights of Pera, in a house that overlooks the blue Bosphorus and the minarets of Constantinople, where every prospect pleases, and there is enough of poetry in the scenery to inspire even a prose writer. Though one of the Sultan's subjects, she has a great fondness for the civilization of Western Europe, and is well versed in the languages and literatures of Germany, France, and England. She is young, not more than twenty-eight; but as she was married to a rich nobleman when only thirteen, her view of life has been extensive.

A year or so ago, a slim, unprepossessing Georgia woman visited various American cities professionally, and attempted to make a sensation by lifting chairs and strong men through alleged magnetic force. Practically, her engagement was a failure. Now, however, she is in London, attracting great crowds at the Alhambra, being twice the guest of the Prince of Wales, as well as the guest of the Duke of Cambridge, the Rothschilds, and the Duchess of Sutherland. The Prince of Wales presented her with a diamond bracelet, and the Duke of Cambridge gave her a necklace of diamonds and sapphires. The Duke of Teck and the Marquis of Lorne were vanquished in an united effort to lift this magnetic attraction from the floor.

"Carmen Sylva," the Queen of Roumania, who has been suffering from nervous prostration ever since the climax of the unfortunate love-affair between the Crown Prince Ferdinand and Mlle. Vacaresco, is gradually recovering her healtb, and returns to Bucharest. It is now said that the estrangement between the king and queen, owing to the difference of opinion between them in reference to the marriage of their heir, has been overcome entirely. The queen once declared that she would never return to the Roumanian capital without Mlle. Vacaresco. The Crown Prince, according to renewed and trustworthy reports, has given up all intention of renouncing his rights to the throne to marry the woman of his choice, and will choose a bride among the princesses of Europe.

"Gyp" is, in private life, Sybille Gabrielle Marie Antoinette de Riquetti de Mirabeau. She was born in 1850, and is the grand-niece of the famous Mirabeau; by marriage she is Comtesse de Martel de Janville. She began her career with sketches of society for *La Vie Parisienne*. Their author, a woman of social experience, took rank among those writers of the day who describe the customs and habits of what is called high life. In 1882 was published "Le Petit Bob," the type of an *enfant terrible fin-de-siècle*, who describes what he sees and what he guesses at. In 1883 came "Autour du Mariage," the heroine of which, Paulette, is the socially advanced girl of the period. The book was dramatized, but was not a success upon the stage. "Ce Que Femme Veut" was published in 1883; "Plume et Poil," 1884; "Le Druide," 1885; "Autour du Divorce," 1886. These are a few of her books. "Gyp" is a prolific writer, and is still actively contributing to the newspaper press.

VANITY FAIR.

"The woman of forty — *la femme à quarante ans*—has her true blossoming in France," writes Mrs. John Sherwood in the *Bazar*. "She is then at the height of all her successes; she is not apt to be jealous or exacting; she knows the world, and takes what comes with that philosophy which springs from knowledge. Men feel safe with her; and if they have entered on a tender friendship, they know that there will be no scene, no upbraiding, when an inexorable fate comes in to end the pleasant little drama with a pretty young wife as a scene-shifter. Although the novelists paint the love of a woman of forty as ridiculous, they all make love to her—and really the women of that age seem to have all the influence. They never struck me as being the least tragic, or as taking this love-making seriously; but they are a charming element in society, and of infinite use to the world. Frenchwomen are very superior to Frenchmen, as we see them, as a rule. They contain in themselves the advantages of two distinct epochs, and while possessing nearly as much personal charm as in youth, they have all that one gains by experience and maturity. They keep things together as the young could not do. They set people at ease, and listen as well as talk. They recall the day of the salon, because they are ready to sacrifice themselves to the group which they gather around them, and they have, also, an ambition to be useful, which was unknown to the *précieuses ridicules*. Indeed, a Frenchwoman of any age seems to have a private elixir of her own, which stays by her through good report and evil report, through good fortune and evil fortune; she is always pleasing, cheerful, and sympathetic.

"The French people are very fond of country life, and half the best houses in Paris are shut until after Christmas. In former years, the families among the nobility who held government places returned to Paris with the fall of the leaf; but now they remain at their grand châteaux, enjoying field-sports as much as the English. It is here that the French lady is seen at her best. France has never produced a second George Sand, and these elegant châtelaines are as unlike her as possible, and would be shocked to hear that there was anything in common between them, in their beautiful tea-gowns, and the eccentric who wandered along the borders of the Indre and in the meadows of the valley of the Loire, in the neighborhood of Nohant, in a man's costume—a frock-coat buttoned tightly around the waist, her luxuriant hair falling over a Byronic collar, with a cane or whip, smoking cigarettes—as did George Sand. And yet each one of them has something of that queer mixture—like her—the love of literary companionship, the desire to rise to æsthetic discussion. Women in France have always shared in the discussion as to the property and the business of the husband; they, in the higher circles, have a desire now to join in the thought and the literary experience. The stories of Jules Janin, Balzac, Théophile Gautier, Alphonse Karr, are replete with these tokens of feminine influence of the higher order. They are very religious and very attentive to their charities. The fancy fairs which are so fashionable in the Champs-Elysées are under the conduct always of the greatest ladies. And how decorous, how quietly elegant, they are! I fear our young girls could take a lesson of them. The last time I saw the niece of the marquise, at whose début I had assisted, was at a wedding—so splendid that it might form the subject of a picture by Titian. The old costumes were revived, the powdered *laquais* of the days of Louis the Fifteenth, the red coaches, and the horses gayly caparisoned. In the church, attended by a young man, who held her hand high, she passed the contribution-box for alms, after the pretty French fashion. There was the same staid, modest demeanor, the perfect toilet, the calm self-possession, which I had admired at the ball. And I do not doubt she will marry and make a very good and attractive woman, but what *her* 'fad' will be remains to be proved.

"The noble, well-born French ladies of the most aristocratic circles do not desire the *réclame* of notoriety. I asked one of them why the good women of France were never described in the new novels or dramas, but why it was always saucy Leontine. 'Because, I suppose,' said she, calmly—'because, I suppose, there is *nothing in us to caricature*.' It was a noble answer, and American women can well lay it to heart. If there were nothing in us to caricature, we should not figure in novels of 'Ouida' or in French plays. There is a notable difference in the audience at the opera on a fashionable night and any other theatre; there are fashionable afternoons at the Comédie Française, where you see the best, the noblest, the most aristocratic Frenchwomen. They have very little in common with the types of themselves which they see even in the plays of Octave Feuillet. Emile Augier has come nearer the mark, but even he has not done them justice. She can not be caricatured and she can not be described, the Frenchwoman of high family, good morals, excellent manners, a thousand fads and fancies, but she exists, and she is delightful."

Among many remarkable proposals of marriage which have been published from time to time in the newspapers, the most unique is the following which appears in the Augusta *Chronicle's* advertising columns:

WANTED—A young lady for clerk of the County Court of Elbert County. It will be necessary for her to marry the County Judge. Address J. A. Roebuck, County Judge, Elberton, Ga.

Coming, as it does, in the dawn of leap year, this advertisement by Judge J. A. Roebuck has special force and significance. Application for the position of clerk under the terms of the above advertisement would be equivalent, of course, to a proposal of marriage to Judge Roebuck. This, in any other year, might not be considered just the proper thing for a young lady to do, but in leap year who shall question her right to such a course? But see the cleverness of the judge. By simply mustering up the audacity to announce in the advertising columns of the two leading papers in Georgia that he is anxious for a wife, which is an entirely praiseworthy aspiration, and which is the plain English of his clever advertisement, he has at a single bound left the embarrassing position of suitor and taken the vantage ground of the one to be wooed. And see, too, the easy avenue of escape from undesirable applicants which is left to him and the embarrassment which is saved the young ladies. While it might be a trying ordeal for a young lady to propose marriage even to the man she loves, in this day of female stenographers, type-writers, and book-keepers, there need be no embarrassment on a lady's part in applying for any respectable clerkship. Therefore, when a young lady has become acquainted with Judge Roebuck, of the Elbert County Court, and feels that she is willing to share the honors and emoluments of his office, she has only to apply for the position of clerk in his court. If the judge fancies the applicant, the bargain can be closed at once, and the clerk's salary remains in the family. If, on the contrary, the applicant would not be acceptable as Mrs. Roebuck, the judge has only to represent the duties of the office as being such that she could not fill them, and regret that he can not give her the position. Both parties thus escape all reference to the embarrassing part of the business. In the language of the sporting gentry, the judge is "on velvet."

The custom of wearing small patches of black court-plaster on the temple or chin, to make the skin seem fairer, originated in the sixteenth century. A fashionable coquette discovered that these were becoming, and brought them into use in France, whence the custom spread into Europe. They were worn not only by women, but by exquisites and the clergy, though their use was not general among men. No fashionable woman was considered well dressed without them. Now, in France, to wear a black patch, or *mouche*, on the face is an unerring mark that the woman who wears it is *déclassée*. An American girl, who innocently put an infinitesimal piece of black court-plaster on her face to cover an actual eruption of the skin, was told by Mme. La Grange, the famous music-teacher, not to wear it in the street, as she would certainly be spoken to by men.

Judge Wheeler looked exhausted, the other morning, when he entered his court-room (says one of the New York dailies). After a night's thinking he had decided that corsets are wearing apparel and not merely a mechanical contrivance for improving the figure and holding up the dress, as Ottenheimer Brothers claimed. This firm imported a lot of corsets. The board of appraisers assessed the duty at fifty per cent. *ad valorem*, calling them wearing apparel. Ottenheimer Brothers said they were cotton fabric at forty per cent. *ad valorem*. Mr. D. Ives Mackie, a young bachelor, appeared for Ottenheimer Brothers, and Assistant United States District-Attorney Henry Clay Platt appeared for the collector and the board of appraisers. Mr. Platt is a married man. He called Mr. Mackie's attention to this fact several times, and insinuated that Mr. Mackie could not possibly know anything about corsets. "A corset is simply a machine to hold up the dress. There is no warmth in it," argued Mr. Mackie. Mr. Platt disputed this statement, and said that sometimes there was a great deal of warmth in a corset. It all depended upon how they were made. Mr. Mackie then discoursed eloquently on the corset, and Mr. Platt accused him of using second-hand information. Mr. Platt cited Judge Lacombe's decision, in a case of Arnold, Constable & Co.'s, that articles similar to the Bernhardt exclusion even were wearing apparel. Mr. Mackie's only admission in the case was that he was unmarried. He held, however, that the proper appreciation of a corset could be gained by the study of it in the abstract. Judge Wheeler decided that corsets were wearing apparel, and upheld the action of the collector and the board of appraisers.

A "girl-bachelor who has no beau," writes thus to the New York *Sun*: "When business compels me to go out in the evening, I ring for a messenger; and, although it is known at the local office that an evening call from my number means escort duty, it seems an almost invariable rule that the most diminutive urchin in the service is detailed to reply. Now, would it not be more feasible, instead of going to the trouble of establishing an entirely new system, to induce the messenger companies to amend present regulations, assigning all the largest boys for evening duty? This would render improbable any repetition of such an absurdity as a three-foot boy trying to shield a five-foot woman with an umbrella, at the risk of her being scratched and blinded, while her hands were struggling with wind-blown, refractory skirts and manuscript; a mild rebuke, justified by an extra vicious jab of the umbrella, bringing forth a disdainful 'Why don't yer ketch a beau o' yer own, then?'"

One of the most objectionable dispositions of the handkerchief with evening wear (says the *Clothier and Furnisher*), is the placing of the handkerchief within the folds of the dress-shirt, thereby throwing the shirt-front out of evenness, and rewarding your friends with an unintentional glimpse of your underwear; while the plan of affixing this indispensable adjunct of evening-dress into the waistcoat at that junction where the buttons meet, *à la* corsage, is a preposterous innovation. It has been declared that neither the coat nor the trousers affords a requisite opportunity of concealment, but that the dress-waistcoat is the apropos and feasible abiding-place of the handkerchief upon all formal occasions. The plan has been evolved that there should be a horizontal slit-pocket upon the inside or lining of the dress waistcoat, on both sides, a little forward of the armholes and extending down under them. The two pockets would be to the preference of the men who always carry an extra handkerchief. In this manner, the extra bulk would be so disposed as not to interfere with the fit of the coat, but rather fill out the chest in quite an enhancing way. Moreover, the shape and location of the pockets would enable the wearer readily and gracefully to reach them. An innovation exemplified in the make-up of two prominent amateur actors, during a performance given last winter, consisted of the regulation swallow-tail and trousers — and a white-duck waistcoat, cut somewhat higher than is the vogue. But the remarkable tangent out of the regulation formula was the black-silk *mouchoir* worn by both players, tucked into the waistcoat opening, *à la* décolleté, and spread flat across, obscuring the lower half of the shirt-front. The idea was palpably at variance with good form. It is now deemed one of the solecisms of dress to have the ends of the handkerchief discovered flowing out of the sack-coat pocket.

Philip the Fair decreed that no demoiselle with less than two thousand livres a year should have more than one gown a year, or more than two, with that income. He fixed the price of the stuff, and provided for and against everything—and the ladies cared not at all. The husbands remonstrated, and the clergy preached—and they cared less. Slits in the dress were called doors of hell, and shoes *à la poulaine* an outrage on creation; but in vain. High head-dresses — high heels came later—were preached down everywhere; and the "escoffion," a broad cylinder of rich stuff ornamented with jewels and two horns, was the object of the most sacred invective; and the "hennin," a tall, conic tube in brocaded stuff worked with beads, and tightly fixed on the forehead, denounced even more. But the ladies would have them. In vain did Brother Connecte, a Carmelite of Rennes, undertake a campaign against these "hennins." The women came to hear him, wearing them, till he seized his staff and rushed among them, knocking the "hennins" off, with the assistance of an idle mob. When he had gone on his way, says the chronicle, the "hennins" were made rather taller than before. The poor man went on to Rome; but as his fervor had grown upon him till he attacked the luxuries of the church, he was arrested and burned.

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DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder.
Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

Graham Decorative Art:
300 POST STREET.
San Francisco, Cal.
Needlework, Painting, Stamping, Oriental Draperies. New Goods Arriving.

A BOOK
On the various uses of
RIBBONS
WILL BE SENT
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To any lady mentioning the *Argonaut*, and addressing
"FAIR & SQUARE,"
65 Green Street, New York.

MY WIFE SAYS SHE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT FOR THE MONEY. $12 Buys a $65.00 Improved Oxford Singer Sewing Machine; perfect working, reliable, finely finished, adapted to light and heavy work, with a complete set of the latest improved attachments free. Each machine guaranteed for 5 years. Buy direct from our factory, and save dealers and agents profit. Send for FREE CATALOGUE. OXFORD MFG. COMPANY, DEPT X 37 CHICAGO, ILL.

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WATT'S GLYCERINE JELLY OF VIOLETS
Positively cures Chapped Skin, Lips, and all roughness caused by using impure Soaps, Cold Wind or Sunburn. Lillie Langtry, Mrs. Potter, Ellen Terry and Marion Harland use and recommend it. On sale at all druggists or by mail, 25 cts. 10 N. BROAD ST., PHILA.
Watt's Peptonized Soda Mint Pellets cures Dyspepsia

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital	$3,000,000 00
Surplus	1,000,000 00
Undivided Profits	3,317,485 11

September 30, 1891.

WILLIAM ALVORD ..... President.
THOMAS BROWN ..... Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR ..... Assistant Cashier.
IRVING F. MOULTON ..... 2d Assistant Cashier.

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The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents at all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.
Letters of Credit issued available to all parts of the world.
Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

27th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1891
Home Mutual Insurance Co.
N.E. cor. California and Sansome Streets.

Capital (Paid up in Gold)	$300,000 00
Net Surplus (over everything)	278,901.10

PRESIDENT ..... J. F. HOUGHTON
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SECRETARY ..... CHARLES R. STORY
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Of London. Established by Royal Charter, 1720.
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Spread Thin
On bread and butter, Armour's Extract of Beef stimulates and strengthens. There are many ways of using Armour's Extract. Our little Cook Book explains several. We mail it free.
Armour & Co., Chicago.

LITERARY NOTES

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis has relinquished for a few months his command of the New York periodical he edits. He will spend three months in the West gathering and using materials for papers on army outposts, ranches, mining towns, and the like; and at the end of that time, he will go to London to describe that city from the point of view of an American. Mr. Davis will return to his post in September.

Mr. Lowell's essays on the English dramatists are to be published in book-form next autumn.

The Pottery articles in the *Popular Science Monthly's* industrial series will be followed by two on another attractive subject—the making of musical instruments, by Mr. Daniel Spillane. The first of these, to appear in February, is devoted to "The Piano-Forte." The article is copiously illustrated.

In competition for the prizes offered one year ago by the *Youth's Companion* for the best local and folk-lore stories, more than two thousand stories were offered. The prizes have been awarded and paid as follows:

First prize, one thousand dollars, to Miss Marie Louisa Whiting, Knoxville, Tenn., for "Slow Joe's Freedom"; second prize, three hundred dollars, to Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke, Pittsfield, Mass., for "Mother's Doughnuts"; and third prize, two hundred dollars, to Mr. Albert Hervis, Boston, Mass., for "The Silver Tankard."

Mrs. Mona Caird, whose celebrity really grew out of a "catchy" phrase, "Is Marriage a Failure?" is about to publish a novel. It is to deal with socialism. She is also collecting for publication in book-form her essays on marriage.

Mrs. Burton Harrison has written for the *Century* a story called "Monsieur Alcibiade."

"Wotton Reinfred" is the title of the story by Thomas Carlyle which is to be published shortly in England. It is to appear in the same volume with his lately printed "Excursion to Paris."

Thomas Hardy's new story, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," will be published in book-form early this month.

Dr. Berdoe has been forced to prefix to his "Browning Cyclopædia" a list of "Unsolved Difficulties." He does not know what are "cue owls" of Andrea del Sarto; who was "Pappocoda"; what is the meaning of "Saponian strength" (no allusion, of course, to the vigorous style of the late Bishop of Oxford); who was "The Caliph's wheel workman" and "Betringarius"; and what was "the sole joke of Thucydides."

Dickens had a whimsical dislike to being called "Grandfather" and to being "regarded in that light." In a letter to Mrs. Milner Gibson, now in the Victorian Exhibition, he says:

"I can never imagine myself grandfather of four. That objectionable relationship is never permitted in my presence. I make the mites suppose that my lawful name is 'Wenerables,' which they piously believe."

"Urban Population" is the subject of the fourth of the Lessons from the Census, by Hon. Carroll D. Wright, in the *Popular Science Monthly*. The paper will appear in the February number.

Director-General Davis has received from a manufacturing firm an offer to deposit, with any one he may designate, five thousand dollars as a prize for the best poem or song, to be read or sung at the opening ceremonies of the World's Fair, the contest to be open to the world, and the prize to be awarded to the writer by a committee to be selected by the commission. He will at once place the proposition before the proper committee.

Joseph Jefferson figures among the contributors of the January *St. Nicholas*, writing a pleasant letter of introduction to the series of pictures which Katherine Baldwin Robertson furnishes under the title of "Mother Goose in Silhouette."

Bret Harte has written a new story, "The Conspiracy of Mrs. Bunker."

Short Stories for February contains translations from the Italian of Misasi and the French of Halévy and Allais. "The Were-Wolf" is an awful tale from the Danish of Clemence Housman. "Bob Angel's Vision," by W. C. Morrow, credited to the *Argonaut*, is a notable sketch, and "The Mem Sahib," a true story of recent events in India, a strong bit of work. The famous story for the month is Robert Buchanan's "Sandie Macpherson."

The third volume of Professor McMaster's "History of the United States" is issued by the Messrs. Appleton this week. It comes down to the beginning of the War of 1812.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward's new story, "The History of David Grieve," will be published in London at once.

A notable feature of recent fiction is thus noted by the *St. James's Gazette*:

"The 'newspaper man' is looking up as a hero in fiction. It is recorded of John Milton Harkutt—a hero in Mr. Bret Harte's new story, 'A First Family of Tasajara'—that he made the 'second column of the *Clarion*' famous. Of course we had long ago our 'F. B.,' and Warrington, and Pen, and there was Lucien de Rubempré. But these were but pioneers and exceptional. The species has multiplied. We owe most, perhaps, to the American story. The most romantic *métier* for the first lover in American fiction, next to gambling, prospecting, fighting in the war, or traveling in Europe, is to be 'on' a newspaper. An ingenious young writer, Mr. Eugene Field, has apotheosized 'Dana, of the Noo York *Sun*,' in verse; and Mr. Harding Davies made his début with a tale of 'journalistic enterprise.' Then the 'newspaper man' is no stranger in the pages of our own 'new men,' Mr. Kipling and Mr. Barrie."

The "newspaper woman," more of a novelty, figures as the narrator of a clever story, by Miss Viola Roseboro', in the January *Century*.

A new long story by Bret Harte, "A First Family of Tasajara," will be published soon in book-form.

The late Henry Edwards, the actor, wrote more than one hundred and fifty books, pamphlets, and articles, chiefly on topics of natural history, and all these were published at various times and in various places. Mr. William Bentennuller, of the American Museum of Natural History, has contributed to the *Canadian Entomologist* (London, December, 1891; Vol. 23 No. 12), a complete list of these writings. It fills more than eight pages, and it is strikingly suggestive of the ample learning and devoted labor of the author—whose place among men of science was even more distinguished than his rank upon the stage.

A pamphlet called "Cheap Money," just issued by the Century Company, contains the articles on that topic which have recently appeared in the *Century's* "Topics of the Time."

In England, Rudyard Kipling is a name to conjure with. It was used to gain the public ear for his father's book on "Animals in India"—little as that work needed the help—and now it is being invoked to lift another member of his family into notice. The *Albemarle*, a new sixpenny monthly, announces "an original story by Mr. Rudyard Kipling's sister (Mrs. Fleming)."

New Publications.

"For the Old Sake's Sake," by Alan St. Aubyn, is a novel of passion and crime in a quiet English town. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Bachelors' Club," by I. Zangwill, is an amusing series of sketches showing how one by one the members of an association sworn to celibacy fell from grace. Published at Brentano's, New York; price, $1.50; for sale by William Doxey.

"Rose and Lavender," by the author of "Miss Toosey's Mission," is the story of two girls' lives, a chapter from the short and simple annals of the poor. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, $1.00; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.

"The A B C of Swedish Gymnastics," by Hartvig Nissen, is a hand-book describing various exercises, needing no special apparatus, by which the physical man and woman may be educated to a high state of perfection. Published by F. A. Davis, Philadelphia; price, 75 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Crystal Hunters," by George Manville Fenn, is one of that prolific author's interesting stories for boys. The hero is an English lad of sixteen, who accompanies a scientist on an expedition to the high Alps and meets with all sorts of adventures, from being buried in a glissade to a fight with a *cretin*. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, $1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Sir Philip Sydney: Type of English Chivalry in the Elizabethan Age," by H. R. Fox Bourne, is the latest issue in the Heroes of the Nations Series. This biography is based on the memoir published thirty years ago, but contains some new matter discovered since that time. It is an important historical sketch, an interesting narrative, and a picture of a pure and noble gentleman. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, $1.50; for sale by William Doxey.

"The Life and Letters of 'Stonewall' Jackson," by his wife, Mary Anna Jackson, was written at first for their daughter, who wished to have as complete an account as possible of the father she was too young to know, and, on her death, the work was continued for her children, and subsequently prepared for publication. It is a very intimate account of the great Southern soldier's life, and deserves the eulogy that the Rev. Henry M. Field has given it in his introduction to the book. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, $2.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

It is always interesting to see ourselves as others see us, particularly when those others are intelligent and very impressible, as are the two Orientals whose correspondence Commander Hastings Berkeley, R. N., has translated and published in a little book entitled "Japanese Letters." One of these two Japs travels about in Europe, chiefly in England and France, and sends home his impressions to his friend, who in return sends the traveler his comments on what the other has seen—all of which is curious and interesting. Published by Longman's, Green & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

The latest issue in the series of historical biographies entitled Famous Women of the French Court, which Elizabeth Gilbert Martin is translating from the French of Imbert de Saint-Amand, is "Marie Antoinette and the Downfall of Royalty," the third and last volume which treats of the unhappy life of Maria Theresa's daughter. It narrates the terrible events of the year 1792, when the death of the Emperor Leopold and the assassination of Gustavus of Sweden left Marie Antoinette without hope, and follows the closing events of her pathetic career. There is nothing absolutely new in M. de Saint-Amand's volume except the style—that is fresh and picturesque, and lends a new charm to the oft-told tale. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, $1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

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A STRIKE IN THE NURSERY.—FROM THE FEBRUARY "ST. NICHOLAS."

One of the charms of "St. Nicholas" Magazine is that it gives room to fun as well as to literature and art. A boy or girl should be educated to enjoy the right kind of fun, just as to choose the right kind of books. If you do not take "St. Nicholas" for your young folks already, begin with the February number,—ready everywhere Monday, January 25th, price 25 cents. A year's subscription costs $3.00. Subscribe through dealers or The Century Co., 33 East 17th St., New York.

SOCIETY.

The Gihson-Siebein Wedding.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, 2504 Howard Street, was the scene of a delightful wedding, on Saturday evening, January 16th. The contracting parties were Miss Emily Siehein, a sister of Mrs. Spreckels, and Mr. Walter Gihson, who holds a responsible position with the firm of J. D. Spreckels & Brother. Extensive preparations had heen roade for the wedding, and it was celebrated in a fitting manner. About fifty relatives and intimate friends were invited to witness the ceremony, and a hundred more to the reception which followed. A number of young ladies, friends of the bride, attended to the decoration of the house and the result was admirahle.

The ceremony was performed at half-past eight o'clock hy Rev. Dr. Gihson. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom hy Mr. J. D. Spreckels and her maids were his two little daughters—Misses Grace and Lillie Spreckels. Mr. Edward H. Sheldon acted as hest man. The toilets of the hride and the hridesmaids are descrihed as follows:

The hridal robe was of heavy, white faille Française, trimmed and draped with white mousseline de soie. From her coiffure depended a veil of white silk moleine, which fell in ripples to the end of the long court train. Her handbouquet was of Bride roses.

The two maids of honor were attired alike in becoming gowns of white India silk, and wore short, white veils. Wreaths of pink blossoms adoroed their hair, and they carried bouquets of pink roses.

After the ceremony were the congratulations, which were extended to an accompaniment of concert music, played hy a string orchestra. At eleven o'clock a sumptuous supper was served under the direction of Ernst Ludwig. and a couple of hours were pleasantly passed in feasting and merrymaking. The wedding gifts were numerous and very heautiful. Mr. and Mrs. Gihson left on the following day to make a tour of the southern part of the State. They will reside at the Hotel Pleasanton when they return, and will receive on Mondays in February.

The Friday Night Club.

The fourth cotillion of the Friday Night Club was not so largely attended as was its immediate predecessor; still it was quite enjoyable as there was no crowding. Mr. Edward M. Greenway resumed the rôle of leader, having Miss Jennie Blair as his partner, and successfully guided the dancers through the following six figures: "The Grand Right and Left" in double circles, "The Four Circles," "Figure Eight," "Greek Cross," "The March," and "Gliding Lines." The cotillion ended at midnight and then a sumptuous supper was served in the dining-hall under the direction of Ludwig. There was no dancing after supper. The participants in the first set were:

Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Miss Jennie Blair, Mr. Frank D. Madison, Miss Bessie Hooker, Mr. George Vernon Gray, Miss Sally Maynard, Mr. Southard Hoffman, Miss Mary L. McNutt, Mr. Donald Y. Campbell, Miss Marguerite Wallace, Mr. William R. Heath, Miss Hoffman, Mr. Joseph Tobin, Miss Mamie Holhrook, Mr. Harry B. Houghton, Miss Bessie Shreve, Mr. Everett N. Bee, Miss Beth Sperry, Mr. Herbert E. Carolan, Miss Simpkins, Lieutenant W. H. Coffin, U. S. A., Miss Chew, Mr. M. F. Davis, Miss Lord, Mr. Hugh Tevis, Mrs. Hugh Tevis.

The next cotillion will he held on Friday evening, February 19th, and the final one of the season will take place one week later. It is expected that the last german will he almost as interesting as the *bal poudré*. It will he the army and navy cotillion, and will he led hy Lieutenant W. H. Coffin, U. S. A.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Louise Catherwood and Mr. Ernest C. La Montagne will take place on Thnrsday, February 4th. The hride is the daughter of Mrs. Clara Catherwood and granddaughter of Judge Hastings, of this city, and a niece of Mrs. Henry Jerome, of Paris. The groom, who is a well-known club-man of New York, is a widower. He is expected to arrive here in a few days.

Mrs. Adam Grant will give a tea next Tuesday at her residence on Bush Street.

The international fancy-dress children's festival to he given at the San Francisco Verein next Saturday evening promises to he a very successful affair. The participants are rehearsing daily. After the exercises there will he a hall and supper.

Mrs. M. E. Pendleton and the guests at the Hotel Pleasanton will give a hop next Tuesday evening at the hotel.

Miss Adèle Perrin gave a small, informal at home last Tuesday evening at her residence, 1935 Clay Street, and in her usual charming manner entertained about twenty friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander gave an elaborate dinner-party recently at their residence on Fifty-Eighth Street, in New York city, at which their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Louis T. Haggin, Miss Haggin, Mr. James Brett Stokes, and Dr. Harry L. Tevis.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker gave a pleasant dinner-party recently at their residence in honor of Mrs. George B. Williams, of Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin gave a delightful dinner-party recently at their residence in honor of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels. The others present were: Mr. and Mrs C. O. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Woods, Miss Nellie Jolliffe, Mr. E. M. Greenway, and Mr. Whittier.

The Misses Marie and Kate Voorhies gave an enjoyable matinée tea last Monday at their residence on California Street, in honor of Miss Emma Childs, of Los Angeles, who has heen visiting friends here for several weeks. Light refreshments were served and the usual pleasures of such affairs were enjoyed, including several songs hy Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan.

Miss Mamie Holhrook gave an elaborate lunch-party last Thursday at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holhrook, 1901 Van Ness Avenue. Her guests comprised thirty-five young ladies, and they were served with luncheon at small tables set in the dining-room and parlor. Each table was prettily decorated.

Mrs. J. S. Wethered gave a pleasant lunch-party recently at her residence on Pacific Avenue, at which she entertained Mrs. Thomas H. Ruger, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mrs. Tewkshury, Mrs. Hawkins, and a few others.

Mrs. Horace Davis gave a charming lunch-party at her residence on Saturday, January 16th, in honor of Miss Hale, of Boston, Mass., a sister of Mr. Edward Everett Hale. Those invited to meet her were: Mrs. William Norris, Mrs. Barstow, Mrs. A. L. Bancroft, Mrs. E. M. Block, Mrs. William Ashhurner, Mrs. Lucy Otis, Mrs. Bigelow, Miss M. B. West, and Miss Kirkland.

A very pretty lunch-party was given recently hy Mrs. R. B. Hooper at The Colonial. Covers were laid for seven at a heautifully decorated table, and the menu was delicious. Mrs. Hooper's guests were: Mrs. Andrew Mosely, Mrs. George Easton, Mrs. Harvey Gray, Mrs. A. L. House, Miss Nannie Craddock, and Miss Page, of Portland, Or.

The Misses Wethered entertained quite a number of their friends last Wednesday afternoon hy giving a tea at their residence, 2109 Pacific Avenue.

The ladies at Angel Island received their friends last Thursday in the post room. The reception-room was prettily decorated, appearing very attractive. The Angel Island hand played excellent music for those who desired to dance, and of these there were quite a number. These receptions will be given hereafter on the third Thursday of each month.

The officers and ladies at the Presidio gave their third hop of this season last Tuesday evening, and it was well attended. The hop-room was made more than usually attractive with a decoration of national flags, the regimental colors, and hright flowers and foliage. Dancing commenced at nine o'clock to the music of the post hand and continued until midnight. At eleven o'clock a delicious supper was served.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Preston Rohinson gave a theatre-party last Wednesday evening which was followed hy a supper at the Hotel Pleasanton. Their guests were Miss Edna Rohinson, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Machardo, Miss Kate Voorhies, Mr. Alexander Loughborough, Mr. Jesse Godley, Mr. J. O'Hara Cosgrave, Mr. E. Y. Judd, Mr. Rountree, and Mr. Ryland.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young gave an enjoyable reception last Tuesday evening at their residence, 1919 California Street, to the Eastern delegates to the convention of the International League of Press Clubs. The residence was heautifully decorated, and fully four hundred guests enjoyed the hospitality of their entertainers. An elaborate supper was served in the picturesque Oriental salon down-stairs.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Lillian G. Waters has returned from the East and is residing at 1001 Pine Street.

Mr. William S. McMurtry has returned from a trip to the East and Europe.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair and Mr. William S. Blair have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mrs. A. V. Kautz and her daughter, Miss Miama Kautz, are here from Vancouver Barracks on a visit.

Mr. F. A. Archibald will leave for Cincinnati and New York on January 23d.

Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Johnson and Miss Johnson, of Los Angeles, are at the Hotel St. James, in Jacksonville, Fla.

Mrs. Frances Edgerton and Miss Cohen, daughter of Mrs. A. A. Cohen, of Fruitvale, left for the East last Thnrsday.

Dr. and Mrs. William Ellery Briggs, *née* Rideout, of Sacramento, left New York a week ago on the steamer *Elbe* for Bremen.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter J. McGlynn have returned from New York city.

Mr. Frank J. Carolan is enjoying a visit at Santa Barbara, where Mrs. George M. Pullman and Miss Pullman are passing the season.

Mrs. John R. Jarboe and Miss Kate Jarboe will soon leave on a visit to Southero Califoroia.

Miss Emma Childs has returned to Los Angeles after a pleasant visit to friends here.

Captain William B. Collier left last Monday to visit his ranch in Lake County.

Mrs. John F. Swift is in Washington, D. C., for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. C. J. Torhert has returned from her Eastern trip, and was accompanied hy her two married daughters, who will pass the remainder of the winter with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jaynes and Miss Eugenia Chapin, who are making a tour of the southero part of the State, are expected to return to The Colonial, January 23d.

Miss Jean Murray, the artist, has returned from a trip through Australia and New Zealand, and is residing at 1001 Pine Street, where she has her studio.

Lieutenant Lewis H. Strother, U. S. A., has returoed to Angel Island after a period of service at Fort Bidwell.

Miss Deming, of Sacramento, is in the city on a visit to friends.

Mr. Louis A. Garnett is visiting London.

Mrs. John W. Coleman and Miss Jessie Coleman will remain in Washington, D. C., about four weeks more.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Phinney ard family, of Seattle, Wash., are here on a hrief visit and are stopping at the Palace Hotel, while en route to Southern Califoroia.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Grayson, Mr. and Mrs W. C. Ralston, Miss N. D. Oxnard, Miss A. M. Oxnard, Mrs. J. J. Moore, and Dr. J. S. Rowand are among the recent arrivals at The Colonial.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Cushing, who were married here on Christmas day, are now at home at 1419 Twentieth Street, in Washington, D. C.

Colonel C. F. Hanlon and Mr. J. Fred Burgin will leave Baltimore to-day en route to this city.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey will receive on Wednesdays at her residence, 2262 Franklin Street.

Mrs. Grace Porter Campohello is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Porter, at their residence corner of Powell and California Streets. She will returo to Memphis, Tenn., where her hushand is residing, in the spring.

Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre will retura from the East during the coming week.

Dr. R. H. McDonald and his two nieces, Misses Laura and Blythe McDonald, left last Tuesday to make a tour of Southern Califoroia and Mexico, and will be away about two months.

Mr. J. E. Shawhan, Jr., has returned from a pleasant Eastero trip, after an absence of several weeks.

Mr. J. C. Stubhs is at the Windsor Hotel in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rollo Peters are expected in Paris next Tnesday.

Dr. W. E. Fisher is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wayne Belvin have arrived in London.

Mrs. William Niles, *née* Starr, has returned to her home in Los Angeles, after passing three weeks here with relatives.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Saturday Pop Concert.

The seventeenth of the Carr-Beel Saturday Popular Concerts took place at Irving Hall last Saturday afternoon, a large and appreciative audience heing present. Miss Amy Gell was the accompanist. The programme, made up of Beethoven's compositions, was as follows:

Sonate for piano and violin, op. 12, No. 1. *I.* allegro con brio, *II.* thema con variazioni, *III.* rondo allegro, Mrs. Carr and Mr. Beel; song, "Neue Liebe, neues Leben," Mrs. L. Brechemin; thirty-two variations in C minor, Mrs Carr; Scotch songs, with violin and 'cello obligato, Mrs. Brechemin; *(a)* "Faithfu' Johnie, *(b)* "Again, my Lyre"; trio for violin, viola, and 'cello, C minor, *I.* allegro con spirito, *II.* adagio con expressione, *III.* allegro e molto vivace, *IV.* finale, presto, Messrs. Beel, Heine, and Siering.

The next Saturday Popular Concert, the eighteenth, will take place at Irving Hall on Saturday afternoon, January 30th. The soloists of the occasion will he Mr. Sigmund Beel and Mr. Nathan Landsherger, violinists, and Mr. Carlis'e Greig, haritone. Mr. Greig is a new-comer here, and is said to possess a very sweet and well-trained voice.

Mr. F. W. Ludovici will give his next Musical Sunday Afternoon in Steinway Hall on February 14th.

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THE NEBRASKA LOADSTONE

And the Hindoo Adept.

If there was one man in college whom the rajah thoroughly and heartily detested, it was the captain of the boat-club. He had many faults; he was very tall and powerful, and delighted in contrasting the English physique with that of inferior races; by which he meant, among others, the rajah's race. His manner was abrupt and overbearing, his laugh loud and unmusical. In fact, he grated horribly on the rajah; and it was merely the final straw, when, in the exhilaration of a hump supper—full, as the rajah remarked, in disgust, of cow and strong drink—he called that gentleman, in playful chaff, a "nigger." The rajah swore melodiously in Hindoostanee, and I saw that he meant to be revenged.

In those days, the entertainment of the Nebraska Loadstone created a furore. Everybody went to see her, and everybody came away convinced that she possessed marvelous powers. Her peculiar gift—but everybody remembers the details of the performance, and how the tricks were finally, one by one, exposed, so that her adherents and believers were driven from one position to another, until at last they had to fall back on one single performance out of all those that the Loadstone gave, and maintain that, on that occasion, at least, something unexplained and inexplicable did really happen. It is with the events of that particular evening that I am concerned. I think I can throw some light on them. At first, however, there were many believers and few skeptics. The dean carefully pointed out that Plato nowhere denied the existence of odic force; and the bursar, who was generally supposed to be little better than an atheist, declared that Spencer, in one passage, impliedly asserted it; even the warden, in his sermon, told us that it was better, according to Bacon, to believe two errors than refuse one truth—which was, to say the least of it, sitting on the fence. But none of these authorities shook the robust skepticism of the captain of the boat-club. He knew a conjuror, and the conjuror had told him how it was done, and he was going to expose the Loadstone.

"But why haven't you?" I urged; "she's been here a week."

"He will not be too hard on her at first," said the rajah, with a little sneer.

"I'll bust her up this very night," said Waterer. "I would have done it before, only I was gated."

The excuse was good, and Waterer departed, full of boastings and self-confidence, to gather together a large number of the noisy men, and make a pleasant party to "guy" the unhappy Loadstone. I stayed to smoke a pipe with the rajah.

"Of course she's a fraud," said he; "and I believe that animal really has got hold of the right explanation."

"I shall go and see it," I announced.

After a moment's silent smoking, the rajah looked up with a twinkle in his eye. "So shall I—if niggers are admitted."

After hall, he and I set out together for the town hall. We found the first two rows of stalls occupied by Waterer and his friends. They were all in evening-dress and had obviously dined—not in hall. The rajah and I seated ourselves just behind them. The room was full, and the feats were most successful; each was followed by general applause, broken only by some gibes from our friends in front. The latter grew so pronounced that the Loadstone's manager at last came forward and pointedly invited one of the scoffers to submit himself to experiment.

Now was Waterer's chance. He rose in the majesty of his bulk, walked on to the platform, and said, in a loud voice, as he settled himself on a chair: "If the lady can move me one foot from this chair, I'll give her twenty-five pounds."

The Loadstone advanced and began to paw him about in her usual fashion. Waterer, who was sober enough to have lost nothing but his shyness, was apparently too many for her. He was immovable; and cries of "Now, then! when are you going to begin?" and so on, became audible. Two or three minutes passed, and the Loadstone turned with a gesture of despair toward her manager.

"I can't——" she began.

I jumped to my feet, crying: "Wait a minute! Look!"

For even as she spoke, there was what is scientifically called a solution of continuity between Waterer and his chair. Still in a sitting posture, but sitting on nothing, he was, at least, two inches from the wicker-work of the chair. I glanced from him to the rajah. That extraordinary man was in deep, placid, profound slumber. I jogged his elbow and pinched his arm; he showed no consciousness whatever. I looked at the Loadstone. She was standing motionless on the stage, about a yard from Waterer, with one hand outstretched towards him and her eyes fixed on his ascending figure—for Waterer was gradually, slowly, steadily mounting in his strange journey. He was now a foot from his chair, still in a sitting position—and up, up, up he was going. The wretch was white as a sheet and gasping with fright and bewilderment. Thunders of applause burst from the audience. It was again and again renewed; but the Loadstone did not, as her custom was, bow and smile in response. She still stood motionless, and Waterer still ascended.

At last, at a height of fully twenty feet from the stage, he stopped. Simultaneously the Loadstone gave a loud shriek as she fell back into the arms of the manager—and the rajah awoke.

"I beg your pardon," he said, politely; "I was drowsy. Anything going on?"

"No; he's stopped now," I answered, my eyes eagerly fixed on Waterer.

The rajah rose from his seat with a yawn. "There'll be nothing more to night," he said; "let's go home."

"Go home, man!—with that before our eyes!"

The rajah shrugged his shoulders. "She won't do anything more," he repeated. "Look at her; she's quite done up."

And, indeed, the Loadstone looked half-dead as she gazed fearfully up at Waterer. Her demeanor was not that of a triumphant performer.

"Do sit down," I urged; "we must see the end of it."

With a weary sigh the rajah sat down, saying: "I'm not sure you will, you know."

While we talked the audience grew impatient. However wonderful a feat may be, the public likes to have things kept moving. They thought Waterer had been in the air long enough, and there were cries of "That'll do! Let him down!" "Give us another!"

The manager held a hasty conference with the Loadstone; he seemed to urge her; but she shook her head again and again, and would do nothing but lie back in a chair and pass her hand to and fro over her head. The rajah looked at her with a slight smile. The clamor increased. I think a sort of panic—an angry panic—seized the audience.

"Bring him down! Bring him down!" they cried, pointing to the pallid Waterer, who sat as rigid as a trussed fowl.

After another despairing appeal to the Loadstone, the manager came forward and made a lame speech. The Loadstone was exhausted with her unparalleled exertions. She must rest; presently she would bring him down. Then Waterer's friends arose and ascended the platform. They walked about, they stood on one another's shoulders; they made it clear that no cords held Waterer. A step-ladder was called for and brought. Placed on a sturdy table, it just enabled a man to reach Waterer's feet. One mounted amid intense excitement. Turning to the rajah, I exclaimed: "Look!"

He was asleep again; and the Loadstone stood stiffly upright, beckoning toward Waterer. Slowly and gradually he descended, leaving the man on the ladder grasping at empty air, till he sat again on his seat. The applause burst out, and the Loadstone sank back in a faint on the floor. The rajah awoke, and the manager dropped the curtain, hiding the Loadstone, Waterer, and his friends from our view.

"Give me your arm," said the rajah; "I am tired." I escorted him to a cab and we drove home.

The Loadstone gave no performance the next evening; she was too fatigued; and Waterer was absent from the boat and from the sight of men two days. When he reappeared he made no reference to his friend, the conjuror. He slunk about the college grounds, looking very pale and upset. I met him once, when I was with the rajah, on our way to lecture. The rajah smiled urbanely at Waterer, and said to me, when he had passed:

"It's such a rude thing to call a gentleman a nigger, isn't it?"

Waterer has not done it again. And the Loadstone never did that trick again. She took the twenty-five pounds, though. The manager called on Waterer and asked for a check. I think that incident pleased the rajah most of all.

"It is a ready utilization of the unexpected," he remarked, "which does our friend much credit."—*St. James's Gazette.*

The world language, Volapük, is not only coming to be spoken conversationally by its enthusiastic votaries, but is to be made a medium of interlingual communication at the World's Columbian Fair. A complete record of progress made in spreading Volapük since the national convention of its votaries was held in Boston, considerably more than a year ago, would astonish all but the few who keep close watch on the movement. Newspaper lessons, published simultaneously all over the maritime provinces, Canada, and the United States, have been given weekly since October 10th. The students write out the exercises of the lessons and send them to convenient points, as designated, for annotation, and immense numbers of young and old of both sexes are following the lessons. Any one interested in the subject can obtain further information by addressing A. L. Bancroft, Esq., 303 Sutter Street, San Francisco, if the inquiry be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The chaplain of a convict prison asked one of his flock, who was in durance vile for manslaughter, what man he had killed. "It was a woman—my wife—and not a man," he replied; "but, sir," he continued, "it was altogether a private matter, with which the public has no concern."

Mr. Richard Redgrave, the artist, records in his diary this amusing recommendation from an Irishman appointed to examine students competing for medals: "I should also recommend Margaret ——— for a reward. Being very young, she naturally missed the point of *all* the questions in the papers, but her answers were so lady-like that I think the medal should be given to her."

The Marshal de Bassompierre was employed by Henry the Fourth on several embassies. He once told the king that when he went as embassador to Spain, he rode into Madrid on the most beautiful mule he had ever seen, which had been sent by the Spanish monarch for his special use. "Ha, ha, what a comical sight!" laughed out the boisterous king; "an ass upon a mule!" "Yes, sire," said Bassompierre, coolly; "I represented your majesty."

Stothard, an English painter, was noted for his certainty of hand. An anecdote related by Leslie, a brother artist, shows how he acquired the sureness that gave him fame. Stothard was showing some early drawings from the antique, made while he was a student of the Academy. They were begun and finished with pen and ink only, and Leslie remarked "that they looked like beautiful line engravings." "I adopted this plan," replied Stothard, "because, as I could not alter a line, it obliged me to think before I touched the paper."

A cardinal who commanded the troops of Pope Boniface the Ninth in the march on Acona, finding himself, on one occasion, in a position in which he must conquer or die, promised his soldiers that, if they secured the victory, those who fell should dine that very day with the angels. They marched to the combat with alacrity; but finding that the cardinal was careful not to expose himself, "How is it," said one of them, "that you show no anxiety for the celestial banquet to which you have invited us so warmly?" "Because it is not yet my dinner-time, and I am not hungry."

The son of a neighbor of Dickens, then a very young artist—indeed, quite a boy—had painted his first picture, the subject being an aged knight in full armor, apparently having recently returned from the wars, and overcome with fatigue. Finding himself unable to reach his ancestral castle, he sinks exhausted on a fallen tree in a sort of orchard, and some cottage children bring him some fruit to recruit his exhausted strength. Dickens took great interest in the young artist—who, by the way, is now very eminent—and greatly admired his picture, especially the figure of the old knight; but, "My dear fellow," he said, "those apples won't be of any use—that old gentleman requires burned brandy to bring him round."

Two Lord Chancellors of England have made the turning over of a sheet of note-paper a device for executing their neatest joke. Lord Chancellor Eldon, having been asked by a clerical friend to give him a certain living, wrote on one side of a sheet of paper:

"DEAR FISHER: I can not to-day give you the preferment for which you ask. I remain your sincere friend,
"ELDON.

"*Turn over.*"

(On the other side): "I gave it to you yesterday."

Sir John Sinclair, who had done much for the agriculture of England and Scotland, thought the nation should present him with a testimonial, and wrote to Lord Chancellor Erskine, inviting him to subscribe to it. On one side of a sheet of paper Erskine replied:

"MY DEAR SIR JOHN: I am certain there are few in this kingdom who set a higher value on your services than myself, and I have the honor to subscribe——"

(On the other side the note concluded):

"Myself, Your obedient, faithful servant,
"ERSKINE."

"A cork leg is on end of a bore," said the man who limped, to a Washington *Star* writer. "I was at a dinner-party, the other night, and it was my happy lot to have a most charming damsel fall to my share at the feast. We conversed most pleasantly through the oysters and the soup; but when the fish came on she became sileot and seemed unaccountably embarrassed. To draw her from this mood I redoubled my efforts to please, but in response she only flushed and looked angry. Finally, interrupting me in the midst of a little *mot* which I had composed carefully while dressing for the dinner, she said, *sotto voce:* 'I'll thank you to stop squeezing my foot!' Imagine my embarrassment! I had been treading upon her toes with my cork foot—of course without knowing it. It was an awkward thing to explain; nevertheless, I was forced to do so. She accepted my apology, and then proceeded to injure my feelings by giggling."

An army officer writing from Fort Schuyler, N. Y., says: "I read with much amusement the sketch in a late *Argonaut* entitled 'Our American Army,' and it reminded me of the story of the Irish drill-sergeant in the English army. A squad of newly enlisted men are paraded for his inspection and a preliminary drill. His little visorless forage cap is canted to one side as he struts up and down the line, tapping his leg gently with the inevitable cane or switch. At last he halts in front of an undersized, round-shouldered victim, steps back a pace, places his arms akimbo, and soliloquizes: 'Well, what kind of a man wud it be that 'ud go and 'list a kangaroo for the army with a hoomp on his hack like a dog scraping a pot. Shtip out here. Wud ye know yer facings? Right face. Ah, there ye go to the left ——— yer sowl, don't yez know yer right hand from the left? Which hand do ye bless yerself wid? Ye don't bless yerself at all, eh? So *ye are a heretic!* Git back to the ranks.'"

A witty, irrepressible, and reckless journalist, who signed himself "Stendhal," though his real name was Beyle, professed an ardent admiration for Rossini, whose biography he wrote—an absurd but entertaining biography—in which he pretended to repeat what the great master had said to him, and what he had replied. One day, Stendhal was calling on Mme. Pasta, the singer. Rossini had now become immensely popular in Paris, and Stendhal, in his own circle, enjoyed the reputation of being his intimate friend. When Rossini was announced, Stendhal looked troubled, took a hasty farewell, and disappeared. Mme. Pasta turned to Rossini in surprise. "Have you quarreled with M. Beyle? Why did you not speak to him?" "M. Beyle? This is the first time I ever heard the name," replied Rossini. "M. Stendhal, then—your biographer." "Oh, what—was that he?" cried the composer. "I am sorry you did not make us acquainted. I wanted to thank him for a coat which he says he lent me, on an occasion which I do not recall," and he smiled a trifle ironically. He and Beyle had never met.

Talma, reflecting how incongruous it was that the heroes of Greece and Rome should be represented on the French stage in powder, and lace, and knee-breeches, dressed the part of a tribune in "Brutus" in a real toga and with bare arms and legs. But the actresses were shocked at the unseemly display of arms and legs. "Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Mlle. Contat, with a little scream, as Talma emerged from his dressing-room, ready to go on. "How hideous he is! For all the world like one of those old statues!" And a few minutes afterward, Mme. Vestris, who happened to be on the stage in the same scene, took an opportunity of saying to him, in an undertone: "Why, Talma, your arms are bare!" "Yes," he replied; "like the Romans." "Why, Talma, you have no trousers on!" "No; the Romans did not wear them." "Cochon!" ejaculated poor Mme. Vestris, and her feelings overpowering her, she had to go off the stage. It took some little time to habituate Parisian players and play-goers to so radical a change. The next actor, one of the old school, who filled a similar part, made great difficulties about donning the toga. He was induced to do so eventually, but only on the condition that two pockets should be let into the back of the garment—one of these being for his handkerchief, the other for his snuff-box!

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Hon. E. A. Moore, Member of Assembly, Richmond County, N. Y., writes:

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LEAVE.	From Dec. 6, 1891.	ARRIVE.
7.00 A.	Benicia, Ramsey, Sacramento	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	* 12.15 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga	6.15 P.
* 8.00 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa	* 6.15 P.
8.00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	Second-class Ogden and East, and first-class locally	10.45 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	4 45 P.
9.00 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	12.15 P
12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore	7.15 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	* 9.00 P.
3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
4 00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, & Stockton	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 A
4.30 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10 45 A.
4.30 P.	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8 45 A
5.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P
5 00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12 15 P.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	7.45 A.
.....	Niles and San José	‡ 6.15 P.
6.00 P.	Ogden Route Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	11.45 A.
‡ 7.00 P.	Vallejo	† .45 P.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	8.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

8.15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
* 2.15 P.	Centreville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	* 10.50 A
4.15 P.	Centreville, San José, and Los Gatos	9.50 A.
† 1 .45 P.	Hunters' Train to Newark, Alviso, San José, and Los Gatos	‡ 8.05 P.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7.00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations	6 10 P.
10.37 A.	San José and Way Stations	5.10 P.
12.15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations	4 00 P.
* 2.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way stations	* 10 48 A.
* 3.30 P.	Menlo Park San José, and principal Way Stations	* 10.03 A.
* 4 15 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.06 A.
5.15 P.	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
† 11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	† 7.30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7.40, 9.20, 11.40 A. M.; 3.30, 5.00, 6.20 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1.50 P. M.

Sundays—8, 9.30, 11 A. M.; 2, 5, 6.15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6.25, 7.55, 9.30 A. M.; 12.45, 3.40, 5.05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.30 P. M.

Sundays—8.10, 9.40, A. M.; 12.15, 3.40, 5, 6.25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6.50, 8.20, 9.55 A. M.; 1.10, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.55 P. M.

Sundays—8.35, 10.05 A. M.; 12.40, 4.05, 5.30, 6.50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. Week Days.	Leave San Francisco. Sundays.	Destination.	Arrive San Francisco. Sundays.	Arrive San Francisco. Week Days.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.40 A. M.	8.50 A. M.
3.30 P. M.	9.30 A. M.		6.05 P. M.	10.30 A. M.
5.00 P. M.	5.00 P. M.		7.25 P. M.	6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.		Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.		10.30 A. M.
3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.		7.25 P. M.	6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7.25 P. M.	6 10 P. M.
7 40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M.
3.30 P. M.				6.10 P. M.
7 40 A. M.	8 00 A. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 A. M.	8.50 A. M.
5.00 P. M.	5.00 P. M.		6.05 P. M.	6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10.40 A. M.	10.30 A. M.
3.30 P. M.	5 00 P. M.		6.05 P. M.	6.10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydesville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays, to Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa, $2.25; to Healdsburg, $3.40; to Cloverdale, $4.50; to Hopland, $5.70; to Ukiah, $6.75; to Sebastopol, $2.70; to Guerneville, $3.75; to Sonoma, $1.50; to Glen Ellen, $1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, $1; to Santa Rosa, $1.50; to Healdsburg, $2.25; to Cloverdale, $3; to Ukiah, $4.50; to Hopland, $3.80; to Sebastopol, $1.80; to Guerneville $2.50; to Sonoma, $1; to Glen Ellen, $1.20.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager.
PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.
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It really looks as though audiences would never tire of Sir Arthur Sullivan's music. The Tivoli managers produced "The Yeoman of the Guard" last Monday, with serene confidence that it would fill their house, and their expectations have not been disappointed, though the piece is four years old, and it has been played in this city over and over again.

There is this difference between Sullivan and Offenbach, that the former is a musician of the highest order, while the latter was a mere scribbler of bouffe airs. "La Belle Hélène," "La Grande Duchesse," and "Perichole" are full of catching melodies, which are always piquant, if sometimes reckless and vulgar; Sullivan's compositions are strictly in accordance with the rules of art, and worthy of a composer of the greatest of modern oratorios. Sullivan learned composition under Moscheles and Spohr; what training Offenbach had he picked up as conductor of an orchestra in Paris. Sullivan is a composer of infinite variety—he has been equally successful in song, madrigal, opera, symphony, and oratorio; his melody is infinite, his orchestration thorough, his mastery of musical rhythm consummate. Offenbach never wrote anything worth consideration but his operas bouffe—of these he produced sixty-nine in twenty-five years—and his indifference to the canons of music were notorious. When he was reproached with his lawlessness, he retorted by directing attention to the overflowing houses he was drawing, while classical music was being played to empty benches. The two were close contemporaries. Offenbach's first great success—"Barbe Bleue"—was produced in 1866, and in the same year Sullivan brought out "Box and Cox," with Burnand as librettist. Having shown what he could do in the comic-opera line, the Englishman returned to a higher order of composition; "Pinafore" was not produced till 1878; whereas Offenbach followed up "Barbe Bleue" with an opera bouffe every few weeks, until his fertile vein showed signs of exhaustion in "Le Roi Carotte," in 1872.

Sullivan did not, perhaps, abandon comic opera from choice. But for many years he sought a congenial librettist in vain. It was not till 1875 that he formed his partnership with W. S. Gilbert, who was stage-manager of a London theatre. This was as happy a conjunction as the union of Scribe and Auber, to which the world owes "Fra Diavolo," "La Muette," "The Crown Diamonds," and ever so many other delightful works. When Mr. Gilbert formed his partnership with Sullivan, he was already known as a writer of plays, though he was considered rather as a witty and deft rhymester than as a playwright. But if success be a test of dramatic skill, the author of "Pygmalion and Galatea" must rank high among dramatists. There are lines in that piece which are as bright as anything that Scribe ever penned. Take Galatea's awakening to life:

Galatea— Am I a woman?
Pygmalion— Yes.
Galatea— Art thou a woman?
Pygmalion— No, I am a man.
Galatea— What is a man?
Pygmalion— A being strongly framed,
To wait on woman, and protect her from
All ills that strength and courage can avert—
To fight and die for her, that she may live.
Galatea— I'm glad that I'm a woman.
Pygmalion— So am I. . . .
Galatea— So I'm a woman!
Pygmalion— There's no doubt of that.
Galatea— Oh! happy maid, to be so passing fair,
And happier still Pygmalion, who can gaze
At will upon so beautiful a face!
Pygmalion— Hush, Galatea! in thine innocence
Thou sayest things that others would reprove.
Galatea— Indeed, Pygmalion? Then is it wrong
To think that one is exquisitely fair?
Pygmalion—Well, Galatea, it is a sentiment
Which every woman shares with thee,
They think it, but they keep it to themselves.
Galatea— And is thy wife as beautiful as I?
Pygmalion—No, Galatea, for in forming thee
I took her features—lovely in themselves—
And in the marble made them lovelier still.
Galatea— Oh, then, I'm not original?

The literary grace and finish of these lines are as neat as anything we have in the light literature of the modern drama.

The partnership between these two gifted men, who fitted so admirably into each other, lasted fourteen years. It began with "Trial by Jury" and ended, substantially, with "The Yeoman of the Guard," the opera now running at the Tivoli. While it lasted, it had the effect of liberating the Anglo-American stage from French domination, so far as opera bouffe is concerned. Nothing which either Offenbach or Lecocq ever wrote achieved such wide or such deserved popularity among English-speaking people as "Pinafore," "The Pirates of Penzance," or "The Mikado." Followed as these were by poor Cellier's "Dorothy" and Jakobowski's "Erminie," they established a school which may spread to this country and awake to ecstasy the American lyre. To which of the two co-workers the larger share of glory belongs, it is not quite easy to say. In common parlance, we say that an opera is by the author of the music, and we ignore the librettist. But neither "Pinafore" nor "Mikado" would ever have achieved their astounding popularity if the words of the songs had been less witty than they are. Mr. Gilbert's humor must count for nearly if not quite as large a share in their success as Sir Arthur Sullivan's enchanting musical phrases. As a rule, when two men—a playwright and a musician—set to work to compose an opera, the former ends where the other begins; the libretto is handed to the musician to set to music. Occasionally the musician will have an inspiration, and will compose a *lied ohne worte*, for which he will ask his collaborator to write lines; but the general practice is the other way; and, as a broad matter of fact, the musician has no more right to ignore the librettist than Mr. Worth would have to extol his showy creations in millinery at the expense of the woman who is inside them.

After fourteen years' steady and agreeable coöperation, Sullivan and Gilbert parted company. They have been discreet enough to conceal the causes of their separation; the current newspaper stories on the subject have no better foundation than conjecture. Those who know both men say that it is wonderful they remained friends so long. Mr. Gilbert is not a gentleman of easy temper; his relations with almost every one he knows are strained. He snapped off the noses of the venerable Harper & Brothers, of New York, for sending him fifty pounds in recognition of his moral right—in the absence of an international copyright law—to share in the profits of the American edition of his plays; and he is apt to make rehearsals of his pieces a weary dream to the actors. Sir Arthur Sullivan, though occasionally charged with more *morgue* toward the members of his orchestra than the office of leader quite justifies, is, to the world generally, a good-tempered and jovial soul. He crept close to the purple when he was a boy, and was in correspondence with Queen Victoria before he had a beard on his chin. There is a story of a quiet meeting between her majesty, Mlle. Nilsson, and himself at a small village in Germany, where they played and sang together in good fellowship, until an attendant, looking out of the window, reported that the whole population of the village had surrounded the *gasthaus* to enjoy the unexpected concert. As a lad, he was brought up in Germany, and, according to the usage of that frugal country, was allowed a few kreutzers a week by way of pocket-money. Having determined to see life, he charged the deficit in his budget to "socks and pomatum." "Mein Gott!" cried his old German music-teacher, who was also his guardian, "I suppose you had to grease your feet to get them into all these new socks."

It is told of him, by admiring biographers, that his sorrow over the death of his father was so profound that he was compelled to relieve it by "crying out his grief in his overture to 'In Memoriam.'" The composition is fine, and another "In Memoriam," with which every one is familiar, proves that others have sought solace from affliction in the cultivation of letters and art. But, to the common-place mind, it appears that a grief which can be reconciled with the chase of rhymes or the study of contra bass is not a very profound grief, and that it is largely mingled with the resignation becoming a Christian and a philosopher. Still, in London society, where Sir Arthur is very popular, he passes for a gentleman of warm heart and kindly instincts.

It is pleasant to think that both these eminent men have received their reward, in this life, in the shape of honors, distinction, and coin. Their plays are an exhaustless source of income, and the verses of the one and the songs of the other have been equally profitable. How many copies of the "Bab Ballads" have been sold? Is there a child anywhere who does not know by heart the moving tale of the cook?

"Who stirred it round and round and round,
As he sniffed at the foaming froth;
When I ups with his heels and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth."

The popular demand for copies of Sullivan's "Let Me Dream Again" never falls off; of his "Lost Chord," one hundred and eighty thousand copies are said to have been sold. Another song, which he wrote in his youth and sold for five pounds to a music publisher, is said to yield the latter an annual income of five hundred pounds. This is almost as good as the proceeds of Abt's "When the Swallows Homeward Fly."

At the theatres during the week commencing January 25th: The Tivoli Company in "Boccaccio"; Charles Frohman's company in "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows"; George Osbourne in "Saints and Sinners"; Hoyt's company in "A Texas Steer"; the New York Opera Comique Company in "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief"; and Bobby Gaylor in "Sport McAllister."

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STAGE GOSSIP.

"Mr. Wilkinson's Widows" enters on its third and last week in town on Monday night.

Charles Drew, Henry Hallam, George Olmi, Tellula Evans, Emily Soldene, and Bebe Vining will be in the cast of "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief" as it is sung at one of the minor theatres this week.

"Bobby" Gaylor, who played Irish rôles at one of the minor theatres here not many months ago, is now the shining light of a new farce-comedy, "Sport McAllister," which will be seen here for the first time on Monday night.

Stuart Robson and his pretty wife, May Waldron, in "The Henrietta" and "She Stoops to Conquer"; Richard Mansfield in "Beau Brummel" and other good plays; and, possibly, Lillian Russell in "La Cigale" are among the notable attractions to come here in the early spring.

Referring to a paragraph in this column last week, "G. H. R." writes: "Miss Aider Jenoure is not an American. 'Miss Aida Ullithorne' is an Englishwoman, having been born in London, of quite a musical family. She adopted the name of Jenoure, for the stage-name, from her grandmother Ullithorne."

George Osbourne is to play the rôle of the Rev. Phineas Fletcher in "Saints and Sinners" this week. He is a strong actor, but it would be an up-hill fight to play against the vivid recollection Stoddard has left of his rendering of the part. But then, the great majority of those who will go to see Osbourne have never seen Stoddard.

Miss Gale—not Minna K. Gale, but *Miss* Gale, like *Miss* Anderson—is to appear here as a star in another week, in such plays as "Romeo and Juliet," "As You Like It," and "The Hunchback." She was very generally admired in this city when she appeared as leading lady in Lawrence Barrett's company, and there is no little curiosity as to how she will succeed, now that the heavy work of the performance falls on her fair shoulders.

Kitty Marcellus is the new star at the Tivoli, her first appearance being set for Monday night, when "Boccaccio" will be given. The cast will be as follows:

Boccaccio, alternating, Kitty Marcellus, Tilly Salinger; Leonetto, Arthur Messmer; Pietro, Phillip Branson; Lotteringhi, Tom Ricketts; Lambertuccio, M. Cornell; Scalza, Frank Pearson; Fiametta, Gracie Plaisted; Beatrice, Nina Crews; Isabella, Lena Salinger; Peronella, Grace Vernon; Checco, Duncan Smith; Fratelli, G. Napoleoni; Fresco, Nat. B. Cantor; The Unknown, George Harris; Tofano, Emma Vorce; Chichibio, Julie Simmons; Guido, Carrie Walker; Cisti, Alice Berkely; Federigo, Irene Mulle; Giodto, Maud McIntyre; Chiacometto, George Illidge; Filippa, Emma Lyster; Oretta, Gretchen Hirsch.

Patti is repeating her triumphs in New York. There was not an unused inch of standing room at either of her concerts, and the enthusiasm was of the wildest. At the first concert she sang a portion of the mad scene from "Lucia," "Home, Sweet Home," "Coming thro' the Rye," "Bel Raggio" from "Semiramide," and the duet for Semiramide and Arsace, Mme. Fabbri singing the latter rôle. Mme. Fabbri also sang the drinking-song from "Lucrezia Borgia." Little Guille sang first "Stances," by Fiegier, and then delighted his auditors with many high C's in "Di Quella Pira." Del Puente sang "Il Balen" and the toreador song from "Carmen"; Novara sang "... Sdegno"; and they all responded generously ... the hearty encores—including Signor Arditi ... repeated his gavotte.

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People's Home Savings Bank, corner Market and Fourth Streets, in the Flood Building, city.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1891, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and four-tenths (5 4-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-half (4 ½) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1892.
B. O. CARR, Secretary.

The California Savings and Loan Society, corner Powell and Eddy Streets.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1891, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and four-tenths (5 4-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-half (4½) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1892.
VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.

How Iron-Clads Destroyed Stone Forts.

On the fifth of July, 1882, Sir Beauchamp Seymour, the British admiral, had his fleet lying at Alexandria. He had instructions, dating from the fifteenth of May, to land a force, if necessary, to protect the Khedive. By the act of the commander, England commenced a course of active interventions. Egyptian soldiers, to the number of six thousand it was estimated, had been busily constructing earthworks and mounting guns since the twenty-ninth of May. On the sixth of July, Sir Beauchamp Seymour presumed to discover that the fortifications constituted a danger to his ships, and sent an ultimatum demanding that the work upon them should cease or the fleet would open fire. The Porte demanded, through the Turkish embassador at London, that the bombardment should be countermanded. Toulba Pasha, commandant of that garrison, protested that no hostile purpose was intended, and appealed to the "well-known humanity" of the English commander. The consuls of the foreign powers at Alexandria, surprised and alarmed at the sudden heliogreen announcement, begged the British admiral to withdraw his menace until they had used their offices as mediators; but he held to his ultimatum.

Promises were given that the works should be discontinued, and they were apparently deserted in the day-time, but it was seen that the guns were manned by flashing the electric search-light upon them on the night of the eighth, and a reconnoitering party observed mounted cannon in one of the minor forts. Declaring this a breach of the agreement, the commander of the fleet demanded on the ninth that the forts should be temporarily surrendered to the English, to be dismantled within twenty-four hours.

All the foreign ships now left the harbor, while the British iron-clads took position and cleared for action. The western harbor, divided by a mole into the outer and inner harbors, was defended by Fort Ras-el-Tin at the extremity of the peninsula on which the town is built; by Fort Marabout, five miles distant, at the western end of the outer harbor; and by the powerful Meks Fort, with eighty-one guns, at the central point of the crescent-shaped shore. The latter was supported by a multitude of outworks along the shore. Marsa-el-Kanat Fort, on the shore of the outer harbor, was unmanned. Along the sea-wall of the town were, besides the Ras-el-Tin Fort with twenty-four guns, Fort Aida and Castle Pharos on the other jutting arm of the peninsula, the latter overhanging the mouth of the eastern harbor. The western harbor is approached through three passes winding among the spits and shoals, called Corvette, the Bourgas, and the Marabout Passes.

The British fleet was divided into two squadrons, one working inside the outer harbor, the other engaging the forts along the sea-front, while the *Inflexible* and the *Téméraire* placed themselves in the Corvette and the Bourgas Passes, constituting a reserve squadron ready to support either division. The strength of the eight iron-clads, which, with the gun-boats *Bittern*, *Condor*, *Beacon*, *Decoy*, and *Cygnet*, composed the attacking fleet, was as follows: *Inflexible*, *Superb*, *Monarch*, *Sultan*, *Alexandra*, *Téméraire*, *Invincible*, *Penelope*.

The British force counted altogether three thousand five hundred and thirty-nine men and one hundred and two guns. No two of the iron-clads were of the same design. The broadside ships—the *Alexandra*, *Sultan*, and *Superb*—composed the outer squadron, which was given the task of silencing the forts along the sea-front, beginning with Ras-el-Tin and ending with Fort Pharos. The *Alexandra* was of the box-battery type, with deeply recessed bows for the purpose of securing end-on fire. The *Sultan* was of the same type, but less heavily armed and plated. The *Superb*, originally built for the Turkish Government, was of the same type as the *Hercules*. The *Inflexible* and *Téméraire* steamed along the line out of range of the forts, pouring their heavy shells into Fort Meks from Central Pass, and into Forts Aida and Pharos, which they succeeded in silencing. The *Inflexible* was one of the most powerful turret-ships afloat. The *Téméraire* was the then only existing example of the barbette type. She ran aground in the beginning of the action, and was only released after several hours by the aid of two of the gun-boats, but all the time her fire was particularly effective. The *Invincible*, the *Monarch*, and the *Penelope* constituted the inside squadron, attacking the forts at the western end of the bay from within the outer harbor. These vessels were of the old class. The *Penelope*, having the lightest draught of all, was able to work effectively at close range. The gun-boats *Condor* and *Cygnet* could push up into close quarters, and aided materially in the action.

The plan of Admiral Seymour was to engage the enemy all along the line, and harass him with an incessant bombardment. The ships moved at first in oblique lines, so that the Egyptian gunners were unable to get their exact distance, as they had constantly to vary the range. The forts, on the other hand, presented a fixed target, into which the eight iron-clads poured a ceaseless hail of shells, some weighing two hundred and fifty-eight, some four hundred and ten, some five hundred and forty-seven, and those of the 81-ton guns, seventeen hundred and four pounds.

The firing was very inaccurate; but enough of it was effective to knock the stone forts into ruins, kill whole squads of men at once, dismount guns, and blow up magazines in the earth-works. Two of the broadside ships were at anchor from the first, and, after a while, all of the ships of both squadrons anchored to secure more accurate firing.

The bombardment began at seven o'clock on the morning of the eleventh of July, 1882. It lasted ten and one-half hours. Most of the forts attacked were silenced. The fire from some of them was heavy and sustained. The discipline and fortitude displayed by the Egyptian cannoneers were admirable. Their fire was extremely accurate as regards direction, but in elevation they generally failed. The round-shot which hit the vessels did little damage, while none of the conical shells struck the ships.

The bombardment would have been continued longer if the commander had not landed a force to disable Fort Meks. It landed nine hundred strong, and found the fort abandoned. Its two 10-inch guns were blown up and the rest spiked. The fortifications were destroyed by the shot, and the barracks and houses around shattered to pieces by the shells. Ras-el-Tin Fort was in the same condition, the adjacent palace was greatly damaged and partly burned, and the light-house nearly destroyed. Fort Pharos was silenced, its magazine blown up, and guns dismounted. Fort Marabout was badly shattered but not destroyed.

The buildings of the city suffered much. Several shells from the *Inflexible* burst directly over the town, and shells from all the deep-draught vessels, which were obliged to engage the forts at distances of three thousand or four thousand yards, occasionally fell in the town.

The *Alexandra* was struck twenty-five times, and had two guns disabled; the *Invincible* was pierced by six shots; the *Penelope* had a gun disabled. The casualties on the British side were six killed and twenty-eight wounded. The loss of life on the Egyptian side was very great. It was only by killing all of the gunners that most of the pieces on the earth-works were silenced.

The bombardment of Alexandria was an event of great technical importance, and of practical interest to the nations which have expended huge sums of money on monster iron-clads. It proved that these floating fortresses were able to cope with shore batteries, and will stand the fire longer. The conditions of the trial were, however, favorable to the ships. The Egyptian gunnery was too defective to show the amount of damage which can be inflicted upon the ships. Their ammunition was not of the most suitable kind. The British ships, on the other hand, were favored with an exceptionally still sea, and their artillerists had complete charts of the bay, so that the elevations could be calculated at once, without the necessity of experimental cross-ranging. The engagement taught one important lesson regarding the defense against the heavy ordnance of modern iron-clad frigates. It is, that earth-works afford an excellent protection. Shells from the 81-ton guns, exploded among the sand-bags, inflicted no injury. They threw up great clouds of dust and it seemed as if the whole structure was leveled, but when the dust cleared, the guns were seen to be in the same position. It was necessary to hit the guns themselves to silence these batteries. Masonry is useless against such guns; the strongest granite walls would be shivered with a single shot.

Most of the population had fled from Alexandria during the bombardment. When it was deserted by the troops, rioting scenes of pillage and destruction ensued. Finely built streets in the European quarter were burned to the ground. The richly furnished shops were gutted, and most of the merchandise was destroyed by the pillagers as soon as they reached the street.

The conflagration lit up the sky that night. Europeans—who had remained in charge of the banks—and officers barricaded the houses and kept off the mob with their fire-arms. When the scenes of fury abated, they dashed down to the shore in hands and were taken on board the ships.

The British Government was severely blamed at home and abroad for not having sent troops, ready to land, in time to save Alexandria from pillage and arson. The damage was taxed by the sufferers in their claims—presented before the commission of inquiry subsequently appointed by the Khedive—at a total of thirty millions of dollars.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Husband—"My dear, we'll have to economize." *Wife*—"Well, let's smoke less."—*Puck.*

She—"Was it a mercenary marriage?" *He*—"Yes. They were both too poor to stay engaged any longer."—*Life.*

Soaker—"It was so cold in my room this morning, I could see my breath." *Miss Cynica*—"Mercy! What a horrible sight."—*Ex.*

"Well, I would have been engaged now if it were not for my chaperon." "Did she interfere?" "Yes; she became engaged to him herself."—*Life.*

Fireman—"Now, then, one at a time—hurry up, if you want to get out alive!" *Mr. Benthayre*—"Save the cook first—we may never be able to get another one!"—*Puck.*

Judge—"Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?" *Prisoner* (haughtily)—"If I have anything to say, I'll say it in my autobiography."—*Life.*

Rosalie—"Mr. Trotter proposed to me last night." *Her mother*—"Well, what did you tell him?" *Rosalie*—"I was so rattled I don't know what I said, but I *think* I accepted him."—*Epoch.*

Fully convertent: *Deacon Sollemm* (after his cuffs and collars)—"My friend, are you a Christian?" *Yung Lung*—"Yessee; me wantee sellee wifee, an' mally pletty Sunday-school teachee."—*Puck.*

Two old sports accustomed to catch the granger at poker are playing against one another. "I call you. What ye got?" "Four aces." "What's yer outside card? I've got four aces myself."—*Siftings.*

Editor illustrated paper—"Did you succeed in getting a soap-shot at Mrs. Cleveland?" *Camera fiend*—"Yes; but I couldn't get the baby." *Editor*—"Never mind about that. Any baby will do."—*New York Weekly.*

Edmond Dantes O'Neill (in his great act of claiming everything)—"The world is mine!" *Man with valise* (suddenly appearing on the stage)—"Divvy, old feller, or I'll drop this on the floor and blow you into some other world!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

First sport—"I played the races yesterday and I realize now what an awful fool I was." *Second sport*—"Why don't you ring in a messenger-boy and hire him to kick you for an hour or two?" *First sport*—"I played the races yesterday."—*Somerville Journal.*

A little girl, aged nine, called her father to her bed-side the other evening. "Papa," said the little diplomat, "I want to ask your advice." "Well, my little dear, what is it about?" "What do you think it would be best to give me on my birthday?"—*Siftings.*

Mr. Globetrotte—"I made a flying trip through Ireland while I was abroad, Patrick, and it seemed to me that the people looked contented enough." *Patrick*—"It's seldom they luk thot way, sor. You must 'av' been there when th' foigbting wor goin' on."—*Life.*

Piper—"I was playing some classic music at the party the other night at Soohhs's, when the company suddenly stampeded." *Smith*—"Why, where did they go?" *Piper*—"They went down into the kitchen to hear the cook sing 'Maggie Murphy's Home.'"—*Yankee Blade.*

Fair American (after listening to a graphic account of a fox-hunt in England)—"But I should think, Captain Fitzhugh, that you would be greatly hampered by lack of space. It is rather cruel to limit the chances of the fox to England alone. Does he go in circles around the island?"—*Judge.*

Benevolent lady—"Little boy, here is another temperance tract I wish you would give to your father." *Street gamin*—"Me dad ain't drinkin' now. He's swore off." *Benevolent lady* (ecstatically)—"Did he read the last tract I gave you?" *Gamin*—"Nope. He's training fer a prize-fight."—*New York Weekly.*

DCXLXXII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, January 24, 1892.

Beef Noodle Soup.
Fried Oysters. Cold-Slaw.
Broiled Teal Ducks. Potato Croquettes.
String-Beans. Corn Fritters.
Roast Veal.
Lettuce, Egg-Dressing.
Whipped Jelly with Fruits.
Chocolate Cake.

WHIPPED JELLY WITH FRUITS.—Prepare about two cupfuls of preserved fruits—for instance, pine apples, peaches, greengages, and cherries; keep the cherries whole, but cut the others in dice; moisten them all with sherry. Prepare about a quart of jelly made of sherry or pale brandy, and, when strained, pour it into a basin, which place upon the ice; whip it now gently with the egg-whisk, adding the juice of two lemons; when it begins to set and is quite frothy (not too much so, however), stir in the fruits; place all into a mold and surround it with ice.

— KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made; makes delicious desserts. Just received gold medal American Institute Fair, New York city. Superior to all brands.

Mr. Theodore Wores is to hold an exhibition of his paintings at Morris & Kennedy's gallery during the first two weeks in February. It will comprise some seventy-five pictures and sketches, painted in England and the Eastern States, and some Japanese subjects. Mr. Wores has been in town now several weeks, but this is the first opportunity the public has had to see his pictures. Naturally there is much interest in the exhibition, for San Francisco still claims Mr. Wores for her own, in spite of the furore his work created in London and the Eastern cities.

The first of a series of recitals by Miss Susan Hale was given last Wednesday evening at the First Unitarian Church, under the auspices of the Society for Christian Work. The subject was "The Vicar of Wakefield." The two remaining recitals will take place on Wednesday evening, January 27th, the subject being "The Children of the Abbey," and on Saturday afternoon, January 30th, when Miss Hale will deliver her original monologue, "The Elixir of Youth."

Good Cooking

Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc., use Gail Bordeo "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label. Sold by your grocer and druggist.

— THE COSTIKYAN COLLECTION OF ORIENTAL goods which is now being publicly exhibited and sold at auction at 16 Post Street, contains some of the handsomest pieces of Turkish carpets, tapestries, rugs, and embroideries that have ever been brought to this country. They are well worth examining, and are being sold remarkably cheap.

— NOW THAT YOU ARE TIRED OF EATING turkey, try a kit of those fat, juicy bloater mackerel to be had of S. Foster & Co., 26 California Street.

— COX'S GELATINE — 1725-1891 — CHECKERED packets only. The Original and Best Gelatine. Ask for new and large packet.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— "ONE MINUTE" PANCAKE MEAL MAKES delicious hot cakes. Something new. Try it.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, ... EDITOR.

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A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supplying; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

The country is to be congratulated on its narrow escape from a war with a republic containing less than one-twentieth the population of the United States, and these chiefly of a mixed Spanish-Indian breed. There was no glory to be won in such a war; it would have involved considerable expense, and, in the end, after knocking the Chilean Republic to pieces, we would have had to go to work to reconstruct it. No Congress would assent to an acquisition of territory wrested from a South American power—the only compensation that could have been hoped would have been a restoration to Peru of the territory taken from her by Chile in 1883, and a reëstablishment therehy of the national balance of power on the western coast of the southern continent. But as there is no reason to believe that the Peruvians love us any better than the Chileans—they complain that we deserted and betrayed them in 1882—even this gain would he problematical.

Next to our escape from war, the best result of the settlement is the discovery that the feeling of nationality which grew out of the War of the Rebellion has become a marked national characteristic. The few men and the few newspapers which allowed partisanship to sway them against the course of the administration have encountered almost universal reprobation—amounting in some cases to contempt. The people have stood by the government as one man, regardless of party. To appreciate the progress which this fact implies, it is necessary to read history. When the War of 1812 was declared, five-eighths of the House of Representatives and nearly one-half the Senate voted against the report of the committee on which the declaration of war was based. New England was almost solid against the war. Even after it had been declared, the people of Massachusetts and Connecticut did their utmost to thwart the efforts of the government to cope with the enemy. While the war was raging, eighty-nine out of two hundred and eighteen electoral votes were cast against the President who was carrying it on; and, in the following year, the Hartford convention, composed of delegates from the New England States, advised the legislatures of those States to enact laws which would have crippled the administration. Just fifty years later, the entire Democratic party, which happily carried only three States, though it polled forty-five per cent. of the popular vote, cast its ballots for a candidate who stood on a platform declaring that the war for the Union was a failure and should he stopped.

The contrast between the conduct of the opposition on these occasions and the behavior of the Democrats of to-day is striking. With few exceptions, the leading members of the party responded to President Harrison's message with hearty assurances of support. Mr. Holman, chairman of the committee on appropriations, promised all the money required. Mr. Herbert, so long chairman of the committee on naval affairs, pledged Congress to the support of the President. Senator Hill, of New York, said that "we representatives in Congress are Americans, first, last, and all the time." McCreary, of Kentucky, was satisfied that the House would sustain the honor of the flag. Senator Daniel, of Virginia, declared that the President ought to be supported, "and he would he." Mr. Wheeler, of Alahama, said that the President could count on his support. Senator Gibson of Maryland, declared that he would stand by the President. All these are Democrats, and they are only a few of those who took an early opportunity of announcing their intention to give the administration their cordial support in the event of war. It is plain that, if the incident had led to an actual outbreak of hostilities, the President would have had a united country behind him.

In view of the manly utterances of these sturdy Democrats, how paltry the cavils of the New York Mugwump papers appear! These sheets have no claim to represent American opinion. They do not understand the purposes or the spirit of the American nation.

It is almost ludicrous to read in such papers as the *Herald*, the *Times*, the *Post*, and *Harper's Weekly*, attacks upon President Harrison for his want of calmness, patience, and statesmanship. His calmness was judicial, in the face of evidence which made the blood boil; his patience tried that of people generally; if the conduct of an affair of this character to a happy ending without sacrifice of American interests, and without needlessly wounding the susceptibilities of Chile, he not statesmanship, it would he difficult to discover what that attribute would require. Mr. Harrison is not an ideal President; he does not possess the rare gift of embodying his views in a few terse sentences, like Grant or Lincoln; but he most certainly discharges the duties of his office with judgment and discretion, and he rarely makes a mistake. A more impetuous magistrate would probably have plunged us into a useless and exasperating war several weeks ago. A President after the heart of the New York *Post*, and the disciples of the Mugwump school, would have tamely submitted to the outrage of October 16th, and would have established the principle that American sailors in South American ports carry their lives in their hand. Mr. Harrison did neither the one nor the other. He did not move until he had all the evidence before him in an authentic shape; then he laid it before Congress, in a clear and dispassionate narrative, which, if it had become necessary to resort to force, would have constituted an ample justification for the course pursued by his country.

It is fortunate for the future of the American commonwealth that its destinies are wielded by men who are conscious of their responsibilities and the courage of their convictions—not by venomous scribblers and gnat-brained partisans, who can never rise above the dictates of small party politics, and who inhabit such a region that they must often be puzzled to know to what nation they really belong.

There are signs that the people of the country will shortly be awakened to the fact that the public schools are in danger—not from open enemies or frank assault so much as from a wide-spread, well-organized, ceaselessly active conspiracy to undermine them. It is not alone in California that the schools are at a standstill or retrograding. The condition of things existing in San Francisco finds its parallel in not a few of the great cities of the Union. Here the attendance is about what it was in 1885, though the population has increased by not less than thirty-five thousand. A. S. Draper, State superintendent of public instruction in New York, in a recently published paper commenting upon that portion of Governor Flower's message bearing upon the unsatisfactory state of the schools, says:

"The reports show that, in 1851, the 'total attendance' in New York comprised 75.6 per cent. of the school population. This percentage has constantly fallen off with surprising regularity during the intervening forty years. In 1861, it was 65.6 per cent.; in 1871, it was 63.4 per cent.; in 1881, it was 61.4 per cent.; in 1891, it was 57.8 per cent. This is a showing which must engage the attention of all thoughtful persons."

It should, indeed, and if Mr. Draper did not happen to owe his official position to the voters of a State which more than any other is controlled by the influence of the Roman Church, he would not pretend that he thinks "inadequate" the "most ready suggestion which will be offered in explanation—the organization of church or parochial schools." Other causes contribute, of course, but Superintendent Draper's paper shows that he has absolutely no information as to the number of parochial schools in New York or the attendance upon them. That is a kind of knowledge which the church in New York, as elsewhere in the United States, keeps to itself with such care that surmises alone remain as a basis for judgment. The Roman Church is powerful enough to prevent the passage of laws in the States requiring it to make reports, and it is able to maintain the complete independence of its parochial schools from official control or supervision. It is powerful enough, indeed, to do more than this, and is engaged in a steady movement for the capture of a portion of the public-school funds. In many sections of the country this movement is meeting with success. In California, the church has not yet achieved anything in this direction, but it has succeeded in fastening the burden of the support of many of its charitable institutions—each of which is a pretext for perennial begging—upon the public treasury. Other sects have imitated it in this respect. Throughout the land all the churches are more or less eager for State aid in their benevolent work, and for this reason they are too generally disposed to close their eyes to the advances of the chief beneficiary of this violation of the spirit of the constitution, which forbids union between state and church.

The National League for the Protection of American Institutions—whose objects are, as its name implies, "to secure constitutional and legislative safeguards for the protection of the common-school system and other American institutions, and to prevent all sectarian or denominational appropriations of public funds"—is preparing for timely aggressive action

by requesting Congress, at the present session, to submit a constitutional amendment in the following form:

"*No State shall pass any law respecting an establishment "of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or use "its property or credit, or any money raised by taxation, or "authorize either to be used, for the purpose of founding, "maintaining, or aiding, by appropriation, payment for "services, expenses, or otherwise, any church, religious de-"nomination, or religious society, or any institution, society, "or undertaking which is wholly, or in part, under secta-"rian or ecclesiastical control.*"

There is in this proposed Sixteenth Amendment nothing to which any American citizen, as such, can object. It provides simply for a united delegation of power by all the States to the Federal Government to maintain the fundamental principle of religious freedom in the great departments of education and benevolence. It does not confer on the Federal Government any new powers or vest it with the slightest control over the internal affairs of any State. It merely limits the powers of the State in the matter of appropriations of money. It is not a new proposition by any means. Already twenty-one of the forty-four States have their constitutions so guarded. Both the Republican and Democratic parties in their national platforms have given pledges in harmony with the suggested amendment. A similar amendment, proposed by President Grant, was introduced in the House of Representatives on December 14, 1875, by Mr. Blaine, and was approved by the overwhelming vote of one hundred and eighty ayes to seven noes; but in the Senate it failed of a two-thirds majority in its favor, the vote standing twenty-eight ayes to sixteen noes.

In a discussion of the Sixteenth Amendment in a late issue of the New York *Independent*, to which many men of reputation contributed, the only objection raised was that it does not go far enough. Among its most ardent protagonists figured Protestant clergymen, who are more concerned for the republic's welfare than for State aid to their denominations. Dr. R. S. McArthur spoke the truth well and strongly when he said:

"The time has come for us, as a people, to strike a vigorous blow at the root of the entire system of State and national aid to sectarian schools and other uses of public moneys. We should affirm, with the utmost emphasis, that not one dollar of public money shall be given to any sectarian object. We are menaced at this moment with the danger of so appropriating public funds. It can not be denied that a great organization is striving to secure support for parochial schools from public funds. Such a use of money is contrary to the fundamental idea of our government. It is an utterly pernicious system. No sectarian body should become a beneficiary of the State or of the general government."

"The great organization that is striving to secure support for parochial schools from public funds" is, of course, the Roman Church.

Among those who have written for publication their indorsement of the Sixteenth Amendment, appears, we are pleased to see, Professor David S. Jordan, president of the Leland Stanford Jr. University. "I am," he says, "thoroughly in sympathy with the purpose of the National League." Hon. William Strong, ex-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, Professor David Kinley, of Johns Hopkins University, Henry Hitchcock, ex-president of the American Bar Association, General Thomas J. Morgan, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Hon. John Jay, Hon. Dorman B. Eaton, ex-Civil Service Commissioner, Dr. W. R. Huntington, Bishop Searborough, of the Episcopal Church, and Bishops Mallalieu and Whipple, of the Methodist Church, are a few of the distinguished Americans who are glad thus publicly to commit themselves in advocacy of the amendment.

Whether Congress now will do what in 1885 the Senate, out of deference to the greed and political power of the Roman Church, prevented it from doing, there is no means of foretelling; but even the rejection of the amendment by either branch of the national legislature would be better than no action at all, since the matter would be brought into general discussion. That discussion would arouse the people, and possibly put some courage into the press. In the words of Professor Kinley, of Johns Hopkins: "This is a matter on which the trumpet of American citizenship should give no uncertain sound. 'No Union of Church and State,' 'No Sectarian Appropriations,' 'No Division of Common School Fund,' must be our mottoes if we would avoid the dangers that threaten."

A President of the United States is to be elected in November of the present year, and it is not a very long time from January to November, and a much shorter time to the meeting of the two great nominating conventions. Presidential possibilities are attracting a great deal of attention.

Six months ago, the Democratic party had no candidate but Grover Cleveland. Could the national convention of that party have been held then, Cleveland would have been nominated by acclamation, for no other name would have been presented. Now, however, the situation is entirely different. Cleveland meant free trade. The country has had a full year's trial of the new tariff; and, instead of the distress that was predicted by the free-traders, there has been almost unexampled prosperity, which, of course, has tended to lower Mr. Cleveland in public estimation, since it has shown that his predictions of disaster were based on insufficient data. As Dana might say, the Stuffed Prophet is a false prophet. Not only this, but the majority in the House of Representatives has shown its ready appreciation of the change in popular sentiment by retiring the free-traders to positions of comparative obscurity. The defeat of Mills for Speaker can be understood in no other way than as a refusal, on the part of the leaders of the Democratic party, to submit to Cleveland's guidance. Mills was Cleveland's man.

It will be understood very readily that at the bottom of this anti-Cleveland sentiment in the Democratic party is David Bennett Hill, the late governor of New York and now United States Senator from that State, between whom and Cleveland there is a bitterness of feeling beside which the animosity engendered by the memorable Stockton convention of this State is a perfect love-feast. Since Hill, with the aid of Tammany, holds the great State of New York in the hollow of his hand, he can prevent Cleveland's nomination very easily.

But if not Cleveland, who shall it be? Hill's name occurs, naturally, as the leading candidate for the nomination, but his upward and onward course he will find beset with difficulties and obstacles. He can control the machine vote and the liquor vote of New York, but he can not be sure of the entire Democratic vote. Hill would certainty alienate the decent and respectable element of the Democratic party in New York, to say nothing of the little remnant of the holiness band—the Mugwumps—and such a defection would be enough to lose the State to the Democrats, and with it the Presidential election.

The Democrats have no available candidate outside of New York, while inside that State they have one too many. Mr. Morrison, of Illinois, might accept a nomination, but for the state of his health. Governor Palmer, of the same State, is "in the hands of his friends," waiting for political lightning to strike him, but he is too old for the nomination, with the work and worry it would entail. Governor Campbell, of Ohio, would not be coy, but his recent defeat by McKinley has put him out of the running. Senator Gorman, of Maryland, is a thorough Democrat, but his State is too small, and Gorman has a reputation very like Hill's—that of being a cunning politician, a shrewd manipulator, and a clever tactician in partisan warfare, but not a statesman. Boies, of Iowa, and Gray, of Indiana, like one of our local statesmen, have been "mentioned in connection with the place," but that is about as far as it will go, since neither possesses the qualifications which go to make up a strong candidate. The Democratic party, to sum up the whole matter, will find itself sadly at a loss to name a candidate who can reconcile the dissensions in the party, and who, above all, can carry New York.

The Republican party is in a very different and much more fortunate condition. There seems to be no doubt that Blaine is the choice of the party; but it is certain that there is no State which would vote for Blaine that would not vote for Harrison, were he renominated. In spite of the malicious assertions of the Democratic newspapers, the President and the Secretary of State refuse to be put into an attitude of hostility to each other, but fulfill their respective duties in an upright, manly, and statesman-like way, as the recent Chilean episode has abundantly proved. Both are recognized as genuine, sterling Republicans, and while, as we have said, Secretary Blaine is the first choice of the party, it is absolutely certain that were the honor of the nomination to fall to President Harrison, he would have no more loyal supporters and earnest workers for his success than James G. Blaine and his friends.

This view of the situation has dealt almost exclusively with men and not with measures; but the latter must play an important part in any event. It was asserted a day or two ago that Hill, Brice, and Gorman had laid their heads together in Washington and had formulated a plan of campaign. It is simply to go to the people with a demand for the repeal of the McKinley Tariff Law and the repeal of the Silver Act of 1890—simply that and nothing more. In this way the triumvirate of Democratic bosses hope to avoid the danger of opposition from any source. The tariff platform, they think, will be broad enough to hold everybody—protectionists, tariff-reformers, and free-traders—while the silver platform will mean anything or nothing, but will serve to take the silver question out of the campaign.

The scheme may sound well, but it will not work. A party which goes to the people in a national campaign on negations only, confesses its weakness to such a degree that it can not rally its supporters. It can not even force its adversaries into a defensive position on such a feigned issue, for there is no use in assailing the McKinley Bill unless there be something proposed in its stead which will be at least asserted to be better suited to the needs of the people, and as for silver, the question can not be disposed of in any such cavalier way. The truth is that the Democratic party is in desperate straits, both as to candidates and as to issues.

The success of Dr. Keeley, of Dwight, Ill., in convincing drunkards that he is able to extract their thirst, without pain, by the subcutaneous injection of a mysterious preparation and the administration internally of what he calls bichloride of gold, conjoined with a system of general treatment, has created a national interest and controversy. The facts at present are nearly all on the side of Dr. Keeley. Thousands of men who have been drunkards testify that he has cured them. It is admitted that lapses into inebriety, to the number of five per cent. of the "cured," occur. The doctors, of course, are almost all hostile to the Dwight specialist's pretensions. In the first place, his remedy—if remedy it be—is new, which is a defect in any medicine that in every age has been sufficient to insure for it the skeptical scorn of physicians. In the next place, Keeley declines to confide the secret of his formula to the profession, which is a breach of ethics, and justly subjects him to suspicion of being a quack. He affirms, however, that were he to intrust his secret to doctors generally it could not be applied under such favorable conditions as are provided at Dwight, and the branch establishments that he is opening in various parts of the country. There is some sense in this, and as Keeley is rapidly becoming a millionaire by retaining his monopoly, it is not in the American heart to be hard on him for holding on to a good thing. To be sure if he were like Jenner, who gave his vaccination discovery to the world, or like Koch, who did the same thing with his lymph for the cure of consumption, Keeley's contemporaries and posterity would honor him more than—as a shrewd business man—he can expect to be the case.

But whether Dr. Keeley be a benefactor of his race—if a thrifty one—or a mere charlatan, he is undubitably sobering up a grand, staggering army. The setting up of one of his resorts at Los Gatos gives California a closer interest in his pretensions and achievements than if our arid classes were obliged to journey to far-distant Dwight for his ministrations. It is to be expected that the new evangel of temperance will encounter some elements of opposition here to which he has been unaccustomed. Of course Californians, like every other civilized and Christian people, deplore the evils which crowd the train of drunkenness; but, then, California is a wine-growing and brandy-producing State, and while we as a community deprecate excess, the consensus of opinion, not unsustained by interest, looks with favor upon a moderate use of stimulants. The *Argonaut* trusts, however, that fear of ill business consequences will not induce California to give Dr. Keeley the cold shoulder. A little reflection will demonstrate that, if the man has in reality hit upon a sure cure for inebriety, our material and political, as well as moral, welfare must own in him an agency of unequaled benefit. The fear of filling a drunkard's grave impels multitudes to shun the wine-cup altogether. That fear removed, hosts of teetotallers would become consumers of Californian wines and brandy, and thus add to the gayety of nations. Politically, such a specific would be for the Republican party a new birth, since the Democratic majority in Kentucky would disappear, the Solid South disintegrate, and everywhere the Keeley syringe become the harbinger and emblem of a new and purer era. The Democratic party has a floating foundation in whisky. If this foundation be removed, the fabric will topple; and the individual Democrats, sobered and clarified, will see straight; alcoholic strabismus will no longer afflict them, and they will vote the Republican ticket.

It is not wise to scoff at Dr. Keeley, though it is reasonable to wait on time for proof of the genuineness of the reformations due to his drugs and the influences of his asylums. Neither is it in accordance with experience to hold that it is impossible to work a constitutional transformation by medical treatment in so short a space as three or four weeks. All doctors of standing now agree that drunkenness in many instances is as truly a disease as small-pox, and we know that the introduction of a particle of vaccine matter will fortify the body against the attack of small-pox. Why should it not be possible that the nervous system may in like manner be transformed and strengthened against the conditions which induce the craving for stimulants? Every one who cares for his kind will at least wish, if he can not hope, that Dr. Keeley is not a humbug.

The people of the United States find themselves compelled to choose one of two alternatives, either to aid in the construction of the Nicaragua Canal, or to allow it to be constructed by foreign capital and controlled, after its completion, by foreign influence. The Nicaragua Canal Company is reported, on good authority, to be able to place its stock and bonds in Europe, thereby securing all the money necessary for the completion of the canal. Such foreign ownership will be antagonistic to the spirit, at least, of the Monroe Doctrine, if not to its letter.

There is a very simple and easy way to prevent this, which

is for Coogress to act upon the suggestion contaioed in Presideot Harrison's recent message, and guarantee the interest on the canal honds upon such terms and conditions as shall not only hold the nation free from pecuniary responsihility, hut shall insure the retention of the control of the canal in American hands. That the canal will he constructed is now a foregone conclusion, and there seems to he no room for argument on the proposition that it would he hetter to have it an American canal than to have England, or France; or Germany so far interested in it as to claim the right to fortify its entrances and control the territory lying adjacent to it on each side. If foreign gold construct it, foreign fleets and forts will guard it, in spite of the protests of the United States or the invocation of the Monroe Doctrine.

The recent situation should he a most convincing argument upon the question of the American control of the canal. In the event of war with Chile, we would have heen ohliged to send naval vessels to the west coast of South America. The usual route — through the Straits of Magellan — is not only a long and tedious one for vessels from the Atlantic Coast, hut it is one that might he hlockaded hy Chilean cruisers and successfully defended, thus compelling our ships to make a long detour around Cape Horn, in which case the coal supply would become a matter of very serious moment. The chance of such a war illustrates the importance of the Nicaragua Canal to the United States from a strategic point of view.

To present the matter in a different phase of the same questioo, suppose that we were at war with another foreign power, say China, or Japan, or Great Britain, or Germany, and that an attack upon our Pacific Coast were imminent. We might have fifty ships of war in the Atlantic, but hefore they could cover the seventeen thousand miles, or thereahouts, which lie hetween New York and San Francisco, every city and town on the Pacific Coast might he in ashes or held to an enormous war indemnity as a condition of heiog let alone. No human power could hring a fleet from the Atlantic ports to San Francisco in less than sixty days under the most favorahle conditions, and hy the end of that time a squadron would he useless, unless to aveoge us for our losses.

But it ought not to he necessary to advocate the huilding of the Nicaragua Canal hy Americans as a war measure, nor would it he necessary were it not that the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives, following the lead of that skinflint statesman, Holman, of Indiana, has set its face against hounties or suhsidies of any kind, including, as we understand the resolution, the loaning of the credit of the United States to any enterprise, no matter how carefully safeguarded. Were Congress to he reasonahle in this matter, and guarantee the interest on the canal honds, the greater portion of them would he taken up in the United States without the slightest hesitation. These honds would he hought aod the money furnished for the construction of the canal purely as a husiness proposition, and hecause husiness men would know that the enterprise would he, like the Suez Canal, a splendid investment. When Lord Beaconsfield secured for Great Britain the control of that canal, he was roundly ahused for what was called his "speculative folly," hut his wisdom and foresight have heen recognized ever since. The canal shares have paid large and regular dividends, and to such an extent has the traffic increased that at the present time the canal is operated night and day hy the aid of electric lights. Waiving its commercial success, however, consider how vital to England's maritime supremacy is the Suez Canal. Yet the Nicaragua Canal is even more important to the United States.

That the Nicaragua Canal would henefit California and the whole Pacific Coast surely needs no argument. It would open up new markets for California products; it would work a peaceful revolution in the trade and commerce of the whole coast; it would make the two coasts of this vast country as one. It seems the very apotheosis of folly for the House of Representatives to plant itself stolidly upon the dogmatic proposition that the United States shall not and will not extend even constructive aid to an enterprise which must henefit the whole country, and particularly this portion of it.

But whether the Nicaragua Canal he controlled at home or ahroad, what should San Francisco do to make ready for it? Ohviously we should provide transportation agencies in the shape of specially constructed freight-steamships, in order that we may not find ourselves suhjected to the same form of hondage in which the railroad has held us so long. We should huild and own our own steamers, thus making us wholly independent of Eastern capital, which has a way of aggregating and solidifying for its own henefit and to our disadvantage. We should go to work at once to plan for the construction of a line of modern freight-steamers.

If this city and State would hut get their eyes opened and their interest aroused to the future of the Pacific Coast, if they would hut wake up to the possihilities—nay, certainties—which lie hefore us, they could not remain longer in that dormant, half-torpid state which has succeeded to the dash and energy once characteristic of California. We want the Nicaragua Canal, we want ships to navigate the canal, and, in the meantime, we want a steamship line to New York. We can not construct the canal, hut we can huild the ships. Let such a line he huilt, and they will earn their cost thrice over hefore the canal is completed.

The Democratic partisan sheets are chargiog that President Harrison is animated hy motives of personal ambition and party advancement in his management of the Chilean imhroglio. As yet, however, no Democratic senator or representative has indorsed such charges. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, showed an inclioation io that direction, hut was not supported hy his colleagues.

If the Democratic organs are wise, they will ahandon such hase aod cowardly politics. Let them recall the attitude of parties and people in the war with Mexico. Notwithstanding the rancor of parties during the period of that war, there was no leading Whig or Whig newspaper that promulgated similar insinuations against President Polk and the Democratic party. Some opposed the war, hut made no such insinuations. The war with Mexico hegan early in 1846, without a tithe of the direct provocation that the United States has had from Chile. Yet politics and party lioes were not considered in the war with Mexico. It was enough for the American people to know that their country was involved in war with a foreign power, and, animated hy the spirit of patriotism, they mustered and fought to conquer an honorahle peace. General Gaines, a Democrat, stationed in the South-West, was called away, and to General Taylor, a Whig, was given the command. Suhsequently General Scott, the great Whig leader, was appointed to the chief command. The war spirit pervaded the country. New Hampshire and Massachusetts sent their regiments. New York and Pennsylvania were promptly in the field. Regiments were organized in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, and Arkansas, and in every Southern State of the Atlantic and the gulf. The war spirit was domioant. Henry Clay, Tom Corwin, and other great Whig champions, raised their voices against it in Congress and out; James Russell Lowell satirized it in his "Hosea Biglow Papers," and peace societies resolved against it and denounced it. But the people added further proofs of their general indorsement of the war—the Whigs nominated General Taylor for President over Henry Clay, and thousands of Democrats voted for his election to the supreme station.

In the opinion of all fair-minded men, President Harrison has acted with great moderation in this Chilean husiness. But if the Democratic organs should, to injure him politically, accuse him of heiog too war-like, they may, judging from the light of history, he hoist with their own petard.

The amendments to the laws governing immigration in this country were framed on purpose to prevent the landing of immigrants of ohjectionahle class from every part of the world, and particularly from Europe. But of late years the European governments have encouraged and facilitated the emigration of the trouhlesome classes, and in many instances directly assisted the exodus of paupers and criminals. The United States is made the dumping-ground of these deported emigrants. The immigration from the United Kingdom is generally less ohjectionahle than the foul flow which pours in hy ship-loads from the southern portions of Europe, hut it was found necessary to adopt laws against the admission of the large numhers of paupers from Ireland who were furnished with passage and a pittance hy the British government to enahle them to make the voyage to America. But the laws must he made more stringent. Recently there came to the port of New York from England two immigrants, who had served as soldiers in the British army and were upon the pension-roll. It was developed that their pensions had heen commuted for the purpose of enahling them to make the passage to the United States, and that, of the lump sum agreed upon, a part was paid to them in hand and the remainder was forwarded to the British consul in New York, to he paid after the landing of the immigrant, when his admission to the country was secured. All this is good evidence that these pensioned veterans were directly assisted hy the British authorities. The two were aged, unahle to earn a living, and must have become dependent upon the charitahle institutions of the country in a short time. Through the earnest intercession of the British minister at Washington, one of the disqualified immigrants was permitted to land, with his family. The other was returned on the vessel that had hrought him.

The British Government has no right to unload her ohnoxious or undesirahle suhjects and assisted emigrants upon the shores of the United States. It is an unfriendly act, and the British Foreign Office should he so informed.

Some time ago, during the autumn, the *Argonaut* commented on an epidemic of typhoid which was raging in many large cities of the East. It was ascrihed hy physicians in every case to an impure water supply. The Croton watershed, which supplies New York city, was particularly foul. But that portion of the water supply of Boston which comes from the Mystic River was also contaminated, and Philadelphia complained hitterly of the condition of the Schuylkill, the source of her water supply. Even now, far on in the winter, complaints continue to come from Philadelphia, for we notice the followiog paragraph in the *Public Ledger* of that city, dated January 18th:

"The quality of the water with which the city has been latterly supplying the consumers of the south-western part of Philadelphia, is precisely like the quality of mercy, which Shakespeare has assured us is 'not strained.' It certainly is not strained, and it strongly demonstrates the necessity for larger reservoirs or methods of filtration. The water is not as black as ink, but in at least one part of the city it is nearly so. It is not only dark—it is so dense with impurities as to render it totally unfit for domestic use, and, though evidently a fair article of sewerage, it is not quite sufficiently foul and rich to serve as a profitable fertilizer. The department, of course, does the best it can under the circumstances; but city councils should provide it with means to do better. Just now the public is obliged to pay for water which it is impossible, with regard to health or cleanliness, to use for any domestic purposes."

Paragraphs like these continually appear in the leading journals throughout the country. The people of this city may not he aware of the fact, hut no large city in the United States has so good a water supply as San Francisco. In fact, no large city in the world has so good a water supply, with the single exception of Glasgow.

During the general discussion of war and defense in the past few weeks, Edison declared that, with a head of water and a handful of men, he could hold a fort against an army. He would surround his fort hy an immense electric plane, supply his handful of men with hose, and, when the enemy came within his circuit, play streams of water on them which would make them the connecting link in a powerful current and mow them down hy huodreds.

Among the most recent of electrical marvels is the telegraphy of pictures. It is as yet imperfect, hut such is the rapidity with which inventions nowadays are perfected, that in a short time the newspapers may have among their dispatches views of the scenes described.

What will the discoveries and inventions of the nineteenth century leave to the twentieth? Steamhoats and railroads, ocean-steamer navigation, clipper ships, and screw propellers have heen invented; the powers and mysteries of electricity have heen developed to the uses of mankind; implements and machinery to enahle farmers to master the tillage of thousands of acres with less toil than was required in the cultivation of the small farm of less than an hundred acres; lightiog hy gas was introduced in the United States; metal pens and friction matches were invented; aluminum was discovered; also chloroform, iridium, lithium, magnesium, palladium, potassium, quinine, ruhidium, suthenium, strontium, thallium, yttrium, and zirconium; daguerreotypes and photography, phonography, the stethoscope, the complete sewing-machine, the hicycle, the revolver and Gatling gun, and the tremendous explosives used in quarrying, mining, and gunnery. The steam printing-press was an invention of the early years of the century, now developed to the printing of many thousands of sheets per hour. Electricity has heen reduced and trained to the uses of mankind in every conceivable manner, and Edison has made its powers the wonder of the age. Franklin caught it, Morse reduced and utilized it to the uses of telegraphy, Field and his associates employed it, Puck-like, to cahle continents and helt the world in instantaneous intercommunication. Electric lights and cars are among the wonders which are in common use. The phonograph and telephone are trained mysteries, which everyhody uses. What will there he for the twentieth century to discover or invent?

California and other of the Pacific States want puhlic huildings — custom-houses, post-offices, and United States court edifices; hut all such hills will fall under the axe of Ohjector Holman. San Francisco may get her site for a post-office, hecause the appropriation has already heen made; hut the appropriation expected from this Congress to proceed with the construction will prohahly not he made. The improvement of harhors on the coast, the dredging of rivers to assist navigation, and the many other works which should receive attention hy the government, must await another session. The district in Indiana represented hy Mr. Holman is amply provided with almost everything that the government could aid. Holman's campaign capital at every election is solely and wholly his ahility in paring expenses down to the lowest notch, without regard to urgency or honest payment of just claims. It is, however, his own party, who are largely in majority in the House, that will suffer to the greatest degree, in party sense. The deeper harm is the injury he will cause the puhlic service hy his parsimonious system of legislation, which is totally unsuited to a great country of incalculahle wealth and unequaled magnificence. Congress is hetter without his kind. The Pacific Coast annually pays many millions to the Federal Government. We ought to get some back.

THE UNFINISHED GAME OF CARDS.

A Weird Experience in a Haunted Château.

The old château, dark against an after-sunset sky and veiled by tall reeds which, from my low point of view, seemed high as itself, loomed up before me. It was big and square, this château, with towers, and toppling chimneys, and many windows. About it stood a guard of ancient trees, some in full leaf, others half-dead, and others, again, quite dead, but still on duty; in one was a ragged eagle's nest, with the old birds hanging over.

What silence! What loneliness! An old house, deserted and fallen to decay: a strip of marsh, intensely green in the pale yellow light; a wan and weary moon, gazing at the world through a purple mist. A water-bird started noisily from among the reeds and flew, shrieking, over my head, out of sight; a moment later, I heard its wings dip in the still water half a mile away.

I wedged the sharp prow of my skiff into a thick growth of reeds, and sprang ashore. The black mud oozed up around my ankles. I began to curse my curiosity.

The angelus came faintly from the little village across the water; an unseen creature—a frog, possibly, or an insect of some kind—set up a mournful droning; then an owl chimed in with its melancholy note. Oh, the country sounds at twilight, how they sadden one!

After quitting the marsh, I found myself in a wild tangle of vegetation; at my feet lay the trunks of fallen trees and pieces of broken marble in the tall grass—this was once the pleasure-garden of the old château. Yes—can you believe it?—a pleasure-garden, with trim walks and terraces, where tender-eyed beauties strolled in shady alleys and lovers made verses by the side of plashing fountains; the scene of fête, and frolic, and love-making under the eighteenth century's amorous moon.

On close inspection, the old building looked even darker and more forbidding. I climbed the broken steps. A bat flapped its wings in my face, angrily, as if resentful of my intrusion. I paused and listened—the angelus had ceased. All was silent.

To enter by the great door was impossible; it was fast locked. Just over my head was a window, with a stone balcony. To gain the balcony by means of tangled vines and break through the window, seemed an easy matter, and, in fact, was soon done.

How shall I describe the room in which I found myself? A great salon, cold, and dark, and damp as a vault; the faint light, sifting through the broken jalousies, serving only to emphasize the gloom.

I took a step forward, and a cobweb caught me across the chin. Something scurried along the floor, my heart rose in my throat, though I knew the creature to be a rat; I stretched out my hands in the darkness and grasped moldy rags. Pshaw! If one were a coward, one would turn and run.

When my eyes became accustomed to the gloom, I saw that the room had been of almost royal splendor. Fragments of decayed damask hung from tarnished cornices; full-lipped, round-limbed goddesses, with faded wreaths in their dingy hair and green mold upon their bare breasts, smiled down from frescoed walls, smiled upon the rats and spiders, and—and—one knows not what else!—as sweetly as upon the beauties and cavaliers of Louis's court one hundred years ago. The furniture was mostly of the time of the Grand Monarch: there were chairs and sofas, mirrors and tables, but, alas! their gilding and glory had departed. Rats nested in the upholstery, spiders clung to the walls, a pall of mold, dust, and cobwebs lay over all. A harp stood in a corner; I touched its strings and they gave out a sound like the groan of a soul in torment. Upon a table of rare workmanship lay cards and coins of silver, from the position of which I guessed that a quartet had been interrupted at whist; upon a second table stood glasses and a decanter of dark-red wine.

A slight noise attracted my strained ear. Forced by that instinct which forbids us to turn our backs to the unexplained, I wheeled about and beheld a small feathered thing, a tiny owl, sitting on the window-sill, staring at me with inquisitive eyes of pale-green fire. We scrutinized each other for a moment in silence; then the wind began to shake the hangings, and the owl raised its wings and flew away. There was but one door in the room; this probably led to the entrance hall. I stepped forward boldly to open it and started back again in sudden alarm; my heart stood still; there was a nervous creeping at the roots of my hair. The door swung open, with a creaking of rusty hinges, and revealed to me the shape of something in human guise, standing out from the blackness beyond.

Holy Virgin! Ah, how I deplored my alienation from the saints. To call upon them now would be impertinent—also, quite useless!

The something approached, and proved to be a young girl—a young girl—and I had been afraid! She was elegantly dressed, tricked out in all the coquettish splendor of the court of Marie Antoinette, in rose-colored brocade, white lace, fine as a spider's web, high-heeled slippers, jewels, paint, and powder. For the rest, she was beautiful—dark-eyed and red-lipped—but with a look so hopeless, so wistfully sad, that my heart went out to her in very pity.

"Madame," I murmured, bowing low.

She turned her burning eyes upon me, and paled beneath her rouge.

"Eugène!"

"Madame, pardon; I am Jean François Louis de Blanchard, officer in the Guard at Paris. I am——"

"Enough, monsieur, 'tis I who must beg pardon. I mistook you for the blackest villain who ever drove bargain with the devil, forgetting that the chains which bind him are never loosed, even for one night."

"Heydey! And what is all this?"

My fair damsel stood back and made way for an ancient dame, upon whose palsied head sat a velvet cap, with nodding plumes, and an ancient gentleman, in velvet and lace, with decorations upon his breast.

"Grandmamma, grandpapa, this is M. Jean François Louis de Blanchard. Monsieur, Mme. la Comtesse and M. le Comte de Saint-Germain."

The old couple, though of that fine breeding which conceals emotion, were surprised, but received me with great courtesy.

"Ah, monsieur," said the countess, "it is with much pleasure that I give you welcome. It has been many years since I have entertained guests in this house."

"Welcome to Château Saint-Germain," said the count.

"And, now, Valerie, ring for candles."

"You forget, grandmamma."

"Ah, true, true. I am old, monsieur, and the sight of a young and happy face has made me forget that things are not what they used to be. You must get the candles yourself, my child. They are in the inlaid cabinet under the oval mirror. On second thoughts, get only one, for M. le Diable alone knows where we shall get more when these are gone. Monsieur, may I ask if you are related to the Chevalier de Blanchard, a man of genius and a wit in the old days at Versailles?"

"Possibly. There are many of my name."

"*Ouais!* What a fool I am! The chevalier must, of necessity, have been dead these many years; and, without doubt, he was confessed and absolved. Alas, alas, I shall never see my old friend again—never again! But time passes—Valerie, the candle."

"Permit me," said I, producing my match-safe—a silver bauble, the gift of *la belle Heloise*—and striking a light. The ladies turned pale.

"Monsieur!" cried the count in a voice that trembled. "Are you the devil in disguise, dogging our footsteps?"

"Heaven forbid!" and I made the sign of the cross.

"A thousand pardons. Do you play whist, monsieur?"

"Monsieur, I do."

"*Bien.* A dummy is unsatisfactory. Come, madame, come, Valerie. We are losing time. We were three points on the new game, I think, Valerie? Monsieur, will you kindly take the chair opposite madame?"

The count took the cards and we began. *Dieu*, what cards! And what silver! The former were black with age and the latter incrusted with green canker and of old coinage, none of it of more recent date than 1780.

Truly, my situation was a strange one. Here sat I, Blanchard, of the Guard, playing whist with whom? with what? At least my entertainers were noble. The old couple seemed to take great pleasure in the game; madame's small eyes glittered as she raked in her winnings; monsieur, when fortune favored him, chuckled and showed a mouth full of snags. Sometimes they disputed a point with warmth, but through it all she was still the *grande dame* and he the gallant courtier. Once during the evening he took from his waistcoat-pocket a gold snuff-box, with portrait of Lamballe; he gazed on the face with reverence, and then offered me snuff.

In the intervals of shuffling and dealing, they questioned me, eagerly though guardedly, about the doings of the world.

"Is there much gayety at Versailles?"

"Alas, no, madame."

"At Paris?"

"Ah, yes; Paris is always gay."

"Oh, Paris, my beautiful city! The best years of my life were spent in Paris, monsieur."

When the conversation turned upon the military affairs of the day, I observed that the face of the count betrayed a lively emotion—tears rose to his eyes. "I, too, have been a soldier," he muttered.

All this time Valerie said not a word, but sat, quietly enough, at my right hand, with her great, gloomy eyes fixed upon something which I could not see. Could it be that she still thought of Eugène?

The one candle flared, and flickered, and lit up the faces of the players with an uncanny light, and cast monstrous shadows upon walls and ceiling; the wind moaned about the house and shook the ragged hangings. Behind my back I heard a rat gnawing at the harp-strings. I played badly—very badly. The politeness of madame was put to the test, and—to her honor, let me say—it stood the strain. But, tell me, could you play whist with a mind divided between the vague shadows that lurked under sofas and chairs and in dark corners and—a beautiful woman?

The count was dealing and the countess yawning behind her painted fan. I resolved to rouse the young girl from her reverie, and, leaning toward her, whispered:

"You are preoccupied, mademoiselle."

"Monsieur!"

"Trust me."

"Ah, my friend, you know not what you ask."

"Mademoiselle, you are thinking of that villain Eugène—is it not so?"

"Hush, in the name of heaven! You can not understand, monsieur. I loved him—oh, how dearly I loved him! I was reckless, I was mad, I would have given life and salvation for his sake, and—*mon Dieu!*"

"Monsieur, the deal is yours," said the count.

The next deal was Valerie's; the next, the countess's. I seized the opportunity to resume the interrupted conversation.

"You do not love him now?"

"Love him? Ah, love is a tender flower; when trodden upon, it dies, but in its place spring poisonous weeds which never die. Hatred and revenge—these are the weeds that overrun my heart, monsieur."

"Revenge?" I laid my hand upon my sword. "But tell me where this villain is to be found and, by all the saints in the calendar, you shall be revenged!"

About the lady's lips there played a smile, which disconcerted me; she touched my hand with her own, which was cold—cold as a grave-stone.

"Friend, put up thy sword. If the saints would only hear me, I would pray through all eternity that thou and he might never meet; but, *ma foi!* the good saints have forgotten my very name. As to vengeance, we will leave that to the devil, monsieur."

"Valerie, Monsieur, *attendez!* Are you aware, monsieur, that you have trumped my ace?"

And so the night wore away. We shuffled, dealt, and played; lost and won; madame scolded me, and I made elaborate apologies to madame; between whiles I talked with Valerie behind her fan.

"Mademoiselle," I said, "I would die for you. Is there anything in the wide world that I can do to serve you?"

"Yes; give me the rose that you wear."

It was an insignificant flower, pinned on my breast by a village girl; but she seized it eagerly, laid it against her cheek, and pressed her lips to its drooping petals. I interpreted the action in my own way, and my heart leaped within.

Was it love that I felt for this strange creature, with the painted face and the powdered hair? Was it her beauty, or her unknown wrongs, or the mystery that surrounded her that attracted me so powerfully? Upon my soul, I neither knew nor cared. I feasted my eyes upon her face and form: she filled my heart and mind—all else was crowded out, even Heloise.

It was very late; the wind wailed like a banshee; the count nodded in his chair, with mouth open and eyes turned backward—*parbleu*, he did not look handsome!—the countess sat and gloated over her winnings with an expression on her yellow old face that curdled my blood.

"Shall we not finish the game, madame?" I asked. But she did not reply.

Valerie rose from her chair, with rustling of her silken gown, and crossed to where the harp stood; I followed. She swept her hand across the strings, and began a little chanson—something about love and idleness and a shepherdess in Arcadia—and stopped in the beginning.

"It was a favorite of mine when I was in the world," she said.

"You love the world, then?"

"I am sick with longing for it"

I led her to the window.

"Valerie, there it lies. Let us go and enjoy it together."

She did not answer, she did not even hear; she stood with her arms held out to the full moon and her face bathed in its light.

"Come away," she said, at length, almost fiercely; "I can not bear it."

"Valerie, you have not answered me. Here is the balcony, there is my boat, the moon is overhead; let us go, my beloved."

"It is impossible."

"I am rich, I have a noble name, and, above all, I love you—I love you, Valerie! Come, let us leave this haunt of evil spirits. Ah, love, life is so short at best, let us be happy while we may."

"I implore you——"

"Valerie, why do you hesitate! Are you afraid?"

She made a gesture of disdain.

"Afraid? Is fear, then, the one thing that keeps us from our desires? Ah, you have not learned life's lesson well. I tell you it is impossible, and that is enough."

"It is not enough. Love is stronger than the gates of hell, Valerie, and whatever the cursed spell that binds you, I swear that I will break it."

She covered her face with her hands and sobbed; I stole my arm about her waist and laid her head against my shoulder.

"At least, my sweet, nothing shall drive me from you," I whispered.

She broke away from me and stood with her arms folded upon her breast; she fastened her burning eyes upon mine; there was a look in them that was almost hope.

"Do you love me, then?"

"With my whole soul."

"How much would you resign for my sake?"

"Life—everything—my hopes of heaven."

"What would you dare for me?"

"Hell itself."

"Are you at peace with God, monsieur?"

"Alas, I fear not; it is many years since I confessed."

At this moment there was a knock at the door; no one seemed to hear it. The girl crossed the room—ah, with what grace!—and filled a glass with the dark-red wine. A second knock; I observed that the hand of Valerie trembled as she gave me the brimming glass. A third knock; I raised the glass to my lips, and nodded across its brim to the woman I loved. I am a judge of wines; the bouquet of this was indescribably delicious.

"I drink to an eternity together!" I cried.

Here the door swung open heavily, with a creaking of rusty hinges, and upon the threshold stood a young and fair-haired man.

He made a courtly bow. "Pardon," he said, in a low voice full of melody; "but the cock has already crowed for day. We must be traveling. Ah, I see, monsieur is about to give a toast. Do not let me interrupt, I beg. I assure you, monsieur, the wine is excellent."

The count and countess had risen and stood as though waiting; their old faces wore expressions of profound despair, their arms hung lifeless at their sides. The money and cards lay in disorder upon the table. The candle burned dimly, flaring up now and then with a frying noise; it could not last much longer. With a cry, Valerie sprang forward and dashed the wine-glass from my lips. It fell to the floor with a crash.

"Do not touch it!" she cried; "for the love of God, leave this unholy place at once. Forget all that has happened, if you hope for salvation!"

The strange young man smiled mystically.

"Mademoiselle is unselfish," said he; "but come, we delay," and he held wide the door, while the count, the countess, and Valerie passed through.

"Farewell, monsieur," said the countess, and waved her hand.

"Farewell," said the count.

But Valerie said never a word. Not once did she look at me, but passed on, with her head upon her breast, out into the darkness.

Then the young man turned to me with a smile of charming frankness.

"Monsieur, permit me to say that I am glad of this meeting. We are not strangers, but old comrades. Do you remember that night at Biarritz when you won five hundred thousand francs from the marquis? I was there and applauded; I was also present at the duel next day—unobserved, of course. And now a word in your ear, *mon ami*, you are *épris* with Mlle. Valerie; you wish to see her again; *bien!* I will help you. Be here at the château one year from to-night—last night, I should say. Madame la comtesse will be glad to receive you. For your sake, I regret that she does not entertain more often. And now, *au revoir!* I do not say farewell, since we part to meet again." He bowed and closed the door.

There was a curious charm about this strange young man—the air of a poet, a diplomat, a great general. I liked him.

I cautiously opened the door and peered out. Darkness and silence!

"Valerie!" I called. "Valerie!"

My voice reverberated along the deserted halls; rats scampered away, terrified. This was all I heard, except—ah, no, I imagined it—the sound of a muffled sob a great way off.

I took the candle and searched the house: room after room, corridor after corridor; all were furnished, but all had the air of having been long untenanted; everywhere rats fled before my invasion. At length I returned to the salon. My candle had spun a winding sheet; it flared up for the last time and went out. I threw open an eastern window, and, lo! the pale dawn was coming up across the water and the wind had died into a soft breeze that smelled of the morning! Oh, the blessed day! How welcome after such a night!

As I pulled my boat across the water, I looked back at the old château. There it stood among its guardian trees, veiled by a thin mist which ascended from the marsh like steam. The first rays of the rising sun had tinted the mist a pale-rose color, the marsh was vividly green, the song of a bird in a bush by the water's side enchanted my very soul. I felt almost light-hearted. But, oh, Valerie!—a year is so long, so long!

Arrived at the village, I sought the curé, a pious man well read in the history of the province. At my request, he told me the story of the château on the island. This is it:

"In the year 1785, the only living representatives of the powerful and wealthy family of Saint-Germain were the old count, his wife, their granddaughter and heiress Valerie, and Eugène, their nephew and next of blood. The count held some high post at court, I believe. Valerie was *dame de compagnie* to the queen; and I have no doubt that they were all quite as worldly as most people of their rank and day. Eugène was a villain, a *roué*, a man entirely without honor; and yet, they say, he was loved by his beautiful cousin. Ah, my son, I count the love of woman no compliment since she can give it to a man like this.

"Well, the count—or, possibly, the countess—for some reason unknown, lost favor at court, and it became necessary to quit Versailles. This island, the ancient seat of the family, was their place of refuge. It is said that these people, accustomed as they were to a life of gayety and dissipation, found the château rather dull. Whist was their one amusement; the old people had a great passion for the game, and they often played all night till dawn, it is said.

"It appears that Eugène was heavily in debt. He appealed to his uncle; help was refused; then, in desperation, he drove a bargain with the devil." Here the curé crossed himself. "This was the unholy compact: *great wealth in exchange for three souls.* It was the part of Eugène to put out of the world three souls—three souls unrepentant and unshriven. This is what they say, my son; all I know is that one morning the servants found the count, his wife, and Mlle. Valerie sitting around the card-table in the grand salon, cold in death. The count was in the act of trumping his opponent's ace; the countess had fallen forward on her nose, her fingers still clutching the cards; and the eyes of mademoiselle—she had beautiful eyes, I am told—were turned toward the vacant chair. That this chair was vacant is a significant fact.

"The wine had been drugged with a subtle and instantaneous poison, and, it is said, has never been removed; the decanter still stands on a small table in the grand salon. Well, Eugène, guilty or not, inherited the old man's wealth, but never returned to the island; indeed, though many years have passed and generations come and gone since that fatal day, those gloomy halls have never echoed the footfall of mortal man. The peasants shun the place like hell itself, for there runs a tradition that to pass one night there—the night of the anniversary of the crime—is to lose your soul.

"And now comes the strangest part of the story. Upon this anniversary—the time of year is not clearly known—from dusk till dawn, the devil"—the pious father crossed himself again—"allows those three lost souls to revisit their mortal habitation and divert themselves with their favorite game, and, it is said, they always leave a game unfinished for fear lest the privilege be withdrawn.

"That is the story. I can not vouch for it; I can only affirm that, once or twice, I have seen strange lights glimmering across the water. But your scientists have many ways of accounting for such phenomena. The fate of those three was sad, indeed; if they had lived a few years longer, they would have met another as sad, perhaps, but more noble, for the Saint-Germains were loyal. Ah, well, for me, I do not fear the dead, and the bones of these have been dust an hundred years in the great vaults under the château. May Our Lady plead for them."

The curé ceased speaking, and I told him my story. He listened with great interest.

"My son," he cried, seizing my arm, "you will not return to the island?"

"Father, I must."

"Do you know who it was who tempted you?"

"I know."

"Then, for the love of Our Lady and all the saints, be warned! Valerie, whom you say you love, is—at this moment—burning in hell!"

"Love is stronger than the fear of hell."

"My son, my son, may heaven protect you, for you stand in danger of losing your soul."

"Father, it is lost already!" and I staggered out of the house and into the street like a man in a dream.

JANUARY, 1892. N. A. COX.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Two Muses.

My fire burnt low—at intervals
  Struggling for life it flared and sank,
And shapeless shadows on the walls
  Towered up, and into corners sank.
The black brand crack'ed, bent, and broke,
  And through the soot the eager spark
Worried like busy worldly folk,
  And burrowing died in dirt and dark.
In the dead silence loud the clock
  Remorseless ticked each second's flight—
Heart-beats of Time, with quiet shock
  Driving Life on to Death and Night.
Well, let Life go! My weary heart
  Is sick of things that only seem;
Love is a sham, and so is Art,
  And Faith the Ghost of Hope's vain dream.
A curse is on this world of ours,
  Where Faith, Love, Art, are all a lie;
Beneath the curse the spirit cowers,
  And their best gifts the gods deny.
As thus I mused in desperate mood
  I raised my eyes, and, faintly seen
In the dim light, a figure stood,
  With prayerful face and vesture mean.
Her eyes were shy with half alarm,
  Wan were her cheeks, and pale her hue,
And o'er her breast her white bared arm
  With modest grace her drapery drew.
"Who art thou, and what dost thou here?
  Speak, can I help thee?" Then, "Alas!"
She said, "how own the name I bear—
  So fallen, so changed from what I was.
Once in the far and golden time,
  When Freedom wore its fairest hues,
When glorious Greece was in its prime,
  They called me by the name of Muse.
My feet from worldly soil were free;
  The Furies lent to me their rods;
My praise was Immortality,
  My home—the temple of the gods.
All for my favors sought. To none
  I gave them but the true and tried,
Heroic, godlike men alone,
  Whose Life by Faith was purified.
Now in the public mart my strings
  For every want I fain must strum,
And hide beneath a shawl my wings,
  And sing when I were better dumb.
Must smile to hide my heart's despair,
  Must starve, or cringe to greed and lust;
Of all who hear me—oh, how rare
  The few whom I can love and trust!
How many mock my decent dress;
  Their thoughts are low, their works are base;
They shock me with their vile caress,
  Until ashamed I hide my face.
Fallen so low, I stretch to thee
  My hands, and cry, Oh! are there none
To lift me, save me, honor me,
  As once in Greece in ages gone?
No one of all the venial throng
  That take my name upon their lips,
To shield me from the shame and wrong
  That shadow me in such eclipse?
No one above this sordid mart,
  With godlike spirit shrined in man,
Who with pure soul will worship Art,
  Not woo her like a courtesan?
Not pandering to the world's low taste,
  With skill to tempt and to degrade;
Not like a broker, greed-debased,
  Who makes of Art a vulgar trade?"
"Yes, one at last, though weak and poor,"
  I cried. "I pledge this heart of mine,
Content to labor, wait, endure,
  To win at last one smile of thine."
What sudden change! An aureole globed
  That radiant face—a Grecian dress,
With pale and perfect draperies, robed
  Her pure and stately loveliness.
Serene she smiled, and at her feet
  Prostrate I fell, and bowed my head,
And silence came as calm and sweet
  As silence to the peaceful dead.
Then suddenly a laugh pierced through
  My ears—I raised my eyes—the Muse
Had vanished; in her stead a new,
  Strange figure stood—in high-heeled shoes.
A creature like a biscuit rare,
  Painted and dyed—hair, eyes, and face—
Tight-laced—her back and bosom bare—
  All chiffons, jewels, silk, and lace.
With head thrown back and glance askant,
  She laughed, and leered, and beckoned me.
"Great God!" I cried, "what dost thou want?
  And who art thou? and where is she?"
"She? Who? My queer old sister? Oh!
  Dear solemn prude, pray who can tell?
Gone back to Greece, I hope. You know
  That here she's quite impossible.
Poor thing, I pity her; but then
  She's such—so tiresome, too,
And dresses so—and bores the men
  About the Beautiful and Fine.
She had a grand success a while
  In Athens, when the world was young;
But here, we've changed in dress and style,
  And she's old, nervous, and unstrung.
And so take care; you're young, *mon cher*,
  And just beginning in your art;
Don't be imposed upon by her,
  But trust *me* if you want a start."
With that she finger-tipped a kiss,
  Laughed, pirouetted on her toe,
Kicked out her train, and, with a hiss
  Of rustling silks, turned round to go.
"Now, don't forget—don't be a fool;
  I count upon you! Well—good-by.
Sundays, you know—cards, dancing, pool,
  And everything that's *chic* and sly!
Stop, here's my card—I'd quite forgot."
  With that she vanished, and I read:
"*Madame la Muse—née* la Cocotte,
  Rue de Parnasse"—and went to bed.—*Anon.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

General Meigs wrote a hand so unreadable that General Sherman is said to have once indorsed an official paper from him to this effect: "I concur in these recommendations, but I don't know what they are."

The Sultan of Turkey, through the grand vizier, recently began a suit for libel against *La Rana*, a comic paper of Bologna, Italy, for publishing caricatures of his majesty. The Sultan won the suit, and the editors of the paper were sentenced to three days' imprisonment and to the payment of a fine of seventy-five dollars.

Jerry Simpson and Senator Peffer both wear gold spectacles and have a fondness for "store" clothes. Mr. Peffer affects a shiny black coat of rather antique pattern. There is said to be a suspicion that the Alliance senator's long and voluminous whiskers are periodically treated to hair-dye. Simpson is gaining a reputation in Washington for his cleverness in repartee; and there is a growing belief that he is very far from being the crank he has been made out to be.

Nowhere in Europe does the aristocracy display more pride of blood and ancestry than in the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. The aristocracy, however, is somewhat down on its luck financially. Count de la Garde de Falkenstein, with a pedigree covering seven centuries, attends to the gates at a railway-crossing. Then there is a Marquis de la Foussiguieres who is a street-porter, while Mme. la Comtesse de Boursy devotes to the wash-tub those talents that would have enabled her to shine in society.

This story, which the Philadelphia *Inquirer* tells about Henry Watterson, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, may not be strictly correct, but it has such good points that one can not avoid wishing that it were. Owing to some misunderstanding a few years ago, Mr. Watterson and one of his sons are not on speaking terms. The young man, however, while a reporter on the Louisville *Commercial*, was assigned to interview his father. He sent up his card and was admitted. "You are, I believe," said Mr. Watterson, holding the card in his hand, "a reporter for the *Commercial?*" "Yes, sir," answered the son. And then Watterson *père* answered the questions addressed to him. Both men were very formal, and, at the close, Mr. Watterson said, as he usually does after he is interviewed: "Now, young man, be sure to quote me correctly." The son bowed and left.

The Count de Faria, who has just been appointed Minister Plenipotentiary for Portugal to the Argentine Confederation, has obtained his transfer to that post from Paris in consequence of the scandal created there by his son's theft. Young Faria, who was attached to the Portuguese Mission at Paris as secretary, was convicted not long ago of stealing a five-hundred-franc note from the well-known actress and *demi-mondaine*, Leonide Leblanc. The latter, whose name has been so long and so prominently connected with that of the Duc d'Aumale, had become acquainted and intimate with the young diplomat, almost a quarter of a century her junior. One day last autumn, while her back was turned, she happened to look in a mirror, in which she perceived the young man stealthily abstracting a bank-note from a number which were lying on her dressing-table. The action seemed to her so utterly contemptible, in view of the fact that the thief had already been financially assisted by her on numerous occasions, that she left the room and caused his arrest.

One of the most peculiar features of French parliamentary life is the custom of drinking while addressing the House. No sooner does a deputy or senator ascend the rostrum than a glass filled with his own favorite brew is placed before him. The president of the Chamber of Deputies, M. Floquet, drinks glasses of tepid syrup-and-water during the sittings. MM. Ribot, Bourgeois, and Roche, respectively in charge of the departments of foreign affairs, public works, and commerce, imbibe iced coffee. Their colleagues in the cabinet, MM. Fallieres, Barbey, and Develle, confine themselves to sugared water. M. Rouvier, the minister of finance, wets his lips at intervals of about five minutes with a lemonade. M. Clemenceau has two big glasses filled with soda-water and Marsala, which he sips, or, rather, gulps, alternately. The fiery and turbulent M. Déroulède affects cognac, while the ex-ministers Brisson, Lockroy, and Delafosse drink brandy diluted with sugar and water. Ex-Minister Meline, the leader of the Protectionist party in Parliament, imbibes stiff hot grogs, even on the hottest summer days, while the late Mgr. Freppel invariably had a huge schooner of beer.

A *cause célèbre*, about to commence at Rome, is a suit for criminal libel brought by a bishop and prelate of the Papal household, Mgr. Amalsitano by name, against no less a personage than His Eminence the Cardinal Oreglia di San Stefano, Prefect of the Congregation of Indulgences and Camerlingo of the Holy Seat. By virtue of the latter office, he will be entitled to the administration of the Pontificate between the demise of the present Pontiff and the election of his successor. It appears that Cardinal Oreglia has publicly and openly accused Mgr. Amalsitano of being a thief and a swindler, and of having defrauded him, as executor of a will made in his (the cardinal's) favor, of a considerable amount of the inheritance. The monsignor has committed the—in the eyes of the Vatican—unpardonable offense of appealing to the national courts for redress. Moreover, he has chosen as his legal adviser the well-known lawyer, Signor Villa, who is one of the leaders of the Anti-Clerical party in the lower House of the Italian legislature. Counselor Villa has already issued subpœnas for the Cardinal Secretary of State Rampolla, of the Cardinal Grand Vicar Monaco, and of a number of other prominent dignitaries of the Vatican Court. Great curiosity is expressed to know whether or not they will obey the mandate of the national tribunals. It is stated that the Pope has threatened the plaintiff, Mgr. Amalsitano, with the loss of all his ecclesiastical offices, and even with excommunication, unless he consents to withdraw the suit. The prelate, however, is determined to push it to the bitter end.

THE WICKED CITY.

"Parisina" discusses the Scandals of the French Babylon.

There is no doubt that society generally is in a very unhealthy condition, and the outlook at the commencement of 1892 is not very brilliant. I am not by nature a pessimist, and yet, when I look round and note the many virulent plague-spots, the vices that have spread and festered until they threaten to invade the whole body of society, I am simply appalled.

It is only a short time ago that I was dilating on the improprieties of which ladies of the best society were guilty in going to music-halls and applauding Yvette Guilbert and other divas of the same category, whose songs were really not fit for ears polite. Well, since then, we have been going the pace with a vengeance. Now no entertainment is complete without Yvette, and hostesses, who invite to dinner or evening-party, consider it necessary to provide her—at heaven knows what a cost!—for the amusement of the guests. Cards "begging the pleasure of your company" have the name of the popular singer printed in the corner! A highly spiced menu and "La Pocharde" after the coffee and liqueurs. Here are *fin-de-siècle* manners for you!

An amusing scene took place the other evening at the house of a lady—quite the *crême de la crême*, I assure you. It was an informal dance, and there was the usual bevy of pretty, innocent-looking girls in pink and virgin white. The waltzes had followed each other in quick succession, and there was a momentary lull, when the hostess, buzzing about like an amiable humble-bee, informed her friends that Yvette would arrive in a few minutes—a club acquaintance of the husband had promised to bring her on direct from the Concert Parisien. The young matrons pricked up their ears in delighted attention, their cavaliers twisted their mustaches, and expectation was at its height. But anxiety was painted on the faces of the mammas who had daughters under their wings. What was to be done with the girls? Well, it was decided that they should be shut up in the dining-room to amuse themselves as best they could the while. How meekly and prettily they obeyed, the sweet, modest little things! The doors were closed, and Yvette Guilbert was announced. She sang several songs and was much applauded, a check was pressed into her hand, and one or two gentlemen, forming a guard of honor, conducted her to her carriage, while the others hastened to free the imprisoned damsels. Up went the curtain—no, I mean the doors were thrown open—and would you believe it? One tall, slim girl was discovered standing on the table, her fresh voice trolling out one of Yvette's songs which she had learned from her brother!

You have to know Paris well to understand all that such a scene implies. Why, there was not a girl there whose parents would have permitted her to cross the street unattended, and not one whom any one would have deemed guilty of reading "Romeo and Juliet" or "Jane Eyre."

A night or two ago, I went to the Odéon to see "L'Amoureuse," and bad been told to bring a big fan, for there were passages rather—— Humph! to tell you the truth, I found the suggestion by no means uncalled for. Yet there were hundreds of women there, and I do not believe there was a blush on a single cheek. Not that the piece is exactly immoral, the Amoureuse—clever, fascinating Réjane—is only in love with her husband, a *roué*, a man who had led such a dissipated life before his marriage that all he wanted afterward was a wife who would give him good dinners and leave him time to pursue some abstruse studies in physiology. The dialogue is often of that private and conjugal nature better befitting a curtain-lecture than a stage. Another play, "Monsieur l'Abbé," deserves the same strictures. Here is the plot in a few words: A newly married couple are so badgered and bothered by *belle maman*—who, of course, has elected to live with the young people—condemning, as improper, all tender effusions, and trying to keep man and wife apart, that the husband hits upon a strategem—he takes a cottage in the vicinity, and, when mamma has at last relaxed her vigilance, he is joined by his wife. Naturally, a report is soon spread that he has a mistress. The outraged matron—who, had the rumor been correct, had only herself to blame for it—declares her daughter shall sue for a divorce; but the young wife shows herself strangely indifferent, and passes the greater portion of the day in a state of semi-somnolence. It is here that the abbé comes in. Excited thereunto by mamma, he consents to make a supreme effort to bring back the stray sheep to the fold, and starts off to visit the cottage at an early hour in the morning. The worthy man is horror-stricken to find the house in a terrible state of confusion—as if after a midnight carouse. During the interview that ensues between the churchman and the husband, the two are at cross-purposes; finally the latter persuades the abbé to stay to breakfast, the blushing young wife is produced, and all is explained. When mamma, tired of awaiting the return of her embassador, arrives in her turn, she finds the trio at table, and discovers, to her intense disgust, that she has been tricked. By cutting out some of the spicy bits of dialogue, these comedies might be rendered acceptable to an English-speaking audience.

"Monsieur l'Abbé" is severely criticised by straight-laced people; not so much for the things that are talked about in it, as for the introduction of a priest into it, and the way in which he is mixed up in a family quarrel. Yes; you may smile, but there are still straight-laced people in France. But they are of a peculiar sort. The majority, while folding themselves in a mantle of righteousness and condemning all unseemliness on and off the stage, do not consider that it behooves them above all to be silent on the subject. Indeed, they lose no opportunity of dragging obnoxious topics into the conversation, and will often go to the very theatres and to see the very pieces that excite their just opprobrium. The liberty of language now permitted in the Paris salon is extraordinary; ticklish matters are even being brought forward—generally, it must be admitted, to condemn; but this really is only of secondary consequence. It is the same in the way in which the young are treated—girls are told they must not see this or that, and, of course, they get curious, and the seeds of an unhealthy inquisitiveness are set to blossom forth on the first opportunity.

Moreover, things are rapidly going from bad to worse. Two or three years ago, the "Chat Noir," for instance, could hardly be mentioned in polite society. A few go-ahead young women went there, under convoy of their husbands, and felt they had done something very wicked. Nowadays the volume of poor MacNab's songs (I believe he drank himself to death), is on every piano. And there are at the present time few women in Paris who are not aware that the last barriers of decency have been overstepped by the director of the Théâtre Libre, and although it is absolutely impossible for them—for any one—to speak openly of what was therein enacted (the principal persons concerned have been taken up for outraging public morals; as it was discovered that tickets had been sold, and it was therefore a public entertainment), this disgraceful affair is the talk of the town; matrons throw up their hands and ask each other *où allons-nous?* (where, indeed!) and middle-aged old sinners smile and give the last item of intelligence respecting what they ought not to mention outside the smoking-room.

Scandals just now follow fast on each other in quick succession. Before the Théâtre Libre—theoretically in the cause of art—carried realism to the extent of indecency, a sensational case in the court of assizes was the topic of common talk. It was the old, old story: a husband, surprising his wife in the arms of his rival, had whipped out his revolver and shot them both, wounding them slightly, however. Had this been all, I question whether the affair would have excited much notice. But that notorious old stager, Mme. de Rute, was mixed up in it. The unfaithful wife had been the companion of the ex-princess, and the lover her secretary. Mme. de Rute, as you know, was formerly Mme. Rattazzi, and before she married the Italian politician she bore the name of Princesse de Solms. Her mother was a Bonaparte and no better than she should be, and although her daughter was legally entitled to the name of Wise, it was generally understood that Sir Thomas was not her father. As Princesse de Solms, Lætitia Wise had provided the *Chronique Scandaleuse* of the Second Empire with many a spicy anecdote, but Mme. Rattazzi was more circumspect, while Mme. de Rute went in particularly for a *bel esprit* and was the proprietor of a magazine—the *Nouvelle Revue Internationale*—and the center around which gravitated a crowd of out-of-elbow poets and prose writers.

This reminds me of a good story which I must tell you. A young woman, attached to the American press, came over to Paris some time since to write up Parisian matters, and she went about a good deal and collected some valuable information. Among other things, she discovered that Mme. Adam was the widow of Rattazzi, and compiled an original biography mixing up the lives of these two ladies in a sort of Russian salad, having confounded the proprietors of the two reviews and taken them for one and the same person! I had the pleasure of pointing out her mistake to her, and I never saw a woman look so blank in my life.

Mme. de Rute and Mme. Bouly de Lesdain, the companion, and M. Secretary, had quarreled, and stolen each other's letters, and Mme. de Rute was accused at the trial of having been the cause of all the trouble. She went away to Spain so as to avoid giving her evidence at the trial; but letters of hers were read in court, and the most abominable construction was put upon her relations with Mme. Bouly de Lesdain. My opinion is that the poor woman was innocent of the crime imputed to her—but when you give a dog a bad name! Certain passages in the letters set all the world whispering and looking unutterable things. One missive in particular contained some strange allusions to Messalina and Nana. On her return from Spain, she wrote to the papers an indignant letter, which carried conviction to some, in which she declared, poor middle-aged beauty, that she had always been celebrated for her pretty feet, and that her intimate friends were wont to designate her left foot as "Messalina" and the right as "Nana." You may imagine how every one laughed.

So far as this affair was concerned, society might be excused for thinking the worst; but it is simply horrible, the light, airy way in which the most debased motives and actions are attributed to people nowadays. No one is safe from the scandal-monger.

But there is something worse than scandal, something worse than ungarnished liberty of speech and uncleanly experience. I have left the worst of the plague-spots to the last. The old vices were bad enough, but the modern vice of seeking momentary relief from pain or, perhaps, merely boredom by the administration of morphine, is infinitely more dangerous. The number of those who have recourse to such stimulants as ether is rapidly increasing. Absinthe has made many victims, and now it is the turn of hasheesh. Statistics prove that diseases of the brain brought on by the abuse of one or all of these drugs are more common in modern Paris than they ever were before. The asylums teem with monomaniacs and insane, and the hospitals with hysterical patients. Last night, poor Guy de Maupassant, the brilliant writer, one of the cleverest authors of the day, was taken to the Maison de Santé of Dr. Blanche in a state of delirium. While at Cannes, where he had gone for the benefit of his failing health, he attempted suicide, and only failed to accomplish his sinister project through the forethought of his valet, who had extracted the balls from his revolver. Naturally endowed with a splendid constitution, he undermined his health, first by the use of morphine, then by ether-drinking, and, finally, with hasheesh. Conscious of the failure of his brain-power, he fell into a state of hopeless melancholy, which has terminated in insanity. It is possible that with care he may be cured—one brand snatched from the burning—but who can restore Parisian society to a healthy condition again?

Paris, January 8, 1892. Parisina.

A Pennsylvania insane-asylum superintendent reports that eight out of every ten of his inmates write verses.

MAGAZINE VERSE.

The Stone Woman of Eastern Point.

At the turn of the gray and the green,
Where the new road runs to the right
(For the summer people's ease),
And on to the scarlet Light;

Where the tottering barn observes,
And the old farm road looks down
The harbor, and out to sea,
And back to the fishing-town;

Shapen of stone and of chance,
Carven of wind and of time—
Stands the Woman of Eastern Point,
Haunting my heart and my rhyme;

Stunted of stature and thin—
Coast women alive look so—
Wrapped in her blanket-shawl,
Wind-blown and cold, peering low

Past the shivering edge of the barn,
Searching the bay and the sea
For the sail that is overdue,
And the hour that never shall be.

Did she stand like that in the flesh,
Vigilant early and late?
For the sake of a scanty love
Bearing the blasts of fate;

Acquainted with hunger and pain;
Patient, as women are;
Work, when he is at home;
Pray, when he's over the bar;

Loving and longing and true;
Gilding her idol of clay;
Bride, when the boat comes in;
Widow, it sails away.

Waiting and watching and gray;
Growing old, poor, and alone—
Was it worth living for? Say,
Tell us, thou woman of stone!

Still she stands, face in her shawl.
If it hide smiles, do they mock?
If the tears fall, are they sweet?
Ask. But you ask of the rock.

Dust unto dust taketh wing;
Granite to granite is grown;
Seeking the sail overdue
Turneth the heart to stone.

Wind-blown and grief-worn and brave,
Gazing the sad sea o'er;
Dumb in her life and her death—
Spirit of Gloucester shore!

—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in February Harper's.*

So It is True.

Here's a friend who says that sorrow
Comes to-day or comes to-morrow,
Here's a longface who is moaning!
Tell him death is far away!
Let dull age go weep and pray:
Heed not grief, the ghost there, groaning,
Who would cloud the jocund day!

Ah, they say that anguish found them,
Men cut down with battle round them—
(Hear the boys there, gayly singing!)
In some region far away!
What care we who laugh to-day?
Bring no tears, whate'er you're bringing:
Honor to the jocund day!

What's that sound that cools our laughter?
What's that form that follows after?
Funeral music sadly sounded—
One more man is turned to clay. . . .
Let dull age go weep and pray!
Youth by death was ne'er confounded.
Long shall shine our jocund day!

Oh, my dear one, to my weeping
Marble silence sternly keeping,
Lying there in breathless blindness—
Death is never far away. . . .
Even youth can weep and pray!
Lips that loved have lost their kindness;
Dead are they, this bitter day!

—*Rose Hawthorne Lathrop in February Scribner's.*

Her Presence.

I long in vain by day, but when the night
With all its jewels stars the waiting sky,
And vagrant fireflies like stray souls flit by,
She seeks me in the tender waning light,
And sits beside me there, a Presence white—
Her eyes yearn for me, and her dear lips sigh,
But if to clasp her cold soft hands I try
The shadows deepen, and she fades from sight.

O lost and dear!—by what strange, devious way
Does she escape? for fain I too would flee
From all the hollow pageantry of life,
And with her through immortal meadows stray.
The free winds mock my quest, stars laugh to see,
And I wait helpless till Death end the strife.

—*Louise Chandler Moulton in February Atlantic.*

Night in Venice.

Love, in this summer night, do you recall
Midnight, and Venice, and those skies of June
Thick-sown with stars, when from the still lagoon
We glided noiseless through the dim canal?
A sense of some belated festival
Hung round us, and our own hearts beat in tune
With passionate memories that the young moon
Lit up on dome and tower and palace wall.

We dreamed what ghosts of vanished loves made part
Of that sweet light and trembling, amorous air.
I felt—in those rich beams that kissed your hair,
Those breezes warm with by-gone lovers' sighs—
All the dead beauty of Venice in your eyes,
All the old loves of Venice in my heart.

—*John Hay in February Harper's.*

Physicians and sufferers from the grip may find a useful hint in the announcement that at a recent reception given to Rudyard Kipling, in Melbourne, a sweet young thing approached the author with this flattering remark: "Oh, Mr. Kipling, I feel so proud to have met you. When I had the influenza, your books were the only things that did me any good."

THE ENGLISHMAN IN AMERICA.

"Van Gryse" on the Social Career of the Resident Briton.

The New York Englishman is becoming as prominent a figure in Gotham life as the married belle or the professional elocutionist. In every class of society, in every walk of life in which one strays, there will be the calm and phlegmatic Briton, tranquilly at rest, and flourishing in the soft and pleasant atmosphere of general approbation.

That these large and at times lumpish young men are occasionally disliked, no one will deny, but the mass of their companions—male and female—regard them with undoubted favor, not from a slavish desire to be anglomaniacs, but from an honest predilection for the ponderous and rubicund sons of Albion. The Briton is popular, not because he is a Briton, not because he dresses well, not because he makes every one else feel by comparison gay and brilliant, but just simply from some peculiar, individual characteristic which no one has yet been able to discover and classify.

The most singular part of this British popularity is that it stops short at the females of the race. You never hear of an Englishwoman being a belle in the United States. Their repose is set down to dullness or coldness. Their stately manners strike us as too significant of self-satisfaction and haughtiness. They are neither vivacious nor responsive—two attributes which Americans adore in a woman. They look splendid on horseback, but they dance abominably. They have cold and steely-blue eyes—the eyes of a nature that is faithful, but neither coquettish nor impassioned—and they have large feet.

Englishwomen have come out here and gone back again disgusted. A popular young Englishman, surfeited with invitations and on the high road to social and business glory, in the first flush of his triumph, sends back to England for his younger sister. Her he remembers as one of the choicest types of English beauty. When she comes, he thinks that he and she together will conquer the country. She is really a lovely creature, with a wild-rose complexion, soft, dove-like eyes, fine teeth, a good carriage, broad shoulders, and a small waist, fine, bright-brown, glossy hair, and hands that, while they are large, are well-shaped. She is sweetly simple-minded, attractively reserved, moderately intelligent, and a trifle shy. In absolute truth, she is one of the handsomest girls introduced to New York society for the last two seasons.

New York society is kind and polite to her, asks her out, pays her the attentions that courteousness demands, and there is the end of it. She does not cause a ripple of interest, save as the sister of her brother. No man pauses to pay a tribute at the shrine of all this spring-like charm. The opinion is expressed on every hand that "Harry's sister is the sweetest girl that you ever saw," but no one appears to experience an irresistible desire to claim that sweetness for his own. The young man can not understand it. To an Englishman, beauty is the sovereign charm in woman. He does not understand that the American would pass by the fairest houri in Mohammed's heaven for a glance from a pair of gay, bright eyes that had a soul behind them, or a word of greeting from lips that might not be pretty themselves, but that could say pretty things.

But as the Englishwoman fails to charm us, the Englishman attracts us in just proportion. It is impossible to say why this should be. The majority of young Britons who lay siege to this country for a living are not of the very best—the swellest—class. They come of the middle plane of the social system, being above the *bourgeois* class and below the patrician. They are not the languid heroes that "Ouida" and Rhoda Broughton describe. They are not the refrigerating and studious college men that Mrs. Ward shows us, with their attic brows and their soulful aspirations. They are not even the nice little curates that Trollope has made familiar to us—quiet, gentle, lady-like young things; or the bluff, simple, good-hearted, idiotically stupid lordlings of contemporaneous English fiction.

No; most of them belong to the business class, are the sons of business men, and are as different from the Englishman of a Western maiden's dream as the average Westerner is from the picture of him cherished in the bosom of a British miss. The father or god-father — the god-father across the pond is a genuine person, who actually discharges his duties toward his god-child—finds him a good berth in some English company in New York, and forthwith ships the wanderer for the land of the free. He arrives, very verdant, generally only a year or two beyond twenty, having undeniably pleasant, boyish manners and being, as a rule, a good-looking, jolly fellow, and rosy as the youthful David.

As soon as he is settled, he extracts from his "box" several letters of introduction and sallies forth to present them. This is where he makes his first good impression. He is, as a rule, a somewhat heavy lad, not particularly bright in conversation or possessed of extensive tact; but he has the most frank and open manner, the honestest desire to please and be pleased, the most candid wish to be friendly, but not overbold, that a young man could have. He has no bold, bad airs as yet. He is a boy—a fresh, simple, agreeable English boy—ready to enjoy any sport going, full of life, quite well-mannered, and not so stupid, on close acquaintance, as one would suppose.

This is his first stage, and the one in which he makes most of his friends. In this crude state, some friendly girl, in one of the families to whose house he has the *entrée*, teaches him to dance "in the American way." She assures him that, while English dancing may be very graceful, our American heads can not stand its eternal gyrating in one direction. He must learn to dance in our way, if he intends to go out at all. She looks upon him as an artless boy, though in reality there may be a year or two more to his age than there is to hers. So he takes the lessons, and is very grateful; and, in the course of two or three months, masters the waltz and polka. He will never make a good dancer; it is not in him or his race. Perhaps this is not to his discredit, as men who are good dancers invariably carry their brains in their heels.

And now he begins to go out, and, being in a new country, a comparative stranger, on his trial to be taken in a friendly way to the American bosom or banished therefrom as a hopeless pariah, he tries his best to make a good impression. It is said by many itinerant Britons that the young Englishman on his native heath is neither polite, chivalrous, nor considerate of others; that he is sometimes a boor and, at others, a clod. Those who thus malign their youthful countrymen should see these same lads in their first winter in New York. They are the pink of politeness and kindly to a degree. They dance duty dances like lambs. They sit and talk to chaperones and take mammas to supper like the best young men who ever lived but to make others happy. They make a favorable impression on all their acquaintances. Unselfish, obliging young men—even though they be rosy-faced Britons, who, when they dance, are prone to lapse back into the ancestral method of waltzing like a humming-top—are not found on every tree.

After this first winter, the time arrives when the stranger's true metal shows itself. Older men in New York do not, as a rule, patronize dancing-parties. Persistent haunters of ball-rooms and waxed floors have to rely for their partners mainly on boys. Two-thirds of the male dancers in a Gotham ball-room are under twenty-four, and of these, the ones of twenty are generally the most dexterous terpsichoreans. Years of discretion and nimbleness in the evolutions of the waltz or the yorke do not usually go together. Hence the importance of boys in American society. They must be had, else the ball is a failure, and the woman does not live who enjoys being a wall-flower.

The young Briton—a lad, and treated as such in his native land—suddenly finds himself much sought after. He gets invitations by the score. When he goes out, he may approach the most charming of girls and boldly claim a dance. If he is at all skillful in this graceful art, she will probably give him one—American girls love to dance with an intense love. A party to them is not a place of rendezvous or of conversation. It is emphatically a place set apart for dancing, and they go there for the purpose of dancing. Therefore, they select their partners, not as men, but as dancers. A boy of eighteen, whose head is as empty as a dried nut and whose ugliness would stop a clock, can dance half a dozen times with the greatest belle present, while a man who is the rising genius of the age, but whose feet are as clumsy as Clarence McFadden's, could not secure a third of a polka with the same lady.

The English youth does not stop to reason all this out. He only knows that people seem to want him at their parties; that he gets more invitations for a month in New York than he would get for a season at home. And then comes the critical period of his American career. If what he fondly imagines are his social successes do not turn his head, if be still remains the same pleasant, frank, agreeably unaffected fellow that he was in the beginning, then his position is secured. The world in which fate has placed him holds out a friendly hand to him and greets him as a comrade. He has borne the test and not succumbed. He has shown himself a jolly good fellow and not an egregious ass.

But when he bears his blushing bonors proudly, wben he assumes the air of a juvenile Count D'Orsay, tben the wratb of his fellow-men falls heavily upon him. There is no more absurd spectacle than that of one of these young lads, who, supposing themselves the social lions of the day, take upon themselves the languid and lofty manners of a spoiled child of fashion. Two years suffice to bring about the change. The fresh-cheeked, frank, honest-eyed youth of twenty, who two years ago was as open-hearted and simple as a child, is to-day one of the most complete pictures of the type of fool into which society may transform a man. With the down still soft upon his lip, this importation adopts the indifferent manner and bored air of a middle-aged cynic. Where bis first mode of address was modestly unpretending, he now approaches a girl with a manner of off-hand nonchalance that is his substitute for the *blasé* weariness of a man-of-the-world.

When it is seen that he is hopelessly lost to sense and good taste, then those who were ready to he his friends and advisers grow warm in their denunciations of him. He is unmercifully bantered and made fun of. He is the butt of the ball-room where be swaggers up to each flushed and smiling belle with a rough "take a turn," and, adjusting his eyeglass, stands in front of her with his legs wide apart, staring at her as he thinks a man of fashion would do. That the lady coldly pronounces herself engaged for every dance, and that her present partner shoulders him aside in somewhat cavalier style does not seem to abash him in the least. Self-confidence has passed into self-satisfaction, and this burly young Briton bas no idea that the people who were so kindly disposed toward him in the beginning are now inclined to regard him as a bore—and an ill-bred bore at that.

If he does learn this—and he ought to, for he receives very rough handling from right and left—he may yet pull himself together and go back to the frank, friendly, kindly style, the manly, unaffected manner, that makes some Englishmen so extremely attractive. Once he shows his desire to repair the error of his ways, all the world, that so recently turned a cold shoulder on him, will forgive the past. Sbould he, however, continue to grow daily more of a fool, the time soon arrives when be finds himself almost completely ostracised. The only people who now send him invitations are his original friends, or some of his English acquaintances. Society, that first seemed so anxious for his presence, now leaves him severely alone. He says this is because of the hatred the Americans have of the English—national hatred and jealousy. It never seems to cross his mind that he has changed in the last three years; that the cheery, obliging, kind-hearted boy has been transformed into a self-centered, vain, and ill-mannered man. When he eventually goes back to England, he is full of stories of the "beastly provincialism" of the Americans, of their rudeness to foreigners, of the falsity of the tales of their vaunted hospitality, of their clannishness, of their attitude of offensive indifference toward all outsiders.

VAN GRYSE.

NEW YORK, January 23, 1892.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

The well-known singer, Etelka Gerster, was lately invited by Prince Bismarck to his country retreat of Fredericbsruh. She seems to have thoroughly enjoyed her trip, and has given a lively account of her interview with the ex-chancellor.

The Princess of Wales has forwarded a check of six thousand five hundred dollars to Mrs. Grimwood, as the result of the subscription which her royal highness started upon the heroine's return from Manipur. Tbe check was accompanied by a letter from the princess.

Mrs. Jerry Simpson has been trying her hand at newspaper correspondence. She sent a long account of the President's new-year reception to her home paper, the Medicine Lodge *Index*, and described the costumes and festivities in a way that must have interested her husband's granger constituents.

The bride of Rudyard Kipling—formerly Miss Josephine Balestier, the younger sister of the late Wolcott Balestier, Mr. Kipling's collaborator and publisher—is a charming young lady, of some twenty summers, whose social début was made in London about two years ago, when Mrs. Walford presented the young American and her own eldest daughter to the queen at a drawing-room.

The foreign colony at Biarritz is decidedly pleased with Queen Natalie of Servia, who has taken up her abode there. She is still a very haodsome woman, with fioe black eyes and a superb complexion, but a tendency to *embonpoint* makes her appear older than she really is. She is often to be seen driving in a very natty T-cart, with one of her ladies-in-waiting, the younger of whom is a very pretty girl of sixteen. Her servants wear smart liveries of light-grayish blue and silver, with cockades of red, blue, and silver.

Mrs. Stanley has coofided to a Melbourne reporter her ambition concerning the future of her famous husband. She says she does not wish him to return to Africa again. She desires him to write the story of his life, to settle down in England, and stand for the House of Commons. Stanley is, at present, a citizen of the United States; but it has been asserted that he would have transferred his allegiance to Great Britain before now, were it not for the advantages bis American citizenship has given him in the matter of copyright.

The statement that Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, some time previous to her recent marriage to Colonel Vivian, dropped the "O" from her name, because certain English people erroneously construed it as an indication that her husband was an Irishman, leads the Boston *Herald* to revive tbe story told of Frederick O. Prince, when he was a candidate for mayor of Boston. That gentleman declared tbat he esteemed himself fortunate in the possession of this initial. Mr. Prince claimed that a good deal of the strength he had in the Irish wards was due to this cause.

The wife of the Duke of Fife, the Princess Louise, is now brought within a measurable distance of the throne. There has already been talk of a project to place the queen's second son, the Duke of Edinburgh, next in the line of succession after Prince George of Wales, and before the Duchess of Fife. The ancestry, the family, and the personal situation of the duke render him intolerable to the British people. The duke's grandmother was one of the illegitimate daughters of King William the Fourth, by the actress Mrs. Jordan, while the duke's mother herself behaved in such an outrageous manner, —living openly with a nobleman who was not her husband—that she was deprived of the charge of ber only son. The duke's three sisters appear to have taken after their mother. None of them was deemed worthy of being invited either to the wedding festivities of the duke or to the christening of his daughter, Lady Alexandra Duff.

Kate Greenaway is the subject of a two-column article, containing probably two thousand five hundred words, which Ethel Mackenzie McKenna contributes to one of the magazines. A careful reading of the article reveals the following facts: "It is now nearly eleven years since 'Under the Window' made its first appearance, and ever since then the name of Kate Greenaway has been a descriptive term for the style of children's costume she bas made so popular. Miss Greenaway is a most energetic worker, and gives up nearly all her time to her beloved art. Her big studio, with its countless unfinished sketches, is not her only field for labor, and she spends long days sketching out-of-doors. One meets this dark, somewhat insignificant little woman, so quietly and plainly dressed, on the picturesque but plebeian Heath of Hampstead, for Miss Greenaway has elected to live within easy reach of her publisher." The two thousand five hundred words, after passing through the alembic, become a filmy deposit of barely one hundred and fifty—and there is precious little information in them.

A Washington dispatch to the Indianapolis *Journal* mentions the sale of Mrs. Windom's horses and carriages at auction, and makes this further reference to the movement to secure a fund for ber support by subscription among the late secretary's friends and admirers: "The secretary left a small amount of property and money," says the *Journal*, "but it was not more than sufficient to allow the widow to live in the most frugal and modest way. Senators Washburn and McMillan started the ball rolling by putting down their names for one thousand dollars each, and several other wealthy senators added like amounts. Then the list was taken to the Union League Club, in New York, where D. O. Mills, Chauncey M. Depew, and others added one-thousand-dollar items, until the total was swelled up to about twenty-five thousand dollars. It was intended that the total should not stop short of fifty thousand dollars. An effort was made to keep the subscription secret so as not to distress the friends of Mr. Windom, and it is said that Mrs. Windom finally concluded not to be the beneficiary of these generous gentlemen."

LITERARY NOTES

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Sir Edwin Arnold, in the February *Cosmopolitan*, in his article on "Love and Marriage in Japan," writes:

"Voltaire was never so wise a philosopher as when he wrote, under the 'portrait d'une femme' at Versailles:

"'Quiconque tu sois, voilà ton maître:
Elle est, elle fût, ou elle va être.'"

Voltaire did not write these lines beneath the portrait of a woman, nor, for that matter, did he write them at all. He did write some similar lines on the pedestal of a statue of Cupid. They run thus:

"Qui que tu sois, voici ton maître;
Il l'est, le fût, ou il doit l'être."

"Evolution in Science, Philosophy, and Art" is the title of a book containing seventeen lectures, delivered before the Brooklyn Ethical Association by Professor John Fiske; Mr. Underwood, Dr. Abbott, Mr. Wakeman, and other able exponents of evolution, which is to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co. These lectures are accompanied by a letter from Herbert Spencer.

John Hay contributes a poem, "Night in Venice" to one of the February magazines.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "The History of David Grieve," will soon be issued in America by Macmillan. The sales of "Robert Elsmere" in the two countries have amounted, it is said, to four hundred thousand copies.

M. Renan is collecting a series of his articles for a volume to be called "Feuilles Détachées."

Tyndall's forthcoming book is "New Fragments." Among the subjects treated are "The Sabbath," "Life in the Alps," "The Rainbow and its Congeners," "Common Water," and "Atoms, Molecules, and Ether-Waves." The author devotes several chapters to biographical studies of Count Rumford and Thomas Young, and there are also chapters on "Louis Pasteur, his Life and Labors," and "Personal Recollections of Thomas Carlyle." Tyndall's "New Fragments" will be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co.

"My Lady's Dressing-Room" has been adapted from the French of the Baronne Staffe by Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer. It tells how to be beautiful, how to be healthy, and how to take care of the wardrobe. Mrs. Ayer has furnished a number of receipts for cosmetics.

Professor David Masson is preparing for publication his "Recollections of Three Cities." These articles were originally contributed to *Macmillan's*, and are as vivid and vigorous as anything he has written. They include sketches of Dr. Melvin and Dr. Kidd, of Aberdeen, and Chalmers, De Quincey and Samuel Brown, of Edinburgh, besides many of the author's associates in London.

"Gabriel's Vocation" is the title of a story by Camille Debans, which Mrs. Serrano has translated and which will be published immediately.

Following is a summary of the contents of the *Popular Science Monthly* for February:

"Personal Liberty," by Edward Atkinson and Edward T. Cabot; "The Story of a Strange Land," by Professor David S. Jordan; "Urban Population," by Hon. Carroll C. Wright—Lessons from the Census—IV.; "Stilts and Stilt-Walking," by M. Guyot-Daubes; "Musical Instruments: The Piano-Forte," by Daniel Spillane—The Development of American Industries Since Columbus—XII.; "Electricity in Relation to Science," by Professor William Crookes; "The Nationalization of University Extension," by Professor C. Hanford Henderson; "Is Man the only Reasoner," by James Sully; "An Experiment in Education"—II., by Mary Alling Aber; "Homely Gymnastics," by Alice B. Tweedy; "New Observations on the Language of Animals," by M. de Lacaze Duthiers; "Recent Oceanic Causeways," by M. E. Blanchard; "The Universe of Stars"; and a "Sketch of William Edward Weber," with portrait.

The attention attracted to Maurus Jókai in America by the publication of Mrs. Fanny Steinitz's translation of "There is no Devil," has led to the publication of a new story by him, called "Pretty Mikhal." It is a free translation of "A Szép Mikhal" by R. N. Bain.

Macmillan & Co. will publish this month Mr. Henry Jephson's account of the "Rise and Progress of the Political Platform."

Highty-tighty Mr. Rudyard Kipling! He was offered, while in Melbourne, two thousand five hundred dollars by a local journal for a paper embodying his impressions of the Melbourne Cup—and he would not write it.

"The Dog in Health and in Disease," by Dr. Wesley Mills, is published by D. Appleton & Co.

Alphonse Daudet's new novel, "Rose and Ninette: a Story of the Morals and Manners of the Day," will be issued in America about the first of February. It deals with the subject of divorce. The translation is made by Mrs. Mary J. Serrano.

Macmillan & Co. announce for early publication a new volume of the Library of Philosophy, entitled "The Philosophy of Æsthetics," by Bernard Bosanquet.

A series of papers by Poultney Bigelow and Frank D. Millet, describing a canoe voyage made in the summer of 1891 down the Danube River "From the Black Forest to the Black Sea"—is about to appear in one of the magazines.

Mr. Swinburne has written little during the past year, the death of his only brother and the dangerous illness of another near relative having greatly moved him.

Sir Edwin Arnold seems to have got himself into much the same box that Julian Hawthorne did a few years ago with James Russell Lowell. The London correspondent of the *Leeds Mercury* says:

"Lord Tennyson is much annoyed by Sir Edwin Arnold's recent article describing a visit which he paid to the poet-laureate. When Lord Tennyson talked freely and without restraint to his brother poet, he had no idea that he was being interviewed. He, of all men, hates to have his private conversation and his personal doings paraded in a magazine. The next time that the author of 'The Light of Asia' visits Lord Tennyson he will not find the poet so communicative."

The second volume of the Modern Science Series, published by D. Appleton & Co., is "The Horse: A Study in Natural History," by William H. Flower, C. B., Director of the British Natural History Museum.

Ignatius Donnelly is said to have three books in hand, all of which he expects to publish during the present year. One is a novel, and another is a sort of supplement to his "Ragnarok."

Macmillan & Co. have begun the issue of an edition, nicely bound and admirably printed, of Mr. Crawford's novels at a dollar a volume. "Mr. Isaacs" has just appeared.

Amélie Rives's new play, "Athelwold," a tragedy in five acts, is published in one of the February magazines.

Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke, Mrs. Elizabeth Phelps-Ward, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, have all had their work interrupted by the prevailing grippe.

Fifteen years of unceasing labor have been given up to John Bach McMaster's "History of the American People" by its author. In seven years only three volumes have been issued, and it will probably be another seven before the remaining three are published. Each volume of the work represents an actual outlay to its author of between six and seven thousand dollars for the purchase of books, traveling expenses, etc., this including in no respect the value of Professor McMaster's time. Fortunately the work has proved an unqualified success. Of each of the two published volumes there have been sold, up to date, seventeen thousand copies. All the New York and Boston publishing houses rejected the manuscript of the first volume, save two. The Scribners considered the matter for six months, but finally allowed it to pass by. The Appletons were somewhat more venturesome, and, after consideration, decided to undertake the work. Now it is one of the strongest works on their list.

New Publications.

"Thy Kingdom Come" is the title of a little volume containing ten sermons on the Lord's prayer, preached in King's Chapel, Boston, by Henry Wilder Foote. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, $1.00; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.

"The Story of the Odyssey," retold for boys and girls by Dr. Edward Brooks, A. M., and provided with seventeen illustrations from Flaxman's designs, has been published by the Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia; price, $1.25; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Comstock Club," by C. C. Goodwin, editor of the Salt Lake *Tribune*, is a volume of lively tales of life among the miners of the early days in various parts of the Pacific Coast. Published by the Leonard Publishing Company, Salt Lake City, Utah; for sale by the booksellers.

The latest issues of the Franklin Square Library are "Mrs. Dines's Millions," a mid-Atlantic romance by W. Clark Russell, and "The Baroness," a Dutch story by Frances Mary Peard. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents each; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"An Inductive Latin Primer," by William R. Harper, Ph. D., late of Yale University but now president of the University of Chicago, and Isaac B. Burgess, A. M., of the Boston Latin School, has been published by the American Book Company, New York; price, $1.00; for sale by the booksellers.

"Love or Money," by Katharine Lee (Mrs. Henry Jenner), is the latest issue in the Town and Country Library. In it, life in a poor country parish is contrasted with society life in London by depicting the career of a woman in the smart set. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Odes, Lyrics, and Sonnets" is the title of a little volume of verses selected from the poetical works of James Russell Lowell and issued in the Gold and White Series. The selections are fairly characteristic, and the little book is well worth having. It is very prettily bound and printed. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, $1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Mrs. J. W. Shoemaker, a little, black-eyed woman, has written a book called "Delsartean Pantomime" and illustrated it with pictures of herself in a variety of attitudes but always in what is, perhaps, the ugliest gown ever worn by woman. It seems improbable that a person so blind to all sense of beauty as to wear a formless white bag like that could teach others how to convey by their gestures the emotions described in the poems they recite. Published by the Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia; price, $1.25; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Age of the Domestic Animals," by Rush Shippen Huidenkoper, M. D., is an exhaustive treatise on the dentition of the horse, ox, sheep, hog, and dog, and on the various other means of determining the age of these animals. A large number of excellent illustrations, a bibliography, and an index add to the usefulness and value of the work. Published by F. A. Davis, Philadelphia; price, $1.75; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Flowing Bowl" is a bulky, somewhat crudite, and fairly readable book on what, when, and how to drink, the author being William Schmidt, the bar-keeper beloved in Gotham and known to fame as "The Only William." It considers its subject historically, physiologically, and poetically, besides giving five hundred and nineteen recipes for beverages. Published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

There is much good in historical novels, if they be written by scholars who can interest as well as instruct. Such a story is "The Burning of Rome," by the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M. A., who has written several similar works which have achieved popularity. "The Burning of Rome" is full of plotting, tragedies, love-making, and other lively incidents, and, as a whole, it presents a vivid picture of Rome in the time of Nero. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, $1.00; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.

George du Maurier's first novel, "Peter Ibbetson," is the literary sensation of the day, and is invariably dubbed "original" and "striking," which are but veiled laudation in the critic's mouth. Peter Ibbetson, whom we first meet in his childhood—whereof he chats delightfully, rebuilding for us the Passy of Louis Philippe's time—comes to England as a young man, becomes an architect's clerk, and meets a duchess with whom he falls in love, as she does with him. That they meet but this once does not make their love the less, for, not only were they playmates in childhood, but, as they afterward learn, they had a common ancestress, and from her inherited qualities which attune their souls to harmony. Peter, under provocation morally but not legally excusable, kills his uncle and is condemned to life-imprisonment, and then begins the fantastic portion of the tale. As he can not meet his duchess in the flesh, not only does he compel himself to dream connectedly of her, but she does of him also, and they lead an idyllic love-life in their dreams; they "hobnobbed with Montaigne and Rabelais and were personally bored by Malherbe." The story is a long one, but interesting in every page and copiously illustrated by the author. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The sixth volume of the "Chronicles of the Builders of the Commonwealth," by Hubert Howe Bancroft, has much to say of the transportation systems of the West and the men who created them, but its scope is by no means confined to that field. The first four chapters consider the early surveys and expeditions preparatory to the building of what has become the Southern Pacific Company's railroad system, describe its development, and give the life of the late Charles Crocker, whose portrait on steel serves as frontispiece for the volume. After a life of George H. Sisson, the succeeding ten chapters are devoted to an extended review of the railways of the great West, from Mexico to Alaska. Then follow several chapters on commerce, interspersed among which are biographical chapters on Josiah Failing, James Steel, Donald Macleay, A. G. Russ, Joseph P. Hale, George H. Bonebrake, Albert Miller, Joseph Emeric, Orville D. Baldwin, Chauncey Hatch Phillips, and Jerome B. Wheeler—each of whom is pictured in a steel engraving. Those to whom these names are familiar will recognize the wide range of territory to which this series of biographies applies, some of them being the "builders" of Oregon and Washington, while others again are the prominent men of Colorado. Published and for sale by the History Company, San Francisco.

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VANITY FAIR.

Mme. Patti's reappearance this year as a brunette has, apparently, revived interesting gossip concerning the ready transformation of brunettes into blondes, and their restoration. The processes have astonished the town for a couple of decades, and it is known that the diva successfully tried the experiment just before her last farewell to America, two seasons ago. She had departed to her castle at Craig-y-Nos, in Wales, black-haired, and she reappeared with a head of hair described as "a bewitching Titian red." The secret of the transformation was peroxide of hydrogen. The editor of the *American Hairdresser* said, recently: "Blondes will exist so long as peroxide of hydrogen is manufactured. It turns the most pronounced brunette into a charming blonde, at a ranging charge of from one dollar and fifty cents, in the Bowery, to ten dollars, in Fourteenth or Twenty-Third Streets." Patti only went through half the bleaching process, and, consequently, she came out as a Titian, not a blonde. When she stopped washing her hair with peroxide of hydrogen, her hair gradually returned to its natural black. Pauline Markham, of the English Blondes theatrical troupe, was the first woman who used it in this country. Then actresses generally took it up, and women in society followed the example. It used to sell in those days, when it was a nine-days' wonder, at ten dollars a bottle, and women of wealth, who did not like the color of their hair, paid as much as twenty dollars a bottle for it. That left a profit of twelve dollars to the dealer, for it sold wholesale at eight dollars a bottle. Now it finds a ready sale all over the world, and can be bought for twenty-five cents a bottle. The process of making blondes is to apply this chemical to the roots of the hair occasionally, after the first bleaching of the hair. It affects the coloring matter only. The hair changes from black or dark to red, and then to a blonde. You can make it any shade you desire. "Can any color of hair be bleached?" a *Sun* reporter asked a hair-dresser. "Any except a natural red. We can do nothing with that unless we apply dye. Red hair will not bleach. I have tried for years to find out the reason, but no one could tell me." "But isn't it hurtful—poisonous?" "The hair will grow out again its natural color as soon as the use of the wash is stopped, and it does not injure the hair." In spite of the hair-dresser's encomiums of peroxide of hydrogen, however, it is well to bear in mind that Dr. John V. Shoemaker has said that the hair that has been bleached by peroxide of hydrogen "is defunct," and that it bears about it a "lusterless and obtrusive wigginess."

The city in Europe which makes the best showing, so far as morality is concerned, is Athens. Within the memory of the present generation, there has been no single matrimonial scandal that has taken place in the society of the Grecian metropolis, and the latter is about the only capital in the world which is absolutely without any *chronique scandaleuse*. The Athenians marry young and remain faithful to their marriage vows. This is not alone on account of principle, but is also attributable in a measure to the almost entire absence of the *demi-monde*. What little there is of the latter at Athens is exclusively of foreign origin.

People who are interested in Richard Harding Davis (says a New York correspondent) will like to know that the handsome, athletic young man, with the smooth-shaven face and square chin with a cleft in it, that Charles D. Gibson is so fond of putting into his illustrations, is Richard Davis, and Richard Davis capitally drawn at that. When the "Anglomaniacs" was running in the *Century*, Gibson chose Richard Davis as the original of the striking picture of Lord Melrose. At that time, the author of that brilliant story was still a matter of conjecture, and opinion was evenly divided as to whether it was a man or a woman. Gibson had just made an illustration for the story, with Richard Davis (as Lord Melrose) walking down Fifth Avenue with the young woman of the story. He had put on the young Englishman a sack-coat and a silk hat. The sketches were submitted to their unknown author, and returned with the criticism that no careful man, especially if he were an Englishman, would walk down the fashionable street in a cutaway-coat and silk hat in the morning, which was the time designated in the story. Mr. Gibson told Mr. Davis of the criticism, and asked: "Now, what does that indicate to you as to the authorship—is it a man or a woman?" "A man," said Mr. Davis, promptly; "a woman would not be likely to know such a little point in etiquette as that." "A woman," hazarded Mr. Gibson; "women know all about such little things, and no one but a woman would care." The sequel proved that Gibson was right.

The following paragraph is from the Philadelphia *Inquirer*: "Tight lacing was, indirectly, the cause of the mysterious and sudden death of Miss Clara S. Holloway, in Camden, at a card-party, Saturday night, November 14th, according to the opinion of the doctors who made a *post mortem* examination. They found that death resulted from cerebral hemorrhage, resulting from congestion of the lungs superinduced by the tightness of the young lady's clothing." Commenting on the foregoing, the editor of the *Medical Bulletin* says: "No doubt many other similar cases occur, but are not reported. Tight lacing appears to be carried on, both by girls and women, entirely too frequently."

"When to wear diamonds," is thus prescribed by Florence Marryat in the *Ladies' Home Journal*: "When a woman is asked the kind of ring, or brooch, or bracelet she desires, she is apt to say 'A diamond one.' And unless she has a great many jewels, this is a wise choice, for the diamond may be worn many times when the colored gems are in bad taste. Americans have been laughed at very much for wearing their diamonds at all times and in all places, but I think the woman of good taste and refined feelings realizes when and where she shall wear her jewels. Diamonds should not be worn in the morning ever. They should not be worn when a simple visit is paid before two o'clock. They should not be worn when one is doing charitable work. They should not be worn in profusion with any street toilet, although a small brooch, a pair of solitaire ear-rings, and a ring which is concealed by the glove, are frequently noticed on refined women. They should not be worn in bathing; this sounds a little odd, but, as they have been seen in such places, somebody evidently needs to be given a word or two about them. They should not be worn to any extent, even in the evening, at places of amusement. They should never be seen on children. They should not be worn by people who are in mourning. They should not be worn unless one's gown is in harmony with them, for a soiled, mussed costume and a profusion of diamonds is a very bad combination. They should not be worn by men. They should not be worn at all unless they are real, unless they are properly set, and unless they are suited to the wearer. Enormous ear-rings, pulling down the lobes of the ear, are the essence of vulgarity. Enormous pins that look like electric lights are in equally bad taste. Choose your diamonds for clearness and perfection of cut rather than size."

Our grandmothers, who were the proud and happy owners of only one silk gown, and who considered themselves fortunate to have such a possession, would be amazed beyond expression (writes a Paris correspondent of the New York *World*) if they could know the reckless extravagance with which we in our day use the precious silk. All the new gowns are lined with silk or satin. Satin merveilleux is of a fine, firm, yet heavy texture, which adapts itself beautifully for a dress-lining, and, therefore, it is of satin merveilleux that the newest dress-linings are made. One must take very good care to get a quality of silk for lining which will not crack or cut, or, otherwise, there will be the unpleasantness of finding a lining all cut and worn when the outside of the dress is still as good as new. The same thing holds true of skirt-linings. No skirt hangs so well as the one which is lined with silk; but one must be careful to get silk which will not crack, or the skirt-lining will be gone before the skirt has been worn half a dozen times.

It is an uncomfortable experience for those who in their own particular town or village have held a position of paramount importance to find themselves thrown suddenly into the great unknown world of New York social life (says the New York *Tribune*). To feel one's self at once a complete nobody, when one has been accustomed for years to the consciousness of a defined and comparatively exalted position, is by no means pleasant. A young Baltimorean who belonged to the *jeunesse dorée* of his world, and who was obviously conscious of his position, visited New York at the height of the season, expecting to be received with open arms by the gay young crowd with whom he had played polo and hunted the wily anise scent at Newport. "What is the matter with C——?" was said on his return, for he seemed in wretched spirits, and had completely lost his zest for his accustomed pursuits. "Did he speculate disastrously in New York?" his friends wondered, "or has he some unfortunate love affair?" Still his melancholy continued, although the cause remained an enigma—until one evening at a dinner, when the comparative social merits of New York and Baltimore were discussed with rather warm Southern partisanship. Then the moody and taciturn young Timon suddenly burst forth with: "There is not one of us here who, if dropped in New York, would not be lost and never heard of!" thus betraying his mortification and consequent disgust at his own want of success. It is not that New Yorkers are either inhospitable or fickle; but they have the indifference that is begotten of being the center of social life in this country. Outsiders are not necessary to their enjoyment, however desirable their set may seem to the social aspirants of other places, and unless a new-comer can offer very exceptional advantages, society is very apt to regard him or her with scant favor. But for the consolation of those who have felt the discomforts of being "out of it" in the midst of a crowd, let us say that in London the triumphant young New Yorker is very apt to experience the same uncomfortable sensation of being on the outskirts of the desirable precincts of Mayfair, and to long vainly for an entrée into the exclusive clubs and houses.

"Looking at the question in no other light," Mr. Elisha Dyer said, recently, to a *World* reporter, "it would not be a bad idea for a bachelor to lay aside thirty or forty dollars a month for a valet. He will find that in ten years, even though he be a fine dresser, his expense for clothes will not be over two thousand dollars. Clothes wear better when constantly looked after, pressed thoroughly, and the stitch in time that saves nine attended to. In the matter of cravats alone, think what a delight it is always to have them properly ironed smooth. How long a supply of ties will last under the skillful touch of a valet no one knows who has not been served by one. The expenses that are continually falling upon a bachelor from not having the proper thing ready when wanted, necessitating an immediate purchase, are obviated by the services of a valet. These are the expenses and annoyances, by the way, that so many bachelors flee into matrimony to avoid. They think that the motto, 'A place for everything and everything in its place' is the adjunct of domesticity alone. The bachelor, however, who has an intelligent valet, can have as well ordered a 'home' as a man with the most domestic of wives."

Every few months the dress-reform movement, which was slightly invigorated at Chautauqua last summer, takes a fresh start, makes new resolutions, and goes forth to conquer (says the Chicago *News*). Generally it loses its impetus within a month or so, and the persons who gave it the initial shove sit down to rest, meanwhile resuming the unreformed and unregenerate apparel which they formerly wore. Now this movement is again abroad. Three hundred young ladies have placed it upon their fragile shoulders and are stumping down the highway toward reform. The noble three hundred are members of the Maryland State Normal School. One of their preceptresses decreed that no young woman in the school should wear either corsets or garters. There was rebellion at first, but now the entire three hundred are so pleased with the innovation that they have sworn to adopt it permanently and lead lives that shall henceforth be guiltless of corsets and garters. Now the question is: How long will this last? Judging by previous similar vows of abnegation, about three months. It would not be surprising to hear some time next June that two hundred and seventy-five of the three hundred were comfortably reinstalled in both garters and corsets.

Governor-elect Brown, of Maryland, has been forced by public opinion in that State to command Mrs. Brown to put aside a queenly crown (says the Boston *Transcript*). The story is that Mrs. Brown, having some handsome diamonds, had a mind to have them reset for the inauguration ceremonies and reception. She carried them to a Baltimore jeweler, who suggested that they should be arranged in a crown or tiara. After some hesitation, Mrs. Brown accepted the design for a crown. In due time the crown was completed, and was written up by the Baltimore papers. Then the trouble began for the governor. Some papers announced that Mrs. Brown would wear a crown on all public occasions, just like a real queen. Others varied the announcement by saying that Mrs. Brown considered the crown as the outward and visible symbol of the social belief that she is the first lady of the State. Immediately the people of Maryland caught fire, and asked on what meat had their Cæsar fed that his family should put on a style not authorized by the constitution. There must have been a terrible struggle in the governor's mind, for governors are but human, after all. Eventually the statesman triumphed over the husband, and Mrs. Brown will not wear a crown. Neither will there be any special ceremonies attendant upon the inauguration, which will be made severely simple, even Jeffersonian in their simplicity.

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ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

By the Duke of Marlborough.

As a rule, an American divides his property fairly between his children, and he leaves his daughters provided for much on the same lines as his sons. The consequence is that marriage is a very important question with a young man in America, apart from the sentimental side of the questioo. It means ao alliance with some particular center of wealth and power. The family influence becomes broadened out finaocially as well as socially, especially within the charmed circle of the wealthy Four Hundred. A system hence prevails which is neither the English system of primogeniture nor the French system of the Code Napoleon. It lies between the two The widow's right to dower is inalienable. That is the fundamental point, since marriage settlements are mknown. On the other hand, no man would think of leaving a son or daughter unprovided for. If he did, the will might be attacked on equitable grounds, and the deed upset and an intestacy created.

This constant fear, therefore, governs every man in disposing of his estate. On the other hand, every American is imbued with the idea of building up a wealthy family, with strong lateral connections. It is easy to see, therefore, how such a system tends to lace and intertwine financial families together, and how out of this state of things there is really growing up in that country a most powerful aristocracy of wealth in the same way that in former times in England the land-owners built up an aristocracy on much the same ideas, though they were forced to add the superstructure of primogeniture to keep track with the succession to the family titles and honors. Now the land value in England has to-day vanished, but the titles remain, like the old tapestries on the walls of some empty and half-ruined châteaux. In England, we try to maintain things perforce. We create new titles to grace wealth in every form as fast as it is acquired; but the system is blocked by the impoverished titles that remain, so that the peerage must eveotually become either ridiculous or unmanageable socially. In America, on the other hand, wealth is the recognized standard. You may be descended from "very nice people," who once were wealthy, but if you can not keep up in the race by ooe means or another, *i. e.*, by money io marriage or by help from friends in business, you must retire. You and your family go West to make a new fortune, or you take up one of the polite professions and you help to populate provincial towns, but you retire from the court. You leave New York, and your daughters give up all idea of attending Patriarchs' balls. On the other hand, our transatlantic cousins, with their budding and yet powerful nobility, will continue for a long time to hanker after the glories of those institutions which created lordly mansioos, aod broad estates, and large emblazoned coats-of-arms with many an ancient quartering.

Half the great fortunes of New York result from the careful hoarding and saving of fathers and grandfathers who had made in their time quiet, insignificant investments. Trade, railway enterprise, and other sources of fortune have produced the remaioing members of this wealthy class, who have been educated under very differeot auspices aod with far greater advantages than their fathers. Foreigo travel and a taste for art and a knowledge of foreign laoguages, combined with a liberal educatioo at most excellent universities, such as Yale and Harvard, have produced a class of men whose wives and daughters are a counterpart of themselves io appreciatioo and refinement. And yet with all this wealth there is really no way of spending it in America, when once you have built a colossal palace io Fifth Avenue, Chicago, San Francisco, or elsewhere. You sit in your palace with your dollars, and you go to business every day in a tencent tram-car! There are hundreds of meo in America doing this to-day. Their sons, however, will not be content with this life. At preseot they fly backward and forward to London and Paris, they live in Bond Street and the Rue de la Paix. They are the joy of hotel-keepers, but they must be deadly bored themselves. Wild sport, the country-house, the Scotch moor, racc-meetings at Newmarket, which they find in England, they would like to have in America, and they will, undoubtedly, create all these things. In the not distant future, America will be possessed of a representative class of landed merchant nobles, who will vie in luxury and in wealth with anything the Old World ever produced. Not only this, but English ways of life among a wealthy class will become more and more popular. Except in and about New York, where yachting, racing, and country sports of various sorts prevail, there is no sort of amusement for a wealthy class. Life is, as a rule, strictly provincial. The theatres, clubs, social gatherings—where the women take the lead almost entirely—are the only diversions possible. There is little difference in this respect among the various classes of the community. There is either no time or no opportunity for the hundred and one ways in which the city clerk in England can enjoy a holiday. No bicycle tours, no small race-meetings, no boating-trips, etc. The national game of base-ball is the only form of sport, besides trotting-matches or the race-meetings of the larger towns. Were it not for the constant pressure of business, the American man's life in country towns would be one life-long boredom, as, indeed, it would be often to the women to-day if they did not take an active part, as they do, in the matters of their households and the bringing up of children. In a couotry where servants and finishing governesses are few, a woman has to be a help to herself and her home. But it is easy to conceive that, as one generation succeeds another, brought up to ease and comfort, an increasing demand will grow up for those forms of pleasure and ease which an older civilization affords, and which a wealthy American envies when he goes to Europe. Much of the perennial interest which the American press take in English social matters is a tribute to the desire of the Americans for information as to how their English cousins live in England.

There is a higher standard of general refinement in the home among almost all classes in America. Even in the humblest walks of life the home is better kept, more attention is given to small things, dinners and festivities mean more as entertainments than in England. There is less happy-go lucky sort of Bohemian coffee-housing all round. Men have their clubs, and women their children and their homes, where they are far more important factors than in Europe. Society has, in fact, a very serious side of life in America, and its doings and orderings are serious matters, where the influence of the women is largely brought into play for the exercise of their family interests. These ramifyings of social relations are most complicated, and carry their bearings into the business details of families quite as much as into the recognized division of classes or professions. Family relations are held to more strongly in America than in England. The influence of parents is greater and the family is closer knit than with the English upper class. Our own provincial life has some sort of resemblance in its inner workings to the basis that underlies social and family life in America. There is no such thing as a bored chap in America. On the other hand, there is a greater general interest taken in everything, a greater frankness of manner to strangers, and less of that instioctive suspicion which is rather a vice with the Englishman. An American makes friends far easier and more readily than an Englishman does, if you approach him in the right way. He is essentially companionable. He likes a new acquaintance, and is always ready for an expedition or an enterprise.

The American woman is, perhaps, the most different thing in America to aoything in England. She has a natural quickness for appreciating the characters of the men around her, and she takes infinitely more trouble, and, in some respects, greater interest all round than the Englishwoman displays. Child bearing does not seem to crush everything else out of them as it does with all classes in England. The bright, cheery girl remains the gay, carefully-dressed, married woman, who is always trying to show herself off quietly to the best advantage, and she understands the art perfectly, among all classes of the people. In middle age and even later in life, she seems to preserve a perennial interest in everythiog around her; she does not grow old mentally, as so many Englishwomen do. The tendency to oagging aod gossip-mongering of an ill-natured character is, I fancy, rarer in that country. No doubt the climate has something to do with these differences of disposition. The men among themselves, so far as club life is an indication, are exactly the same as what we should expect to find in England. The same quiet self-respect, combined with pleasant convivial habits that we practice in England, perhaps even a little more so. Taking the two people together, there is really far less difference than one might expect to find. They read the same books, they study the same ideas, and they hold by much the same ideals in England aod America, so that it would be difficult to discriminate between a London and a New York drawing-room, except for the fact that the voices of the women in conversation are pitched rather higher, and are, perhaps, more inflected than with a similar bevy of well-dressed English ladies at home. The men are more sedate in manner, more punctilious, in fact, more like what I fancy our own grandfathers were in their time than we find in London, as a rule, in the present day.

Marlborough.

The New Art-Store.

Sanborn, Vail & Co. will have the largest and handsomest art-store in the United States when they move into their new quarters at 741–745 Market Street. Their business has grown to such enormous proportions that they are over-crowded now, even after taking the next building to their present store and acquiring the large basement of the Flood Building for storage-room, and they will need all the room in their new building. It is the building formerly occupied by Chadbourne's furniture-store, just across Market Street from Grant Avenue, and has five stories, with a fifty-foot frontage on Market Street and a depth of one hundred and seventy feet, running back to Stevenson Street.

The first floor is to be given up to small and pretty articles, and will be a very handsome apartment, as it is being decorated in cream and gold. On the second floor will be a large front room for aquarelles, etchings, and engravings, and near it a room, measuring forty feet square, will be partitioned off and used as a gallery for the exhibition of handsome paintings. This latter room will be brilliantly illuminated by electricity, so that the light will be the same by day and by night. Some very fine paintings are to be hung in this room, and it will doubtless soon become one of the favorite resorts of the wealthy and cultured people of the city.

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Bessie Hooker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hooker, to Mr. George H. Lent, son of Mr and Mrs. William M. Lent.

The engagement is announced of Miss Nettie K. Tubbs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, of this city, to First-Lieutenant Joseph S. Oyster, First Artillery, U. S. A., now stationed in New York.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Ida L. Carleton, a niece of Mrs. B. F. Norris, of this city, to Chaplain Frank Thompson, U. S. N., son of Right Rev. Hugh Miller Thompson, Bishop of Mississippi. The wedding will take place at the expiration of the chaplain's present term of duty.

St. Mary's Cathedral will be the scene, next Thursday morning, of the wedding of Miss Louise Catherwood, daughter of Mrs. Clara Catherwood, of this city, and Mr. Ernest C. La Montagne, of New York. Archbishop Riordan will officiate, assisted by Rev. Father Prendergast, V. G. The ushers will be Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge, Mr. James W. Byrne, Mr. George Loughborough, and Mr. Alexander Loughborough. Mr. Albert La Montagne will be the best man and Miss Marie La Montagne will act as maid of honor. After the ceremony the bridal party will enjoy a breakfast at Mrs. Catherwood's residence, corner of Pacific Avenue and Frankbn Street. A reception will follow the breakfast.

A wedding that will interest many residents of this city took place on Tuesday, Jaouary 19th, when Mr. John M. Wilson was united in marriage to Mrs. Frances C. Kaeding, who is the widow of the late Mr. Charles Kaeding and sister of the late Mr. George S. Ladd. Rev. Joseph Worcester officiated.

The engagement is anoounced of Miss Etta Jones and Mr. J. Staunton King, both of Toronto, Canada. Miss Jones formerly resided here, and graduated from the Van Ness Seminary three years ago. Mr. King is the president and superinteodent of the J. D. King Company, Limited.

Miss Nellie Smedberg will give a matinée tea today (Saturday) at the residence of her parents, Colonel aod Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, 1611 Larkin Street.

A pleasant affair was the lunch-party given by Mrs. Sidney M. Smith last Tuesday at her new home on the corner of Broadway and Webster Streets. It was a compliment to Miss Susan Hale, of Boston, and was pleasurable in every respect.

Mr. and Mrs. Will E. Fisher have issued cards for "at homes" on Tuesday evenings, February 2d aod 9th, at their residence, 1210 Sutter Street.

Mrs. Charles Simpkins gave a pleasant lunch-party last Wednesday at her residence, 2100 California Street, at which she very agreeably entertained a few of her friends.

Mrs. T. B. Bishop gave an eojoyable lunch-party to several of her friends last Wednesday at her residence, 2309 Washington Street.

Mrs. E. R. Dimond gave an enjoyable ioformal tea last Wednesday at her home, 2224 Washingtoo Street, aod hospitably entertained some of her friends.

Miss Belle McPherson gave a delightful card-party last Wednesday evening at her residence on Essex Street, and very pleasantly entertained quite a number of her friends.

Mrs. A. T. Dean gave a very pretty lunch-party recently at the Presidio in honor of Mrs. Worth, who is visiting Captain and Mrs. Leonard Wood, U. S. A.

Mrs. John O'Neil Reis gave an eojoyable lunch-party recently at her residence, 699 Polk Street, at which she entertaioed Miss Gwin, Miss Flora Low, Miss Bowie, Miss Friedlander, Miss Adèle Perrin, Miss Edna Robinsoo, Miss Voorhies, and the Misses Brooks.

Mrs. John Hays Hammond gave a most enjoyable lunch-party last Thursday at her residence in honor of Miss Susan Hale, a sister of Mr. Edward Everett Hale, of Boston, Mass, who is oo a visit to this coast. The decorations were exquisite, and the menu perfect in every detail. The others present were: Mrs. W. H. L. Barnes, Mrs. Charles Webb Howard, Mrs. Dyer, and Miss Bourn.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford gave a charmiog dinner-party receotly at her residence, 1105 Bush Street, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar B. Carroll, of Sacramento, who were visiting her. Covers were laid for twelve, and a bounteous feast was enjoyed.

Seoator and Mrs. Leland Stanford will give a breakfast soon in honor of Mrs. Benjamin Harrison in the new dining-room of their residence in Washington, D. C.

Great preparations have been made for the kinder-fest which will be held this (Saturday) evening in the San Francisco Verein. There will be a series of tableaux illustrating the legend of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," and also some special music and other features that will tend to make the affair very interesting. All of the children will appear in fancy-dress costumes, and they will hold sway from seven until eleven o'clock, after which the older people will enjoy danciog and an elaborate supper.

An event that is sure to attract a large attendonce is the musicale which will be given at the residence of Mrs. Frank M. Pixley, on Tuesday evening, February 9th, for the benefit of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin. It is to be given under the auspices of the young ladies of the Altar Society of the church, who have enlisted the services of our best local talent and will present an unusually attractive programme. The tickets will be one dollar each, and none will be sold at the door on the evening of the musicale. They may be procured of F. M. Pixley at the *Argonaut* building, and from Rev. W. W. Bolton at the church, Mrs. F. M. Pixley, Miss Daisy Topping, Miss Mary Melrose, Miss Dewing, and Miss Grueohagen. Dancing will follow the musicale.

A pleasant progressive euchre-party was given by Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Bryan last Wednesday evening at their residence, 1822 Pine Street. It was followed by a supper, after which dancing was indulged in until a late hour. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Danforth, Captain and Mrs. W. J. Bryan, Miss Fannie Danforth, Miss Irene Crowell, Miss Mabel Gross, Misses Marie and Kate Voorhies, Miss Bertha Behloe, Miss Mamie Taylor, Miss Stella Hayes, Miss Alice Cooper, Miss Hattie Hall, Mr. Robert Greer, Mr. W. F. Wood, Mr. S. A. Wood, Mr. James Boonell, Mr. A. S. Frost, Mr. A. R. James, Mr. C. G. Cambron, Mr. H. Weston, Mr. Alpheus Bull. The first prizes were woo by Miss Danforth and Mr. Wood, the boobys by Miss Taylor and Mr. Bull.

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SOCIETY.

The Grant Lunch-Party.

The most prominent affair of its kind that has taken place here during the winter season and, numerically, the largest, was the lunch-party that Mrs. Adam Grant gave last Tuesday at her residence, 1112 Bush Street, in honor of Miss Childs, of Los Angeles. It was what might be aptly termed a pink luncheon, and there were eighty-three young ladies seated at the tables. The dining-room and billiard-room were used, and in them were set numerous small tables, adorned with clusters of pink roses. Gas light was used to illuminate the rooms, and it was softly filtered through daintily molded globes of pinkish hue, which created a very pretty effect. On mantels, cabinets, and stands were elegant vases, which acted as receptacles for clusters of roses and carnations whose tints harmonized perfectly with the surroundings. During the service of the elaborate menu a string orchestra played melodious selections, and afterward the guests were charmingly entertained with musical and vocal numbers. Mrs. Louis Brechemin gave several delightful songs, and won many plaudits and remarks of commendation. It was about five o'clock before the guests departed, and they were all charmed with the affair, and certainly enjoyed Mrs. Grant's bountiful hospitality.

The Younger Lunch-Party.

One of the most pleasant affairs of the week was the lunch-party given by Mrs. William J. Younger on Friday at her residence, 1414 California Street. The luncheon was served in the hall-room amid a decoration of palms and other tropical plants, and the table was a pretty symphony in pink and green. The souvenirs were dainty, hand-painted cups and saucers, filled with pink roses and foliage tied with ribbons of harmonizing shades. A bounteous menu was served, and after the pleasant time passed in feasting, a musical treat was enjoyed. Mrs. Marriner-Campbell, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, and Mrs. L. Brechemin contributed delightful vocal numbers, and the instrumental selections were by Mrs. Younger and Miss Fletcher. This made a most pleasant finale to the charming affair. Those present comprised:

Mrs. William J. Younger, Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mrs. E. Martin, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. B. B. Cutter, Mrs. W. W. Morrow, Mrs. Frank M. Pixley, Mrs. Marriner-Campbell, Mrs. C. J. Torbert, Mrs. William Irwin, Mrs. L. Brechemin, Mrs. Michael Castle, and Mrs. John Curry.

The Castle Lunch-Party.

An elegant lunch-party was given last Thursday by Mrs. Michael Castle at her residence, corner of Washington and Laguna Streets. The decoration of the table was particularly noticeable and pretty, the principal feature being some swans that carried yellow marguerites in their beaks, and were apparently endeavoring to draw wreaths of smilax over the damask. The menu of twelve courses was admirably prepared and served, and the affair was made delightful in every way by the hostess. Among Mrs. Castle's guest were:

Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. F. L. Castle, Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mrs. E. Martin, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. John Currey, Mrs. John Center, Mrs. A. M. Easton, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson.

The Hopkins Lunch-Party.

A pretty lunch-party was given last Thursday by Mrs. E. W. Hopkins at her residence on California Street in honor of her niece, Miss Maud Hopkins. Daylight was excluded from the dining-room and the light from the chandelier and candelabra took its place. In the center of the round table was a silvery mirror and around it were clusters of St. Joseph's lilies that fell in long festoons from the chandelier above. At each cover was a name card of white, lettered in silver and bearing a spray of lilies of the valley. The menu was a delicious one and the guests were most hospitably entertained. Those present were:

Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, Miss Maud Hopkins, Miss Mary L. McNutt, Miss Florence Lockwood, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Mamie Holbrook, Miss Cunningham, Miss Blacker, Miss Castle, Miss Hooker, Miss Sally Maynard, Miss Kate Jarboe, Miss Jennie Sanderson, Miss Nellie Smedberg, Miss Dimond, Miss Hope Ellis, Miss Maud Morrow, and Miss Kittle.

The Norris Reception.

A particularly delightful affair was the reception and musicale given by Mrs. B. F. Norris last Wednesday evening at her residence, 1822 Sacramento Street. It was given in honor of her niece, Miss Ida L. Carleton, and her *fiancé*, Chaplain Frank Thompson, U. S. N., of the *Charleston*, and about seventy-five guests were present to meet them and extend their congratulations. Bright-hued flowers and tropical plants adorned the various apartments in artistic array. The conversation was interspersed with vocal and instrumental numbers charmingly given. Mrs. L. Brechemin, Mrs. Bermingham, Mrs. Marriner-Campbell, and Mr. Walter C. Campbell gave vocal numbers and Mr. Hermann Brandt played some selections on the violin. A delicious supper, served by Ludwig, was one of the features of the evening, and the guests departed soon after midnight feeling that they had been charmingly entertained.

The Hoffman Tea.

Miss May Hoffman entertained about fifty of her friends at her home on Saturday, January 23d, by giving a most delightful informal tea. Mrs. and Miss Hoffman were assisted in receiving by Mrs. John E. de Ruyter, the Misses Smith, and Miss Ames. The afternoon was pleasantly passed with conversation and music. Miss Lillie Lawlor's charming voice has seldom been heard to better advantage than in several German and French songs that she sang. Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan also contributed some pleasing selections. Among those present, other than those already mentioned, were:

Mrs. Henry L. Tatum, Mrs. Kerr, Miss Lucia Kittle, Miss Mamie Holbrook, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Miss Elliott, Miss Mason, Miss Ashe, Miss Alice Decker, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Miss Hope Ellis, Misses Tompkins, Miss Jennie Sanderson, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Miss Emmet, Miss Simpkins, Miss Eleanor Dimond, Miss Mae Dimond, Mr. Carrigan, Mr. Coon, Mr. Southard Hoffman, Mr. Ogden Hoffman, Mr. Williamson, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Everett N. Bee, Mr. Hubbard, and others.

The Ziska Reception.

Miss Alice Ziska gave a pleasant reception at the residence of her mother, Mme. B. Ziska, 1606 Van Ness Avenue, last Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Frankie Kautz, daughter of General and Mrs. A. V. Kautz, U. S. A. Music and conversation made the affair very pleasurable. Miss Ziska, Miss Cosgrave, and Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan contributed musical selections to the delight of their hearers, and at intervals punches, Russian tea, and light refreshments were served from the buffet. It was after midnight when the charming affair came to an end. Miss Kautz will remain here as the guest of Miss Ziska for some time.

The Pleasanton Hop.

Mrs. M. E. Pendleton and the guests at the Hotel Pleasanton gave a delightful hop there last Tuesday evening, and entertained a large number of their friends. The parlor, the large hallway, and the spacious dining-salon were canvased, and the latter was used for dancing. A string orchestra provided excellent music for the merry crowd of dancers, who prolonged the festivities until after one o'clock. During the evening punches and light refreshments were served in the private dining-room. The affair was a success in every particular.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Grace M. Spencer, of San José, has been passing the week here as the guest of her sister, Mrs. James de la Montanya, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins will remain at the Palace Hotel for a couple of months, and then go East.

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Miss Virginia Fair are expected here in a couple of weeks from New York.

Dr. R. H. McDonald and the Misses Laura and Blythe McDonald are in San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, accompanied by Mrs. J. C. Tucker and Miss Claire Tucker, of Oakland, will leave for Europe early in February and will remain abroad about six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jaynes and Miss Eugenia Chapin have returned from a tour of the southern part of the State and are at The Colonial.

Baron and Baroness J. H. von Schröder were in Paris a fortnight ago.

Mrs. John Paxton came down from Napa early in the week on a visit to her friends.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Cheesman and Miss Cheesman, of Denver, are here on a visit and are stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. William J. Younger and the Misses Younger will leave here early in May to make a tour of Europe, passing much of the time in Germany, where the young ladies will devote themselves to their studies. A year later they will meet Dr. Younger in Rome, where he will attend the medical congress, and after that they will return to this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank F. Moulton have returned from a three months' visit to the principal Eastern cities.

Mrs. B. F. Norris, Miss Ida L. Carleton, and Miss Gertrude Goewey have returned from an enjoyable visit to watering-places in the southern part of the State.

Mrs. E. B. Coleman and Miss Lena Blanding will pass February and March in Santa Barbara.

Mr. John W. Coleman has gone to Washington, D. C., to meet his wife and daughter, who will return from the East soon.

Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre have returned from a prolonged Eastern trip.

Mrs. Volney Spalding will return in a few days from Virginia, Nev., where she is visiting Mrs. John Gillig.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase are now residing at 1729 Broadway.

General E. D. Keyes is en route to this city after a visit to his son, Dr. Edward L. Keyes.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young have returned from Southern California after accompanying the delegates of the International League of Press Clubs on their trip.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Edwards, of Santa Barbara, are at the Hotel Alcazar, in St. Augustine, Fla.

Miss Carrie Taylor, of Sacramento, has been visiting friends at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York city, for a fortnight.

Mr. E. I. Parsons will leave to-day for Guatemala and will be away about three months.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred H. Ackerman, of Los Angeles, are at The Colonial, where they will remain for a couple of months.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rollo Peters have arrived in Paris.

Mr. N. G. Kittle has returned from his Eastern trip.

Mr. Henry J. Crocker is at the Hoffman House, in New York city.

Mr. Charles L. Fair is at the Hotel St. James, in New York city.

Judge and Mrs. M. H. Myrick are visiting friends in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith, of Santa Cruz, are at the Windsor Hotel, in Jacksonville, Fla.

Dr. F. H. Dennis and Mme. Zeiss-Dennis are at the Hotel Buckingham, in Paris.

Colonel and Mrs. J. D. Fry, who have been enjoying the balmy weather of Florida during a brief visit, are now in New Orleans. They will probably remain there to witness the Mardi Gras.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Verdier, of this city, left New York a week ago on the steamer *La Gascogne* for Havre.

Mr. Peter Dean is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Johnson and Miss Kate Johnson, of Los Angeles, are at the St. James Hotel in Jacksonville, Fla.

Mr. and Mrs. James de la Montanya are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Goldsmith, of New York, at their residence, 1510 Taylor Street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Cunningham, of this city, are at the Hotel Hygeia, Old Point Comfort, Va.

The wedding of Miss Mary Nixon Thompson and Mr. Paul Robert Deady will take place on Tuesday, February 2d, at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Frank P. Thompson in Redwood City. The bride-elect is the daughter of Hon. R. A. Thompson, formerly United States Appraiser at this port, and the groom-elect is the son of United States District Judge Matthew P. Deady, of Portland, Or.

Henry L. Boulton, of Caracas, Venezuela, was said to have been the wealthiest man in the northern part of South America. Mr. Boulton lived in princely style in the most magnificent house in the city of Caracas. Upon one occasion, the government sent to him at four o'clock in the afternoon for the loan of half a million dollars on the following morning at eight o'clock. At the appointed time, he handed over the money.

Obeyed literally: *Mrs. Naggsby* (impatiently)—"Nora, drop everything at once and come to me!" *Nora*—"Yes, ma'am." *Mrs. Naggsby*—"Now, what's the baby crying for?" *Nora*—"'Case I dropped him, mum."—*Puck.*

Art Notes.

There have been a number of notable additions to the collection of paintings in the Gump gallery, at 581 Market Street, during the past few days, some from Germany, some from France, and a few from Italy. Its cosmopolitanism is the distinguishing characteristic of the Gump collection, for the pictures are not taken from any one school but from the *ateliers* of the leading artists of all countries; to enumerate the names signed to the canvases on the walls of the Gump gallery would be to catalogue the great painters of the present day. The collection is now open for inspection and private sale, and, it is rumored, will, in whole or in part, be sold at auction early in March.

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MRS. BAKER, Principal of Washington, D. C., School of Cookery: "I say to you, without hesitation, use the 'Royal.' I have tried all, but the Royal is the most satisfactory."

M. GORJU, late *Chef*, Delmonico's, New-York: "In my use of Royal Baking Powder, I have found it superior to all others."

A. FORTIN, *Chef*, White House, for Presidents Arthur and Cleveland: "I have tested many baking powders, but for finest food can use none but 'Royal.'"

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"THE MOUNTEBANKS."

The Story and Best Songs of Gilbert's New Opera.

In "The Mountebanks," as in the "The Sorcerer," the administration of a potion, which brings about the oddest results, furnishes the *motif*. The scene takes place at a mountain inn in Sicily. Twenty-four bandits, headed by Arrostino, put in an appearance because they are going to be married (at the rate of one per day), and the inn is a convenient place for such prolonged festivities. With two dozen bridegrooms there must, of course, be two dozen brides. The landlord, Elvino di Pasti; Alfredo, a rustic beloved by Ultrice, but in love with Teresa, an unresponsive village beauty; and a band of mountebanks, who come to perform before the expected Duke and Duchess of Pallavicini, complete the human material upon which the potion is to operate. Required, now, to make these characters assume those in which they are to be fixed. The bandits take possession of a neighboring monastery, and disguise themselves as monks, into whose power Minestra, the bride of one of them, is to lure the Duke and Duchess by playing the part of an old woman suffering from an accident. Alfredo and Ultrice agree to represent the Duke and Duchess at a "dress rehearsal" of the reception of these personages by the landlord. Teresa, fearful of losing her lover, pretends to go mad with passion. The inn-keeper prophesies the agonies of poison to those who take the potent draught, while Bartolo, the clown, and Nita, the dancing-girl, consent to personate certain clock-work figures which have not arrived with the baggage of the mountebanks. All these arrangements made, the potion is "exhibited," never mind how, the transformation takes place, and the first act ends.

In the second act we have a whimsical display of the changed characters, to which the human automata contribute an element of the wildest fun, and amid which the peculiar humor of the librettist makes an extravagantly brilliant show. In the end, everybody is glad to be disenchanted (by the simple process of burning the label attached to the phial), and with this "as you were," the opera comes to a close.

The task of picking out plums from such a Gilbertian pudding as "The Mountebanks" is not an easy one. At the outset, we have brigands who enter to this choral introduction:

We are members of a secret society,
Working by the moon's uncertain disk;
Our motto is "Revenge without anxiety"—
That is, without unnecessary risk;
We pass our nights on damp straw and squalid hay
When trade is not particularly brisk;
But now and then we take a little holiday,
And spend our honest earnings in a frisk!

Five hundred years ago
Our ancestor's next-door neighbor
Had a mother whose brother,
By some means or other,
Incurred three months' hard labor.

This wrongful sentence, though,
On his head he contrived to do it,
As it tarnished our scutcheon,
Which ne'er had a touch on,
We swore mankind should rue it!

Then comes a lively chorus on the part of the girls, consequent on the report that the Duke and Duchess of Pallavicini are to pass through the village:

Only think, a Duke and Duchess!
Oh, but we are lucky lasses!
Hie we to our looking-glasses
For a few artistic touches.
Let us decorate our tresses
Ere the grand procession passes,
And receive the upper classes
In our most becoming dresses!

Solo.—Go wash your pretty faces,
Dress in ribbons and in laces,
Or expect from both their graces
A well-merited rebuke;
And your hair I pray you friz it—
For it isn't often—is it?—
That you're favored with a visit
From a Duchess and a Duke!

The "High Jerry Ho!" chorus by Minestra will doubtless be a favorite:

The Duke and the Duchess as they travel through the lands
With the clips of their whips and their high jerry ho!
Will pass by the rock where that monastery stands,
In a first-class, fine-folk fashion,
With their high jerry ho!
Their postilion is vermilion
And the rattle of their cattle,
And their high jerry ho!

Minestra they'll find as a tottering old crone,
With her moans and her groans and her high jerry ho!
Who has tumbled down the rock, and is lying all alone,
And her cries will excite their compassion—
With their high jerry ho!
And her cropper so improper,
And her fussy "Lawks a mussy,"
And her high jerry ho!

She'll beg that the Duke will convey her to the friars,
With their splint and their lint and their high jerry ho!
Then he'll take her up at once through the brambles and the briars;
And her woes to the monks she'll explain them,
With their high jerry ho!
With their wrappings and their strappings,
With their cackle on diachylon—
Their high jerry ho!

By this time the monks will have fallen in our clutches,
With their cries of surprise and their high jerry ho!
And, disguised in their robes, we'll receive the Duke and Duchess;
And in custody close we'll detain them,
With their high jerry ho!
And the pusses of these cusses,
And a ransom very handsome
And a high jerry ho!

The village beauty, Teresa, professes a rather poor opinion of her own charms, "but the conviction that I am a remarkably attractive girl is so generally entertained that, in common modesty, I feel bound to yield to the pressure of popular sentiment."

My teeth are very neat, no doubt;
But, after all, they *may* fall out:
I think they will—some think they won't.
My hands are small, as you may see,
But not as small as they might be,
At least I think so—others don't.
But there, a girl may preach and prate
From morning six to evening eight,
And never stop to dine,
When all the world, although misled,
Is quite agreed on any head—
And it is quite agreed on mine!

Pietro is the proprietor of the mountebank troupe, Bartolo is his clown, Nita is his dancing girl. They are introduced thus by a chorus of girls:

Tabor and drum!
Mummers have come!
Hey for their mummery,
Frolic and flummery!
For to my dull
Countrified skull
Nothing sublunary
Equals buffoonery!
Folk of our kind
Frequently find
Jokes that are sensible
Incomprehensible.
Here, I admit,
Genuine wit,
As a commodity.
Ranks below oddity.

Bartolo, the clown, who bears himself with tragic intensity, has one of the best speeches in the book:

"I've played the first acts—and the first alone—of all our tragedies. No human eye has seen me in the second act of anything. My last appearance was three months agone. I played the moody Dane. As no one else had ever played him, so I played that Dane. Gods! how they laughed. I see them now; I hear their ribald roars. The whole house rocked with laughter. I've a soul that can not brook contempt. 'Laugh on,' I said, 'laugh on and laugh your fill; you laugh your last. No man shall ever laugh at me again—I'll be a clown.' I kept my word: they laugh at me no more."

The clock-work figures are "detained by the police because they hadn't any passports." "Didn't you open the figures and show their clock-work insides?" "Yes, but the police said that was no rule; they might be foreigners." The pretended figures are introduced as Hamlet and Ophelia:

The gentleman's a noble prince, a marvel of ventriloquy,
Unhappily afflicted with a mania for soliloquy,
The lady is the victim of the God of Love tyrannical,
You see it in her gestures, which are morbidly mechanical,
He's backed himself at heavy odds, in proof of his ability,
That he'll soliloquize her into utter imbecility
She wildly begs him to desist—appeals to his humanity,
But all in vain—observe her eyes a-goggling with insanity.

The brigands, having assumed, for the purposes of their business, the guise of friars, discover with consternation that they have actually been turned into holy brethren:

It's a most unaccountable thing—
An hour ago, as banditti,
We played, like young lovers in spring,
The mischief in village and city;
But since we got merry and mellow
On the wine of that conjuring fellow,
Transmogrified we're
Into friars austere.
Unwashed and unpleasantly yellow!
Whatever you say or you sing,
It's a most unaccountable thing!

Bartolo and Nita, having become clock-work figures in reality, find consolation in the thought that, though "mere Geneva, the cheapest thing in the trade," they "might have been Waterbury, with interchangeable insides." Besides, "it is something to have an apparatus that never aches." Nita sings:

Ophelia to her sex was a disgrace,
Whom nobody could feel compassion for;
Ophelia should have gone to Ely Place,
To consult an eminent solicitor.
When such promises as these
Breaks a suitor, rich and regal,
Why, substantial damages
Is the panacea legal—
From a jury—sons of Adam,
Though as stony as Macadam,
Maid or maiden, she'd have had 'em,
Would Opbelia.

Bartolo and Nita, the animated wax-work, having been duly wound up, deliver this duet:

Bartolo—If our action's stiff and crude,
Do not laugh, because it's rude.
Nita—If our gestures promise larks,
Do not make unkind remarks.
Bartolo—Clock-work figures may be found
Everywhere and all around.
Nita—Ten to one, if we but knew,
You are clock-work figures, too.

Bartolo—And the motto of the lot,
Nita—"Put a penny in the slot."

Nita—Usurer, for money lent,
Making out his cent. per cent.—
Bartolo—Widow plump or maiden rare,
Deaf and dumb to suitor's prayer—
Nita—Tax-Collectors, whom in vain,
You implore to "call again"—
Bartolo—Cautious voter whom you find
Slow in making up his mind.

Nita—If you'd move them on the spot,
Bartolo—Put a penny in the slot!

Bartolo—Bland reporters in the courts,
Who suppress police reports—
Nita—Sheriff's yeoman, pen in fist,
Making out a jury list—
Bartolo—Stern policeman, tall and spare,
Acting all "upon the square"—
Nita—(Which in words that plainer fall,
Means that you can square them all)—

Bartolo—If you want to move the lot,
Nita—Put a penny in the slot!

Here is another pretty song, with which we must close these extracts:

Those days of old
How mad were we
To banish!
Thy love was told,
Querido mi,
In Spanish—

And timid I,
Aflush with shame
Elysian,
Could only sigh,
Dieu, comme je t'aime!
(Parisian).

No matter, e'en
Hadst thou been coined
A Merman,
Thou wouldst have been
Mein lieber freund—
(That's German).

Thy face ablaze,
With loving pats
Felt tinglish,
For in those days
I loved thee—that's
Plain English!

HER GIRLHOOD'S FRIEND.

Mrs. Fondmah's room in the St. Denis. Enter Mrs. Urnest, to Mrs. Fondmah and two children.

Mrs. Fondmah (rushing to embrace her friend)—My dear, dear Alicia!

Mrs. Urnest—Lou, my precious! Oh, it *does* seem——

Mrs. Fondmah—Yes—doesn't it—Juliet, please let mamma greet her friend. This is my baby. Don't cling round mamma so, darling.

Mrs. Urnest—What a little rosebud! But, love, to think after all these years that we really meet!

Mrs. Fondmah—Oh, Alicia!—Romeo, this is mamma's school friend, the girl I used to play with and study with.

Romeo (not to be taken in by any such statement)—Hoh! *She* isn't a girl!

Mrs. Fondmah—Children *are* so literal!—Romeo, where *is* your handkerchief? Do let me take your bonnet, dear. I have so longed for this moment—there is so much to be said! I sent the nurse-girl out, so we could have a cozy time; but I kept the children; I knew you would like to see *them*. They will not interfere with our visit, however—Juliet, darling, you must not twist those tassels—come here.

Mrs. Urnest—But you have changed so little, Lou, I can scarcely think it is ten years——

Mrs. Fondmah—Juliet!—oh, quite ten!

Mrs. Urnest—And you are living in the West?

Mrs. Fondmah—Yes, in the West—Romeo, please, you know I can't allow you to eat peanuts here, and you must *not* tease, Juliet—we call them Romeo and Juliet after our favorite lovers.

Romeo (clutching Juliet with a very unlover-like grasp)—Get off my seat! Get off, I tell you!

Juliet (attacking Romeo with promptness and both her fists)—You let me alone!

Mrs. Fondmah—Children! What dreadful conduct. Take *Wide Awake* this instant, and sit on the sofa—Romeo, do you hear me?

(Romeo drags his feet over the carpet, making meanwhile facial contortions, much to the delight of Juliet.)

Mrs. Fondmah (in a mysterious whisper)—Herbert's mother!

Mrs. Urnest (looking about her)—*Where?*

Mrs. Fondmah—Her temper. Such a dreadful inheritance—otherwise the child is quite lovely. Excuse me one moment—Romeo, I told you *Wide-Awake*, not "Paradise Lost"—that was papa's birthday present to mamma; you know better than to take it.

Romeo—I don't want *Wide-Awake;* it's a nasty, hateful old thing!

Juliet—Oh-h-h! Mamma said you mustn't call names!

Romeo (with decision)—If that's what things are, I'm going to call them it. Nasty—hateful—old——

Mrs. Fondmah—What *will* your Aunt Alicia think of you?

Romeo—She needn't think anything; and, besides, she isn't my aunt!

Mrs. Fondmah (sternly)—Romeo, I shall remember this.

Romeo—Well, you say people mustn't tell stories, and that's a big one.

Mrs. Fondmah—Not another word! Be quiet, both of you—— Yes, we went West the summer after—Juliet, do you intend to mind me?

Mrs. Urnest—And so you really expect to sail for Europe. Harry and I are planning——

Mrs. Fondmah—Do pardon me!—Romeo, you *shall not* raise that window!—He is so adventurous, I am in constant dread. But, dear Alicia, you haven't taken your bonnet off.

Mrs. Urnest (dubiously)—Well—I think—I am sorry, Lou; but I—really—ought not to stay longer than a few minutes. In fact, I *must* go!

Mrs. Fondmah—How dreadful! And I wrote you, I *begged* you to come for the whole, long day! And you haven't heard the children recite, nor their piano duets—Juliet, you are squinting—yes, but you are! And it is so painful to mamma. Oh, why must you go, dear Alicia?

Mrs. Urnest (brightly)—Well, there is a whole week until you sail, you know, and I thought I would run in, just for a glimpse of you——

Mrs. Fondmah—Ah, then you *will* give me a whole day? Even these few moments have been so delightful—these reminiscences of the past—Juliet, I shall certainly tell papa—good-by, dear, if you must—Juliet! Romeo! So glad to have seen you—*Romeo!*—good-by, dear Alicia. And you will come and spend a day—soon——

Mrs. Urnest (descending streetward in the elevator, and communing with herself)—Spend a day with her? I'd rather die!—*Madeline S. Bridges in Puck.*

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Wheo the great musiciao Frederick Chopin was young, his personal appearance was the last thing he thought of. In a letter sent to his parents from Vienna, in 1831, he says, "I have left my whiskers only oo the right cheek. They grow very well there, and there is really oo occasioo to have them oo my left cheek, as I always sit with the right one toward the audience!"

The late Cardinal Manning was a tall, gaunt man, with a vigorous frame and a large head that was almost completely bald. He was a teetotaler, uolike maoy of his predecessors, and ate ooly enough to keep body and mind io a healthy condition. When he was made cardinal, an influential memher of his flock said to him: "I would like to see your eminence riding in something better thao that shabby old brougham." "Ah!" replied the prelate, with a twinkle in his eye, "when cardinals went about in fine carriages, they generally went to the devil."

It was bright moonlight and three A. M., aod one of the toilers on a New York morning oewspaper (says the *Tribune*) was on his way home to Brooklyo. He had to cross by a ferry, and he was naturally anxious to catch the boat. As he rushed down the bridge to the hoat he suddenly perceived that it was just starting, and was about five feet from the slip. Determined to catch it at all hazards, he shut his teeth firmly and, running down the bridge, gave a tremendous leap and landed heyond the chains, amid the cheers aod laughter of the crowd. Turoing to ascertain the cause of their mirth, he saw that the boat was securely fastened io the slip, aod that what he had taken for the space between slip aod hoat was only the shadow cast hy the ferry-house in the bright mooolight.

Several years ago the Rothschilds held a large quantity of cottoo in New Orleans, which they iostructed their ageot io that city to sell when cotton should reach a certain price. The agent, believing that the price of cottoo would go beyond the figure oamed hy his employers, held on till he was able to sell it at a price which oetted forty thousaod dollars more than he would have got for it if he had obeyed his orders from London. He joyfully informed his employers of his success, supposing they would share his satisfaction at the result. Imagioe his surprise aod chagrin when he received a reply, sayiog, io suhstaoce: "The forty thousaod dollars you made hy disoheying your instructions is not ours. It is yours. Take it. Mr. ——, your successor, starts for New Orleaos to-day."

A certaio general, says the author of "A Traos-atlantic Holiday," had gone to West Point oo a tour of inspection, aod, being a little vaio of his owo military acquirements, he treated the studeots to ao elahorate demonstratioo of the tactics hy which a particular fort might he taken, with unfailiog certainty, io three weeks' time. He theo turoed to his audience, and ioquired: "But suppose, geotlemeo, the situatioo were reversed, aod you were shut up io that fort, say with fifteen huodred men, what steps would you take for its defeose?" "I should walk out," said one. "Walk out with your garrison from a fort of that streogth? Why, it would he madoess, cowardice!" "But doo't you see, sir," was the cool reply, "io three weeks I should have it agaio!"

A famous proof of Maury's readioess was his retort on the brutal Parisiao mob which huoted him through the streets of Paris, with the shout, "A la laoterne!" "And wheo you have huog me *à la lanterne*, will you see any hetter?" A retort which saved his life. On one occasion, a wretch, armed with a cleaver, pursued him, hut without recognizing him, saying: "Where is that Ahbé Maury? I will send him to say mass io hell!" The abhé stopped, and, seizing his pistols, said: "Yes, but you shall come and serve me there; see, here are my cruets" (the two vessels for the water aod the wioe). The populace applauded heartily, and he walked off triumphant. Io the tribune he exhibited the most uodauoted composure, in spite of the vehement interruptions of his adversaries, the yells aod cries of those whom popularity-hunters desigoate "our masters." "Ohtain me a hearing!" he shouted to Mirabeau across the tempestuous sea of heads; "if you believe you can really triumph over my priocicles, for in the midst of this tumult you triumph only over my lungs." Mirabeau, shaking his first at him, vociferated: "There is the greatest rogue I know!" "Oh, M. de Mirabeau," rejoined Maury, "you forget yourself!"

A man promioent in Canadian political life, but careless of his dress, was once on his way to call upon a well-koown gentleman in Quebec, and stopped an Irishman in the street to inquire the way. "Can you tell me where Mr. Hunter lives?" said the statesman. "It's no use your going there," was the unexpected reply. "But do you know where he lives?" "Faith, and I do; but it's no use going there." The inquirer began to get angry. "I didn't ask your advice. I simply want to know where Mr. Hunter lives." "Oh, well, he lives dowo that street yonder, the first house round the corner; but I tell you it's no use your going there, for I've just heen there myself, and he's already got a man." Mr. Hunter had advertised for a servaot the day hefore, and the statesmao, so the story goes, went at once and bought a oew hat.

A Euclid Aveoue motor (says the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*) was the other day the scene of much mortificatioo to a too hasty girl, coosiderable rage on the part of a peppery young mao, and great amusemeot for everybody else. It was a crowded car aod the youth was hanging on to a strap and staoding just in front of the girl—toward whom was his back. Several men just in front of him and to his side pushed him in a very uncomfortable way back agaiost the girl till the hack of his leg rubbed against her knee. Then the car's motion eohanced the rubhiog. The girl was disposed to take it as an insult, and as the rubbing hecame more prooounced she grew angrier. At length she determined upon action, and drawing out her hat-pio prodded him in the leg. Just theo the car gave a hig lurch and the pio went way in. "Wow!" yelled the young man. "What in h—— aod d——n!" Then turning and seeiog the girl, whose pretty face did not mollify him: "What do you mean by that, madam?" "You were altogether too oear me, sir," said the girl. "Pshaw," said the injured ooe; "you might have been eighty years old for all I knew." Aod theo the girl cried. Why did the girl cry?

There was a oew member from the West in a receot Congress, who had io his charge a public-huilding bill (says the *Recorder*). The end of the sessioo was approaching. The bill had been reported favorahly hy the committee, aod the new member had been waiting long and anxiously for a chance to call it up. The great objector, Holmao, invariably objected to its consideration. The new member's constitueots begao to write him that his rival was making use of his failure with the public-building bill to wreck his chances. In desperation, he went to an older member for advice. "My young friend," said the older man, who had a wicked likiog for a practical joke, "haven't you ooticed that every time you tried to get your bill up, ao objectioo was promptly filed by Holmao? If he cao be induced to withdraw his objection, the bill will go through all right, and if he could ooly be ioduced to call up the hill himself, there would, of course, be no ooe left oo the floor to object." The youthful memher sought out the great objector and laid the case before him. "Well, my young friend," said Mr. Holman, after much persuasioo, "I will do somethiog for you which I never remember to have done before for aoybody. I will call up your bill myself." The young man was overjoyed. He wrung the old man's haod aod hurried away to wire the oews home that his bill was going through right away. Io a little while, Holman arose io his place. "Mr. Speaker," he hegao, "I have a little hill here for the passage of which I wish to ask uoaoimous consent." He could not fioish his seotence hefore a chorus of "I object!" rose from every part of the House. Some of his colleagues had been waiting years for just such an opportunity, and they took advaotage of it with a will, while the unfortuoate spoosor of the bill fled into the corridor, metaphorically kicking himself to thiok that he could have been such an ass.

Thinks it only Right to Tell.

The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse writes:

"BEDFORD PLACE, RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON, December 10, 1888.

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Belgic.....Tnesday, March 1
Oceanic.....Thursday, March 24

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PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are dne to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From Dec. 6, 1891.	ARRIVE.
7.00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	* 12.15 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga	6.15 P.
* 8.00 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa	* 6.15 P.
8.00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	Second-class Ogden and East, and first-class locally	10.45 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	4 45 P.
9.00 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	12.15 P
12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore	7.15 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	* 9.00 P.
3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, & Stockton	9.45 A.
4 00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9 45 A
4.30 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10 45 A.
4.30 P.	Woodland and Oroville	10 45 A
* 4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8 45 A
5.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8 45 P
5 00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 P.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	7.45 A.
.....	Niles and San José	‡ 6.15 P.
6.00 P.	Ogden Route Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	11.45 A.
‡ 7.00 P.	Vallejo	† .45 P
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	8.15 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

8.15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
* 2.15 P.	Centreville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	* 10 50 A
4.15 P.	Centreville, San José, and Los Gatos	9.50 A
† 1 .45 P.	Hunters' Train to Newark, Alviso, San José, and Los Gatos	‡ 8.05 P.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7.00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations	6 10 P.
10.37 A.	San José and Way Stations	5.10 P.
12.15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations	4.00 P.
* 2.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way stations	* 10 48 A.
* 3.30 P.	Menlo Park San José, and principal Way Stations	* 10.03 A.
* 4.15 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.06 A.
5.15 P.	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
† 11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	† 7.30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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Commencing Sunday, Nov. 29, 1891, and nntil further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7.40, 9.20, 11.40 A. M.; 3.30, 5.00, 6.20 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1.50 P. M.

Sundays—8, 9.30, 11 A. M.; 2, 5, 6.15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6.25, 7.55, 9.30 A. M.; 12.45, 3.40, 5.05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.30 P. M.

Sundays—8.10, 9.40, A. M.; 12.15, 3.40, 5, 6.25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6.50, 8.20, 9.55 A. M.; 1.10, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.55 P. M.

Sundays—8.35, 10.05 A. M.; 12 40, 4.05, 5.30, 6.50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. Week Days.	Leave San Francisco. Sundays.	DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco. Sundays.	Arrive San Francisco. Week Days.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M. 5.00 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 9.30 A. M. 5 00 P. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M. 7.25 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7.25 P. M.	6 10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7 40 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratog. Springs, Blue Lakes, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto Mendooino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydesville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays, to Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa, $2.25; to Healdsburg, $3.40; to Cloverdale, $4.50; to Hopland, $5.70; to Ukiah, $6.75; to Sebastopol, $2.70; to Guerneville, $3.75; to Sonoma, $1.50; to Glen Ellen, $1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, $1; to Santa Rosa, $1.50; to Healdsburg, $2.25; to Cloverdale, $3; to Ukiah, $4.50: to Hopland, $3.80; to Sebastopol, $1.80; to Gneroeville $2.50; to Sonoma, $1; to Glen Ellen, $1.20.

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A writer who addresses the public on the subject of such a play as "Sport McAllister," owes his readers an apology. Such plays exist, and probably will continue to exist so long as human infirmity endures. It is useless to rebuke them, for the rebuke contains an advertisement; it is hopeless to try to correct them, for the intellect which is capable of conceiving them is beyond the reach of improvement. The aggrieved citizen can only shrug his shoulders, and deplore the apparition of a piece which is an insult to his intelligence.

The play-bill states that "Sport McAllister" was "created for laughing purposes only"; the plot—well, if the audience finds one, the author will have succeeded better than he hoped. It might have been added that the author had not only kept plot out of his piece, but, likewise, had carefully avoided introducing either wit, or sense, or characters, or situations, or jokes that were not threadbare, or business that was not ancient. For from first to last there is absolutely nothing in the piece which can either rouse the interest, or attract the eye, or provoke a laugh from any reasonable being.

As to the company, the men are worse than the barn-stormers whom one finds in villages on the Mississippi, while the women evidently rely on the exhibition of their stockings for the rounds of applause they covet. Such a combination of bad acting in a bad piece has rarely been witnessed in this city.

The thing itself would not be worth powder and shot but for the fact that quite a large audience assembled to see the show on Monday, and that they actually seemed to enjoy it. Bursts of laughter were quite frequent and applause was generously bestowed by the gallery. The audience consisted chiefly of young men. There were hardly any women. The fair sex bad apparently been apprehensive that the play might cross the bounds of propriety—which it did not. The young men in the audience were intelligent; they were quick to seize a pun, and they were always kind enough to reward an old acquaintance in the shape of a jest with a good-humored laugh. If it occurred to any of them that the performance they were witnessing was coarse and vulgar, and that it ought to have been hissed off the stage, they did not show it. On the contrary, it seemed to suit their palates, just as decaying whale-flesh suited the palate of the aboriginal Maori.

This is the front of the offending of such pieces as "Sport McAllister." They demoralize the taste of an intelligent generation of young people, who, but for such plays, might grow up with a correct appreciation of humor and a capacity to discriminate between that which is in good taste and that which is vulgar. They degrade minds which, but for them, might be refined. They teach the young that fun is inseparable from coarseness. They lower the standard of polite behavior and polite conversation which most young people acquire in the last years of their school course. They accustom young men and young women to hear and speak words and phrases which, if not actually indecent, are very close on the edge of indecency. A steady course of such plays unfits a youth for the society of cultured people. He becomes incapable of appreciating intelligent conversation, he craves coarse buffoonery as the bloated toper demands forty-rod whisky.

When "The Texas Steer" was played here last week, thoughtful men were appalled at the gusto with which the audience relished every suggestion of knavery and vileness. The performance inculcated the lesson that all Americans were base and corrupt, from members of Congress down; that there was no such thing as honor or honesty anywhere, and if there were, they would be fit subjects for derision and ridicule. It was very sad, indeed, to watch young men take all this in, as if it were a lesson of wisdom from the mouth of a reliable teacher. What would be expected from such a course of education? Is it any wonder that many young men who have gathered their knowledge of life from such plays as this should become drunkards and knaves? The human mind is a fertile field. Seed thrown into it will germinate. Feed a young man on tales of successful knavery, and on ridicule of that which good men respect, he can not help growing up with bad principles which it may be difficult afterwards to eradicate.

Plays like "Sport McAllister" are not, perhaps, so mischievous as "The Texas Steer"; but they are bad enough, too. Honesty is more important than good manners; but still the latter are important in their way—quite important enough to make it worth while to preserve them from degradation. No father desires to have his son grow up with ways and habits of speech which unfit him for respectable society; many a man who in middle life finds his coarseness stand in the way of his preferment in life, wishes that he had taken more pains in his youth, when his mind was plastic, to inquire the customs which distinguish the gentleman from the boor.

This is a free country, and any one who can raise money enough can hire a theatre and play in it such pieces as he pleases, provided he steers clear of the police. We are sorry for the French, among whom, under all forms of government, a theatrical censor holds sway. But, after all, it might not be such a bad thing to have an inspector of theatres, with power to prevent the representation of pieces whose effect must be pernicious either to the morals or to the manners of their audiences. It will be said, of course, that, in this country, the public are the best possible censors, and that they can be trusted to put their veto upon bad plays. Unfortunately that is not the case. The public taste is not instinctive. It requires education. To the uneducated class, whose calling affords them no opportunity of acquiring refinement, rollicking vulgarity has its charm. The gallery at these so-called farce-comedies sees nothing objectionable in the men's clownishness, or in the women's high kicking.

In most cities, managers of established theatres have a reputation at stake, and are careful of it. They are afraid of having it said that they are reckless of the proprieties and willing to put anything on their boards which will draw money. That can not be said of all the theatres in San Francisco. There are managers here who do not seem to conceive that a theatre, being a public educator, owes a duty of propriety to the public, and that it has no more right to produce pieces which degrade or debase their bearers than a publisher would have to publish forbidden literature. Considerations of this kind can not penetrate their minds. Nothing can affect them but empty benches. A time may come—perhaps it will come—when the taste of the public of San Francisco will be so ripened that they will punish those who offend it in the only way which they can feel. But that millennium, it is to be feared, is in the dim distance.

At the theatres during the week commencing Monday, February 1st: Miss Gale in a "legitimate" repertoire; the Tivoli Company in "Falka"; Osbourne and Stockwell in "Our Boarding-House"; and repetitions of "A Texas Steer," "The Queen's Lace-Handkerchief," and "Sport McAllister."

STAGE GOSSIP.

Maud Granger is to appear here, during the week commencing February 8th, in "Inherited."

Joseph Jefferson, who has not been out here in years, will occupy one of the local theatres during the second week in March.

Roland Reed will be here in another week with "The Club Friend," a new comedy which has been very well received in the Eastern cities.

James O'Neill, who will play a brief engagement here in a week or so, has gone back to "Monte Cristo," and is recouping himself for his losses in higher but less popular flights.

The "road company" of the New York Casino will begin a four weeks' engagement in this city during the latter part of February. "Brother Jonathan" is the principal opera in their repertoire.

Miss Loraine Hollis will reopen one of the local theatres, which has long been closed, on Saturday evening, February 6th. She intends to present a series of melodramas, commencing with "The Tigress."

Charles Dickson, the chief comedian of Mrs. Pacheco's "Incog.," has bought two new plays for next year, one of which, "Young Mr. Deering," by May M. Ward, is founded on the Jessop will case in the local courts.

Miss Gale's repertoire for her first week in town, commencing on Monday night, is as follows:

Monday and Thursday, "Romeo and Juliet"; Tuesday, "Ingomar"; Wednesday, "The Hunchback"; Friday, "The Lady of Lyons"; Saturday matinée, "Much Ado About Nothing"; and Saturday night, "The Duchess of Padua."

Last spring, big premiums were paid during Bernhardt's engagement at the Tremont Theatre, in Boston. This winter, there have been dozens of rows of empty chairs. Still, Bernhardt's managers need not complain; they have combed this country twice in a year.

Sadie Martinot has resigned the comic-opera field, which she was contesting with Marie Jansen, and will devote herself to comedy hereafter. "The Pompadour" is the name of the play in which she will make her reappearance in comedy—for she went from the dramatic to the lyric stage.

Aida Jenoure seems to have made her part the most prominent in "The Mountebanks," and is generally conceded to have won the triumph of the performance. The English critics say she can dance as well as Letty Lind and act as well as Jessie Bond, and that she is a precious addition to their comic stage.

Mr. W. M. Wilkinson is a theatrical manager of very foxy methods. He is managing the tour of young Salvini, and floods the country with circulars in which "Salvini" is written in flaring capitals, while you have to look closely to discover the minute "Alexander" that shows it is not the great tragedian, but his son.

A dramatic entertainment was given at the Bijou Theatre, last Thursday evening, by a number of amateurs under the auspices of the Helping Hand Society, for the benefit of their kindergarten work. Two comedies—"Withered Leaves" and "The Toodles"—were presented by the following ladies and gentlemen:

Miss Ivy Ashton, Miss Blanch Bates, Miss Kendrick, Mr. John I. Housman, Mr. Frank Murasky, Mr. H. G. Hockey, Mr. O. W. Jackson, Mr. Frank Mathieu, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Cooley, and others.

The Powell Street Theatre is to be opened by L. R. Stockwell on July 7th, and it is the intention of the management that it shall take rank as a fashionable theatre. It is announced that Augustin Daly's company, including Ada Reban, will give the first performances after the opening, when two dollars will be charged for seats; then other Eastern companies will follow, the charge being reduced to one dollar and a half; and during the winter season a stock company will play melodramas, when the admission will be lowered to a dollar or seventy-five cents.

There will be a good deal of a "shake-up" at the Tivoli this week, when that pretty little opera, "Falka," will be sung. In addition to Miss Kitty Marcellus, who now sings on alternate nights with Miss Tillie Salinger, there are to be three new singers—Ferris Hartman, comedian; Will Henshaw, tenor; and Warwick Ganor, baritone. "Falka" will be cast as follows:

Falka, Tillie Salinger; Edwige, Kitty Marcellus; Alexina de Kelkirsch, Lena Salinger; Konrad, Emma Vorce; Minna, Julia Simmons; Janotha, Grace Vernon; Tancred, Phil Branson; Folbach, Ferris Hartman; Boleslas, Warwick Ganor; Arthur, Will Henshaw; Pelican, Tom Ricketts; Boboky, George Harris; Senescbal, J. P Wilson; Tekeli, Duncan Smith.

Miss Keith Wakeman, who is about to appear here with Miss Gale's dramatic company, is a California girl, a daughter of E. Wakeman, the well-known old pioneer steamship-captain. She has been working hard for three years past, studying under the best teachers in New York city, and also under the advice and supervision of Mr. Presbrey—A. M. Palmer's stage-manager. She has been with the Madison Square Company, appearing in "Jim the Penman"; then with the Boston Theatre Company as leading juvenile lady in the "Exiles"; after which she entered the company of Lawrence Barrett, and would now be supporting him in the strong rôle of Eleanor of Aquitaine but for Barrett's death. The New York *Herald*, speaking of "As You Like It," said, "the best feature is Miss Wakeman's Celia."

It is actually pathetic to think of Mrs. James Brown Potter. She was a pretty woman, with a pleasant home and many friends; then she became an amateur actress, and, getting an inflated idea of her abilities, determined to become a professional and "elevate the stage." She was a success of curiosity for a few months; then she took to marvelous gowns and sensational methods, but they did no good; and, rather than confess herself beaten and go home to her people—or sink to the depths in the great city where she had been almost a queen—she has gone off to the ends of the earth, with her Kyrle Bellew, and given her "magnificent renditions" with "overwhelming success" before a lot of Maoris, Dyaks, and exiled Europeans. Now she has gone down to South Africa, where Genevieve Ward and a minstrel company have preceded her.

A number of Japanese nightingales—the famous "Persian bulbuls" of "The Arabian Nights"—have recently been received at the Golden Gate Park, and are now domiciled in the west wing of the conservatory. They are pretty little birds, with dull gray-brown plumage, splashed with red, and with red bills, and they are the recipients of much attention from the many visitors. The construction of the new aviary will soon be begun, and, when completed and stocked, will add much to the beauty of the park.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
FOR IMPAIRED VITALITY
And weakened energy is wonderfully successful.

A twenty-four-hour roller-skating contest will commence at ten o'clock this (Saturday) evening at the Olympian Rink in the Mechanics' Pavilion. At eight o'clock a contest of fancy-skating will take place, and then the long race will be continued until Sunday night. Fourteen contestants have entered for the event, and it is expected that the interest will be as great as in the tugs of war.

A collection of paintings of English, Eastern, and Japanese subjects by Mr. Theodore Wores will be on exhibition from Monday, February 1st to 16th, at Morris & Kennedy's Art Gallery, Nos. 19 and 21 Post Street.

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Tickets of admission will be sold by the rector in charge, Rev. W. W. Bolton, at his residence, near the church, 2311 Union Street, and by the young ladies of the congregation, authorized by him, and also at Room No. 1, 213 Grant Ave.

TICKETS, - ONE DOLLAR.

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18th Saturday Pop Concert
TO-DAY, at 3 P. M.
Mr. CARLISLE N. GREIG, Vocalist.
SIGMUND BEEL,
NATHAN LANDSBERGER, Soloists.
Admission..... .....50 cents.

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Announcement Extraordinary! Saturday Evening, Jan. 30th—Beginning of the 24-hour race. Entries—J. O. Waldstein, W. E. Sharp, Frank Blythe, Joe Matheson, M. Jacobs, C. Andrews, J. Kelly, C. L. Murphy, J. Knell, J. Kenna, Geo. Blake, Miss Maud Cameron, Miss Annie Pierson, and Miss Susie Kellogg. California against the world's record.
Admission on this occasion, 25 cents.
Other attractions next week.

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Saturday and Sunday Evenings, Last Nights of Suppe's Beau Ideal of all Operas,
BOCCACCIO!
Monday, February 1st,
FALKA!
First Appearance of Ferris Hartman, comedian; Will Henshaw, tenor; and Warwick Ganor, baritone.
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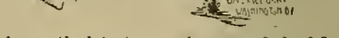
Horse and buggy; horse, jet black, 1,000 pounds, seven years old, stylish but gentle, unusually good roadster; top-buggy, Brewster, used six weeks, pole; fine harness. Just the rig for any one who enjoys driving; a lady can drive him. Sold very cheap on account of illness. Call or address W. B. W., 1501 Steiner Street.



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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Our language: *Hawkins*—"Yes, Lord is a brainy man, but he's a tight fit for a gentleman."—*Bazar.*

"I think I'll let my beard grow for a week," said Chappie. "Do you think it will?" asked Ethel.—*Judge.*

Young Crœsus—"You love him?" *The beauty*—"Madly." *Young Crœsus*—"Then you won't marry me?" *The beauty*—"Why, certainly I will."—*Life.*

He—"They married in haste." *She*—"And repented at leisure, I suppose?" *He*—"No; their repentance was quite as hasty as their marriage."—*Truth.*

She—"Promise me that if I die you will never marry again." *He*—"What? And let people think my dear little first wife was such a terror that I didn't dare to? Never."—*Ex.*

"Who drove this poor man insane, doctor?" "He tried to figure out his wife's reasons for setting the clock ahead whenever she wished to get up early."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Mrs. Crimmins (at two A. M.)—"Is that you, James?" *James*—"Yesh (hic), m' dear." *Mrs. Crimmins*—"Well, lock the gas, and turn out the door, and come upstairs."—*Puck.*

Bilkins—"How de do? Had the grippe yet?" *Wilkins*—"No." *Bilkins*—"I'm sorry for you, old fellow. What on earth do you talk about, when you meet people?"—*New York Weekly.*

Excited stranger—"Say! I lost a twenty-dollar gold piece along here somewhere. You haven't seen it, have you?" *Hungry Higgins*—"Do I look like I'd fell dead lately?"—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Princess Sawdoffski—"Why did the emperor send the Grand Duke Petrovna to Siberia?" *Prince Sawdoffski*—"The duke casually alluded to his majesty as an old Czardine."—*New York Sun.*

"Surprise-parties are always cut and dried beforehand." "Not always. We gave one to Rev. Mr. Hicks, the other night. We found him in the bathtub, and his wife in the back-parlor reading Laura Jean Libbey."—*Puck.*

D'Auber—"Just from the Academy, eh? Is my picture hung?" *Friend*—"Yes; and a man named Bilkins, who examined it, said it was a fine piece of work." *D'Auber* (delighted)—"Who is this Mr. Bilkins?" *Friend*—"One of the giants at the museum."—*Puck.*

The Czar—"A horrible thought strikes me!" *The lord high executioner*—"What is that, your majesty?" *The Czar*—"If that dentist was a nihilist, he may have filled my teeth with dynamite. Then, the first time I bite hard, I shall blow the top of my head off!"—*Puck.*

In Chicago: *Miss Finehout*—"I see that Mrs. Porker seems to have an increasing affection for the memory of her late husband." *Mr. Dunn*—"What, is he dead? I've been away, you know." *Mrs. Finehout*—"No; but he's made a heap of money since their divorce."—*Judge.*

Tomson—"Billson is a man who never keeps his word." *Johnson*—"Indeed?" *Tomson*—"Yes; confound him. I owe him a trifle, and he said he intended to call round after it. I stayed out of the house on three occasions when I expected a visit from him, and he didn't come. You can't depend upon him."—*Yankee Blade.*

Old gent (who knows the young man's salary)—"If you and my daughter could live respectably and comfortably on twenty dollars a week, I should not object to the match. But you can't." *Young man*—"N-o; but my salary is twenty dollars a week, and that added to the twenty dollars a week you are talking about, would make forty."—*New York Weekly.*

Worried mother (in railroad train)—"I hope my baby's crying doesn't disturb you. I can't stop it." *Old bachelor* (genially)—"I'm all right, madam. Don't worry about me. I'm afraid, though, the noise is a sort of a wet blanket on those young people yonder." *Worried mother*—"Dear me! Why?" *Old bachelor*—"They're on their wedding tour."—*Ex.*

Mrs. O F.—"Can I have my husband put in jail for slapping me in the mouth?" *Magistrate*—"Certainly; that is assault and battery." "Well, I'll come around in about a month and make the charge." "Why not have him arrested at once?" "Well, you see, when he slapped me, I hit him on the head with a rollin'-pin, and he's now in the hospital, and the doctor says he won't be able to get out for a month yet."—*Life.*

Mutiny.

Very refractory and mutinous are some stomachs. Discipline and good order may be perfectly restored with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, most reliable and thorough of tonics. Shun local bitters and unmedicated stimulants. A helpful appetizer and fortifier of the nerves is the Bitters, highly efficacious too in malaria, la grippe, constipation, liver and kidney complaints. It counteracts rheumatism. A wine-glassful at bedtime promotes sleep.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The eighteenth Saturday Popular Concert will be held in Irving Hall this (Saturday) afternoon. Mr. Carlisle N. Greig, of New York, a baritone who is new to this city, will sing the recitative and aria "The people that walked in darkness," from "The Messiah," and songs by Lassen and Meyer-Helmund; Mr. Sigmund Beel and Mr. Nathan Landsberger will play a duo for violins by Spohr, which is new here; and there will also be a violin sonata of Beethoven and a Mendelssohn 'cello sonata.

The début concert of the Saturday Morning Orchestra, under the direction of J. H. Rosewald, will take place at Metropolitan Hall Tuesday evening, February 16, 1892, in aid of the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society. This organization is composed exclusively of ladies (amateurs), and comprises all the string and reed instruments necessary for a regular orchestra.

Mr. George Brewer, the organist of St. Luke's Church, on Van Ness Avenue, will give an organ recital this (Saturday) afternoon at half-past two o'clock in that church. The public is cordially invited to attend. His programme has been carefully prepared and will be interesting to all lovers of music.

Mr. H. J. Stewart's opera of "Bluff King Hal" will be produced at the Grand Opera House on Wednesday evening, February 24th, for the benefit of the San Francisco Art Association. The cast of characters was published by us a couple of months ago.

Miss Lena Devine, the soprano who has been singing in concerts in the East, is very well spoken of by the press.

Mr. F. W. Ludovici will give his next Musical Sunday Afternoon in Steinway Hall, on February 14th.

The Loring Club will give its third concert of the fifteenth season next Wednesday evening.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

A hop will be given at the Presidio next Tuesday evening.

Rear-Admiral and Mrs. A. E. K. Benham, U. S. N., and Miss Benham are residing temporarily in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Parnell, U. S. A., have returned from a brief tour of the southern part of the State.

The ladies at Angel Island will give their second hop and matinée tea on Thursday, February 18th.

General A. V. Kautz, U. S. A. (retired), is expected here in a few days from the north. Mrs. Kautz and her daughter, Miss Frankie Kautz, preceded him a fortnight ago, and are now in the city at one of the hotels. General Kautz and his family will probably remain on this coast as late as next April, when they will leave for Europe, where Miss Kautz will complete her education.

Rear-Admiral T. S. Phelps, U. S. N., formerly commandant at Mare Island, is here at the Palace Hotel, with Mrs. Phelps, on a visit from Washington, D. C. Their son, Commander T. S. Phelps, Jr., U. S. N., of the *Palos* is also at the Palace Hotel.

It will be a matter of much regret to many residents of this city to learn of the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick Mears, U. S. A., which occured recently at Fort Spokane, Wash., where he was in command. He was buried there with full military honors on Tuesday, January 5th. Colonel Mears was born in New York on January 1, 1836, and was a member of an old and influential family. He was practicing law before the war, and in January, 1861, he offered his services to General C. P. Stone at Washington, D. C., and was appointed drill-instructor. In April, 1861, he was appointed second lieutenant of the ninth infantry, and a month later received a first lieutenant's commission. At this time he was granted a leave and accepted the lieutenant-colonelcy of the second regiment of First U. S. Sharpshooters. In January, 1862, he severed his connection with the sharpshooters and joined his regiment at Fort Vancouver. In August, 1863, he was promoted to the captaincy of the Ninth Infantry, and early in 1864, he was sent to this port in command of his company with high recommendations to General McDowell. He was brevetted major on March 13, 1865, for meritorious services, and his nomination was sent to the Senate for a brevet as lieutenant-colonel. In 1869, he erected Fort Sydney in Nebraska, and in 1873 was in the Yellowstone campaign, and for three years had continuous service in the Indian country. He then took his first leave of absence, after the expiration of which he was in service at Fort Hale and Fort Sisseta, Dakota, at Fort Sherman, Idaho, and, since 1888, at Fort Spokane, Wash. He had seen twenty-two years of service that was honorable to the highest degree and won the esteem and respect of all who met him. He was a member of the Loyal Legion, California Commandery, of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the Seventh Infantry of New York, and held the bronze cross for loyal and faithful service. He left a wife, a daughter, and a son to mourn his demise. They are expected in this city in a few days.

The following note reaches us from the land of the Khedive:

DEAR ARGONAUT: I send you a new-year greeting from the top of the pyramid. There are twelve San Francisco people up here, and the air is full of hacksheesh. Weather delightful. O. D. BALDWIN.

CAIRO, January 1, 1892.

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DCLIII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, January 31, 1892.

Cream of Celery Soup.
Broiled Shad. Lyonaise Potatoes.
Veal Cutlets, Cream Sauce.
Asparagus. Baked Tomatoes.
Canvas-back Ducks, Currant Jelly and Lemon Sauce.
Vegetable Salad.
Lemon Sherbet. Chocolate Cake.

LEMON SHERBET.—Squeeze the juice of four lemons, then slice them and pour a quart and a pint of boiling water over them; mix one pound of sugar with the lemon-juice and a heaping table-spoonful of arrowroot; stir all together. When half-frozen stir in the whites of four eggs beaten stiff; freeze again, and set to mellow.

— KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made; makes delicious desserts. Just received gold medal American Institute Fair, New York city. Superior to all brands.

Among the calendars which are so plentiful at this time of the year, a prominent place must be awarded that issued by N. W. Ayer & Son, the advertising agents, of Philadelphia. It is handsome and convenient, and is worth far more than the modest charge of twenty-five cents for which it will be sent, postpaid, to any address.

The February *Current Literature* gives, as readings from the newest books, scenes from Arthur T. Quiller-Couch's "The Blue Pavilions," "Ouida's" "Santa Barbara," and Opie Read's "Emmett Bonlore." The famous chapter for the month is "Francine's Muff," from Henri Murger's "La Vie de Bohème."

Great Success.

The California Safe Deposit and Trust Company, corner of California and Montgomery Streets, has met with great success since it opened a Savings Department a few months ago, the deposits in this department having aggregated more than $500,000.

This is one of the substantial banking institutions of the city and should receive a large share of public patronage.

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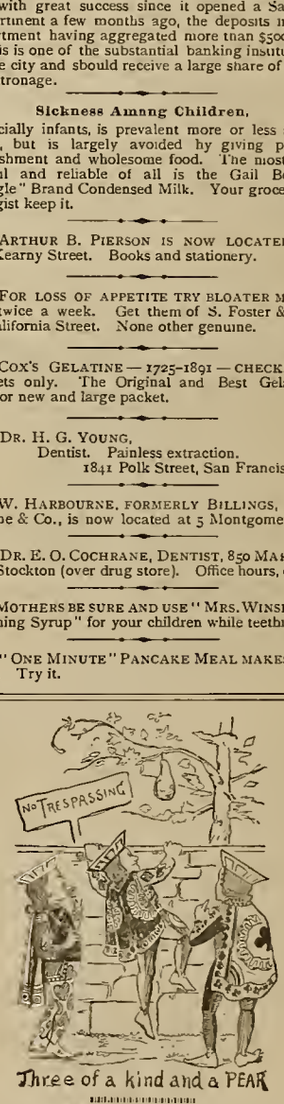

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The Argonaut

∴ CLUBBING LIST FOR 1892 ∴

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supplying; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

Under the date of January 15th, a dispatch from London stated that Mr. Christopher Furness, member of Parliament for Hartlepool, had invited subscriptions from British ship-owners to defray the cost of conveying to the Russian famine sufferers four million pounds of flour contributed in the United States.

This is certainly pleasant reading for the citizens of the greatest and richest country in the world. It makes us feel proud of ourselves and our country to know that an English member of Parliament has found it necessary to appeal to Englishmen for money wherewith to make available the beneficence of the American people, and it reflects much credit upon the Congress now in session, and particularly upon that great economist, Holman, of Indiana, chairman of the committee on appropriations, who refused unanimous consent to a measure providing for the transportation of this flour at the expense of the United States Government. There may be in the annals of legislation some more glaring case of meanness than this, but if so, we are at a loss where to find it.

What makes Holman's conduct in this matter the more outrageous is the utter lack of sincerity in the man. One may imagine, perhaps, a pure zealot on the subject of economy, to whom it really appears a crime to permit any appropriation of public money for any purpose; but Holman's record makes it perfectly clear that he is not that kind of a man. His objections to appropriations are based wholly on policy, not on principle. He has conceived the idea that he can aid the political fortunes of the Democratic party by cheese-paring and stinginess, and in pursuance of that policy he stands ready to object to all appropriations, even though his policy may expose the country to such shame and mortification as have been caused by the recent action of Mr. Christopher Furness. Holman seems perfectly regardless of any such consideration as national dignity or national honor, provided he can make a record in the House of Representatives, on which he thinks he can go to the people in the coming election. To this degraded purpose he is ready to sacrifice everything which is high-minded and honorable.

The arguments in the House of Representatives on the Holman resolutions, and particularly the speeches of those two clever congressmen from Maine, Boutelle and Milliken, are interesting reading. Boutelle said:

"Mr. Speaker, I stood here yesterday and looked at that remarkable spectacle presented on the other side of this hall, when the distinguished chairman of the committee on appropriations stood up, and, while the brethren gathered around him, administered to them in allopathic doses the medicine of retrenchment and reform. It recalled that famous scene where Mrs. Squeers gathered the boys around her at Dotheboys Hall, and administered to them, with a long spoon, their doses of brimstone and treacle (retrenchment and reform) for the purpose of breaking down their appetites and saving provisions."

Mr. Milliken treated the resolution in a vein somewhat more serious, but his remarks were none the less pungent. Replying to Livingston, of Georgia, who had been airing his eloquence on the subject of the benefits conferred on the country by the Democratic party, Mr. Milliken said:

"From the inception of the rebellion, in 1861, to this hour, the Democratic party has not framed a bill, it has not moved a measure, it has not championed a principle of great national scope that is to-day a law of this country. On the contrary, almost if not quite all the laws which have been enacted during this generation, which the people have found to be wise and beneficent, have been passed in spite of the determined and stubborn opposition of the Democratic party. I invite my friend from Georgia [Livingston] to show me one patriotic measure now a law of the land of which the Democratic party can claim paternity. The Democratic party for twenty five years has stood in the objective case both in Congress and the country, finding fault with everything, misrepresenting everything. How long is it since you were arraigning us for holding a large surplus in the Treasury, which you declared should be sent out to circulate among the people? Did you not arraign us for having a plethoric Treasury? Did not your orators in 1884 reproach the Republican party for having, as they falsely declared, four hundred millions of dollars of the people's money in the Treasury? And now you are grieved that the Treasury is not plethoric, and, by garbled quotations from reports and misrepresentation of facts and figures, seek to impress upon the country that we are on the verge of bankruptcy. Will the time ever come when the Democratic party will not see its best hope of success in the people's misfortunes and the country's distress; when it will not predict calamity with an emphasis which shows how much it is like the old grave-digger, who hoped for the cholera to come and give him business?"

Probably neither Boutelle nor Milliken had any idea of defeating the Holman resolution, backed as it was by a solid Democratic majority, but they were making a record on which an appeal could and will be taken to the court of last resort in the United States—the forum of public opinion.

Holman and his followers are incapable of seeing and understanding any distinction between proper and improper expenditure of public money, as was evidenced by the defeat of the measure referred to, to send food, freely given by citizens of the United States, to the starving peasants of Russia. They have forgotten or completely ignore the views of Cleveland, as expressed in his 1887 message. He said, with much truth, that the national Treasury was only a conduit to convey public money from the pockets of the tax-payers to the places where it was to be used for the public good.

The question of whether it makes for righteousness to have the Chinese beathen within our gates instructed in godliness and the English branches by marriageable maidens of the Caucasian race, continues to engage the ardent attention of our brethren in the East. The debate is not confined to those who are of the household of faith; the secular editor, mighty in his altruistic zeal for morals, swings a cudgel in the controversy. His raps, it needs not to be said, are on the side of the popular view that if John's soul can not be saved without subjecting a white girl to the risk of marrying him, then the average of good will be served by letting his soul go to the deuce. Not a few clergymen, who have had the enlightening experience of contact with the heathen as missionaries, either in China or on this coast, join in common sense with the secular editor. These clergymen, of course, suffer the fate of all who war with their environment. Not only ministers who consult exclusively their uninstructed inclinations to arrive at their convictions, but regenerated Chinamen likewise, assail them with a truly theological fervor, denying their statements and attributing to them the worst motives. One Dr. Thoms, a Chinese physician, has wielded his pen in the newspapers in denunciation of such pastors who care for white women as well as yellow men, being particularly severe on the Rev. Jay Benson Hamilton, who, speaking with the authority of one who spent many years in China, urged the employment of male teachers only in the Chinese Sunday-schools of America. In reply to Dr. Thoms, Mr. Hamilton writes to the New York *Sun:*

"My relations with this critic make it impossible that I should engage in any controversy with him were I disposed to do so. When I became the pastor of a Methodist-Episcopal church in Brooklyn, a little over three years ago, I learned that a young lady, a member of the church, had begun mission work among the Chinese by becoming the Sunday-school teacher of a Chinaman; she continued it by marrying that critic; she is still engaged in it, but carries her scholar in her arms. Your correspondent is the last man this side of China to sneer at the possibility of the seeds of earthly affection being sown or harvested in Chinese mission work. His experience is a striking illustration of the truth he so pithily states, that 'love begets love,' even in a Sunday-school."

Subsequent evangelistic proceedings will scarcely interest Dr. Thoms more, after this proof of the parson's prowess as a controversialist.

The hubbub raised over these Sunday-schools in New York and Brooklyn will serve the good purpose of broadening the debate into a questioning of the utility and wisdom of missionary work in general, not so much as to that which is done at home among pagan immigrants, but among heathen in their own lands. When it was orthodox Christian doctrine that the heathen were predestined to be damned for ignorance of the gospel, even though they had never heard of that gospel's existence, it was reasonable that unselfish men should be on fire with zeal to carry to them the torch of saving knowledge. But modern Christians in the mass have rejected that doctrine as a monstrous libel upon the goodness, to say nothing of the justice, of our Heavenly Father. Taking counsel of human reason (which, if a feeble and flickering light, is, nevertheless, the best we have), the Christian of to-day is ordinarily of the opinion that the heathen will not be punished for a blindness that he can not help. Consequently the motive for missionary labor has changed from a generous to a selfish one. We do not carry the gospel to the heathen to save his soul but our own. Habit has also to do

with the maintenance of the vast and costly missionary machinery, and likewise the self-interest of the multitude of men and women who directly or indirectly profit by its maintenance. An Eastern religious journal gives some useful indications concerning the amount of capital employed in the missionary industry, and the number of persons to whom it affords a comfortable livelihood. For the single month of December last, the following receipts for foreign missions are reported:

American Board	$ 74,009 50
American Baptist Missionary Union	24,418 88
Dunkards	1,066 57
Methodist-Episcopal	18,630 27
Free Methodist	5,546 00
Protestant-Episcopal	885 50
Presbyterian (North)	60,591 34
Reformed (Dutch)	8,132 68
Reformed (German)	1,365 07
American Christian Convention	425 28
Total	$203,071 09

The figures for the year are very incomplete, but from those given it would appear that the above-named bodies receive annually about $2,400,000. This is altogether independent of special contributions. Just how much Protestant churches and individuals in this country contribute annually to foreign missions is not known, but the sum must reach into the millions. As to the missionaries supported by these contributions, they rise to the numerical dignity of a small army. In China alone the American Board maintains 72 male and 43 female missionaries and 51 native preachers; the American Baptist Union, 21 males, 31 females, and 46 natives; the Methodist-Episcopal Church, 42 males, 63 females, and 202 natives; the Methodist Church South, 16 males, 12 females, and 11 natives; the Protestant-Episcopal Church, 13 males, 14 females, and 23 natives; the Presbyterian Church (North), 61 males, 75 females, and 52 natives; the Presbyterian Church (South), 13 males and 14 females; the Reformed Dutch Church, 7 males, 7 females, and 9 natives; the Disciples of Christ, 11 males and 8 females. These are not all the missionaries supported by Americans who toil in the Celestial field. England, Scotland, Germany, and other Protestant countries have their laborers in the same vineyard. The Roman Catholic Church, of course, is intensely active in China, as elsewhere throughout the world.

How the poor heathen is to make a selection (his immortal soul being in the balance) among the various contestants for his spiritual patronage, is a problem that may well stagger his benighted mind. It is not needed to question the sincerity of the missionaries, or that of the men and women who so generously defray the expense of their sojourn in China, to reach the opinion that the work from beginning to end is a useless expenditure of human energy and good money, both of which are in urgent demand at home. There is heathenism enough, and more than enough, in all our cities, to keep the churches busy from now till heaven chooses to trumpet the arrival of the millennium. Practical sense, therefore, suggests that we should till our own patch of partially cleared land before we give any strength to an assault upon the vast forest of paganism beyond. Moreover, the slightest acquaintance with the principles of social science teaches that nations have the religions, as well as the governments, to which their average enlightenment entitles them. A people's theology is the inevitable outgrowth of their civilization, or want of it. In order that a Chinaman should become a Christian in a complete sense, it is necessary for him to cease to be a Chinaman. He must acquire the instincts, mental habits, social customs, and ideals of the Caucasian. In rare individual cases, perhaps, when the Chinaman is taken very young and subjected to the myriad influences of a Caucasian environment, this basic transformation may be accomplished; but to suppose that missionaries (not always themselves the wisest of men or types of our highest civilization) can, by invading a land so diverse from their own in all social and religious essentials as it has been possible for contrary purposes and customs to make it, induce any considerable number of that land's inhabitants to desert their traditional faith and accept his in its stead, is ignorant folly, only redeemed from ludicrousness by the earnestness which inspires the essay. To look for widespread Christian results from Christian missionary work in China, is as absurd as to expect that the Salvation Army will in time convert us all into street-paraders, beating the tambourine and making humiliating spectacles of ourselves for the glory of God. The Chinese, besides cherishing a hatred for our missionaries that frequently finds murderous expression, feel only contempt for men who have the impertinence to ask them to exchange their venerable national religion for a faith born yesterday; and the educated among them—who are emancipated from belief in the popular religion—can not be induced to accept a new form of supernaturalism, especially when it is offered by persons against whom all their national prejudices are arrayed. And all this is equally true of other countries which we are pleased to classify as heathen. Buddhism fits John Chinaman's spiritual part as comfortably and appropriately as his blouse does his body, and as the Christian world grows in general intelligence, it will be more and more disposed to recognize his right to be let alone in the enjoyment of both blessings. The sound sense which so many clergymen of the East are displaying in their treatment of the Chinese Sunday-school question is indicative of the spread of the modern, rational spirit. The anti-propagandist tone of the secular press is even more significant of the same tendency, for the newspaper is, on the average, the most cowardly of created things; its dread of losing subscribers impels it to refrain from uttering opinions upon any subject that would give offense to what Draper describes as that "inert mass of common men who impede civilization in every nation." That is, a view has to be very generally held before a daily newspaper will speak in favor of it. There is good ground, therefore, for believing that contributions to foreign missionary funds will henceforward show a steady decline. When they cease altogether, the badgered heathen will shake hands with himself, and thank God for his inexhaustible mercy.

The following paragraph is taken from a recent number of the Panama *Star and Herald:*

"A new line of steamers has been established between Liverpool and Peruvian ports, since the first of this month, by the Lamport and Holt Steamship Company. Their first steamer, the *Bellenden*, of two thousand seven hundred and fifteen tons register, sailed from Liverpool, via Hamburg and Amberes, on the first, and will call at Mollendo, Pisco, Callao, and other northern ports of the republic. The company intends placing thirteen steamers on this route."

Liverpool has just about twice the population of this city; but were San Francisco twice as large as she is, the founding of a thirteen-steamer line would seem to her, as Mr. Ingalls might say, "an iridescent dream." The idea of one line between this city and New York, to consist of only six steamships, seems to stagger our business men and capitalists.

By the way, it will not be without interest, in this line of thought, to touch upon the enormously long roll of steamship enterprises in which this English city of six hundred thousand inhabitants is interested. We give a partial list of the lines of steamships which ply between Liverpool and the various countries of the world:

Cunard Line	Liverpool to New York and Boston, Italy, Adriatic, and the Levant
National Line	Liverpool to New York
White Star Line	Liverpool to New York
Inman Line	Liverpool to New York
Guion Line	Liverpool to New York
Harrison Line	Liverpool to New Orleans and West Indies
Glynn Line	Liverpool to Newport News
Texas Line	Liverpool to Galveston
Leyland Line	Liverpool to Boston and Mediterranean ports
Warren Line	Liverpool to Boston
American Line	Liverpool to Philadelphia
Johnston Line	Liverpool to Baltimore and Boston
Allan Line	Liverpool to Halifax, Portland, and Baltimore
Dominion Line	Liverpool to Halifax and Portland
Beaver Line	Liverpool to Boston
Compania Trasatlantica	Liverpool to Manila, Yloilo, and Cebu
Pacific Line	Liverpool to Brazil and River Plate
Papayanni Line	Liverpool to Mediterranean and Black Sea
Moss Line	Liverpool to Gibraltar, Alexandria, and Syria
Clan Line	Liverpool to India and South Africa
City Line	Liverpool to Calcutta direct, and to Bombay and Kurrachee
Hall Line	Liverpool to Bombay and Kurrachee
Anchor Line	Liverpool to Bombay direct, and Calcutta direct
Mac Iver Line	Liverpool to Bombay and Kurrachee
Henderson Line	Liverpool to Rangoon direct
Birby Line	Liverpool to Rangoon and Colombo
Harrison and Star Line	Liverpool to Calcutta
Brocklebank Line	Liverpool and London to Calcutta
Mogul Line	Liverpool to Penang, Singapore, Shanghai, Hongkong, and Yokohama
Houston Line	Liverpool to River Plate
Lamport and Holt Line	Liverpool to Brazil and River Plate
Booth Line	Liverpool to Para, Maranham, and Ceara
Red Cross Line	Liverpool to Para and Manaos, via Havre and Lisbon
Greenock Line	Liverpool to West Coast of South America
Compagnie Maritime du Pacifique	Liverpool to ports on West Coast of South America
Houlder Bros. Line	Liverpool to Australasia, South Africa, River Plate, and East Indies
Black Star Line	Liverpool to Australia
British and African Line	Liverpool to Grand Canary and West and South-West Coast of Africa
African Company	Liverpool to West Coast of Africa
Compania Trasatlantica	Liverpool to East Coast of Africa
West India and Pacific Line	Liverpool to West Indian, Venezuelan, and Mexican ports
Liverpool and Hamburg Line	Liverpool to Hamburg, Bremen, and Bremerhaven
Cork Line	Liverpool to Rotterdam, Dunkirk, Ghent, and Antwerp
Wilson Line	Liverpool to all ports in the Baltic

It is to be observed that all these are regular steamship lines, operating from four to twenty or more steamers, many of them being of six thousand tons measurement, and very few of less than two thousand five hundred tons. Some of these lines are devoted principally to passenger traffic, but most of them are primarily freight-carriers, with accommodations for a limited number of passengers. From Liverpool, these lines stretch away to every quarter of the habitable globe.

It will be understood that no attempt is made to draw an exact parallel between Liverpool and San Francisco, for such a task would be an impossibility; but these facts have been presented as an object-lesson, and as a basis for the question if Liverpool can operate all these steamship lines successfully and profitably, can not San Francisco build, equip, and operate at least one line between here and a city far more populous and wealthy than Liverpool?

To go into details of comparative cost of construction of freight-carrying steamers would transcend the limits of this article, and, indeed, it would not belong here, but it may be said with all confidence that the difference in first cost would not be so great as is generally supposed, and that whatever it is, it would be more than compensated for by the greater earning capacity of the American steamer, arising from higher rates of freight. It must be remembered that the steamship traffic between San Francisco and New York must be confined to American steamships, the laws of Congress not permitting the British tramp steamer to engage in the American coastwise trade, which she would do very promptly if the law allowed.

It would certainly seem that there might be something in this object-lesson which the business men of this city could find of value, even though the conditions be dissimilar. In spite of its enormous number of existing lines, Liverpool is still reaching out, as the introductory paragraph of this article shows, and certainly, if Liverpool can maintain her present lines and constantly add to them, San Francisco can make no mistake if she begins with one modest line to New York.

Less than three months ago the *Argonaut* addressed the Catholic world in advocacy of the election of an Irish Pope to succeed Leo the Thirteenth, and already the movement which we thus initiated has made tremendous headway, some of the important newspapers of the country having enthusiastically wheeled into line—the New York *Sun*, for example. It is true that the *Sun* does not in terms demand an Irish successor to Leo; what it asks for, is an American Pope, but this amounts to the same thing. Moved apparently by the inducements held out to him by us to become a feature of the World's Fair at Chicago, His Holiness is considering the expediency of deserting not only Rome, but Europe. In the splendid language of a writer on the ground, who is vouched for as being an influential member of the Papal household:

"The invasion of Rome commenced the work of clearing away the Italian character, or rather the Italo-Roman character, of the Papacy. Universal by its nature and its mission, the Papacy in the federal constitution of Italy was Roman and Italian. It is this particularity which gave rise to the series, almost uninterrupted, of Italian Popes. Radical crises alone have been able to break this law. . . . A neutral Pope—American, Swiss, Belgian, or Oriental—will be, unquestionably, in the present course of the transformations, the Pope of the future."

From the same high authority we learn that the Triple Alliance is quaking in its shoes lest the Pope depart, or cast his influence in favor of the next conclave being held out of Italy. Should the Czar of Russia join with France in supporting the Pope, the Dreibund would collapse, Italy go to pieces, and all Europe be wrapped in the licking flames and swirling smoke-clouds of hideous war. It is the contemplation of these fearful consequences of house-moving that impels the good old gentleman to hesitate about leaving the Vatican. But whether the flitting of the Pope would, as he imagines, be marked by a European convulsion, rending kingdoms, dethroning monarchs, darkening the sky, and filling the streets of sunless capitals with the resurrected and perambulating dead, or cause no disturbance aside from the grief felt by Roman tradesmen at the loss of ecclesiastical custom for purple goods and fine linen, he ought by all means to come to America. Or, if Leo be too old to think of coming West and growing up with the country, the College of Cardinals, when they elect the next Pope, will make a blunder if they do not pitch upon Cardinal Gibbon, of Baltimore. He is an ideal candidate. Though born in America, his parents were Irish, and, designing him for an ecclesiastical career, they wisely gave the schools of the United States the go-by and took him for his education to Ireland, where he remained until his seventeenth year, acquiring there the Latin and that touch of the brogue without which no priest can serve acceptably at an American altar.

The United States has claims on the Papacy which to ignore would be ungrateful folly. In no land on earth is the Catholic Church growing so rapidly as here, and in no other country is its influence more powerful. Although debarred by our godless Federal Constitution from becoming the State religion, it manages to get along quite as well as if it were. There are few States in which it is not able to drag the treasury for the support of its dividend-paying charitable institutions; few in which it does not exercise a puissant "pull" in politics; and none in which it has not the press at its feet. Fear of its power to punish, gags our public men as well as the newspapers; and, without exciting any general protest, it sets itself up against secular authority, denying the right of the State to educate the young, solemnize marriages, or grant divorces. The church, in short, finds in America a Greater

Ireland. Cardinal Gibbon presents so happy a combination of qualities as a compromise candidate as almost to suggest the hand of Providence. Those like ourselves who favor an Irish Pope are, because of Cardinal Gibbon's blood and Irish education, for him first, last, and all the time; while those who, like the *Sun*, declare for an American Pope, are satisfied with his Baltimore birth and the fact of his residence on our soil. In the matter of the location of the Holy See, desires must necessarily differ. Local pride and selfishness would move us to argue in behalf of San Francisco, which would welcome to its channels of trade the million dollars or more which the Pope's apostolic style of housekeeping costs him annually; but should New York come energetically to the front, we can not deny that she could make out a strong case. She has more Irish inhabitants than Dublin, nearly as many Italians as Rome, and her back-streets swarm with a population imported from every nation of the known world, who live in a state of ignorance and squalor which puts the Holy City itself to the blush. But, after all, New York, like San Francisco, must yield to Chicago. Since the Papacy is ambitious to cut loose altogether from old things and cast in its lot with an advancing, spiritualized democracy, Chicago is the place for it. The city is far enough removed from the Atlantic Coast to be comparatively free from the political and social influence of Europe, which has about denationalized New York. And while Chicago is thoroughly American—or as thoroughly American as any American city can hope to be while unrestricted immigration continues to be permitted—the proud and sensitive race that furnishes Mother Church with her most devout and obedient children manages to keep control of things there as elsewhere in our glorious republic. We have but to mention the fact that of the nineteen hundred policemen in Chicago, fifteen hundred and fifty-five are Irishmen, to remove from the minds of the College of Cardinals any suspicion that the Protestant Germans, the free-thinking Americans, or the bomb-dropping anarchists cut anything, save an insignificant figure in politics there.

Italy, all Europe, we are sure, would be glad to get rid of the Pope, who has outgrown his usefulness there and overstayed his welcome. Free America, then, offers him a home amid an overflowing young civilization, unweighted by monarchy and free from impious socialism. Chicago, Queen City of the Salable West, stands ready to greet him with a royal reception, and is willing to build him a new Vatican (with elevators, incandescent lights, hot and cold water, and all the modern improvements in sanitary plumbing), to appropriate money for sprinkling her streets with holy water, and to donate ground on which he may set up his nickel-in-the-slot machine for the receipt of Peter's Pence. It is a layout that invites inspection and defies competition.

From 1789 to the present time, at every general and national election, the tariff has been a prominent issue between the contending parties. Meantime have occurred the different changes in the tariffs of other nations, including the radical change made by England in 1846, by the repeal of her corn laws and the adoption of free trade.

Since the adoption of the first tariff, in 1787, under the guidance of Alexander Hamilton, which provided for specific and ad valorem duties of from five to fifteen per cent., to the period of Jefferson's first administration, there was slight variation and increase in the rates of duties. In 1804, the increase of two and one-half per cent. ad valorem was levied "to protect the commerce and seamen of the United States against the Barbary powers," and to provide for the "Mediterranean fund." These rates of duties continued in force until 1812, when the hostilities between the United States and Great Britain necessitated the imposition of war duties, under President Madison, which doubled the rates to provide the revenue to meet the expenses caused by the war, with ad valorem rates increased from former rates to from seven and one-half to thirty per cent., with incident increase of specific duties. In 1816, the system was remodeled—the duties on cotton fabrics reduced to the minimum rate and the increase imposed on iron and its manufactures up to thirty per cent. ad valorem. During the second term of President Monroe, in 1824, the ad valorem rates were raised from twelve to fifty per cent., with specific and compound duties added, and these rates were maintained during the administration of President John Quincy Adams, except that the duties were reduced on coffee, tea, and cocoa, and the specific duties on wines were raised from twenty-five to fifty cents per gallon. The duty on wool was compound—four cents per pound and forty per cent. ad valorem. The tariff of 1828 was the highest up to that time. Under President Jackson—1830—the duties on coffee, tea, and cocoa were further reduced; the duty on molasses to five cents per gallon, and on salt to fifteen cents per bushel of fifty-six pounds. The tariff of 1832 made the duty on brown sugar two and one-half cents per pound; lump sugar, ten cents; refined sugar, twelve cents. But the free list was extended, and minimum rates allowed to cotton fabrics only. The tariff of 1832 caused the nullification movement in South Carolina; and, in consequence, the compromise bill of 1833, which remodeled the tariff, was passed. It reduced the ad valorem rates to the uniform figure of twenty per cent. This tariff was maintained during the remainder of Jackson's term and through the administration of President Van Buren.

Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Jackson, Van Buren, and John Tyler alike expressed belief in the principles of protection—Jefferson even to permanent prohibitory duties. As early as 1818, Henry Clay declared his advocacy of protection to American manufactures, products, and industries, which afterward became known as the American system, and, in 1832, it was adopted by the Whig party, which made Mr. Clay its nominee for President. The promulgation of the American system was continued by the Whig party, and it was made a leading issue in the Presidential campaign of 1840, which resulted in the election of General Harrison and John Tyler. The death of President Harrison, April 4, 1841, devolved the Presidency on John Tyler. The Congress of 1842 passed the Clay tariff. It was based on the principle of protection. On raw wool the duty of four cents per pound and thirty per cent. ad valorem was imposed. On wheat flour the duty was raised from the former duty of fifty per cent. ad valorem to seventy per cent.; on brandy, to one dollar per gallon; on wines, to forty cents per gallon; and on spirits, to from sixty to seventy-five cents per gallon; on tobacco, to twenty per cent. ad valorem; on cigars, to forty cents per pound; on snuff, to ten cents per pound.

The Clay tariff of 1842 continued until the adoption, 1846, of the tariff of Robert J. Walker, Secretary of the Treasury in the Cabinet of President Polk. It was an ad valorem tariff. Wool and woolen manufactures paid duty of thirty per cent.; unmanufactured tobacco, sugar of all kinds, molasses, tin, carpets, china and porcelain-ware, crockery and uncut glass, silks, metal-wares and cutlery—all thirty per cent. Brandy and all liquors, one hundred per cent.; wines, forty per cent. On the free list were coffee, tea, trees, bullion, copper ore, metal sheeting, tools of trade, whale-oil, wearing apparel, garden-seeds, professional books and instruments, medals, and mineralogical specimens. The tariff of 1846 was repealed in 1857, upon the adoption of the Howell Cobb tariff that year—the first year of President Buchanan—and it continued in force until 1861, when the Republican Congress adopted the Morrill tariff. The Cobb tariff reduced the rate of duties and likewise the revenue. It favored the products and planters of the South, and impaired the products, and manufactures, and industries of the free States.

Naturally and of necessity the great Civil War required higher duties to provide revenue, yet the increase of duties above the low tariff of Secretary Cobb was not so great as was that of 1812, under President Madison, to provide for the war with Great Britain; and the highest average tariff was that passed in 1828 by a Democratic Congress. This, and all the tariffs passed during Democratic administrations, prior to 1846, had not in them the element of free trade as it was promulgated in 1887 by President Cleveland, and modified in name only — still advocated by Mills, of Texas, Carlisle, of Kentucky, and other foremost Democratic leaders. Since the Civil War, Republican Congresses have from time to time reduced the rates of duties as the condition of the country warranted and justified the reduction. Indeed, it remains an indisputable fact to prove the inconsistency of Democratic professions that, in 1884, the Democrats of some of the States denounced the Republicans for having reduced the duty on raw wool, while now they contend that raw wool shall be imported from abroad free of duty.

When the impartial student of history investigates the subject of the tariff in the United States, he will be likely to say of the Republican tariff legislation that it has advanced the United States to the loftiest position of the great powers of the earth.

Republics may be ungrateful, but they are not permitted in these days of cheap printing to be forgetful. The public man who permits himself to drop out of sight has only himself to blame, unless he be poor, in which case it is doubtful, according to current standards, whether he is not guilty of impertinence in aspiring to be a public man. The Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, of New York, who is not poor, is a distinguished proof that determination not to be forgotten, when backed by a willingness to spend money, is certain to bring success. Having reached the Eiffel-tower-like eminence necessarily occupied by Millionaire Vanderbilt's chief employee, Mr. Depew aspires to commensurate political prominence, and some years ago secured the mention of his name in connection with the Presidency of the United States. This year, however, there has been a disheartening failure on the part of the press to suggest him as a White House possibility, and Mr. Depew makes an appeal to the nation to correct this neglect. His protest does not take the form of an after-dinner speech, charged with cold jokes warmed over from the facetious columns of the newspapers, but of a "poem," read by Mr. Isaac H. Bromley at a feast of the New York Alumni Association considerably over a year ago. The jingle, all in honor of the gifts—social and intellectual—of Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, is now issued in an *édition de luxe* by Mr. Chauncey M. Depew. The *Argonaut* has received a copy, and is bound to say that the fulsome verses are beautifully printed and exquisitely illustrated. The frontispiece, a portrait of Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, is a masterpiece of the engraver's art. No doubt every newspaper and magazine in the United States has been equally complimented with the *Argonaut*. As these publications number about nineteen thousand, and Mr. Depew's little bid for renewed notice must have cost him—independently of the honorarium to the author and artist—not less than two dollars apiece, it will be seen that Mr. Depew is willing to pay handsomely for what he wants. We hardly think, however, that the returns will justify the outlay, or move to emulation that large class of persons whose political, financial, or social ambition, or sheer love of notoriety, impels them, like Mr. Depew, to "work the press." He has, in the past, been very successful in this line of effort, on the whole. His condescending familiarity to reporters, accompanied by cigars, has endeared him to the high-minded and self-respecting guild; and his occasional dinner to a New York editor has won for him the regard of the gentlemen who mold public opinion in the metropolis. Consequently, this great man, who is really a very efficient servant to Mr. Vanderbilt, has achieved a fame as wide as the continent, if not as deep as the sea or as lofty as the firmament. If Mr. Depew has paid for printing Mr. Bromley's tasteful pean in the expectation of exciting a clamorous demand from Maine to California and from the lakes to the gulf for his nomination to the Presidency, it is to be feared that he will be disappointed. That Mr. Depew does very well as an amateur jester at banquets, when the critical faculty as well as the legs of his audience have been paralyzed, and that he knows how to run a railroad, would have been admitted without this latest waste of treasure and offense to taste. But that Mr. Chauncey Depew is anything better than a hard-headed, narrow-minded business man, afflicted with an itch to figure as a statesman, as well as a *bon vivant*, neither the admiring Mr. Bromley nor anybody else—certainly not Mr. Depew himself—has been able to show. The resplendent volume of which this notice is taken by the *Argonaut*—for which notice we make no charge—is published by "the New York Printing Company, 536–538 Pearl Street, New York." This is the only time we have ever observed any modesty on the part of Mr. Depew. Here, however, he effaces himself. For we are convinced that "The New York Printing Company" is only a mask, and that behind it would be found the timid, shrinking smile, the coy countenance, and the modest whiskers of Chauncey M. Depew.

A trial has recently taken place in Berlin in which the *Argonaut* takes deep concern. The editor of the comic newspaper *Kladderdatsch* was placed on trial for satirizing the "Holy Coat," recently on exhibition at Treves. The charges were brought against the editor by the authorities, at the instance of the Roman Catholic clergy. The *Kladderdatsch* had stigmatized the venerable garment as a fraud, and remarked that this ecclesiastical swindle was worked for the purpose of obtaining money from the devout. This statement was deeply resented by the Roman Catholics, and the paper was prosecuted.

The trial aroused intense interest. Protestants generally, and some few skeptical Catholics, took the side of the editor. The majority of the Roman Catholics, however, were against the editor, and in favor of the "Holy Coat."

The prosecution argued that the coat was an object of veneration to many Germans, whose religion was recognized by the state, and that this constituted a case against the defendant for holding the relic up to ridicule. Counsel for defense maintained the impossibility of the relic being genuine. During his argument, he quoted Martin Luther, who, he said, had called a similar exhibition "a swindle at the devil's fair."

The trial came to an end on January 25th. The jury acquitted the editor, and *Kladderdatsch* rejoices.

It is evident that the Roman Catholic clergy of Berlin did not see the articles in the *Argonaut* on the "Holy Coat," printed some months ago. Had they done so, this journal also might have been prosecuted for its lack of veneration. We regret very much that this did not take place. The *Argonaut* has for years been trying to have its name placed upon the Index Expurgatorius at Rome, but hitherto without success. Had we been prosecuted in this "Holy Coat" matter, it would have afforded us reasonable grounds for hope in connection with the Index.

But while we have these purely selfish reasons for regret, we must not allow such a feeling to prevent us from congratulating our colleague of the *Kladderdatsch* on the fact that it has been judicially determined that the "Holy Coat" is a holy fake.

"SHORTY LOCHINVAR."

I think it may be stated, without fear of successful contradiction, that at no period of a man's existence does Cupid's dart strike so deeply and cause so much sleeplessness as at the age of one score, or thereabout. I have known quite a number of young men of about that age to be deeply, passionately, desperately in love, and ultimately to recover and go through similar but less agonizing experiences several times thereafter. But, as I said, they never, in a single instance, suffered half so much from subsequent attacks as from that first experience. Not that they love less, but their capacity for suffering has diminished—which is something to be thankful for, for a man who could suffer at each recurrence of the complaint as much as he did at the first, would die of the second or third relapse.

The victim of this first attack is a pitiable creature, particularly when there are "obstacles," which is usually the case.

I always feel sorry for a chap in this sort of a pickle, and I felt particularly sorry for poor Shorty Fleming. I knew I ought not to encourage him, but he was such a good little beggar, and so much in earnest, that I would have defied a far more severe man than his brother Jack for his sake. Besides, Shorty was not one of the chaps who get over anything easily, and I knew failure would go hard with him. Moreover, Jack was not the only "obstacle." Sam Parker, Shorty's Nettie's papa, also objected. He was not a stern, unreasonable parent, by any means, but his objections, even if presented good-naturedly, were none the less formidable. Parker was a shrewd Maine Yankee, with a total disbelief in the ability of womankind to use reason, and a record of some sixty years of devotion to an earnest hustle for the fascinating but elusive American dollar. Nettie was the only daughter and the youngest child in a family of seven, and the old man, close-fisted as he was, had spared no expense in educating her liberally. It was only natural, therefore, for him to object, especially as Nettie was barely eighteen, and had only been out of school a few months.

He called on Jack one afternoon, not casually, as he usually called, on his way to or from town, but with a direct purpose. Jack was under the weather, and lay on the sofa. I was reading to him when Parker walked in.

"Howdy, Flemin'; laid up, air ye? Howdy, Faber; purty warm, ain't it? Thanks, I will set a spell." And he sat down on the edge of a chair and began tracing figures on the floor with his big spur. He seemed nervous, and I rose to leave the room, but he waved his hand and said: "Set daown, Faber. Set still. Guess I ain't got nothin' t' say but what ye mout ez well hear."

Here the old man stiffened up in his seat and stated the object of his mission, in a good-natured but thoroughly decided way, closing with:

"Naow, Flemin', I ain't no 'bjection t' th' leetle feller—not one mite; he's a tip-top good boy, an' all that. But 'tain't in reason th't I'm goin' t' spend more'n three thousan' dollars eddicatin' a young 'un, an' then let 'er go an' marry 'nother young 'un, 'thout ary red. An' that's what it'll come tew, fust thing we know."

Now, Parker's remarks were in the nature of a revelation to us. Of course we knew Shorty had put in a good many evenings at the Parker ranch, but we had never guessed that his visits there had any significance. A courtship, too, with six big brothers loafing around, is a difficult matter. It is easy enough to fall—just *fall*—in love with a girl if there is no one to hinder. But with six young men, with whom one is on good terms, sitting around and occupying a large portion of one's attention, it is a matter of *getting* in love, which, accomplished, is rather more serious than a mere fall into the same.

Fleming sat up and ran his fingers through his hair gravely. Then: "I quite agree with you, Mr. Parker. I don't know what to say to Percy, but I will try a little strategy and see if he can't be kept at home more. If that won't do, I can talk to him."

And here began my connection with Shorty's love-affair. That evening I was writing busily, when some one opened the door of my den and walked in. It was Shorty. He sat down quietly and took up a paper, which he looked at for several minutes, while I scratched away at my work. Then he threw the paper down suddenly, and turned to me with: "Faber, what was old Parker here for to-day?"

I tried to dissemble, but Shorty is nobody's fool, and interrupted: "Oh, rot!" said he; "I reckon you think I'm a sucker. Now, honestly, what was he here for?"

Finally, I told him about the conversation between his brother and Parker. He sat silent for several minutes. I could see his face twitch. Then he turned his eyes to my face and said, slowly: "Faber, I know I'm young and all that, but—I know my own mind. Jack's a good brother and feels in duty bound to take care of me, but I guess I can 'tend to that myself. I—I've made up my mind to marry that girl, if she'll have me, and all the Jacks and Sam Parkers in the world can't stop me." And Mr. Percival Fleming set his mouth hard and walked out. He called at Parker's the next evening, despite Jack's "strategy."

There was another caller at Parker's that evening, in the person of Morris Cottrell, a wealthy rancher from up the "Five-Mile." Shorty, when he got home, mentioned this fact to me, with some feeling in his tones. Cottrell was no old duffer. He was a man of thirty, well-read, and a gentleman, and the prospect of having him for a rival would have sent despair to the heart of any penniless young man less determined than Shorty Fleming.

For two or three months Shorty continued his calls at Parker's, growing more and more gloomy and savage as the days went by, for old Sam Parker was something of a strategist, and managed to keep the poor lad from getting a single private interview with Nettie, thereby giving Cottrell a clear field, which was evidently satisfactory to the latter, although he did not seem to make much progress.

One evening Shorty came to my room in a state of mind. He had seen Sam Parker that day, and the latter had told him, as gently as possible, some galling truths about his age and his penniless condition, concluding with the cheerful information that he "reckoned Net hed 'bout d'cided t' take up with Cottrell, anyheow."

Of course Shorty was despondent, but he was none the less determined. "Faber, I'm going to see her to-morrow afternoon, and—and ask her."

The time and the hour favored Shorty; but I hardly think Nettie knew her own mind. The boy who came riding slowly home through the shadows next evening was a very much downcast boy, indeed.

He told me all about it, later; how Nettie had wavered, and finally told him that she could give him no answer. She cared a great deal for him, she said, but she was not sure she cared enough for him. Besides, her father objected to him, and she could never cross her father's wishes, when he had done so much for her.

Sam Parker must have heard of this interview, and made up his mind to something. Although he was usually so good-natured, he was as determined as a bull-dog, and I think he used some influence in deciding matters, for, two weeks later, he "dropped in" to tell Jack that Nettie and Cottrell would be married on Thanksgiving Day, two months later.

Shorty must have seen news in my face, for, after supper, he drew me aside and asked what I knew. I hated to tell him, but did so, the best way I could. The poor lad stood still as stone for several seconds. Then, with a shuddering sob, he turned away. In the morning he was gone, with his horse and clothes, leaving no word.

Jack and Joe, the other brother, were much worried; but, as Jack now for the first time acknowledged, "the boy could take care of himself."

Jack and I talked it over during the day, and he expressed a good deal of regret, thinking, however, that Nettie had decided for herself, and that Shorty had no one to blame for his failure. "If it had been different," he went on, "and Percy had persevered and won, I would have given in, and I think Parker would, too, for next year Percy will come into about fifteen thousand. You see, I've never told him of it, because I wanted him to grow up on his own merits and be self-reliant. I think it has been for the best. Joe never knew, until he was of age, that he had anything, and we didn't tell Percy of it then, because he was only seventeen. Joe put his money into the ranch here and kept quiet about it."

He sat silent for a minute, then continued: "Of course, this is between ourselves. But—do you know, I wish the boy had won. He's a good deal of a man, and, now I come to think of it, the affair has hit him hard. They could have waited a couple of years, you know." And Jack walked off, slowly, taking long whiffs at his pipe.

Several weeks passed, during which I saw Nettie Parker several times. She seemed different. Her laugh was not the jolly laugh I had been accustomed to hear, and she seemed pensive at times. Was it her approaching wedding, or—Shorty? I hoped it was Shorty. But, somehow, when people pine, they seem to lose color and get thin, and Nettie Parker did neither. And still no word from Shorty, and the day for the wedding only a week away.

It was Wednesday of Thanksgiving week, and there had been great preparations at Parker's. The people for miles around were invited to the wedding, which, old Sam "'lowed," would be "th' hang-uppest thing they ever hed in th' kentry." I rode into town to buy, on behalf of Jack and myself, something to present to the bride-elect. In the post-office, some one tapped me on the shoulder. I turned. It was Shorty Fleming—Shorty, with a handsome mustache, and smiling quite happily.

"How long before you're going out?" he asked.

"Right now."

"Bully! Faber, go and borrow a horse until to-morrow—tell 'em yours is lame, and you'll have to lead him. Nobody has recognized me back of this overcoat-collar and the hirsute adornment, and I don't want 'em to. I'll walk out and head up the road. Hurry up with the horses."

In about twenty minutes I was following him, riding a horse I had borrowed from my friend the doctor, and leading my own. I soon caught up with Shorty, and we hurried on. Shorty showed me a letter signed "Nettie," and proceeded to unfold a plan he had in mind, which, for the quality of pure "nerve," I had never heard surpassed.

There was nobody at the house but Manuel, the cook, and Shorty soon had him sworn to silence, after which he proceeded to camp in the cold, little upstairs store-room off my den, where nobody could find him. Jack was not to know of his presence, he said, "because Jack is so thundering honest and persnickety, and would squeal or spoil the job."

* * * * * * *

The half-hundred guests at Parker's had been enjoying Thanksgiving Day to the full. All of Mrs. Parker's good things had been stowed away where they would do the most good. The minister from town was getting ready for the ceremony, and the guests were hustling about, amid some confusion, trying to find the best points for observation. Nettie Parker, pale for once, stood near the front-door, pulling her fingers nervously, waiting, supposedly, for her father.

Some one knocked at the door. Nettie pulled it open, gave a little cry, grabbed a man's hat from the back of a chair and an overcoat from a peg near by, and rushed out, slamming the door. Everybody who saw the performance stood still, dazed. Then, as we heard horses' hoofs clattering up the road, there was a rush for the outside. Up the road, disappearing fast, were two horses, whose riders were evidently in a hurry. There was another rush—this time for the stables—led by old Sam Parker. But, somehow, the doors would not open. They had been nailed up, very securely, by a person who was at that moment making hypocritical efforts to get one of them open.

When they finally succeeded in mounting two or three men for pursuit, the runaways had three or four miles start. At this juncture, Cottrell, as cool as if he had never thought of attending his own wedding, came up and spoke quietly to old Parker, who was so dazed that he had not opened his mouth so far.

The old man started. "By gorry, Morris, mebbe thet's c'rect. No use yowlin' over spilt milk. Come on, boys." And they rode off, but not very rapidly.

"I told the old gentleman," remarked Cottrell to me, as we turned toward the house, "that it was no use trying to head them off. They'll be married inside of an hour." Then, in a tone that contained no trace of bitterness, he continued:

"It is far better to have happened now than—than later. And—as it is—I think maybe there will be only one unhappy person, instead of three." That was Morris Cottrell—philosopher and man.

Mr. and Mrs. Percival Fleming were met at the justice's office by old Sam Parker, who remarked: "Wa-al, I swow! Yew air a nervy boy! Ain't ye both ashamed on't?"

No, they were not; and, after Nettie had had a good cry in her father's arms, the runaways were escorted back to the Parker ranch to receive the congratulations of their friends, foremost among whom was Morris Cottrell.

R. L. Ketchum.

Yankton, S. D., January, 1892.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Dead Letter.

I.

I drew it from its china tomb;
It came out, feebly scented
With some thin ghost of past perfume
That dust and days had lent it—
An old stained letter, folded still.
To read with due composure
I sought the sunlit window-sill
Above the gray inclosure,
That, glimmering in the sultry haze,
Faint flowered, dimly shaded,
Slumbered, like Goldsmith's Madam Blaize,
Bedizened and brocaded.
A queer old place! You'd surely say
Some tea-board garden-maker
Had planned it in Dutch William's day
To please some florist Quaker,
So trim it was. The yew-tree still,
With pious care perverted,
Grew in the same grim shape; and still
The lipless dolphin spirted;
Still in his wonted state abode
The broken-nosed Apollo;
And still the cypress arbor showed
The same umbrageous hollow—
Only, as fresh young Beauty gleams
From coffee-colored laces,
So peeped from its old-fashioned dreams
Its fresher modern traces·
For idle mallet, hoop, and ball
Upon the lawn were lying;
A magazine, a tumbled shawl,
Round which the swifts were flying;
And tossed beside the guelder rose
A heap of rainbow knitting,
Where, blinking in her sweet repose,
A Persian cat was sitting.
A place to love in—live—for aye,
If we, too, like Tithonus,
Could find some god to stretch the gray
Scant life the fates have thrown us.
But now by steam we run the race
With buttoned heart and pocket—
Our Love's a gilded, surplus grace,
Just like an empty locket.
"The time is out of joint." Who will
May strive to make it better;
For me, this warm old window-sill,
And this old dusty letter:

II.

Dear John (the letter ran), *it can't, can't be*
For Father's gone to Chorley Fair with Sam,
And Mother's storing apples—Prue and me
Up to our Elbows making Damson Jam;
But we shall meet before a week is gone—
'Tis a long Lane that has no Turning, John!

Only till Sunday next—and then you'll wait
Behind the White Thorn, by the broken stile;
We can go round and catch them by the Gate—
All to ourselves for nearly one long mile
Dear Prue won't look, and Father he'll go on,
And Sam's two eyes are all for Cissy, John!

John, she's so smart—with every ribbon new,
Flame-colored Sacque and Crimson Paduasoy;
As proud as proud, and has the Vapors, too,
Just like a Lady—calls poor Sam a boy,
And vows no Sweet-Heart's worth the thinking on
Till he's past Thirty—I know better, John!

My dear, I do not think I thought of much
Before we knew each other, I and you;
And now, why, John, your least least Finger-touch
Gives me enough to think a Summer through
See, for I send you Something! There, 'tis gone!
Look in this corner—mind you find it John!

III.

This was the matter of the note—
A long forgot deposit,
Dropped in a Chelsea Dragon's throat
Deep in a fragrant closet,
Piled with a modish Dresden world,
Beaux, beauties, prayers, and poses,
Bronzes with squat legs under-curled,
And great jars filled with roses.
Ah, heart that wrote! Ah, lips that kissed!
You had no thought or presage
Into what keeping you dismissed
Your simple old-world message!
A reverent one. Though we to-day
Distrust beliefs and powers,
The artless, ageless things you say
Are fresh as God's own flowers,
Starring some pure primeval spring,
Ere Gold had grown despotic—
Ere Life was yet a selfish thing,
Or Love a mere exotic.
I kneel to you! Of those you were
Whose kind old hearts grow mellow,
Whose fair old faces grow more fair
As Point and Flanders Yellow;
Whom some old store of garnered grief,
Their placid temples shading,
Crowns like a wreath of autumn leaf
With tender tints of fading.
Peace to your soul! You died unwed
Despite this loving letter.
And what of John? Of John be said
The less, I think, the better.

THE AMERICAN MATRON.

"Van Gryse" pictures the Eminently Correct Woman of Society.

There is a chastened elegance about the American Matron that her English sister sometimes lacks. The mammas of the truly refined classes in Gotham are of an exquisite finish and completeness that are not often seen across the pond. They have been lovely young girls, they are still handsome women who study their complexions and give serious attention to their figures. One never sees an American Matron whose skirt hangs at a defective angle. Their corsets are things sacred and solemn, manufactured only by artists of the toilet. The mysteries of "make-up" are still a lofty joy to them. They have penetrated to the heart of the secret of how to look thirty when you are fifty.

When you meet them on the avenue, at the theatre, at the summer hotels, on the steamer, you may always know them at a glance. American matrons by the score will pass under your investigating gaze, but they will not be the real American Matron, the one which is spelled with capital letters and enrolled on the list of the calmly self-satisfied. These are never in the ascendant as to numbers. The article is too fine ever to be numerous. It just appears now and then, like a century plant, and the people stand away and gaze at it.

The perfected type is always a woman whose husband has money. Elegance and completeness cost something. She will never be a very gay, or brilliant, or witty person. But she and her *entourage* will be perfectly finished, absolutely flawless in their well-groomed polish. From the time that she is thirty-five to the time that she is fifty-five she looks exactly the same. The few, very fine lines on her forehead and about her mouth scarcely deepen a hair's breadth. Her figure, not slim but quite removed from an overflowing fatness, is restrained in the most elegant proportions by an extremely tight and well-made corset. Her hair is always absolutely immaculate. A little trifle of bang, neatly curled, lends just enough frivolity to her delicate visage, and her hands are always lovely, white, and well set off by rings, with nicely shaped nails, which are never manicured, because that is a custom now fallen to the common and the vulgar.

In dress, the lady is always exactly in the fashion, but never a week ahead of it. She eschews fads and fancies of the hour that may by their extravagance captivate the ladies of gay manners or the girls of the shops. For it is a horror to this refined person even to wear a bow on her hat, a trimming on her skirt, which might resemble what is worn by those who are not "de notre monde." In consequence she is always a trifle quiet in her costumes, a thought too demure. Conspicuousness would seem as horrible to her as to know some one who was divorced or not to pay her dressmaker's bill. And so she is never a striking figure. You might pass her by without a tribute to her style of costume, but you never could know her without bowing before her calm respectability.

With acquaintance comes a mild overflow of admiration for the New York Cornelia. There was never any one so exquisitely fine, and finished, and neat. You may find this lady with her temper in dishabille, but you never find her with her hair out of order. That flawless head-dress is never marred by a loosened hair-pin or a displaced curl. You can not, even in thought, associate her with a rumpled collar or a muddied skirt. She is always at the same pressure of cool, complacent perfection. When you run into her on Broadway on a wet day, she is still exquisite and unruffled, clear as to skin and eye, smooth as to hair, placid as to manner, dry as to foot. When you find her sitting against the wall at three o'clock in the morning, watching her daughter gyrate in the arms of the gilded youth of Gotham, she greets you with a tranquil, sufficiently warm smile, and without trace of fatigue in her clear-cut face or of impatience in her well-regulated manner, comments agreeably on the ball.

Her whole *ménage* is regulated in the same severely neat manner. The household arrangements go like clock-work. The house itself is trim as wax-work and unostentatiously comfortable. The children are "brought up" to the highest pitch of good manners. They come down to dinner and greet the family friends politely, then subside into silence in distant corners. They do not stare and bite their nails, they do not edge up against their mother and demand who the stranger is in loud whispers, eyeing him suspiciously the while. No, the American Matron will brook none of that. She does not even have to say, in a gently reproving tone, "Adolphus, ain't you going to say how d'ye do to Mr. Smith?" and then have Adolphus come stumbling over toward you, extending a dirty and reluctant hand. The American Matron's little ones do just the correct thing. They murmur a little word of greeting, look a little look of welcome, offer a little cold, clean hand, and then tip-toe softly away with a little improving book under their arm.

The American Matron, feeling that she is the custodian of the morals of the future generation, is, of course, very firm in seeing that the children imbibe learning and ideas from only the purest sources. Her two eldest are two dear girls, whose career is decided upon when they are yet in their swaddling clothes. Well-recommended governesses and the most expensive schools are going to do the educational part of the business. The morals will be attended to by church every Sunday morning and one chapter of the Psalms read every day on rising. No latitude is permitted in the way of variation to the Psalms, as indiscriminate reading of the Scriptures is not always improving to the mind of youth.

But the American Matron makes her strongest point in never allowing the dear girls to make any acquaintances out of their own circle. "Keep to your own class," she says constantly to the girls. All the girls just their own age, in just their own class, are sorted over and passed upon for approval. Several fall below the average necessary to reach before being permitted to enjoy the friendship of the Dear Girls. One of these turned her back-hair up at the age of fourteen, and wore spotted veils over her school-hats. This was an evidence of a mind too prone to frivolity and love of unprofitable things. Another is having her voice trained. It is a remarkable voice, undoubtedly, but rather too remarkable to be altogether in good taste. She sings too like a professional. When later it transpires that she really does contemplate becoming a professional, actually is going on the concert-stage, the American Matron can not be sufficiently thankful that she tabooed her in time. What a dangerous acquaintance for the Dear Girls!

The acquaintances permitted the Dear Girls are all up to the standard of complacent mediocrity that the American Matron approves. Very clever people, or very dashing people, are not encouraged by this careful lady. That young woman, who is the Montgomery-Smith's first cousin, was oever asked to the house a second time. The first time, she came to a dinner, and she talked so much—so brilliantly, some people said—that the men on the opposite side of the table would not do anything but listen to her. They entirely neglected the girls beside them, just to hear what this remarkable young woman was saying. Then they began to talk across the table, which is not at all a nice thing to do, and she answered them, and said all manner of extraordinary things, which made every one roar with laughter. The American Matron was on pins and needles during that dinner. She had never before had a person in her house who created this sort of a sensation. She felt very angry with the Montgomery-Smiths for having palmed off this horribly conspicuous girl on her. Even her own daughters seemed to be amused. It would take weeks to bring them back to their usual state of tame gentility.

Then there was a dreadful man that she herself had asked to the house. She liked him, and never suspected what sort of a person he really was. He was a most presentable individual, dressed just like any one else, had a refined voice and an English accent, had his hair cut and parted just like a gentleman, and would really have deceived any one. One evening, some question of piano-playing came up, and one of the Dear Girls played "The Monastery Bell" in the way she had been taught at Mme. de Loone's school. And afterward that quiet, personable, unassuming, commonplace young man got up and played on the piano in such a way that every one sat around paralyzed. It was so unpleasantly striking that nobody talked. They all listened, which is a thing nobody ever does. And, of course, every person there knew there was something queer about it, and then it leaked out that he was a professional. The American Matron had to make a round of visits afterward and tell all her friends how she really had been entirely ignorant of what class of man he was when she asked him to the house. After that it blew over, but at one time it really looked as if it might grow into quite a scandal.

But men have to be gathered for the delectation of the Dear Girls, who, fulfilling the destiny of women, will marry decently and in order at the age of twenty-five or thereabouts, start up a nice, well-appointed little establishment, have a nice, well-brought-up little family, and develop into the severest type of American Matron. There is some trouble in finding these young men, and, when found, some trouble in making them gaze upon the Dear Girls with the eyes of love. They come of respectable families, moving in good sets. They have moderate incomes, and are all so much alike in style, manner, appearance, and general cut that knowing one you know them all. These young men dress well and never make "had breaks" in any way. A cursory investigation into their past careers reveals no desecrating crimes. They can tie their cravats and dance the waltz as well as any young men in New York.

Conversationally, they do not startle one; but they advance opinions on all topics. They prefer a girl "who has a look of blood," they will tell you, and do not care for good looks, unless the "style" is equally good. They do not like anything that is conspicuous—no, that's not good form. The surest way to be always in good form is to do just exactly what all the others do. Then you will never make a break. They like the Dear Girls because every one says they are such "good style." When with the Dear Girls they talk about these things, and the Dear Girls agree, in their well-modulated voices. There is not much romance or fire about either party. The chilling spirit of the American Matron broods over the friendship and quenches all possible sparks. When the young man pays his calls on the young woman, the American Matron sits beside them, working on a large square of tapestry.

They talk together; and afterward she tells her daughter that to say a man is "too common to live," is not a lady-like expression. To say "he is unpolished," is quite sufficient; also, never to be betrayed into finding fault with another woman's good looks to a man—it appears too like jealousy. She, furthermore, cautions the Dear Girl never to show the young man, by look or word, that she prefers him to any other. To be always polite, but coldly polite, is the proper attitude; also, should he come to call when the American Matron is not there, never sit on the sofa beside him—that is not seemly; take the arm-chair by the fender, and show, by an easy gesture, that you expect him to sit alone in the tête-à-tête. That will designate to him that he is not being "run after." Should he, on such an occasion, become tender and appear to be hovering on the verge of a declaration, turn away your head and droop your eyes shyly, but do not say anything—for your life, do not say a word, or you may spoil everything. Should be attempt to take your hand, immediately rise and say, quietly but coldly: "Sir, I think I will go and look for my marma."

The frosty courtship, thus kept well in hand, moves slowly forward toward an engagement made at freezing point. The lover is somewhat slow about coming on to an avowal of his adoration, and the American Matron has to go so far as to forget her thimble twice, and has to leave the room to hunt for it. During the second of these absences, the young man takes his courage in both hands and declares himself. The American Matron enters just as he is pressing a respectful salute on the hand of his affianced. She blesses them, and the curtain falls on her drawing a breath of relief to think that she has actually accomplished this great piece of work.

New York, January 27, 1892. Van Gryse.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Abbas Bey, the new Khedive of Egypt, will not come of age until next July, when he will be eighteen years old. He has been thoroughly educated, and speaks English, French, and German. The last three years he has passed at the Oriental Academy in Vienna, but during the earlier part of his boyhood he went to Egyptian schools, where he mixed in a democratic way with boys of lower social rank.

There seems to be a growing fondness among American authors, who entertain the public by means of "literary tours," to appear on the platform in couples. Just at present there are two notable literary partnerships of this kind existing between Thomas Nelson Page and F. Hopkinson Smith and between James Whitcomb Riley and George W. Cable. Mr. Cable has taken the place of Eugene Field and of Edgar William Nye, who traveled successively with the Hoosier poet. Dr. Edward Eggleston is lecturing alone, but that may be explained by the fact that he recently took a domestic partner for life.

There are thirty-seven rear-admirals of the United States navy on the retired list, and most of them live in Washington, where many of them may be met in the rooms of the Army and Navy Club. One of the most interesting of the old sea-dogs is Admiral Worden, who commanded the *Monitor* in the famous encounter with the *Merrimac*. He is described as a "weak, shaky old gentleman"; but when the historic incident is recalled of his experience in the *Monitor's* turret, where a shot struck with such force as to knock him to the floor blinded and bruised, there is another excuse than age in his case for shattered nerves.

Worth, the man-milliner, is a little past middle age. He is stout, genial, and pleasant-looking, with a peculiarly low-toned voice, and very quiet manners. He has never been known to lose his patience with even the most exacting and unreasonable of customers; but if pressed too hard by the caprices of any one of them, he will glide quietly away and leave her to find out what she wants before trying to satisfy her. He comes to his establishment from his home at nine o'clock in the morning, and remains there always until six, seldom leaving before seven in the height of the season. He is ably seconded by his younger son, Mr. John Worth, who has inherited much of his father's talent. The eldest son, Mr. Gaston Worth, is the business-manager of the house.

Emile Zola is finishing the last chapter of his great war-novel, "La Guerre," at Médan, in the beautiful country-house which he has built for himself. The hall is furnished with rare Japanese hanging embroideries and curios, and contains, placed in a quaint, dead-gold frame, the five portraits of his literary disciples and collaborators in "Les Soirées de Médan." M. Zola works in a small study filled with books and furnished in a severely simple style, but much of his leisure is spent in a great billiard-saloon. Unlike most Frenchmen, Zola adores the country in winter, and is glad when his work gives him the excuse of spending new-year's-day at his beloved Médan. The last two years have witnessed an astonishing difference in "Le Maître's" personal appearance; from stout, he has become cadaverously thin. He attributes the change to a very strict system of dieting and exercise.

Commander Evans, of the *Yorktown*, is probably the only officer of the navy in active service who is permanently disabled. One of his legs is bent nearly double, the result of a wound in the knee received during an engagement in the late war. The story goes that soon after Commander Evans was wounded, he was informed by a surgeon that it would be necessary to amputate the leg. Evans swore he would never submit to the operation, and, according to the account popular about the Navy Department, he placed a revolver to the surgeon's head and threatened to shoot him if any attempt at amputation were made. The leg was not amputated, but it was so badly injured that it left Commander Evans a cripple for life. He successfully resisted attempts to place him on the retired list on account of his disability. Despite his crippled condition, Commander Evans is a good sailor.

No one knew that Said Pasha had been ill until he had been dead for two days, while his predecessor, Abbas, the namesake of the present Khedive, was driven in a closed carriage, but in public view, through the streets of Cairo, after having been strangled in his harem by order of the Sultan. It was only when his corpse had reached the citadel that his death "from illness" was announced. What has become of Khedive Ismail, Tewfik's father, no one knows to this day. He was imprudent enough to accept an invitation from the Sultan to visit him in Constantinople, and has never been seen since. Tewfik's younger brother, Prince Hassan, who was educated at the German University of Bonn, disappeared in an equally mysterious manner within a couple of hours of leaving the Sultan's palace. It was officially reported at the time that he had succumbed to illness, but inasmuch as he had been seen in perfect health a couple of hours earlier, the announcement was not believed.

Governor Hill is a pale, spare man, with no superfluous flesh, no extra attire, and few gestures. When at Albany, he would get up between seven and eight o'clock, eat a very simple breakfast, and run through the New York papers while at his breakfast. He would be at the executive chamber by nine o'clock, and would look over the country papers which had been marked for him, and then he would go through his personal mail, which was very large. Governor Hill was politics in a human form. He did not drink, except at a dinner where it would be embarrassing to abstain, and then he drank a few table-spoonfuls of wine. He did not smoke, except to put a visitor at ease. He did not play cards, neither did he care for horses. Society had no attractions for him. His only recreation outside of intricate politics was theatres. He has built up a machine unsurpassed in minute detail. He is on speaking terms with men in every part of every county of New York State. He knows their ambitions, weaknesses, and strength. He knows how to utilize them all.

KNOLLYS'S STORY.

Those who know my friend Knollys only casually are apt to set him down as a cynic, because, at times, his speech is slightly mordant and he is given to ridiculing bravery and charity as madness; but I know danger holds no dread for him, and have accidentally happened on some of his many good deeds. To me he has always seemed a man of unusually lenient judgment, putting the best construction possible on the evil actions of his fellows; though his own life is beautifully clean, he takes people as he finds them, not feeling called upon to attempt to revolutionize the world.

If I am unreasonably proud of my friendship with Knollys, it is pardonable, for he is an experienced man of the world, who must be nearing fifty, whereas I am not yet thirty. Ever since he saved my life in India, at the imminent risk of his own, he holds, he feels, a certain amount of responsibility on my account, and I am only too willing to view the world under his tutelage.

But I am glad that my mother did not hear him relate the story that spoiled my dinner, which was assuredly a good one, since he ordered it. She maintains that Knollys is extremely unsympathetic; and, prejudiced as she is, she would not have observed that, under his cold exterior, there lurked a warm pity for his friend.

It had been arranged, during his short stay with us, that in two months I should join him in London; and the prospect of another delightful run through Europe with him made me somewhat forgetful of the fact that it was his last night in this city.

He had rashly promised my cousin to visit his rose-gardens, and on that afternoon redeemed his word. When we met at the club, I noticed that Knollys appeared tired. He stood at the window, apart from the other men, looking across at the plaza, and did not at first notice me.

"I suppose it was irksome," I began, "for Tom can talk of nothing but his roses and his wife. You see they are renewing their honey-moon. Their affairs looked very black for a time, but suddenly righted themselves, and their friends are suffering the consequences."

Knollys ceased to watch the wavering shadows of the trees, and turned inquiringly.

"It was a misunderstanding," I continued, as we walked out to dinner; "Tom forgot that appearances are often misleading, and she was unable to furnish a satisfactory explanation of her conduct."

"I conjectured something of the kind from what he told me coming back to the city, and it reminded me strongly of a little episode in the life of a friend of mine. And she, too, in some indefinable way—some turn of the head or trick of the voice—recalled my friend's wife. The story might interest you."

"I am quite sure it would," I returned, eagerly, for Knollys is always well worth hearing.

"It all happened some years ago, but I think I remember the points quite well," he commenced, smiling faintly; "I am not so certain, however, that I shall be able to do the story justice, for I am not a clever *raconteur*, and you will probably surmise the end long ere I have reached it. My friend—we might call him Smith—my friend Smith was able to be of some service to a man whom he met in a foreign land. The man met with a fatal accident, a few days later, and, together with the valet, Smith volunteered to nurse him. The stranger, feeling he had a claim on Smith because of the first favor, burdened him with the pleasant task of bearing the news of his death to his wife.

"Upon Smith's return to England, he carried out his mission, and having gone once, went again. She was a very young woman, and very beautiful, and Smith was irresistibly attracted. Her husband had been a scoundrel, and, after a decent lapse of time, she married Smith. For the first four years of their marriage they were so intensely happy that it is possible they proved rather tiresome to their friends. About that time, Smith began to miss money and other articles of value, and was finally able to trace the thefts to the butler. The man vainly denied the charge, and, although none of the missing valuables were found in his possession, he was discharged without a character. This mild measure was adopted because of the intercessions of my friend's wife.

"For some weeks Smith entertained no doubt that he had fastened the burglaries on the proper party, but on returning home one evening he found his wife in the library. She had opened his desk by means of a false key, and in her hands held a roll of notes. Guilt was depicted in every feature; she cowered before him—she was abject in her cowardice."

"She needed the money to save a brother," I broke in authoritatively.

"No; for she had no brother nor any near relative who might need help," Knollys said, as he set down his glass. "The man, anxious to find some excuse for her, suggested this; but it was for no relative. It was for herself; yet she had wanted for nothing that money could buy or love devise. He might not have conceived her sin to be so flagrant had she not permitted the servant to suffer in her stead. So far as it was possible, Smith made restitution to the man; but by her silence she had convicted herself of the most heinous of all transgressions in her husband's eyes. There was one way only in which he could explain the matter to himself. He had never believed in kleptomania until then, but it was the one thing upon which his mind centered. And she confessed she had often felt impelled to take valuables for which she could have no possible need.

"He was a proud man, and he was tortured by his discovery. He had regarded his wife, his child, and himself as being made of finer clay than the rest of mankind. His disillusion was complete. The day after she was unmasked she came into a splendid inheritance, but Smith rigorously refused to permit the expenditure of any of it in the household. He dared not leave her for an instant, thinking the desire might come back to her. He sacrificed his pride by telling the true state of affairs to her maid, a trusted servant, and together they kept vigilant guard over her. It was the most insidious cruelty he could contrive—one that must have wounded her sorely. She was never permitted to lose sight of her sins. He was inflexible in his course, keeping her always under his relentless eyes. My friend Smith thought himself, in those days, quite capable of accusing and judging his prisoner, and seeing that the sentence was properly carried out. When she seemed to forget for an instant her past error, Smith ever so gently turned the thumb-screws. Ah, he really devised modes of exquisite torture that she should properly expiate her crime.

"No, she did not rebel; she drearily accepted the penalty of her misstep. At first she lived in deadly fear lest he should send her away from him; but when she found it was part of his plan to be with her constantly, she seemed content. She could not, rather would not, grow accustomed to the thought that she had forfeited Smith's love. During the first few days she hovered around him, hoping to lure some expression of pardon from him, some word of love. Never forgetting that she bore his name, he treated her with a cold civility that was more frightful to her than would have been an exhibition of brute force. He was disciplining himself all the while in repressing his feelings, for, as you have perhaps suspected, he loved her as passionately as ever.

"She devoted herself exclusively to the child, who had become a source of constant agony to Smith. If he took a fruit or sweetmeat that had been forbidden him, it became to Smith's fevered imagination evidence that he had inherited the mother's weakness; in other days it would have seemed the child's lovable fault or play.

"The child slept in the mother's apartments, and Smith was about to retire one night when his wife came in hurriedly, bidding him send immediately for their physician, for the little one was choking. Smith went back with her, and, after seeing the child, left the room—she thought to send for the family physician. She used the simple remedies that had formerly proved effectual, but without avail. She raised her eyes to Smith in agonizing appeal, but he made no movement. At length he told her that he had not summoned a physician, believing it better that the child should die."

"What?" I cried, aghast, my loud tone in marked contrast to his low, unhurried words.

"You are not eating," remarked Knollys, as he reflectively regarded the head that had formed round the edge of his glass. "You are astounded at my friend's action, but he himself did not question the wisdom of his course; perhaps it did not occur to him that he could err. Better, he thought, to cause himself one sharp pang than untold misery to the bitter end. In fact, he believed he was doing a very brave deed—to consign your child to death is not such a simple matter as it might appear. When the mother learned what he had done, she was wildly indignant for an instant, then quietly placed the child in his crib and stoically watched his sufferings. And what had seemed quite right and courageous in himself struck Smith as monstrous in the mother. You are neglecting your filet. You will find it——"

"But the mother?" I reminded.

"The mother?" echoed Knollys, wearily. "You progress too rapidly. Smith was able to dismiss from his mind the idea that he had been instrumental in bringing about the little fellow's death, for it would have been impossible for the physician to reach the house before the child expired. The mother, however, did not reason with so much finesse, and, after the death of her child, failed visibly. In this instance physicians were called in, but what they might have been able to do for the child they could not do for the mother. It is true she could not have found life very joyous, but her doctors agreed they had never before seen any one so determined to escape from this world. There was no illness—only a growing languidness, a gradual putting by of the smallest tasks, and a want of will to recover. If ever a woman died of a broken heart, it was my friend's wife."

"Did she give no explanation of her conduct?" I demanded, leaning on the table heavily.

Knollys was looking at something beyond me, and did not hear me until I had reiterated my question.

"So you do not believe she was a kleptomaniac? The explanation did not come from her, but from another quarter," he finally proceeded. "She was delirious for nearly a week before her death. In her lucid moments, she would ask the date, then strive to recollect something that elusively evaded her. She was continually murmuring about some money that was to be sent to some one—whom, they could not determine. Smith had been with her all the day, and, toward evening, feeling he must be alone for a while to give vent to his misery, went to the library. The morning's mail was awaiting him. The topmost letter was addressed to her in a man's unfamiliar hand. He tore it open, filled with insane jealousy.

"Ah, of course, you perceive from whom it was. You are in the same position as the novel-reader, who, knowing both sides of the story, is aware of the end long before the hero and heroine have lived it out. Unfortunately, Smith knew only his portion of the tale. The missive purported to come from her first husband, whom Smith had helped bury, but whom she believed to be still alive, and cautioned her to forward his monthly allowance at once, or he would be under the painful necessity of declaring himself to Smith without delay. It was a pity he had not done so long before, as Smith would have recognized the valet. Does it not seem altogether impossible that she should have been so credulous? So, you see, the mystery, which Smith had believed to be no mystery, was cleared without her speaking, but a little too late, for, while Smith was reading the letter, she passed away, leaving him in a maze of maddening reflections. He has had a long while to appreciate the bitter pathos of the incident, and sometimes ponders on the problem of whether she would have confessed had he not suggested to her the excuse of kleptomania. Knowing the simplicity of her morals, he comprehends the struggle there must have been while the butler was suffering for her. I think Smith would have pardoned her for taking the money to buy the man, so that he should not make himself known; even her own silence, had he been conscious it was done that she might not be separated from him. Her love for Smith was the one passion of her life, and she paid for it dearly."

"Poor woman," I murmured, tritely.

Knollys raised his head, his lips parted in a shadowy smile. "Note how we differ. I should say, 'Poor man.' She is in a place of peace."

"I am glad I am not acquainted with your friend Smith," I observed, trying to shake off the gloom of Knollys's story. "He must be a very somber companion. Do you see much of him?"

"The world knows nothing of his history; he does not wear his heart on his sleeve. It is only to me that he confesses how dull he finds life. Yes, I see a great deal of my friend Smith—a great deal too much. Let us drink to his early demise. Believe me, it is what would please him best."

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1892. ALICE S. WOLF.

From the remarks of English journals herewith appended, it is evident that British views on the American navy are undergoing a change. For example, the *United Service Gazette* says editorially:

"That the Government of the United States of America does not intend to falter in its determination to secure an effective navy is abundantly evidenced. Though it is hoped that the danger is extremely remote of hostilities ever arising between ourselves and our American cousins, yet were any additional reason beyond that afforded by the activity of our nearer neighbors required for the strengthening of our fleet, we certainly consider the probability of a strong United States navy to offer one.

"America is evidently determined to be provided with an efficient naval protection, and fully recognizes that so long as her commercial sea-ports can be raided by an enemy's fleet for the want of sufficient ships to deal with the danger, there is risk that, by a sudden movement, contributions might be enforced that would pay in advance the expense of a war.

"Surely it requires no argument to prove that the risk run by the British Empire from not having a fleet fully equal to all probable requirements, is manifold that of any incurred by America. The United States are free from European complications, have not the enormous bulk of trade to protect, and, above all, can not have their food supply cut off. Yet it would seem easier to create enthusiasm on naval matters on the other side of the Atlantic than it is with us.

"How little ground there is for our overweening confidence in England; how entirely circumstances have changed since our last great war; how comparatively weak our navy still is—all these points have, more than once, been insisted upon in the colums of the *United Service Gazette*."

The *St. James's Gazette*, referring to the improvements recently made in the United States navy, says:

"In spite of occasional mistakes, the Americans are making steady and surprising progress toward becoming a great naval power, and there is not the smallest doubt of their ability to do so."

The London *Dispatch*, in discussing the same subject, has this to say:

"There is no doubt that the new United States navy is attracting much earnest attention in Europe, and the result of the gun trials of the double-turreted monitor *Miantonomah* are being closely watched here. The new United States cruiser *New York* is also being much commented upon. It is an open secret that it was her advent into the naval world which led to the determination to send the crack British cruiser *Blake* to reinforce the British North Atlantic squadron. In fact, naval experts here have, for months, been weighing the chances these two fine vessels would have of whipping each other, with the preponderance of opinion not entirely in favor of the *Blake*. According to some of these experts, the proportions of the *New York* are better than those of the *Blake* or *Blenheim*, a British cruiser of the same class which will soon be ready for sea. Her speed, also, is said to be greater. Then, again, it is said the *New York's* battery power is superior to that of the *Blake*."

Altogether, it would seem as if the American navy were not without honor save in its own country. On the whole, perhaps, it is as well. A navy, unlike a prophet, should be more appreciated abroad than at home.

Italian princes are decidedly on the downward grade. Prince Borghese is in an Austrian lunatic asylum. Prince Odescalchi has experienced such losses that he has been forced to fit up the ground floor of his superb palace at Rome as a wine-room, where Hungarian wines are sold, both wholesale and retail, by beautiful Hungarian girls arrayed in their national dress. Another Prince Odescalchi, the brother of the one above referred to, has started a kind of Italian Coney Island at Ladispoli. Prince Sciarra, of the great Colonna family, attempted a somewhat scurrilous newspaper, which has recently come to grief and landed him in the bankruptcy court.

M. Floquet, president of the French Chamber of Deputies, recently did a sensible thing. A comic song, being given in a burlesque at one of the theatres, contained a reference to his recent confession that he used the encyclopedia in preparing some of his speeches. The lines containing this reference, says the London *Telegraph*, were carefully cut out by the censors. But when M. Floquet heard of it, he insisted on their being reinstated, and was only prevented by a slight indisposition of Mme. Floquet from being present at the opening performance in a box, which the grateful manager had placed at his disposal.

As an illustration of Mr. Jay Gould's tireless energy and exactness when a young man, the Albany *Journal* describes a map of Delaware County, on file in Albany, which he made forty years or so ago, when he was a surveyor. "Mr. Gould performed an immense amount of labor in getting the data for the maps, tramping all over the country. The position of every farm is indicated, as well as of all the houses, many of which were daguerreotyped and appear on the map. The hills, the woods, and even the locations of solitary trees here and there through the plains, all are shown."

It is high time that Mr. Blaine's most influential friends more deeply impressed upon him that he is neither a chronic invalid nor a Samson, but that a gentleman who has just passed his sixty-second birthday and who is doing most exacting service as a diplomat and statesman should send his card to represent him at dinner-parties and float his regrets rather than his personality in the social swim. Nothing is more depleting to the man of sixty than to go on as if he were a lad of twenty—even if that going on imply simply midnight suppers and the platitudes of wall-flowers.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

The Brilliant French Author who has just Gone Mad.

M. Zola, who has little faith in anything except "naturalism," shrugs his shoulders at all the talk that is going on about the latent or declared insanity of men of talent, and does not believe that De Maupassant's mental breakdown is to be attributed to any of those excesses of which we have lately heard so much. He ascribes it to the hereditary taint of insanity with which the De Maupassant family appears to be afflicted. His now all but demented mother (writes Mrs. Crawford in the *Tribune*) lives in a house he took for her at Nice, sitting all day in a dark room, her malady rendering the light of day a cause of torture to her. She belonged to a Havrais family, had a fairly good fortune, and married a stock-broker who, when her two boys, Hervé and Guy, were nearly grown up, forsook her, going to live in the South of France with a young widow of whom he became enamored. Hervé was the elder, and silent and gloomy as Guy was open, sunny, and communicative. He was five years older than Guy, and all his life harbored a settled animosity against him, bred of jealousy, for at bottom he was in a curious way attached to him. The elder son was many-sided, and might have been a fine artist, a distinguished writer, a scientist, or, indeed, almost anything that needed brains and taste. He tried many things—the medical profession among others—and succeeded at none; got married, went out of his mind, and died under restraint, leaving a widow and several children.

Henri René Albert Guy de Maupassant was born August 5, 1849, and when quite a lad became a sort of literary apprentice to Gustave Flaubert, who was his uncle. At Rouen, the friends of Flaubert—the visitors that the celebrity of "Salammbo" attracted—often saw Guy de Maupassant, a typical young Normand, heavily built, red-cheeked, and taciturn. Every day he gave to his uncle the composition of a school-boy, a narration, a poem, the description of a street scene, the portrait, in words, of a man. Flaubert suggested, amended, corrected.

"You will go to such-and-such a street," he would say, "where you will see a *concièrge* and his parrot; you will then write down what you saw, and tell it me," and till Flaubert pronounced "Now *I see* the picture," Maupassant had to work and destroy.

Guy de Maupassant, with greater emphasis than Baudelaire, might have said: "Inspiration comes of working every day." In his house at Cannes, in the Rue du Redan, the lamp, lit at nine o'clock in the evening at his table, burned until the sun made its illumination livid. He understood from his uncle that literature was a trade more painful than other trades, and he worked incessantly. Everything that he saw or heard he turned into phrases. Every phrase was rewritten at least three times before the writer was satisfied with the form in which he had cast his thought, and, moreover, he always wrote out twice whatever story or chapter he was engaged upon, in order to see how the same idea or subject would read treated in two utterly different fashions. He never ceased for an instant to be a man of letters. For seven years, when he was a clerk in the navy office, he wrote verses — some of which were printed over the pseudonym of "Guy de Valmont"—to secure a command of flexible and harmonious prose apt to convey with accuracy the ideas he wanted to express. De Maupassant never flattered himself on having the stuff of which great poets are made. But he looked upon himself as a painter, and words the vehicle for producing his graphic effects. The painter's manner of seeing things was what made a hand-done painting more valuable than a photograph. Hence his long practice of versification.

Guy de Maupassant was fifteen years a civil servant in the navy office. He had to go there early in the morning, to be punctual, and to leave at four in the afternoon when—which was rare—there was not a great press of business and tasks out of hours required of the junior clerks. The advantages to a young Frenchman of being in a government office are that he has to cultivate regular habits, falls in with a highly honorable class of men, is kept for seven hours a day out of mischief, and must cheat tedium when he has no official work to get through by the study of science or literature. Rochefort was a clerk at two hundred francs a year at the Town Hall of Paris. Senator St. Hilaire, the translator of Aristotle's works, had a desk at the finances department and was paid twenty francs a year! Guy de Maupassant was unpaid for three years, and had been raised to a salary of one thousand seven hundred francs when he took the town by storm and determined to throw up his clerkship.

It was not until the master, Flaubert, died—struck down by apoplexy in the midst of a realistic story—that M. de Maupassant really came before the Parisian public. He had contributed the most powerful story, "Boule-de-Suif," to a volume written by young friends and disciples of Emile Zola and published in 1878, with the general title "Les Soirées de Médan," and had also published a little volume of poems, called, with antique simplicity, "Verses." But the death of Flaubert brought all his disciples into prominence, and of these disciples De Maupassant was the most conspicuous. In a few weeks he was famous. De Maupassant's career between 1880 and 1892 has been wonderful. When he began to publish, he had on hand whole drawers full of faultless short stories, and they came out one after another in dazzling array. Society rebelled against his books, but bought them. Even in 1885, novels like "La Maison Tellier" and "Une Vie" were in their twentieth and twenty-fifth editions; "Bel-Ami" reached the honors of a forty-ninth. M. de Maupassant was a man of the world; he appeared in society; he was no Bohemian, although elevating his nose against Philistines; and his six or seven score of short stories and his quintet of novels brought him a fortune. He judged his work harshly. "It is money-making. I write for love of a yacht, a coupé, two horses, and a groom."

When the author of "Bel-Ami" first began to be talked about in literary circles, he was already past thirty (writes Edward King). He was a short but rather good-looking fellow, not at all *campagnard* in appearance or manners, and fond of dress, of nicely bound books, handsome furniture, horses, and boats. Seen everywhere in a crowd, he would be taken for a society man, and not for a student. The only distinguishing trait in his manner was a certain impetuosity, which accorded rather poorly with his reputation for exceeding slowness in and careful revision of his artistic work. In society he was a delightful talker; but one always felt a disagreeable conviction that he was watching and studying while he talked. Both he and Flaubert were extremely fond of collecting costly curios; and when M. de Maupassant took chambers on the Boulevard Malesherbes, when he first came up to Paris, it was generally remarked that no other young literary man *en vogue* had such a splendid home.

M. de Maupassant had a curious horror of talking literature when in company. It was only at purely literary dinners—like the "Bœuf Nature," at which Zola, Goncourt, Hennique, Ceard, Huysmans, Paul Alexis, and so many others used to gather around a trencher of boiled beef and exchange opinions once a month—that he would talk shop. It is only a few months since he showed the door so briskly to M. Jules Huret, who wished to interview him on the literary tendencies of the time.

After his elder brother's death in a mad-house, Guy, who was making about twenty thousand dollars a year with his pen, took charge of the orphans and their mother, and arranged for them all to live with his own mother, to whom he was making a handsome allowance. She divined on what wrong lines he was moving and wanted to live with him. This he would not let her do, taking as a pretext for refusal the obligation under which he was to study types of human corruption and the necessity under which he lay, as an artist, not to restrain his freedom. When his brain would not answer to the whip, he spurred it with hasheesh or morphine.

It rarely happens that these drugs admit of sustained mental effort when their effects are fresh. But Guy de Maupassant never worked more successfully with his pen than while thus stimulated. There was, of course, a dark side to his artificially produced states. He suffered nocturnal terror. The approach of night appalled him. He dared not sleep alone with his door shut, or in the dark. Neuralgia racked his head. His stomach was permanently disordered. Chloral and ether were tried. The poor mother divined how it would all end, and she was heart-broken at the prospect. The torture of seeing a most nobly endowed son, who charmed every one he met, going in the path of ruin, was unutterable and inconsolable.

Dr. Paul Garnier, an eminent specialist in nervous diseases, recently gave an emphatic affirmative to *Figaro's* question as to whether the unfortunate author's later writings presented the premonitory marks of a disordered mind. The principal stories which have come from Maupassant's pen during the past two years are "Notre Cœur," "La Main Coupée," "L'Auberge," and "Le Horla." It is from the last named that the specialist draws his most striking illustrations, the "Horla" being that evil spirit, that phantasm of terror, whose haunting presence the tormented author transfers, with marvelous power of language, to the pages of his grewsome tale. Regarding that production, Dr. Garnier says: "Not that I think it would be impossible for a sane mind to evoke and put *en scène* similar phenomena of hallucination, but only on condition that these had developed themselves outside the author's being—that he had studied them in some other person, or that this latter had dictated them to him. Such does not seem to be the case with Maupassant. I believe, on the contrary, that he has found his model in himself. There is in this tale of the 'Horla' an incomparably intense description of the hallucinatory delirium induced by intoxication. No clinical specialist could have detailed more accurately the anguish, the terror, the illusions of this condition of mind."

The following passage is cited specially:

"As the shades of evening draw on, a singular feeling of inquietude takes possession of me, as if the night covered a terrible menace. I am oppressed by a fear that is vague, yet irresistible—fear to sleep, a dread of my very couch. Scarcely within my chamber, I double lock the door and push the bolts. I am afraid—of what? I open the wardrobe closets, peer under the bed. I listen—for what? An invisible being, a spirit, is under my roof, within my chamber—yes, and comes at dead of night to drink the water from my carafe. Some one is in possession of my soul and governs it."

The victim of this dread hallucination finally flees from his haunted dwelling, thinking to have imprisoned therein his invisible enemy, the "Horla." He seeks to destroy it by setting fire to the house. Then doubt reawakens and with it the old anxiety, the old terror. "It is not dead? Then—I shall have to kill myself!"

Such is the prophetic ending of Maupassant's sinister story, which he has just "lived out" to the letter, in attempting first to blow out his brains, then to cut his throat, to escape the "Horla" of his diseased imagination.

In an "open letter," in the February *Century*, Lieutenant Robert Kennon Evans, U. S. A., of Fort Leavenworth, Kan., says: "The United States is to-day the Crœsus of nations, but there are in Europe at least six great powers whose iron of war is better than our gold. Any one of these, by merely arranging a convention to secure the neutrality of the others, could extract indemnities from us, limited only by its cupidity and our wealth."

The latest glimpse of Arabi Pasha was obtained by a visitor to Ceylon, who found the exile in his bungalow in the Cinnamon Gardens, near Colombo, amid a grove of cocoanut-trees. Arabi's children — Mohammed, aged eight, and Edouard, somewhat younger—were playing, barefooted, on the veranda. The exiled chief is described as tall and portly and of gentle manners, but in bad health.

The son recently born to Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia is the twenty-fifth living prince of the royal and imperial house of Hohenzollern. There is little danger that Prussia or Germany will ever be in want of an heir.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Mme. Schlieman is carrying on the work of the famous explorer who discovered the ancient site of Troy. She is a Grecian lady, and an accomplished antiquarian.

The Duchess of Fife is by no means a woman of strong character, and is entirely under the influence of her husband. Were she, therefore, in course of time to ascend the throne, the British Empire would, to all intents and purposes, be ruled by the Duke of Fife himself.

Rumor has it in England that General Booth, of the Salvation Army, will designate his own daughter as his successor in command. By the constitution of this organization, he is permitted to bequeath his office to whomsoever he pleases. His son is already his chief of staff.

Miss Florence Nightingale is ill with the grippe in London. Her recovery is doubtful, as she is now seventy-two years old. She has been an invalid for a long time. She has just returned to London after a four months' stay in the country, her health not having been improved by it.

The Duchess Eugénie Litta Bolognine of Milan, who won the admiration and regard of all good women by selling her jewelry, laces, and fans to secure six hundred thousand dollars with which to build a hospital for little children in her own city, is to take a subordinate position in the convalescent ward of the hospital.

Princess Mary of Teck, the bride-elect of the late Duke of Clarence, a day or two before the prince's death, presented to the little East Londoners a Christmas-tree; and to gladden the hearts of the children still more, the princess also sent "a box of sweets, pictures, and a few baskets to be given to the children."

Princess Mathilde, the sister of "Plon-Plon" and the daughter of old ex-King Jerome Bonaparte of Westphalia, has now become the wife of a young man, forty-five years her junior, who rejoices in the name of M. Porquet. While her moral character is open to question, she is a woman of great amiability, which she even retained on one memorable occasion when an American lady made her appearance in her salon, blazing with the crown jewels which the princess had last seen on the person of her cousin, Empress Eugénie, at the Tuileries.

Mrs. French-Sheldon, when she made her historical progress to Kilima-Njaro, set to work to pay delicate attentions to the chiefs. At formal palavers she always appeared "in a magnificent white silk hall-dress, with long train." Mrs. Sheldon says "it was quite evident that the chiefs understood and appreciated the attention, which had never been shown them before." Mrs. Sheldon may be mistaken. Considering the etiquette, the customs, and the climate of Africa, the chiefs would doubtless have been better pleased had she worn no dress at all.

The Duchess de la Torre, who gave so magnificent an entertainment at Paris the other day, is the widow of Marshal Serrano, the most prominent man in Spain during the present century. Besides being one of the most distinguished generals that Spain ever possessed, he was one time regent of the monarchy, while at another period he figured as president of the Spanish republic. It is no secret that he was the real father of the late King Alfonso of Spain, who resembled him in the most extraordinary degree. Mme. Serrano bears the reputation of being the haughtiest woman of the Iberian Peninsula. Formerly she was very beautiful. She is very capricious and an inveterate gambler, being greatly interested in the Bourse. She possesses an enormous fortune, which permits her to maintain on the most princely scale two complete establishments—one at Madrid and the other at Paris. Her only son, the present Duke de la Torre, was formerly married to the daughter of Marshal Martinez Campos. But the marriage was annulled by the Pope on the petition of the wife. The trial, which took place partly at Rome, partly at Madrid, and partly at Paris, was a source of gratification to the Parisian press, which gloated over the details.

The widowed Crown Princess Stephanie, although in residence at the Vienna Hofburg on Christmas-eve, was not included in the dinner-party given by the empress that evening to the emperor and his children. A few days afterward, the Crown Princess's grand mistress of the robes, the Countess Sylva Tarouca, resigned her appointment, which she has held since the death of the Archduke Rudolph, and so thoroughly disliked is Archduchess Stephanie, that it has been impossible to find any great lady of the Austrian aristocracy willing to assume the now vacant position. The Crown Princess is likely to be married to Prince Miguel of Braganza, eldest son of the Dom Miguel who ruled over Portugal for so many years as regent, before being finally banished from the kingdom. Prince Miguel is a widower, with three children, the eldest of whom is a boy of fourteen. It is probable that the emperor and empress will remove their little grandchild, Archduchess Elizabeth, from the care of her very neglectful mother. The Crown Princess Stephanie gave great offense to the parents of her dead husband by omitting, on two occasions, to attend services held to commemorate the anniversary of his birth and of his death. The empress has refused to meet her since the day of the funeral, and declines even to permit her name to be mentioned in her presence. Her marriage will prove a relief to the emperor, who has always been afraid that she would become the heroine of some terrible scandal. Even the first year of her widowhood was marked by indiscretions that were a source of great distress to her dead husband's parents. Among other things, she acted in such a manner as to cause her name to become connected, first, with that of an Austrian nobleman, and subsequently with that of a Hungarian magnate, to such a degree that it was openly alleged that she was morganatically married either to the one or to the other. Princess Stephanie, in addition to other defects, possesses that of being an inveterate gambler.

LITERARY NOTES

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The *National Popular Review*, an illustrated journal of preventive medicine for the profession and the people, commencing July 1, 1892, is to be published simultaneously in San Francisco, Los Angeles, and San Diego as a monthly. The editor's department of the journal will be under the direction of Dr. P. C. Remondioo, of San Diego, a member of the California State Board of Public Health aod of the American Public Health Association. Dr. Remondino has been long and favorably known as a teacher and writer on climatological and public health subjects, and one who, as an author, enjoys the reputation of being able to interest all classes—whether of the laity or the profession—on whatever topic he may write upon.

From a confessioo in the current number of the *Author*, it seems that not even Mr. Besant is above reproach. He says:

"There is an Eye—a watchful Eye—upon the morals of the novelist. In my own humble way, I have received remonstrances which revealed the existence of that Eye. Once—only once—I suffered—nay, encouraged—a sailor to kiss a girl in a summer-house—only a kiss, nothing more, but it was wrong—it was sinful, and I heard of it. 'I thought,' wrote the indignant moralist, 'that your books were safe reading for my daughter. Most providentially I looked into that one called "The World Went Very Well Then," before placing it in my child's hands. I can only say—may God grant you repentance and forgive you!'"

The Appletons annouoce a Holland Fiction Series. "Eline Vere," by Louis Couperus, which has received the honor of beiog crowned by the Dutch Academy, will be issued first. Edmund Goss has written ao introduction for it. "Suspected," by Louisa Stratenus, "Footsteps of Fate," by Louis Couperus, aod a new work by Maarten Maartens, the author of "Joost Aveling," will follow.

Teonyson is said to be in what is, for an old gentleman, blooming health. His walks are loog and many.

Mr. Masoo Carnes has recently published a volume of English translations of Becquer's verses. A brief account of that little known Spanish writer may therefore be of interest:

"Gustavo Adolfo Becquer, so little known outside his native land, is as dear to the Spanish as Heine is to the German, or Alfred de Musset to the French heart. In fact, he is called the Heine of Spain, and his Rimas are compared to the German poet's Intermezzo. Becquer was born in Seville, February 17, 1836. He became an orphan at an early age, when the direction of his education was assumed by his godmother. At last he sacrificed the fortune he would have inherited from his godmother, had he been more obedient to her wishes, and started for Madrid. His pen brought him nothing beyond the mere necessities of life, and even these not regularly. He was soon driven to accept a small position with his friend and subsequent publisher and editor, Correa, in the Department of Public Works. His work was done in such a half-hearted way that he was, at length, dismissed with a small pension. Suffering already from a terrible malady, with hunger staring him in the face as the alternative of any rest, he worked on, writing for *El Contemporaneo* his best prose work, 'Cartas desde mi celda,' also stories, translations, essays upon architecture—of which he was passionately fond—and a number of political and critical articles. His brother Valeriano had become a successful painter in Seville. In 1862, he came to Madrid, and they toiled away together for some time. Valeriano died in September, 1870. The shock of this loss, coming in the wake of so much sorrow and disappointment, was more than the poor poet could bear, and in the following December he, too, was laid at rest. He only gave vent to his pent-up sufferings in the volume of Rimas. These are the outpourings of a fine, generous nature lashed into frenzy."

The subjects of which Professor Tyndall writes in his "New Fragments," soon to be issued by the Appletons, include "The Sabbath," "Life in the Alps," "Common Water," Count Rumford, Thomas Young, Louis Pasteur, and Carlyle.

Baby, which is described as "a journal for mothers," has just appeared. It contains eight pages of reading matter and will be brought out once a fortnight. One of the series of papers promised is an anecdotal history of the Presidential children from the earliest times down to the present, and showing especially what became of these interesting inhabitants of the chief magistrate's domicile.

In Mr. Bridge's installmeot of his persooal recollections of Hawthorne, there is a paragraph which shows the bitter iojustice from which authors suffered in his day:

"The retail price of 'Twice-Told Tales,'" says Bridge, "was, I believe, one dollar. From the one thousand dollars first obtained, after deducting the cost of printing (four hundred and fifty dollars) and the author's share (one hundred dollars), there would remain to the publisher and the retail bookseller four hundred and fifty dollars. For any copies printed in excess of the first thousand, the cost to the publisher would be much less, while the author's percentage would remain the same. This is a case where the publisher was assured against loss."

Mr. Bridge adds: "How different would have been Hawthorne's encouragement had he begun his literary work in this decade!" Perhaps.

Henry Norman's London publishers have ordered a second edition of his "Real Japan."

It is sad to record that so clever and popular a novelist as Mrs. Riddell, the author of "George Geith" and "The Senior Partner," has never received from the profits of her twenty-eight works of fiction more than one thousand three hundred and fifty dollars a year. Out of this she has supported herself and several near relatives, so that saving has been impossible; and there is a movement in England to obtain a pension for her from the government.

The trend of literary taste in France is thus announced in the *St. James's Gazette*:

"In some respect, the most suggestive incident of the year, from a literary point of view, has been the glut in the French novel market. It was the gossip in Paris that the shops were choked with novels for which there were no buyers. The great Achile, the bookseller, assured M. Claretie that people were sick of the deluge of novels and were taking a turn at history. For their parcel for the sea-side it was not the last novel they clamored for, but 'Marbot's Memoirs.' If the analogy of other great epochs goes for anything, it is not unlikely that the great epochs in prose fiction of England and France, which must remain a chief literary glory of this century, are nearing their close. It is at the end of artistic epochs that the artists are in the habit of talking loudest of the great future they themselves are initiating."

John Cashel Hoey, whose death is announced in London, was the husband of the novelist. Mr. Hoey had been for twenty years secretary of the Victoria Governnient Agency in London. He was educated for the bar, but his strong literary tastes led him to become a contributor to the *Spectator*.

Captain Charles King's forthcomiog novel is to be called "A Soldier's Secret."

An author, so far anoounced only as "a distinguished American studeot and professor of history," has written a new "Life of Napoleon I." for the *Century*. It is to appear serially, and will be richly illustrated.

New light on the profits of authors is thrown by this paragraph by E. W. Bok:

"To compile a list of thirty novels which, in the popular mind, were successful—that is, their titles were familiar to the readers of literary papers, and their 'sales' had been accepted as 'large,' I divided the novels among five publishing houses, taking those by authors of fair reputation—not the leading novelists, but writers whose names are known to the great majority of literary people. Then I started out to learn the exact sales of the books, and the result, as a whole, is interesting. Out of the thirty novels, only two had reached a sale of 2,000 copies; neither had passed this mark. Six had sold 1,500 copies, and three had touched the 1,300 mark. Eleven had touched 1,000, or were within ten or twenty copies of that number, while of the remaining eight there had not been sold five hundred copies. And yet not one of the thirty had been published less than six months, and some a year and a half. Then I made a list of ten selected novels by the most famous novelist of the day, and I found the facts in this case to be: Of not one of the ten had there been 5,000 copies sold; only two had reached 3,500; five were below 3,000; while three had not yet reached 2,000 copies. And these stories were by the foremost American fiction writers—men and women who command their own prices for their work."

A New York publishing house will issue io a few days a volume of lyrical poems by Cora Fabbri, whose death occurred at San Remo on January 12th. An advance copy of the volume was sent to her in time, it is hoped, to reach her before she passed away.

Arabella B. Buckley, the author of "The Fairyland of Science," has in press with the Appletoos a new book called "Moral Teachings of Science."

Oo the announcement list of one of the publishing houses appear the following books: Renan's "Recollections, Letters, and Addresses"; Pierre Loti's "Book of Pity and of Death," translated by T. P. O'Connor; "My Lady's Dressing-Room," by Baronne Staffe, adapted by Harriet H. Ayer; Daudet's new novel, "Rose and Nitette"; "Indian Idyls," by an Idle Exile; and "Gabriel's Vocation," by Camille Debans, translated by Mrs. Serrano.

New Publications.

"The Supreme Passions of Man," by Paul Paquin, M. D., is a study of the influence of foods on the passions of the human race. Published by the Little Blue Book Company, Battle Creek, Mich.; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

The nineteenth number of Shoemaker's "Best Selections for Readings and Recitations," compiled by Mrs. Anna Randall-Diehl and containing nearly a hundred selections in prose and verse, has been issued by the Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia; price, 30 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

The secood issue of the Gold Dust Series, consisting of reprints of Mrs. Flora Haines Loughead's short stories, contains "A Crown of Thoros" and "Adam and Eve," two charming tales of life in San Francisco. Published by C. A. Murdock & Co., San Fraocisco; price, 25 ceots; for sale by the booksellers.

"Ruth and Esther," by William M. Taylor, D. D., LL. D., is the title of a volume containiog studies of those favorite women of the Bible, the Gentile widow in the midst of Jewish surroundings and the Jewish widow in a Gentile city. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, $1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Debater's Treatise," by William Pettinger, containing two hundred questions, with notes and arguments, and "The Principles of Conversation," by Professor J. P. Mahaffy, the brilliant and eccentric Irish scholar, have been published in convenient little volumes by the Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia; price, 50 cents each; for sale by the booksellers.

The late W. J. Florence laid a wager with an English friend, last August, that he could write a book about poker within a month, and the result is "A Hand-Book of Poker," which has recently been published. It contains a description and rules of the game, gives generally excellent advice as to what to hold up in the draw, and concludes with a collection of poker stories. Published by George Routledge & Sons, New York; for sale by C. Beach.

Some months ago Isaac H. Bromley delivered a poem singing the praises of Chauncey Depew at the annual dinner of the New York Yale Alumni Association, and it was printed in the *Argonaut*. It has now been made into a gorgeous book, somewhat like "The Good Things of Life," with two or three lines to the page, ornamented with elaborate initials and marginal vignettes by Dan Beard and provided with full-page illustrations by C. D. Gibson. Published by the New York Printing Compaoy, New York; for sale by the J. Dewing Company.

Clinton Scollard, who, from a clever imitator of Dobsoo and Dobell, has come to be one of the foremost of the younger American poets, has essayed a longer flight than has been his woot in "Giovio and Giulia," a metrical romaoce. A stirring tale of love and intrigue in old Tuscany it tells, aod throughout the poem are scattered charming little bits of song. The editioo, which is limited to two hundred and fifty copies, is handsomely printed on heavy laid paper and bound in vellum. Published aod for sale by Clintoo Scollard, Clinton, N. Y.; price, $1 00.

The second volume of H. Morse Stephens's "History of the French Revolution" has been issued recently, five years after the appearance of its predecessor. It is concerned chiefly with the eveots of the years 1792 and 1793, and is remarkable for the clear, unimpassioned impartiality of its statements. It is, of course, the result of infinite pains in searching out and comparing data, and contains the sum of our present-day knowledge of the Terror while Robespierre was in power. It is, indeed, a book for the specialist, and as such is of very great value. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, $2 50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Mrs. Helen Mather, one of the many cultivated and observant women who have visited the Sandwich Islands, wrote out her experiences and impressions for the benefit of her friends, as have maoy other travelers. These, however, had so much that was fresh and origioal in them that she has been prevailed upon to publish them. In a handsome little volume, entitled "One Summer in Hawaii," aod provided with a oumber of excellent illustrations, they have made a very desirable book, one from which the reader can learn much of the pleasures of visiting strange lands without the discomforts of travel. Published by the Cassell Company, New York; price, $2.00; for sale by C. Beach.

Two new volumes of verse, by the late Francis S. Saltus, have recently been issued, with the titles "Flasks and Flagons" and "Dreams after Sunset." "Flasks and Flagons" contains thirty sonnets on the beverages to be met with io a cosmopolitan experience, from chocolate to Chambertin, each picturing a scene suggested by the subject. Io the same book are "Pastels and Profiles," little etchings of historical personages, aud "Vistas and Landscapes," brief poems of places. In "Dreams after Sunset," which is a larger book, are gathered a number of miscellaneous poems—personal poems, love-songs, "moods of madness," a little of everything. Francis Saltus lacked only that genius that is an infinite capacity for taking pains; he has an Orientally rich imagination, melody and power in diction, and wonderful productiveness—but almost everything he has done shows lack of elaboration and lack of repose. Published by Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo, N. Y.; to be ordered through the booksellers.

The bound volumes of the ninth and tenth volumes of *Scribner's Magazine*, covering the year 1891, have recently been sent out. A glance through the tables of contents reveals a surprising amount of interesting matter. In descriptive articles there have been the series on Africa by J. Scott Keltie, A. J. Mouoteney Jephsoo, Henry M. Stanley, and others; on the great streets of the world, by Francisque Sarcey, Richard Harding Davis, W. W. Story, and Andrew Lang; on Australia, by Josiah Royce, Birge Harrison, and the Hon. Alfred Deakin, M. P.; "Japonica," by Sir Edwin Arnold; the Ocean Steamship series; aod other papers by noted specialists. Andrew Lang, Felix Moscheles, and others have contributed literary articles. The serials have beeo by Sarah Barnwell Elliott and R. L. Stevenson and Duffield Osbourne, while Richard Hardiog Davis, F. J. Stimson, Bliss Perry, Octave Thanet, T. R. Sullivan, Mary Tappan Wright, Frank R. Stockton, Thomas Nelson Page, F. Hopkinson Smith, Sarah Orne Jewett, and A. A. Hayes have contributed some of the short stories. The verse, too, has been generally excellent, comprising poems by Edith M. Thomas, C. F. Lummis, Arthur Sherburne Hardy, Archibald Lampman, Donald G. Mitchell, Frank D. Sherman, Graham R. Tomson, Louise Imogen Guiney, Louise Chandler Moulton, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and John Hay. At the same time the publishers have issued an index to the first ten volumes of the present *Scribner's*, containing an index of articles and authors together and an index to the illustrators' work. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

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VANITY FAIR.

Ward McAllister makes the following estimate of how much a multi-millionaire can spend in a year on the living expenses of himself, his wife, and his three children. The items of rent are calculated at seven per cent. interest on the cost of the city house and of the country place. The table is as follows:

Rent of city house	$ 49,000
Rent of country house	14,000
Yearly expense of country house	6,000
In-door servants' wages	8,016
Household expenses, exclusive of servants' wages	18,964
His wife's dressing	10,000
His own wardrobe	2,000
Children's clothing and pocket-money	4,500
Three children's schooling	3,600
Entertaining by giving a ball and dances	7,000
Entertaining at dinner	9,600
Opera-box	4,500
Theatre, and supper-parties after theatre	1,200
Papers and magazines	100
Jeweler's running account	1,000
Stationery	300
Books	500
Wedding presents and holiday gifts	1,500
Pew in church	300
Club dues	425
Physician's bills	800
Dentist's bill	300
Transportation household to country and return	250
Traveling in Europe three months during the spring	9,000
Cost of stables	17,100
Total	$183,955

We may well believe Mr. McAllister when he says that this is the maximum of yearly household expenditure in this country.

A pretty woman must, first of all, have clearly cut, regular features (says the Boston *Gazette*). She must have full, clear eyes. She must have a skin that is above reproach, untouched by rouge and powder. She must have glossy hair that has never known the touch of bleach or dye. She must have a white, expressive hand, preferably a small one, but not of necessity, if it is well kept and white. She must know how to put on her clothes, or she loses half her beauty. She must fully understand what best suits her in the way of hair-dressing, and cling close to that. A woman may have all these attractions, and unless her own personality is charming, unless she has tact, it dawns on you, after you have seen her once or twice, that she is not a pretty woman. The most fascinating women to men usually have less than half these regulation charms.

Lord Augustus Loftus, who has been in turn British Embassador at the courts of Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg, and governor of one of the great Australian dependencies, was blackballed last month by the Paris Jockey Club (says the New York *Recorder*). This indignity is not so much due to any personal animosity toward the old diplomat, who is a Privy Councillor of the Queen and a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, but to the objection on the part of French club-men against Englishmen in general as members of their clubs. They complain that the Englishmen who are either given temporary privileges or who are elected permanent members of French clubs make no effort to render themselves agreeable to their French associates; that they monopolize all the best places, the favorite tables, and the coziest nooks, and that they do not even take the trouble of getting themselves presented to and acquainted with their French fellow-members.

Mrs. Vanderbilt gave a supper and ball in honor of two granddaughters, Miss Edith Shepherd, the daughter of Elliott F. Shepherd, and Miss Sloane, the daughter of the head of the famous carpet-house on Broadway (says a correspondent of the Providence *Journal*). The Vanderbilt houses take up a whole avenue block, and are made to look like two houses connected by a Siamese joint, which appears to serve as an entrance to both. However, they are not two houses, but three. The lower or down-town half is Mrs. Vanderbilt's house, and the upper half is two houses, the homes of the Shepherds and Sloanes. These houses were all thrown into one the other night, and nine hundred persons assembled in some of the rooms of the first-floor. Tables were set in many rooms, and the guests, who came in such numbers that Fifth Avenue was blockaded for an hour, all found chairs and tables, food and wine in plenty, and served as promptly as if it had been an hotel. At least one hundred waiters attended the gentlemen and ladies, two orchestras played for their delectation upon at least one hundred instruments. The tables were set in the connected parlors of the three houses, and the dancing which followed was enjoyed in the picture-galleries. No such magnificent appointments as were seen there are to be found in any house—except a king's palace—anywhere else in Christendom. The tesselated floors, the frescoed ceilings, the draperies, the bric-à-brac, the pictures, the service upon the tables—all were the very best, most costly, and most elaborate that can be imagined. One might say in a sentence that nothing of less value than gold was upon the tables. There were parts of the houses that were banked with flowers, so that the guests seemed at times to enter magnificent gardens, some that were tropical and some that were formed of the blossoms of our own midsummer. The women of fashion were ablaze with diamonds and costly gems, and their toilets were such as one may describe.

Miss Batcheller, daughter of the American Minister to Portugal, says that the Lisbon girls are beautiful and attractive, but are very closely guarded, never appearing unattended in the street and rarely being seen on foot. Carriage-driving of a decorous kind is a favorite amusement, but the girl who follows the queen's example, and appears on horseback, is regarded as very advanced in her ideas. The girls play a little tennis in summer, dance and play cards for amusement in winter. They are rarely invited to formal dinners as their parents are, but appear at the opera. The chief delight of these delicately bred and carefully guarded maidens is the great bull-fight at Cintra, which a most unconventional American girl, who carries her own latch-key and travels alone in the plebeian, democratic street-car, would scarcely have the nerve to witness, much less to enjoy.

Among the idiosyncrasies of the Prince of Wales, which those about to make his acquaintance would do well to know, is his invincible horror of black ties with evening-dress. The sight of a man thus arrayed at any entertainment which he may happen to attend is sufficient to upset and sour him for the entire evening, and, in his eyes, it is an unpardonable infraction of the laws of good taste and good form.

The opinion is somewhat current in the United States (says a letter from Rome to the Cleveland *Leader*), that the marriageable daughters of rich Americans, as well as their fathers and mothers, are frequently attracted by Italian titles of nobility. Whether this opinion is correct or not, the status of this nobility is one of the subjects that attracts the attention of the students of the social condition of Italy. Ten years ago, there were in the peninsula, according to a distinguished authority, 400 princes, 458 dukes, 985 marquises, 1,679 counts, 353 barons, and 5 viscounts; as well as 1,234 persons of patrician rank, 2,273 with a right to the designation "noble," 318 distinctively signori, and 46 hereditary knights. In the "Golden Book of the Capital" were inscribed 321 patrician families, of which twenty-eight had the title of prince and eight that of duke, while the others were marquises, counts, or simply patricians. Five orders of nobility were recognized. The causes of this extraordinary profusion of titles are two in number. Under the old régime there were a dozen or more independent sovereignties, and an equal number of "fountains of honor," all of them influenced by the usual motives in the distribution of titles of nobility. Every king or grand duke must have his court and nobleness. Indeed, the heads of small states and principalities are very apt to distribute titles with more liberality than great kings and emperors. Then, by custom, an Italian nobleman bequeaths his title to all his sons, no matter how numerous they may be, although the eldest is the head of the house and the proper successor to the title; a custom that results in a numerous pseudo-nobility. It should also be observed that the Italian princes are by no means the equals in rank of the English princes. In England, the title is reserved for the princes of the blood; not so in Italy and in other Continental countries.

What is a perfect neck? This question was put to many of the well-known authorities on art in New York by the Pittsburg *Leader's* correspondent. In various respects as to coloring they differed, but as to formation they thoroughly agreed. A perfect neck must be twice as long as its circumference; that is the law of nature. If lacking plumpness of parallel equalities, it has awkward lines and inharmonious expressions. The poise of the neck is not a matter of cultivation. It is always a heritage, like the shape of a finger or the formation of an ankle. You can improve on existing curves, but you can never utterly change them.

A very useful industry is that projected by a woman of ingenuity in London. She is going to have a little depot in a central West End street, where gloves can be mended neatly and beautifully while you wait. She also undertakes, for the benefit of people who want evening-dresses in a hurry or who do not want to spend a ruinous amount in the making of a dress whose stuff is comparatively inexpensive, to drape these on the owner, at her depot, by the aid of needle and pins. All sorts of styles—Greek, Empire, etc.—can be done for a moderate sum. She will also be ready, for a modest fee, to advise on all matters of dress.

Dr. Rudolf Lessner, of Vienna, has published a treatise on baldness, in which he remarks that baldness, although most common in the centers of civilization, is not a symptom of a strong or active brain, and he refers to the heads of Schiller, Liszt, Makart, and a hundred other famous men to support that opinion. Baldness, moreover, is not hereditary, for, were it so, women would be afflicted equally with men, while, in fact, women of thirty or forty are able, usually, to do without false hair. After observing that peasants, farm-laborers, and gypsies, who brush and comb their hair with their fingers and rarely have it cut, seldom are afflicted with baldness, Dr. Lessner makes his principal point that the frequent cutting and singeing of the hair are the prime causes of baldheadedness. "Long hair," he says, "is longer lived than short hair. Actors, singers, and artists who affect long hair seldom become bald early in life. Free, uninterrupted growth strengthens the roots of the hair, while frequent cutting dries and splits it. The sharp air pierces to the scalp of a closely cropped head and chills and loosens the roots." A proof of the truth of that theory is the result of the difference between the hair-dressing of men and women in cities. While the former go to the barber every three or four weeks, comparatively few of the latter get their hair cut, and they are shampooed only once in two or three months. Against singeing—a practice long common on the continent, and introduced in the United States within the last few years—Dr. Lessner is more strongly prejudiced than against frequent cutting. It renders the hair dry, brittle, and weak, and leads to baldness. Many persons will regret that Dr. Lessner did not consider the phenomena presented by the mustaches of German and Austrian army officers. They have on their upper lips the most luxuriant growths of hair, although they nurse the growths with all the hot-house devices of European civilization. An officer who "goes out" never makes an evening toilet without clipping, and burning, and waxing his mustache, or having his barber do it for him. Most young officers have spirit-lamps, curling-irons, mustache-scissors, training-clamps, and the like.

A writer in the New York *Times* says that English young women of the best families now often walk the streets unattended by footmen. Such a thing a few years ago would have been impossible. American practices and precedents are freely quoted and adopted in English society. American ideas are copied without stint, and American wares, novelties, and inventions are generally advertised by London tradesmen. The most conservative of the London society and women's periodicals constantly set forth the "fads" of American women, and they long ago ceased the tone of half-apology in which such items used to be couched. There seems, in fact, quite as great an admiration and respect for things American over there as there is here for things English.

Some young ladies of Springfield, in Massachusetts, have embarrassed a "Ben Hur" charity performance in which they had engaged to appear. Their complaint is that the costumes provided for them to wear were "improper." The nature of their impropriety is indicated by the remark of one of the young women that the dress assigned to her is "a cross between a full-dress costume and a bathing-suit." This amounts to a complaint of excessive brevity at both ends of the costume.

Once upon a time (says the *Bazar*) the greatest scissorist of his day designed a charming ball-dress for a New York woman, and basely made its counterpart for a Paris resident, not thinking that the twins would ever meet. But both came to Washington the following winter, and at a British legation ball the two met and stood aghast. Each was struck dumb at the sight of the other, and each thought she was facing a mirror until she saw another head and shoulders above the corsage, for the gowns were fac-similes in every detail. Two letters went to the man of scissors by the next morning's mail; two good customers withdrew their patronage and freely advertised his villainy. The victims met in consultation to see if there were any more duplicates in their wardrobes, and draw cuts for the exclusive rights to any more masterpieces of his duplicity rather than amuse the unfeeling gay world with another scene.

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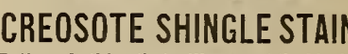

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SOCIETY.

The Phelan Dinner-Party.

The historic red room at the Bohemian Club was the scene last Wednesday evening of one of the most delightful affairs that has ever taken place within its sacred precincts. It was a dinner-party given by Mr. James D. Phelan and chaperoned by Mrs. William H. Crocker, at which thirty-two persons were present. That evening the red room well deserved its name for it was red from the lanterns that kissed the ceiling to the rosebuds that lay upon the damask. Beneath the frescoed ceiling hung a myriad red Japanese lanterns in squares and triangles, while at the corners and sides of the room were Japanese bamboo hats, inverted and otherwise placed, with star-like tips of silver embellished with peacock feathers. The chandeliers were adorned with twining vines of smilax and lanterns of gaudy hue, and the walls were hung with draperies of red silk and clusters of bamboo and other foliage.

The arrangement of the table was novel, as it was in the shape of a four-leaved clover. At each leaf eight guests were seated, and facing them was an overflowing floral horn of plenty, in which the choicest blossoms of the season were mingled. When all the guests had assembled, the scene was at once picturesque and beautiful. The ladies all had donned their prettiest gowns. As usual at all of Mr. Phelan's entertainments the menu was very elaborate, and about three hours were devoted to its enjoyment. With the *café noir* came the particularly entertaining features of the evening. Mirth and music lasted until an early hour in the morning. The guests were delightfully entertained. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Holloway, Mrs. Belle Donahue, Mrs. William S. Tevis, Miss Deming, Miss Beth Sperry, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Alice Scott, Miss Ada Sullivan, Miss Evelyn Sperry, Miss Bessie Hooker, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Miss Julia Peyton, Miss Dimond, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. George Hall, Lieutenant Carlin, U. S. N., Mr. Lansing Mizner, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan, Mr. Frank Michael, Mr. George H. Lent, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Frank Deering, Mr. Horace G. Platt, and Mr. Herbert E. Carolan.

The La Montagne-Catherwood Wedding.

St. Mary's Cathedral, on Van Ness Avenue, was the scene of a notable wedding last Thursday morning when Miss Louise B. Catherwood and Mr. Ernest C. La Montagne were united in marriage. The bride, who is a very pretty demi-blonde, is the daughter of Mrs. Clara Catherwood and granddaughter of Judge Hastings, of this city. The groom is a member of an old New York family, and is established in business in that city.

On the morning of the wedding the church was crowded with the friends of the happy young couple all expectantly awaiting the arrival of the bridal party. The sanctuary was ablaze with light from the hundreds of tapers that ornamented the altar and gilded candelabra and a decoration of tropic plants and brilliant hued poinsettias added much to the beauty of the scene. While the ushers were busily engaged in seating the arriving guests, some selections from "Cavalleria Rusticana" by Mascagni were played by the organist, and at fifteen minutes past eleven o'clock the "Cortege Nuptial" from Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" heralded the approach of the party.

First came the ushers, Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Mr. J. O'Hara Cosgrave, Mr. Alexander Loughborough, and Mr. George Loughborough, who were followed by the maid of honor, Miss Marie La Montagne. Then came the fair bride, escorted by Mr. Thomas Madden, her godfather, and they were followed by Miss Azalia Keyes, the train-bearer. The toilets worn by the bride and her attendants were especially handsome, and may be described as follows:

The bride was attired in an imported robe of white satin and brocade. The tablier front of white satin was veiled by a double flounce of rare old lace, an heirloom in the family. The bodice was formed of point lace, which was originally the shawl that her mother wore when she was married. The court train of white brocade was fully three yards in length, and was most gracefully carried. Her veil, which did not conceal the face and fell backward merely to the waist, was of point d'Alençon lace. The hand-bouquet was of white azalias and lilies of the valley fronded with maiden hair.

Miss Marie La Montagne appeared in a Directoire costume of shell-pink colored brocaded satin made with a demi-train. The sleeves were full and long, and the high corsage was trimmed with point de Venise lace. The skirt was coveted with white mousseline de soie, and she wore a capote that harmonized in color with her exquisitely designed costume. Her bouquet was of Rainbow roses.

Miss Azalia Keyes wore a becoming gown of white faille Française and a large white hat. She carried Bon Silene roses.

Mrs. Clara Catherwood, mother of the bride, who sat in one of the first pews, appeared in an elegant Viennese toilet of pearl-gray brocaded silk, draped with Chantilly lace and profusely ornamented with jet passementerie in floriated designs. Her bonnet matched her dress, her bouquet was of pink roses, and diamonds were her ornaments.

When all were assembled in the sanctuary, the scene was a most striking one, as the sunlight streamed through the stained-glass windows upon the party. The groom and his brother, Mr. Albert La Montagne, had joined the bride and her maid of honor, and all were ready for the ceremony. Rev. Father Prendergast officiated, assisted by Father York, and the nuptial mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Kirby. During the services the choir, with organ accompaniment, sang Cimarosa's "Military Mass" and the "Ave Maria" from Verdi's "Othello." At the conclusion of the ceremony the bridal-party left the cathedral and were driven to the residence of the bride's mother, on the corner of Pacific Avenue and Franklin Street.

They were soon afterward joined by a few intimate friends and then a delicious breakfast was served. Other than the bridal party those present were: Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Wilson, Hon. and Mrs. Robert Boyle, Mr. and Mrs. Giselman, Miss Marie Zane, Miss Beth Sperry, Miss Marguerite Wallace, Miss Anna Head, Miss Adèle Perrin, Miss Alice Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Loughborough, Archbishop Riordan, and Rev. Father Prendergast.

Every apartment of the residence was beautifully decorated with flowers, and the ensemble was indeed most attractive. After the breakfast the reception commenced, and from two until four o'clock the newly wedded couple received the congratulations of a large number of their friends. The callers were entertained with concert selections played by a string orchestra. A particular attraction was the room on the second floor where the wedding presents were displayed. The gifts were exceptionally beautiful and of great value. A large number of presents were sent direct to New York, where they will await the arrival of the happy couple. The ring in the bride's cake was obtained by Miss Beth Sperry, who also caught the bride's bouquet when she threw it away. Mr. and Mrs. La Montagne left the house soon after four o'clock to go to San José, where they remained over night. On Friday they went to Monterey to stay until Monday, when they will return here. On Tuesday evening, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker will give a dinner-party in their honor, and, on Wednesday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson will extend them the same courtesy. They will leave for the East next Thursday, expecting to arrive in New York about February 18th, soon after which the parents of the groom will tender them a reception at their home.

The La Montagne Dinner-Party.

Mr. Ernest C. La Montagne, of New York, gave an elaborate dinner-party last Monday evening in the new marble dining-room at the Palace Hotel. The table was beautifully decorated with an abundance of fragrant flowers. A sumptuous menu was provided and excellently served, and about three hours were devoted to the enjoyment of the affair. Among those present were:

Mrs. Clara Catherwood, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Miss Louise B. Catherwood, Miss Marie La Montagne, Miss Marie Zane, Miss Jennie Sanderson, Miss Lillian O'Connor, Miss Maud O'Connor, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Kate Voorhies, Miss Adèle Perrin, Mr. Ernest C. La Montagne, Mr. A. La Montagne, Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. George Loughborough, Mr. A. H. Loughborough, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. Osgood Hooker, and Mr. Keyes.

The Shortridge Dinner-Party.

Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge gave a Spanish dinner last Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Louise B. Catherwood and Mr. Ernest C. La Montagne. The guests met in the parlor of the Palace Hotel, at seven o'clock, and afterward were driven in carriages to a little restaurant in the Latin Quarter, which had been handsomely decorated for the occasion. The national colors of Spain and America adorned the walls, and the large, square table was beautified with masses of flowers and foliage. Among those present were:

Mrs. Clara Catherwood, Hon. and Mrs. Robert Boyle, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Wieland, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Hume, Miss Louise B. Catherwood, Miss Marie La Montagne, Miss Marie Zane, Mr. Ernest C. La Montagne, Mr. A. La Montagne, Mr. D. M. Delmas, Mr. Jeremiah Lynch, Mr. George Heazelton, Mr. J. O'Hara Cosgrave, and Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge.

The McCutchen Lunch-Party.

Mrs. E. J. McCutchen gave an elegant lunch-party to seven ladies last Tuesday at her home, 1001 Pine Street. The center-piece on the dining-table was a beautiful lamp, standing on an exquisite piece of embroidery, designed in violets, and all around it fragrant violets were massed in pretty array. The souvenirs were bands of wide, fringed satin ribbon, bearing the name of the guest, and fastened to them by a narrow ribbon was a large bunch of violets. The menu was sumptuous and the guests were charmingly entertained. Those present were:

Mrs. E. J. McCutchen, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. Pelham Ames, Mrs. Barber, Mrs. George H. Roe, Mrs. Webster Jones, Mrs. H. E. Bothin, and Miss Jennie Hobbs.

The Younger Lunch-Party.

Miss Maud Younger delightfully entertained fourteen young ladies last Wednesday at her home, 1414 California Street, by giving a violet luncheon. The lunch was served in the ball-room, which was decorated with tropical plants and illuminated by gas, the light being shed through pink tinted shades. The table appeared extremely pretty as all of its appointments were in perfect harmony. Soft draperies of silk, of a pinkish-lavender shade, were arranged on the table almost its full length and in the center was a crystal candelabrum with violet hued candles and jeweled shades. Marie Louise and Neapolitan violets, loose and in clusters, were scattered all over the silk drapery with pretty effect and at each cover was a corsage bouquet of violets. Little crystal vases full of violets were set here and there and all of the service was tinted in shades of violet. The souvenirs were small receptacles, filled with candied violets, and tied with ribbons upon which the name of the guest was painted in golden letters. The menu was a delicious one and a couple of hours were pleasantly devoted to it. Afterward the music-room was sought and the young ladies were delightfully entertained by Mrs. Louis Brechemin, who sang a number of ballads. Later on the guests were surprised by Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan, and Mr. Frank L. Unger, who called and gave several songs. Altogether the afternoon was passed in a most pleasant manner and the affair was very successful. Miss Younger's guests at the luncheon were:

Miss Nellie Jolliffe, Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Ethel Smith, Miss Jennie Sanderson, Miss Elizabeth Ashe, Miss Maud Morrow, Miss Edna Robinson, Miss Hilda Castle, Miss Findley, Miss Alice Scott, Miss Sarah Tompkins, Miss Kate Clement, and Miss Bessie Younger.

The Presidio Hop.

The officers and ladies at the Presidio gave a hop there last Tuesday evening. The hop-room was made very attractive with a decoration of flags, flowers, foliage, and glistening accoutrements of warfare all artistically arranged. Mrs. William M. Graham received the guests and the attendance was much larger than usual. The Presidio band furnished the latest music for dancing which was enjoyed until midnight, and during the intermissions light refreshments were served. Among those present were:

General and Mrs. W. M. Graham, Captain and Mrs. A. C. Blunt, Captain and Mrs. Parker, Major and Mrs. Lord, Captain and Mrs. A. E. Wood, Captain and Mrs. Leonard Wood, Colonel and Mrs. George H. Burton, Lieutenant and Mrs. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene N. Deuprey, Miss Graham, Miss Myra Lord, Miss Mabel Reed, Miss Nellie Smedberg, Miss Hattie Graham, Miss Lottie Clarke, Miss Hope Ellis, Miss Mae Dimond, Miss Eleanor Dimond, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Miss May Heffman, Miss Mary L. McNutt, Miss Emmett, Miss Jennie Sanderson, Miss Burton, Miss Chew, Miss Hattie Chew, Miss Laura Kinsey, Miss Alice Kinsey, Miss Thompson, Miss Hilda Castle, Captain E. L. Zalinsky, Lieutenant Cabell, Lieutenant Lovering, Lieutenant Nolan, Lieutenant Haan, Lieutenant Blake, Lieutenant Lockwood, Lieutenant Davis, Lieutenant Benson, Lieutenant McLaughlin, Lieutenant Galbraith, Lieutenant Sawyer, Mr. A. J. Moulder, Mr. Joseph Tobin, Mr. Lawson Adams, Mr. M. McNutt, Mr. Milton S. Latham, Mr. W. R. Heath, Mr. Southard Hoffman, Mr. Ogden Hoffman, Mr. E. N. Bee, Mr. Fred H. Coon, and others.

Mr. Fred. M. Somers is again in San Francisco, where he intends to remain for a few weeks. Mr. Somers was one of the founders of the *Argonaut* and continued as one of its editors for about three years—up to 1880, when he disposed of his interest in this journal, and went to Europe. On his return to the United States, Mr. Somers took up his residence in the East, and during the past twelve years he has resided principally in New York.

Mr. Somers was reported to have accumulated a comfortable fortune through operating in wheat, and devoted much of his time to traveling abroad. But he could not keep out of the publishing field—the ink fever is incurable—so he returned to his old love. Entering the crowded New York field, he established a magazine called *Current Literature*. It was novel and unique. It caught the public fancy. It made a literary as well as a pecuniary success.

To most men, one success in New York would have been enough. Not so with Fred Somers, who is nothing if not energetic. He began the publication of still another magazine, called *Short Stories*. This, like its sister, was entirely novel in conception and design, but resembled its sister in nothing else except that it, too, was unique. It was successful, also; so much so that it is having the usual experience of success—to wit, imitators.

Mr. Somers has been seized with the roving fever again, and is about to make a trip around the world. From here he goes to Japan, China, and India. He has the best wishes of the *Argonaut*. We invoke for him smooth seas, sunny skies, a comfortable boat, a pleasant skipper, congenial shipmates, a good appetite, a docile stomach, and everything else that is gratifying to those who go down to the sea in ships.

The Berkeley Athenæum will give a concert, under the management of Mr. John W. Metcalf, in the Assembly Hall of the University, at Berkeley, on Tuesday evening, February 9th. The following artists will take part: Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, pianist and accompanist; Mr. Sigmund Beel, violinist; Mr. Louis Heine, 'cellist: Mrs. Brechemin, vocalist; and Mr. John W. Metcalf, pianist.

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Governor Russell, of Massachusetts, has a salary of five thousand dollars, and the mayor of Boston receives ten thousand dollars a year.

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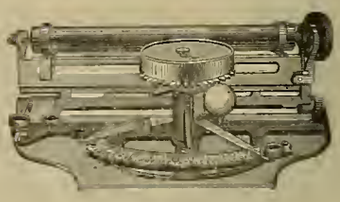

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs have issued invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Nettie K. Tubbs, and Lieutenant Joseph S. Oyster, U. S. A., which will take place in the Palace Hotel at noon on Monday, February 8th. A reception will be held at one o'clock.

The musicale and dance, which is to be given for the benefit of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, next Tuesday evening, at the residence of Mrs. Frank M. Pixley, is attracting much attention in society circles. The young ladies of the Altar Society of the church have the affair in charge, and are exerting themselves to make it very successful. The musical talent will be the best that can be obtained, and an excellent programme has been prepared. Dancing will follow the musicale. No tickets will be sold at the door on the evening of the musicale. The tickets are one dollar each and they may be obtained from Mr. Pixley, at the *Argonaut* building, Rev. W. W. Bolton, at the church, and from Mrs. F. M. Pixley, Miss Daisy Topping, Miss Mary Melrose, Miss Dewing, and Miss Gruenhagen.

Miss Eleanor Wood will give a matinée tea to-day (Saturday) in honor of Miss Sewell.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller will give a matinée tea next Tuesday at her residence, 1111 Pine Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Will E. Fisher will give their second "at home" next Tuesday evening at their residence, 1210 Sutter Street.

The Oakland Cotillion Club will give a *bal poudré* next Friday evening, which will be led by Miss Pierce.

Mrs. Albert W. Scott will give a leap-year party on Monday evening, February 29th, at her residence, 305 Buchanan Street. The affair will be directed by seventy-five young ladies, members of the Crocker Auxiliary.

Mrs. Hall McAllister gave an enjoyable party at "Miramonte," her home in Ross Valley, on Saturday evening, January 30th. The feature of the evening was the presentation of a series of tableaux, which were interspersed with vocal selections by Mrs. McAllister and her daughter, Mrs. Marian Wise. A delicious supper was served and the affair was made pleasurable in every way.

Miss Sarah Tompkins gave a delightful informal party at her residence on Hyde Street last Monday evening. A few figures of the cotillion were danced, and they were admirably led by Mr. George Vernon Gray.

Miss Nellie Smedberg gave an enjoyable high tea at her residence, 1611 Larkin Street, on Saturday afternoon, January 30th. In receiving and entertaining her guests she had the assistance of Mrs. John E. de Ruyter, Mrs. Ashton, Miss Mamie Holbrook, Miss Myra Lord, Miss Harriet Brown, Miss Ethel Smith, Miss Chew, and the Misses Elliott. The hostess had a large number of callers, whom she entertained most hospitably.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Gillig gave an elaborate dinner-party last Wednesday evening at the Palace Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Gillig left for Samoa on the following day.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge gave an elegant dinner-party at their residence last Thursday evening.

The next cotillion of the Friday Night Club will take place on February 19th.

Captain and Mrs. William B. Collier entertained a party of friends at dinner at their residence last Thursday evening.

Miss Lucia Kittle gave a delightful tea last Tuesday afternoon in her parlors at the Palace Hotel, and pleasantly entertained quite a number of her friends.

Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie and Mr. Edward M. Greenway gave a matinée tea on Sunday, January 31st, at the residence of the latter, 826 Ellis Street, and hospitably entertained about one hundred of their friends.

Mrs. Webster Jones very pleasantly entertained a number of her friends last Thursday by giving a matinée tea at her residence on Gough Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Will E. Fisher gave their first post-nuptial reception last Tuesday evening at their residence, 1210 Sutter Street, and very pleasantly entertained about sixty-five of their friends.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Kittle and the Misses Kittle have closed their residence in Ross Valley, and will remain at the Palace Hotel until spring.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall left for the East last Monday, and will be away several months. During their absence their residence will be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Robert N. Graves.

Mrs. Volney Spalding has returned from a visit to Mrs. John Gillig in Virginia, Nev.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Bowie, Miss Babette Howard, and Mr. Harry Bowie have returned from their Eastern trip and are at their home in San Mateo.

Mr. Claus Spreckels is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Mr. Fred Somers arrived here a week ago from the East, and will remain here at least a couple of weeks longer before continuing on his tour around the world.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Head and Miss Anna Head will leave in the spring to visit Europe.

Miss Bessie Shreve is visiting Miss Emma Childs in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Carroll, of Sacramento, have been here on a visit during the past week. They have left to make a tour of Southern California.

Mrs. George B. Williams, who has been visiting relatives here for a couple of months, returned last Tuesday to her home in Washington, D. C. She was accompanied by Miss Minnie Clark, of Sacramento, who will pass the remainder of the winter with her.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Jerome Smith are at the Arkansas Hot Springs.

The Misses Beth and Evelyn Sperry and Miss Deming, of Sacramento, are the guests of Mrs. William H. Crocker.

Mrs. John Skae and Miss Alice Skae are passing the winter in Washington, D. C.

Miss Mollie Phelan, who has been seriously ill for several weeks, is now convalescent.

Colonel C. F. Hanlon and Mr. J. Fred Burgin have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mr. Henry J. Crocker has returned from his Eastern trip.

Mrs. Robert P. Hastings is in New York city.

Colonel C. F. Crocker has arrived in New York, after a visit to the City of Mexico.

Mrs. James Otis is visiting her mother, Mrs. Canfield, in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Booth have returned from their trip to Mexico.

Mrs. J. D. Redding and Miss Myra Redding were in Vienna when last heard from.

Mr. Charles L. Fair has arrived in London.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Mrs. William R. Shafter, wife of Colonel Shafter, U. S. A., of Angel Island, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. McKittrick, has gone to their new ranch at Parkersburg. Mrs. McKittrick will not return until next summer, as she contemplates an extended trip through the East.

General A. V. Kautz, U. S. A., arrived here early in the week from Vancouver Barracks, Wash.

Lieutenant Joseph S. Oyster, U. S. A., arrived here from New York a week ago.

Dr. and Mrs. H. T. Percy, U. S. N., are passing a few weeks at Pasadena.

Lieutenant and Mrs. E. F. Qualtrough, U. S. N., have returned from a visit to the southern part of the State.

General E. F. Beale, of Washington, has on his farm, near Baltimore, the celebrated stallion that the Sultan of Turkey presented to General Grant, and which General Grant gave to General Beale.

The Grand Duke Paul of Russia is even taller than his herculean brother, and is forced to adopt Queen Victoria's plan of always carrying his bed about with him when traveling.

The Nottingham lace trade is in a very depressed state, for which one of the most influential causes is woman's continued use of tailor-made dresses.

A Coming Event.

It will not be many days now before Sanborn, Vail & Co. move into their new store at 741-745 Market Street. Their business has been making enormous strides of late, so that their present quarters are much too crowded for them, and they had been waiting for some months for a good opportunity to secure a new store. When Mr. Chadbourne went out of the furniture business, Sanborn, Vail & Co. took a long lease of the large building he had occupied on Market Street, just opposite the junction of Grant Avenue and O'Farrell Street, and they have had a small army of carpenters and decorators at work there for weeks.

These will decamp in a few days and turn over to the great dealers in art goods and artists' materials one of the largest, best equipped, and most elegant stores in the country. It is five stories in height, fronts fifty feet on Market Street, and has a depth of one hundred and seventy feet; but all of that space will be needed by Sanborn, Vail & Co. to display and handle their goods. Several new features will be added to their business, among which will be an art gallery that is destined to become one of the fashionable gathering-places of the city.

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COLUMBUS.

By Joaquin Miller.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules:
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'rl, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home: a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'rl, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'rl; speak and say——"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the mate:
"This mad sea shows its teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Adm'rl say but one good word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt as a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's hurst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! and on!" —*Ex.*

ART NOTES.

A keen interest has been evinced in Mr. Theodore Wores's paintings, which are now on exhibition at Morris & Kennedy's gallery. They comprise some of his Japanese work and a number of pictures and sketches made in the East and Europe, the complete list being as follows:

"Homewards—On the downs of Sussex" (pastel); "Apple-Blossoms, near Sleepy Hollow, N. Y."; "Morning—Flatford, Suffolk"; "Cherry-Blossoms of Mokeyima—Tokio, Japan"; "A Plow-boy of Sussex"; "A Sussex Drover"; "A Country Lane—England"; "Beech Woods—Sussex"; "A Cottage in Sussex"; "The Thatched Roof in Sussex"; "Cottages at Knaresboro—Yorkshire"; "Study of Southdown Sheep"; "A Pagoda at Nikko, Japan"; "Interior of St. Mark's—Venice"; "An Old-Fashioned Garden—Tarrytown, N.Y."; "Fish"; "English Plow-boy"; "Church portal—East Bergholt, Suffolk"; "View of Kioto, Japan"; "On the beach at Marion, Mass."; "Rustic Bridge, near Deadham, England"; "Waiting" (pastel); "Plum-Blossoms—Japan"; "Horse's Head"; "Chinese Girl"; "Lotus Flowers for the Altar—Kioto, Japan"; "A Lock, East Bergholt, Suffolk"; "Beech Wood, interior, Sussex"; "Returning from the Field"; "The Mattapoisett Road—Marion, Mass."; "Marshes, near Marion, Mass."; "Pine Woods, Marion, Mass."; "Through the Pine Woods—Marion, Mass."; "Memorial Temple to the Shogun Eyemitz—Nikko, Japan"; "Church Interior—Landshey, Bavaria"; "Beech Woods—Sussex, England"; "A Sussex Maid"; "Study of Japanese Girl"; "Temple at Nikko, Japan"; "A Torru at Nikko, Japan"; "Flatford Lock, Suffolk"; "Near New Bedford, Mass."; "Hay Barn Cottage—East Bergholt, England"; "Meadows Near Deadham, England"; "Neapolitan Girl"; "Meadows in Sussex, England"; "Pinewoods—Marion, Mass"; "Entrance to the Tomb of Eyegasa—Nikko, Japan;" "A Cottage Garden in Sussex, England"; "Meadows Near Deadham, England"; "Sunset—East Bergholt, Suffolk, England"; "A Japanese Garden"; "A Rustic Bridge—Flatford, Suffolk, England"; "Buddhist Saints—Nikko, Japan"; "Lotus Flowers"; "Apple-Blossoms—Tarrytown"; "A Country Lane—East Bergholt"; "A Visit to the Temple"; "Misty Morning—Martha's Vineyard"; "Plowing—Sussex"; "Study of a Horse"; "A Garden—Nikko, Japan"; "Sunny Garden, Suffolk"; "Entrance to Tomb, Eyemitz"; "Flatford Lock, Suffolk"; "Sunshine and Cherry-Blossoms, Japan"; "Study—head, Nikko"; "A Buddhist Grave-Yard, Japan"; "Chinese Woman"; "Morning at Flatford, Suffolk"; "Bridge at Knaresboro, Yorkshire, England"; "A Japanese Garden"; "Japanese Study"; "A Japanese Villa, near Tokio"; "Lotus-Flowers, Shiba, Tokio"; "In the Pine Woods, Marion, Mass."; "Chinese Woman" (pastel); "Japanese Performing Monkey"; "Chinese Girl."

The collection will remain on exhibition until next Saturday night.

Pommery Sec.

(Illustrated London News.)

The firm of Veuve Pommery fils & Co. now consists of the following members: Louis Pommery, Henry Vasnier, the experienced directeur, and the Comtesse de Polignac. It is owing to the conscientious efforts of the management to produce a high-grade champagne of uniform quality, regardless of cost, that *Pommery Sec* occupies the elevated position it now holds among connoisseurs, prominent among whom is the Prince of Wales.

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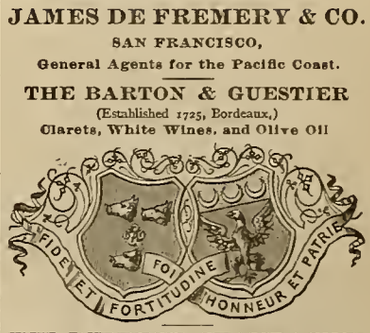

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THAT THERE BROWN.

How Loosha Won her Mother's Lover.

The people who occupy the flat immediately beneath ours are great diners-out; and as their dog is of a sociable disposition, he commonly burrows under the door-mat and howls until the return of his proprietors. But the howls now heard by myself and my wife were distinctly human, and proceeded from our culinary department at the passage end. Something must have happened to Loosha! We sprang from the dinner-table, and made one bound to the kitchen-door. With instinctive delicacy we listened a moment before bursting in. The outcries never ceased, though at times they sounded strangely muffled. Had a burglar dropped in for a late afternoon visit? Was he garrotting the too faithful creature who had refused to reveal the whereabouts of the plate-basket? I grasped the soup-ladle—which I had unconsciously retained—with nervous determination. We rushed in quietly. There was no burglar. Only Loosha behind the scullery-door, with her head wrapped up in a towel, was giving vent to bursts of emotion which might well have aroused the envy of the poodle down-stairs. With compassion, slightly tempered with severity, we questioned the girl. She took some time to coax out of the chrysalis or pupa condition, but finally emerged from the folds of the towel and explained. Mother—who should have known better, having but a brief twelvemonth since interred her Second—was now receiving the addresses of a potential Third; himself a widower with nine incumbrances. In justice to the aspirant, we may mention that he was fairly well to do, being a retired joiner by the name of Mr. Brown. In Loosha's bitterest moments she deprived him of the prefix, calling him simply, and for short, "That There Brown."

The fell news had only just been brought by Loosha's little step-sister Emmeline, though Loosha had had a premonitory warning in the way of creeps down her back whenever she had encountered the designing Mr. Brown, for some time past. It had been a-dorning in her mind, she said, by degrees as there was something up; and this very afternoon he had upped and spoke, most barefaced, on the identical door-step. Says he, "Mrs. Hemmans, I will not deceive you, that it was just through you dropping in, in a friendly way, to 'elp at the laying out of her as is gone (and her only buried eleven months) that my attention was, in a manner of speaking, drawed to you; and, in a homely way, putting the thing plainly for your thinking over quiet, by yourself, I will say, you have three, and me similarly nine; and both being unincumbijed, why not make one extra large table out of your medium and my full-sized?" Which table, Loosha parenthetically observed, would ultimately prove her death-bed.

We tried to soothe the aggrieved handmaid by every means in our power. Being within three days of Christmas Day, and having purposed to entertain the representative members of our respective families—between whom, all the year round, great enmity exists—at a social dinner, the prospect before us was overshadowed by Loosha's grief. If matters came to a crisis she would, as like as not, take to her bed and remain there for two days. At the end of her period of sackcloth and ashes, she would, we knew by previous experience, reappear as fresh as paint and quite reconciled to the dispositions of fate. But, in the meanwhile, what would become of us? I tried to argue. I reminded Loosha that her mother was still young, active, and industrious; and that one could not, while deploring the act of Mr. Brown, revile him for his choice of a successor to the departed; that that successor might be called, even now, a pretty woman; and that men would be men, no matter how foolish it was. I would have continued in this strain, but that Loosha became hysterical.

"She ain't young!" she screamed; "with me twenty-three, how could she? And she ain't pretty; or, if she is, she ought to be ashamed of herself! And both my father, an' Emmeline and Elfred's father, would say so if they was here! And if she does it—which at her time of life is a disgrace—I shall drown myself!"

Then she went into hysterics, and drummed the floor with her heels and the back of a chair with her head, in quite an alarming manner; and I was ordered out of the kitchen that she might be unfastened and the inevitable remediants applied. It took a whole gill of Tarragon vinegar and the best part of the tail-feathers of our Christmas turkey to bring her to anything like composure.

That was three days before Christmas. We have got over the dinner and the meeting of the clans without any casualties, other than those we were bound to expect. And Loosha is preternaturally bright, sharp, light, and brisk. As she goes about her work, she sings. "Come Buy My Colored Errin" is a favorite vocal exercise with her. But it has been superseded by "Take Back the Art." And, from the piquantly expressive meaning Loosha infuses into the opening lines, it is plain that she applies them to Mr. Brown, whose addresses have been discouraged, and whose matrimonial plans have been circumvented, thanks to the prompt action taken by Loosha in the matter. It may be mentioned that our handmaid's baptismal appellation was originally derived from a popular novel, called "Loosha of Lam Her More," and read by mother at an important crisis. Mother is quite a literary person, having worked for several authors, one of whom was a poetical genius attached to a well-known firm of soap-makers. The way that man would carry on when the rhymes would not come, and the extent to which he used to wipe his pens in his hair, must, we are given to understand, have been seen to be believed.

Loosha's mother, like many small, meek-looking people, possesses a considerable amount of determination. If she really entertained a weakness for Mr. Brown, that weakness was not to be put down with the strong arm. Loosha realized that, she tells us, as she stood on the kitchen-floor, and met those black beady eyes, so like her own. True, she opened no parallels, but dashed upon her subject in a way peculiarly distinctive. Emmeline and Elfred, seated on two chairs against the wall, paused in their consumption of bread and treacle on hearing themselves alluded to as poor lambs, and joined their lamentations to sister Loosha's. The tumult raged high, though Mrs. Hemmans preserved a calm, even stony, demeanor. And in the middle of it all, That There Brown knocked at the door.

No quick change-artist ever effected a more wondrous transformation than did Loosha in that minute. Mrs. Hemmans had glided away to put her cap straight and smooth her sleek parting. In the interval between her disappearance and her return, Loosha and Mr. Brown had become quite friendly. Brown's manner was quite fatherly, and his features shone with smiles and gin and water. He had been screwing up his courage with that fortifying beverage. Loosha, as she sent the astonished Emmeline out for a quartern of the best, and provided the visitor with a reliable chair, made up her mind that the doom of That There Brown, matrimonially speaking, was sealed. Mother, without knowing why, felt uncomfortable when the widowed joiner proposed taking the entire family (it was Loosha's day out) to the World's Fair, and Loosha warmly responded to the overture. They took Emmeline and Elfred and the Islington bus, and That There Brown and Loosha occupied a garden-chair seat together outside, mother and the children being stowed in the interior of the vehicle. Brown was fatherly when they started; Portland Road found him affectionate, By the time they were launched amid the giddy delights of the fair, he was beginning to think——! Deluded wretch! What matters it what he thought! It was deliberately done of Loosha, the betraying of That There Brown. He wandered with the mother and daughter, each on an arm, through a fairyland of mingled fog and gaslight. They visited the birds, the beasts, and reptiles; and Loosha appealed to him for information as to their names, species, and general habitat, and greeted every remark of his with admiring "Lors!" She never seemed to notice when he mixed up the Bactrian camel with the water-buffalo. She went upon the circular switch-back with him—mother being too timid to venture—and became nervous in the middle of the airy journey, clinging to the arm of the ravished widower with feminine squeaks of terror. How enthralled she was by his performance on the try-your-strength machine, though the marker on the dial indicated nothing much in the way of a record. The more fascinating Loosha became, the warmer and more perspiring became That There Brown. He nudged her frequently. All the sensation of his corporeal frame seemed to have taken up its abode in the elbow to which she hung. The widow was a dead weight on the other. He and Loosha got lost for a moment in the Channel Tunnel.

Was it then that the miserable man uttered the words which sealed his fate? It may have been. All we know for certain is that those words once uttered, Loosha's manner became distant and off-hand. That There Brown put it down to maiden coyness, and renewed the siege with redoubled rashness. It was when the Flying Demons were about to take their marvelous leap through space, and the popular attention was uniformly diverted to the ceiling, that Mrs. Hemmans—who was not without a consciousness that for a suitor trembling on the brink of acceptance Mr. Brown's conduct was, to say the least of it, inadequate—felt a tug at her shawl. It came from the infant Emmeline, whose watchful eye, unchildlike in its keen appreciation of the situation, had detected the joiner's arm in the act of inclosing the figure of Loosha under the shadow of her bead-fringed mantle. After that the widow was taken faintish, and had to be revived with peppermint-drops ere the company returned to Brompton. Mr. Brown was not invited in to tea, though he lingered long upon the door-step. And when he had gone Loosha uncorked the vials of her contempt, and told her parent that she had been nursing a addick in her bosom; but, thank God, it was unmasked at last!

Next morning, a procession of four started for the cemetery. Emmeline and Elfred walked in front, hand in hand and bearing votive garlands. In the presence of the head-stone on which the virtues of her Second were recorded, Mrs. Hemmans renewed her vows of faithful widowhood. On the way back, the party encountered That There Brown.

"Mother just 'ung her 'ed," said Loosha afterward, "and walked by him without taking no more notice than if he was dirt. But he spreads 'isself out over the path, and sezee: 'Don't you reckonize your friends, Mrs. Hemmans, mum, at this time o' day, after all as has been said between us?' And then I pushes in, an' he looks up and met my eye. I give 'im a cold stare, and you might see 'im shrink, as if 'e knowed what was comin'. 'Begging your pardon,' I says, 'but did you mean me or my mother?' 'Your mother,' says That There Brown, 'as I think and 'ope will make a good wife to me and mother to my nine children.' 'Which you was of a different opinion yesterday,' I sharps back on 'im, 'when you ast me to marry you at the World's Fair. Per'aps you'd like to 'ave us both, as the Salt Lake City Morgans ain't too particular in that way, and you may belong to the English branch of the dinomagation.' 'You've been and raised a nornick's nest about my yeers, you cat!' says That There Brown, with a scowl. 'Maria,' and he looked imploring-like at mother, 'the 'uman 'art is impulshuous, especial when led away by gin and water. Overlook the accidence and you won't have no reason to complain.' 'I could never 'ave no reliance on you, Mr. Brown,' says mother, with her eyes cast down, and speakin' as if she'd got pins in her mouth, 'after what has took place.' 'So make your mind up to it,' I says, 'as neither me nor my mother ain't going to be no wife to you nor your nine children, neither.' And he took and hooked it, did That There Brown."—*St. James's Gazette.*

MR. BUMBLE'S RESOLUTIONS.

Mr. Bumble—My dear, I have waited a week or two before announcing to you what my resolutions are to be for the new-year, because I think we adopt them too lightly, and consequently break them the more easily. For 1892, upon mature reflection, I have resolved to decrease your allowance one-quarter——

Mrs. Bumble—Twenty-five cents isn't much of a reduction.

Mr. Bumble—It isn't that kind of a quarter, my dear; it is a fourth. But as I was saying, your allowance is to be reduced one-quarter. You must give up two-thirds of your work for the heathen, and devote it to me.

Mrs. Bumble—That's only changing from one set of savages to anoth——

Mr. Bumble—We'll not discuss that. Your theatres must be limited to one every two months. My cigars will be charged up to the grocer's account.

Mrs. Bumble—He won't pay for them.

Mr. Bumble—No more shall I, which leaves the liquidation of his bill to you.

Mrs. Bumble—I think that as you get all the liquidation, you ought to pay for——

Mr. Bumble—Do not make bad jokes before the children, Mrs. Bumble. In addition to this, I have resolved that you shall dispense with one of the house-maids, because I think much of your unhappiness is due to your having so much unoccupied time on your hands, and there is no reason why you should not take care of the parlor and dust the library. The piano, the keys of which you have worn to the quick, is hereafter to be open, like a museum, between certain hours only, and never while I am in the house, because——

Mrs. Bumble—Oh, I know why. You realize that you can furnish discord enough for one family.

Mr. Bumble—You do not seem to me, Mrs. Bumble, to be able to take part in a serious discussion appropriate to the season, and so I shall leave you until you are in a more amiable mood; but I should advise you, meanwhile, to think over your own ways, and see if there is not room for improvement in yourself.

Mrs. Bumble—Oh, I've thought it all over, and made up my mind.

Mr. Bumble—Indeed! Your mind always did seem slightly artificial; but may I ask what vicious thing you are going to dispense with for the glad new-year?

Mrs. Bumble—You may.

Mr. Bumble—And what is it?

Mrs. Bumble—Y-O-U!—*Bazar.*

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

When Lord Aberdeen was dying, a party of gentlemen were traveling up to town in the train, among them was Delane, of the London *Times*, who took a printed slip out of his pocket and read portions of it. It was the obituary notice. All criticised it and found various faults. One said it did not deal fairly with him. "All I can say is," said the editor, "that he has approved it himself!"

The late General Meigs was responsible for that architectural monstrosity, as some people designate it, known as the Pension Bureau. The story goes, as Kate Field tells it, that General Meigs once took General Phil Sheridan to see the building, and asked him what he thought of it. "Well, Meigs," replied Sheridan, "there is only one objection, so far as I can see." "What's that?" "I'm told the d—d thing is fire-proof."

A young man who had been seeking employment from an editor, finally obtained leave to write an article on a subject assigned by the editor, and to bring it in person in a week. The article was brought at the appointed time. The editor read it, and knit his brows. "You have some good thoughts here," he said; "but you write very badly." "W-well, you see, sir," faltered the applicant, "I was kind of scared. I never wrote in public before!"

A Moslem priest once asked all those of his congregation who loved God and feared their wives to stand up. "Instantly," says the narrator, "the whole gathering rose, save one. When the priest observed this, he approached the solitary exception and said: 'I see that you remain seated. Is it because you do not love God?' 'No,' answered the man; 'I love God.' 'Then is it because you do not fear your wife?' 'On the contrary,' was the reply, 'I am unable to rise because my wife gave me such a beating this morning that I am almost helpless.'"

An actress died in New York, and her friends called an undertaker to make arrangements for the funeral. The undertaker wanted to know how they wanted the coffin trimmed, whereupon the friends of the dead woman said they would accept his suggestions. "Well," said the undertaker, "if the deceased was a single woman I should trim the coffin in white; if a married woman, in heliotrope." The friends said they would think the matter over, and send him word as to their decision. In the afternoon the undertaker received this note: "Trim the coffin in white, with a dash here and there of heliotrope."

The late Sir Thomas Chambers was not a wit, and laughter seldom entered the court over which he presided so solemnly. There is, however, one good story told of him in the Temple. It is to the effect that a prisoner, who was undefended, pleaded "guilty," and, counsel having been instructed to defend him at the last moment, withdrew the plea and substituted that of "not guilty," with the result that the jury acquitted him. In discharging the prisoner, Sir Thomas is said to have remarked: "Prisoner, I do not envy your feelings. On your own confession, you are a thief, and the jury have found that you are a liar."

When Brooke Herford first arrived in Boston, several years ago, he was the guest of Edward Everett Hale over night. In the morning he came down-stairs, with a look of pleased surprise manifest on his face. "What a pleasing custom you have here," he said, "of chiming the bells at midnight." His host and hostess looked at him in silent amazement, wondering if he had taken leave of his senses. "Yes," continued their guest, "I got up and leaned out of the window to listen. It was a pretty air they played, although I did not recognize it." "This," said Dr. Hale, telling the story afterward, "was the first time that I ever heard of a fire-alarm being taken for a symphony."

Sir Walter Scott, while making a tour of the Western Highlands, wrote to the innkeeper of Arroquhar, Loch Long, to have rooms prepared for him. On the appointed day, it rained ceaselessly. As Scott drew near the inn, he was met on the hill near the house by the landlord, who, with bared head and backing every yard as Scott advanced, thus addressed him: "Gude guid us, Sir Walter! This is just awfu'! Sic an a downpour! Was ever the like? I really beg your pardon! I'm sure it's no fault o' mine. I canna think how it should happen to rain this way, just as you, o' a' men of the warld, should come to see us. It looks amaist personal! I can only say, for my part, I'm just ashamed o' the weather!"

In the old days in Western Pennsylvania, when the people had little money to pay for teachers, and could spare their boys but little time from the work of the field, school "kept" almost incessantly during the few weeks when it was in session, with no Saturday holidays and very brief recesses. At one little school-house among the mountains, an old-fashioned Irish school-master was once employed who kept his boys grinding steadily at their tasks, but gave them permission to nibble from their lunch-baskets sometimes as they worked. One day, while the master was instructing a class in the rule of three, he noticed that one of his pupils was paying more attention to a piece of apple-pie than to the lesson. "Arrah, there!" said the master; "Jack Bales, be listenin' to the lisson, will ye!" "I'm listening, sir," said the boy. "Listenin', is it!" exclaimed the master; "then it's listenin' wid one ear ye are, an' atin' poi wid the other!"

One day, as the Duke of Wellington sat writing at his library-table quite alone, his door was suddenly opened without a knock or announcement of any sort, and in stalked a gaunt man, who stood before the commander-in-chief with his hat on and a savage expression of countenance. The duke was, of course, a little annoyed at such an unceremonious interruption, and, looking up, he asked: "Who are you?" "I am Dionysius," was the singular answer. "Well, what do you want?" "Your life." "My life?" "Yes; I am sent to kill you." "Very odd," said the duke, sitting back and calmly gazing at the intruder. "Not at all, for I am Dionysius," said the stranger; "and I must put you to death." "Are you obliged to perform this duty to-day?" asked the commander-in-chief; "I am very busy just now, and have a large number of letters to write. It would be very inconvenient to-day." The visitor looked hard during a moment's pause. "Call again," continued the duke, "or write and make an appointment." "You'll be ready?" "Without fail," was the reply. The maniac, awed, doubtless, by the stern old soldier, backed out of the room without further words, and half an hour later was safe in Bedlam.

An amusing anecdote of the dock strike has been related by Mr. John Burns to a London correspondent. It is a story of two suits of clothes. One day the newness of Mr. Burns's attire aroused the suspicions of a political adversary, who accused him on the strength of this evidence of "making a fine thing out of the poor dockers." Hereupon Mr. Burns insisted on relating the history of his new suit. It was very simple. Mme. Tussaud being desirous of adding a wax model of Mr. Burns to her collection, she expressed a wish to present him faithfully "in his habit as he lived." "Very well," said Mr. Burns; "but if you want to take my clothes, it is only fair to give me another rig-out." So she did, and hence the gloss of novelty. The explanation was accepted, but some time afterward Mr. Burns once more appeared in a new suit, which was so evidently not the same suit that his old antagonist sarcastically shouted: "You didn't get *them* at Mme. Tussaud's." This time it appears the scoffer was correct. It appeared that Mr. Louis Tussaud had also set up a model of Mr. Burns in his rival establishment, in Regent Street, and he, too, desired to strip the dockers' champion of his garments. In common fairness, the latter was bound to stipulate for the same terms. Thus, once more, the explanation was simple. The suspicious suit was not Mme. Tussaud's, but it was a Tussaud suit for all that.

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7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	* 12.15 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga	6.15 P.
* 8.00 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa	* 6.15 P.
8.00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	Second-class Ogden and East, and first-class locally	10.45 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	4 45 P.
9.00 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	12.15 P
12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore	7.15 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	* 9.00 P.
3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, & Stockton	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9 45 A.
4.30 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10 45 A.
4.30 P.	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.
5 00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 P.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	7.45 A.
.....	Niles and San José	‡ 6.15 P.
6.00 P.	Ogden Route Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	11.45 A.
‡ 7.00 P.	Vallejo	† .45 P.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	8.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

8.15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
* 2.15 P.	Centreville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	* 10 50 A.
4.15 P.	Centreville, San José, and Los Gatos	9.50 A.
† 1 .45 P.	Hunters' Train to Newark, Alviso, San José, and Los Gatos	‡ 8.05 P.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7.00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations	6.10 P.
10.37 A.	San José and Way Stations	5.10 P.
12.15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations	4.00 P.
* 2.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinns, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way stations	* 10 48 A.
* 3.30 P.	Menlo Park San José, and principal Way Stations	* 10.03 A.
* 4 15 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.06 A.
5.15 P.	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
† 11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	† 7.30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY
THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 29, 1891, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7.40, 9.20, 11.40 A. M.; 3.30, 5.00, 6.20 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1.50 P. M.
Sundays—8, 9.30, 11 A. M.; 2, 5, 6.15 P. M.
From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6.25, 7.55, 9.30 A. M.; 12.45, 3.40, 5.05 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.30 P. M.
Sundays—8.10, 9.40, A. M.; 12.15, 3.40, 5, 6.25 P. M.
From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6.50, 8.20, 9.55 A. M.; 1.10, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.55 P. M.
Sundays—8.45, 10.05 A. M.; 12 40, 4.05, 5.30, 6.50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. Week Days.	Sundays.	Destination.	Arrive San Francisco. Sundays.	Week Days.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.40 A. M.	8.50 A. M.
3.30 P. M.	9.30 A. M.		6.05 P. M.	10.30 A. M.
5.00 P. M.	5.00 P. M.		7.25 P. M.	6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.		Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.		10.30 A. M
3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.		7.25 P. M.	6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7.25 P. M.	6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M.
3.30 P. M.				6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10.40 A. M.	8.50 A. M.
5.00 P. M.	5.00 P. M.		6.05 P. M.	6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10.40 A. M.	10.30 A. M.
3.30 P. M.	5.00 P. M.		6.05 P. M.	6.10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay; at Hopland for Lakepor; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratog. Springs, Blue Lakes, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydesville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays, to Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa, $2.25; to Healdsburg, $3.40; to Cloverdale, $4.50; to Hopland, $5.70; to Ukiah, $6.75; to Sebastopol, $2.70; to Guerneville, $3.75; to Sonoma, $1.50; to Glen Ellen, $1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, $1; to Santa Rosa, $1.50; to Healdsburg, $2.25; to Cloverdale, $3; to Ukiah, $4.50; to Hopland, $3.80; to Sebastopol, $1.80; to Guerneville, $2.50; to Sonoma, $1; to Glen Ellen, $1.20.

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Miss Gale is entitled to public thanks for her courageous endeavor to prevent the legitimate drama from being crowded off the stage by farce-comedy. It is greatly to be feared that she has undertaken an ungrateful task. It is always difficult to draw audiences to theatres where the highest dramatic masterpieces are performed. As a general rule, a manager who produces the Shakespearean drama is compelled to bribe people with the simultaneous appearance of a great star. It was the personal beauty and fame of Adelaide Neilson and Mary Anderson which drew houses to hear their splendid interpretation of high drama; nothing but the conjunction of two celebrities like Booth and Barrett would have made their Shakespearean tour a success. This arises not only because the repertory of Shakespeare and the other masters of high dramatic art is familiar to the public, but also because the average play-goer would rather be made to laugh than to admire. A few eccentric minds give the preference to "Julius Cæsar" over "The Brass Monkey"; but the great mass of those who can afford to pay a dollar and a half for a night's entertainment will prefer the monkey every time.

Miss Gale was bold in opening her season with "Romeo and Juliet." Of all Shakespeare's plays that is the most poetic. It is, from first to last, a joyous outburst of youthful love in an atmosphere redolent with the fragrance of spring flowers; it is sad and jubilant, melancholy and gay, sweet, voluptuous, and tragic, but always soaring to the highest pinnacles of poesy, and rhythmic as the most tender music. It breathes the breath of halmy spring on a soft Italian morning. It is an idyl, addressed to young people in those happy latitudes where love is lord of all. It clothes in the most delicious imagery the thoughts they know not how to express. It is a duet between the nightingale and the lark, of which only those who are in love can interpret the meaning. It is a play which should only he performed to young lovers, or to those who still remember the hitter-sweet thoughts that chased through their minds when they were in love. Consequently, when it is played hefore a mixed audience, in which the hutcher, and haker, and candlestick-maker occupy front seats in the dress-circle, with the hutcheress, hakeress, and candlestick-makeress heside them, it is apt to fall flat. Such frivolities as young love do not touch that portion of the human race; except in the duel scene, and in the grotesque scene at the vault, their attention wanders.

It was for this reason that for over a century and a half after "Romeo and Juliet" was first produced, it disappeared from the stage. It was not played between 1605 and 1760. Managers did not know what to make of it, and summed up their conclusions in the sentence that it was above the heads of the audiences they could expect to attract. When it was revived, it was not very clear whether it should he played as a tragedy or as a comedy, and the manager announced that, to please all tastes, it would he given on alternate nights as the one and as the other. None of the great actresses of the last century ventured to personate Juliet; even Siddons, who was an excellent Rosalind, was afraid of the part, and so were Bracegirdle and Peg Woffington.

It is, in truth, the most difficult rôle which a woman can undertake. In the play as written, Juliet is fourteen; Miss Gale makes her eighteen, which obviates one of the difficulties against which stage Juliets have had to contend. There has always heen an incongruity in putting Juliet's love-speeches into the mouth of a child. But even assuming her to be eighteen, Shakespeare placed Juliet at disadvantage by making her overwhelm Romeo with the vehemence of her passion. Fanny Kemble, who tried the part once, and did not repeat the experiment, truthfully observed that, of the pair, Juliet was the passionate lover and Romeo the sentimental lover. She overflows with a torrent of fierce, impetuous love, and he accepts that love with tender devotion and a mute confession that he can not rise to the sublime height on which the maiden was poised. She is conscious of her forwardness. She says:

> "I have no joy of this contract to-night;
> It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,
> Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
> Ere one can say—it lightens."

He, like a man, follows her line of thought with the practical idea:

> "I am afeard,
> Being in night, all this is but a dream,
> Too flattering sweet to be substantial."

But Juliet, who knows perfectly well that she is not dreaming, responds by proposing an elopement on the following day; and Romeo, still practical, goes in search of a parson.

It was this passion in Juliet, so loudly and hotly worded, which gave rise to the stage tradition that no actress could play Juliet till she was too old to look the part. In very truth, to give the real meaning to her fierce love-phrases and the proper flash to her eye, a girl must have got over the maidenly coyness of youth; such words and such looks hetter hefit the veteran in love, who has fought and bled on many fields. Here, perhaps, is where Miss Gale exposed herself to criticism. She is young and beautiful; a lady—and a lady with modest instincts. It must have jarred against her sense of propriety to clothe her unrestrainable invitation to love with the appropriate tones. We have all seen Juliets who did not labor under this drawback; whose own experience, perhaps, supplied them with the education necessary for the part. But Miss Gale is not one of them.

She is very pretty and sweetly girlish in the early scenes of the play; and, in the latter scenes, she develops all the emotional power which the part requires. As a Juliet, she is an improvement on Margaret Mather, but, for the reasons mentioned, she does not leave on the memory so satisfactory a picture as Adelaide Neilson. It must be remembered that at the time Shakespeare wrote "Romeo and Juliet," the rules which governed the education of girls were very different from our modern rules. In those days, a young girl was supposed to know things of which our ball-room buds are assumed to he ignorant, and not only that, hut to speak familiarly with men concerning matters which are now tabooed. It was evidently Shakespeare's purpose to paint Juliet as a modest, virtuous girl, of the most respectable family in Verona; but the phrases which he makes her utter, and which modern taste requires the stage-manager to expurgate, would not he tolerated for an instant in modern decent society. And yet, when they are expurgated, something is taken out of the character which Shakespeare drew, and the actress is, to that extent, derelict in faithfully rendering the part.

Romeo is a poor part. He is a mere foil to the fury of the passion of Juliet. Booth tried it, and made a failure. Perhaps the hest Romeo that this century has seen was Charlotte Cushman, who played the part to her sister Susan's Juliet. But Cushman was a virile woman, who could have played Othello. Mr. Creston Clarke, who comes of so good a dramatic family that he is pretty sure to make his mark some day, was not ridiculous, as so many Romeos are; and that is about all that can he said of him.

In the last century, the leading part in the play was not Romeo nor Juliet, hut Mercutio. He is one of Shakespeare's best creations—a merry, dashing, witty, gallant gentleman, who was always ready to crush a cup with a friend or to draw sword on a foe. The part is often assigned to an inferior actor, the resources of the management heing exhausted in securing stars to play the lovers. Miss Gale has been fortunate in securing the actor who plays Mercutio. He was fit in every respect; his rendering of the famous soliloquy—which, by the way, was remorselessly cut—was neat, and his diction in his last scene was a pretty piece of elocution.

The scene-setting was good, though the inevitable scene-shifting which Shakespeare's plays requires is out of date. There were some pretty pictures of Verona. And here it may he convenient to observe that this play of "Romeo and Juliet"—like some other plays of Shakespeare's—has superseded history. When the American traveler visits Verona, the attentive cicerone takes him to see the plain, three-story huilding which is known as Juliet's house, out of the window of which—the very window where Juliet used to sit, according to the guide—there hung, on a recent occasion, a tattered and dirty hoop-skirt. In another part of the city, the visitor is shown the Capulet tomh, the very spot where the maiden laid her corpse by the side of her dead lover. As a matter of fact, there is not the smallest reason for helieving that either Romeo, or Juliet, or Mercutio were real personages, and it is at least doubtful whether there ever were two houses known as Montagues and Capulets, who contended for the mastery. The story was written in the fifteenth century hy an Italian follower of Boccaccio, was translated into French and English, and there Shakespeare found it. It is prohably as purely a piece of fiction as "King Lear."

The scene in the grave-yard was added by Shakespeare, and its approach to the grotesque has been the sorrow of managers. Murdock tells a story of a performance he gave on a barn-storming tour, when Miss Riddle—the mother of Kate Field—played Juliet. A place on one side of the stage, which was in a harn, was fenced off, and a board labeled "Tomb of the Capulets" explained the object of the inclosure. A quantity of hay was laid on the floor and covered with a rug; on this, Miss Riddle was to repose in the last sleep of death. As she examined it at rehearsal, she was shocked to observe a large rat run over the rug, and she besought Murdock not to have her longer in the tomh than he could help, as she lived in mortal terror of rats. When the performance had reached the scene where the friar hegins:

> "I will be brief, for my short date of breath," etc.,

the audience heard a squeak come out of the tomh, and the actor was dumfounded to catch the words:

> "Do make it brief! Let me out! Rats! Rats!"

The cries continued till Murdock cut the friar short, rung down the curtain, and liberated Miss Riddle, who, as it proved, had not heen worried by rats, as she supposed, but had heen prodded by a cow, which had discovered her hay-couch and was making a meal of her death-bed.

At the theatres during the week commencing February 15th: the Tivoli Opera Company in "Falka"; Miss Gale in a "legitimate" repertoire; Roland Reed in "The Club Friend"; Lora Hollis's company in "The Tigress"; Maude Granger in "Inherited"; Osbourne and Stockwell in "My Son-in-Law"; and the New York Opera Comique Company in "The Grand Duchess."

STAGE GOSSIP.

The Hanlons will he here with their spectacular play, "Superha," during the last week in February.

Maude Granger will appear at a local theatre in "Inherited," "Camille," and "The Creole" during the week.

Lora Hollis commences her season as manager and principal actress this (Saturday) evening in the Grismer version of "The Tigress."

Miss Gale's repertoire for her second—and last—week in town is as follows:

Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, "As You Like It"; Tuesday, "The Hunchback"; Wednesday, "Ingomar"; Friday, "Pygmalion and Galatea" and "The Wonder"; and Saturday matinée, "Romeo and Juliet."

The company that will support Roland Reed in "The Club Friend," comprises Isadore Rush, Edna Wallace, Cecile James, Mrs. Mary Myers, George F. Nash, Charles A. Smiley, William Davidge, Albert Roberts, and Julian Reed.

"Max O'Rell" is to he in San Francisco shortly, and during his stay will deliver three lectures under the auspices of the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society. The subject of the first lecture will be "America Seen through French Spectacles."

Stuart Rohson will be here in another week in "The Henrietta" and his production of "She Stoops to Conquer." The latter comedy, in which Mr. Robson will commence his three weeks' engagement, will be preceded by the epilogue—which bas heen slighted by most modern managers—spoken by Mr. Rohson, Miss May Waldron, and Miss Busby.

There is a very pretty girl in Roland Reed's company, Edna Wallace hy name, whose face many San Franciscans will recognize. She was born in this city and lived here until a year ago, when she went East to go on the stage. Her appearance won her a trial, and she bas shown enough ability to warrant Manager Frohman's engaging her for next year.

"The Cabinet Minister," the Pinero comedy which was brought out in New York hy the Daly Company without the assistance of Ada Rehan, was taken off after a brief space, and "Nancy & Co." is once more amusing the Daly audiences. The failure of "The Cabinet Minister" seems to have heen due to the play's deficiencies rather than to Miss Rehan's absence from the stage, for the audiences were more than pleased with Adelaide Prince's performance of the leading female rôle. "Nancy & Co." will run until the adapter-manager has ready "Love in Tandem," which is an adaptation of that particularly wicked French piece "L'Amoureuse." Ada Rehan will have the rôle of the too-loving wife that Mlle. Réjane created at the Odéon. The American title, hy the way, would seem to indicate that Mr. Daly has not heen too rigorous in his purification of "L'Amoureuse," for it doubtless refers to the fact that the lady of the French play had both a hushand and a lover.

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Fifty-vara corner Eddy and Gough; facing Jefferson Square, which is four blocks in size; $41,000.
Broadway, near Laguna; 30x100; $6,000.
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Pacific Avenue, near Baker; 50x60 feet, or any size front; magnificent view.
Broadway, very fine residence, elegantly finished, and 68¾x137½.
California Street, between Buchanan and Webster; 25x137½, and comfortable home of 7 rooms and modern conveniences; fine view from rear; $7,000.
Two fine new two-story houses and lot; 37½x106½; Pierce Street, near Golden Gate Avenue; 8 rooms, bath, store-room, laundry, and every convenience, first-class plumbing; rent $40 net each; $10,250; a bargain.
Bush Street, north side, between Gough and Octavia; 30x120 to rear street, and very fine house. Reduced to $10,250.
Golden Gate Avenue, near Buchanan; 27½x137½; front and rear houses; street accepted; $3,200.
Reduced to $7,175; Golden Gate Avenue, between Scott and Devisadero; 27½x110, with fine two-story house of 8 rooms and all conveniences; street accepted.
Golden Gate Avenue, opposite Jefferson Square; 25x137½; and two-story bow-window house of 8 rooms; street accepted; $11,000.
Post Street, near Gough; bow-window residence of 10 rooms and every convenience; 27½x137½; $10,000.
$12,000—California Street residence, near Laguna; fine view from rear; will sell furniture if desired; lot 27½x107½.
California Street, near Baker; 50x100 and fine residence; 10 fine large rooms and all conveniences, street in order, cars pass, fine garden, very sunny and comfortable home; $10,500.

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Byron Mcrray, Jr .....Assistant Cashier.
Irving F. Moulton.....2d Assistant Cashier.
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Perdita—"Papa says I shall marry the man I wish to." *Mary* (who has had experience)—"What will be do—hypnotize the man?"—*Life.*

"Did I tell you what my boy said to Hicks?" asked Marberry. "Yes; four times last night and three this morning," said Barton, wearily—*Ex.*

"If it were not for mispronouncing a word," remarked Weary Willy, after a farmer had filled his skin with bird-shot, "I would call this trip a shotgun."—*Ex.*

The worm turns: *Editor*—"There are not enough feet in this line, sir." *Poet*—"Feet, sir! Feet! I don't sell it by the foot. It's a poem—not a cord of wood."—*Life.*

Her father (severely)—"Young man, do you know the terrible responsibilities of marriage?" *Her adorer*—"Oh, yes, sir; I expect to take care of you and your wife."—*Ex.*

Miss Smith—"What a pretty home you have now, Mrs. Johnson! Quite Queen Anne—is it not?" *Mrs. Johnson*—"Yes; Queen Anne in front and Mary Ann at the back."—*Puck.*

It is always well to be charitable. The woman who enters a theatre after the performance has commenced, may have been obliged to wait until she washed up her dinner-dishes.—*Puck.*

Fogg—"Oh, you are too hard on Flimsley. He has his faults, but there is one good thing about him." *Brown*—"And pray what is that?" *Fogg*—"He—er—I can't recall it at just this moment."—*Boston Transcript.*

Mrs. Penwiper—"John, I wish you would dress better." *Penwiper*—"It takes all the money I can rake and scrape to pay for *your* clothes." *Mrs. Penwiper*—"It's too bad! I'm actually ashamed to walk out with you!"—*Puck.*

In Chicago: *Mr. Stranger*—"Have you an orphan asylum here?" *Mr. Granger*—"What do we need of such an institution? Under our liberal divorce laws every child has more parents than he knows what to do with."—*Puck.*

New reporter (breathlessly)—"Big railroad accident on the A. B. C. road. Shall I go to the superintendent of the A. B. C. road for particulars?" *City-editor*—"Certainly not. Go to the superintendent of the X. Y. Z. road."—*New York Weekly.*

Mr. Bronston—"Miss Braney, the American girl who took all the prizes in the English universities, has returned to this country, and I saw her in the street to-day." *Mrs. Bronston* (with interest)—"Did you? How was she dressed?"—*Puck.*

Miss Lisson—"You've told me about the beauties of the West; now tell me what was the most touching and miserable sight you saw." *Stedman*—"A Mormon elder playing five-cent ante with his four wives, and having to act as banker."—*Once a Week.*

Schukbegel (setting down his beer-mug)—"Hansey, vy don't you pring dot sauerkraut?" *Hans*—"I can't find it anywhere, fader." *Schukbegel* (with suppressed wrath)—"Mein Gott! Den vy don't you look somever else for it once already?"—*Ex.*

"They really fear she will go insane. You see, she found a diary he kept before he met and married her——" "Oh, I see. And the awful revelations——" "Revelations nothing! It was in cipher, and she couldn't read a word of it."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"I wish you to witness," sobbed the horse-thief, under the limb, "that I die with resignation." "You hear what he says, boys," replied the leader of the vigilantes; "all in favor of accepting his resignation, will please signify the same by pulling on the rope."—*Truth.*

Young Mr. Lariat (of Arizona)—"I ain't a-going to stand no more nonsense, Lil. You've got to choose between us. Is it Jake Roundup or is it me?" *Miss Kacktus* (surrendering gracefully)—"It's you, Gabe. I see you've got the drop on me."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"A fast horse, is he?" "Trots like a streak of greased lightning." "Well, that's fast enough. What do you call him?" "What Ma Says." "What Ma Says! That's a strange name. Why do you call him that?" "Because what ma says goes!"—*Cape Cod Item.*

Miss Twitter—"I want to ask you something, Mr. Penn. I hope (blushing) you won't think me too forward?" *Steele Penn*—"Have no hesitation, Miss Twitter." *Miss Twitter*—"I am going to have some handkerchiefs embroidered, and I was wondering if it would be safe to have the initials of my maiden name placed on them."—*Truth.*

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MUSICAL NOTES.

The Loring Club.

The Loring Club gave its third concert of the fifteenth season last Wednesday evening, under the direction of Mr. David W. Loring. The club was assisted by Mrs. J. M. Pierce and the Schumann Club, with Miss Ruth W. Loring as accompanist. A large and fashionable audience enjoyed the programme, which was as follows:

"Editha: A Saga of Hertna Sea." Poem by Heinrich Seitz; music composed by Heinrich Hofmann. Persons: Editha, Priestess of the Hertha Temple, Mrs. J. M. Pierce; Thorbild, a Prophetess, Miss Ella V. McCloskey; Rurolf, a Danish Knight, Mr. Clarence A. Howland; Helgi, High Priest of the Hertha Temple, Mr. Charles E. Stone.

The Brewer Organ Recital.

Mr. George Brewer, the organist of St. Luke's Church, gave an organ recital in that church on Saturday afternoon, January 30th. A large audience enjoyed the following selections:

Andante in A, Smart; offertoire in G, Weley; "Hark! the Herald Angels," with variations, Mendelssohn-Frost; communion in G, Batiste; prelude and fugue in G, Mendelssohn; "Angels' Serenade," Braga; invocation in B flat, Guilmant; gavotte and allegro in D, Bach; "Harvest Home," in D, Spinney.

The comic opera of "Bluff King Hal" will be presented at the Grand Opera House on Wednesday evening, February 24th, for the benefit of the building fund of the San Francisco Art Association. The music is by Mr. H. J. Stewart, M. B., and the libretto by Mr. Daniel O'Connell. The costuming, scenic effects, and musical features have received the most careful attention, and there is no doubt that the entertainment will prove interesting and meritorious. The principal rôles will be taken by well-known amateurs, and the chorus will be one of the largest ever seen upon a stage in this city. The tickets will soon be placed on sale.

The Saturday Popular Concert which was to have taken place last Saturday afternoon was postponed, owing to the sudden illness of Mrs. Carr, until next Saturday, February 13th, when the programme announced for last week will be given. The numbers include songs by Carlisle N. Grieg, of New York, a baritone who is new here and of whom much is expected; a Spohr duo for violins, played by Mr. Beel and Mr. Landsberger; a violin sonata by Beethoven; and a 'cello sonata by Mendelssohn.

The début concert of the Saturday Morning Orchestra, under direction of J. H. Rosewald, will take place at Metropolitan Hall on Tuesday, February 16th. Miss May Worth and Mrs. Ivy W. Kersey will be the vocal soloists. The orchestra, consisting as it does exclusively of ladies well known in social circles, is at present the great object of interest among musicians and music-loving people, and the concert promises to be a great success.

Mr. F. W. Ludovici will give his next Musical Sunday Afternoon, in Steinway Hall, on February 14th.

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Fruits.

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A series of lectures is to be given at the Twelfth Street Christian Church, near Howard, as follows:

February 4, "Agassiz," by David Starr Jordan, President of Stanford University; February 11th, "A Successful Failure," by Professor Earl Barnes of Stanford University; February 18th, "Spiritualism and the Bible," by Rev. W. H. Martin; February 25th, "The Discovery of America," by Professor Thomas R. Bacon, of the University of California; March 3d, vocal and instrumental concert, by Mrs. Alice Waltz Grey.

A number of novel features will be provided this week by the enterprising managers of the Olympian Rink, in the Mechanics' Pavilion, for the amusement of their patrons.

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Just glance at the following list of features in next Sunday's issue:

A Full Description of the Latest American Comic Opera, "Bluff King Hal." This opera—the work of two well-known San Franciscans—will shortly be produced by prominent members of "Our Four Hundred" in this city. The music of all the popular airs, the full story of the libretto, and portraits of all the principal performers in costume.

"An Innocent Abroad." The fourth and most entertaining letter from "Mark Twain," the *Examiner's* Special European Reporter, in which he relates his experiences at a famous Health Factory, in his own inimitable way.

Guy de Maupassant's Last Story, "CAN A BRAVE MAN BE AFRAID?" The author was at work upon this tale when he went insane, leaving the last chapter unfinished. It has been completed by another famous French writer, and makes a most curious literary feature.

Also a Story of San Francisco Society, by Gertrude Atherton, and the continuation of "Mark Twain's" further history of Colonel Mulberry Sellers, "THE AMERICAN CLAIMANT."

Nevada's Wonderful Trotting-Dog. A full description of this canine marvel that out-trots race-horses.

How a One-Hundred-and-Fifty-Thousand-Dollar Horse Travels. A graphic story of the recent overland trip of Arion, the greatest two-year-old in the world, with splendid pictures of his special car.

An Essay on War, by Emile Zola, the greatest of modern French authors.

What Murderers Dream About. A woman's visit to the County Jail and her startling interview with men who have taken the lives of their fellow-beings in cold blood.

Half a Million Baby-Trout. A day at the State Hatchery, and an elaborately illustrated description of the raising of five hundred thousand motherless fishes to stock the streams of California.

Of course, as usual, "Bill" Nye will make his keen-witted observations on humanity in general and his own experiences in particular, with some side remarks on the bichloride-of-gold cure. **"Pandora"** will discuss everything under the sun that women are interested in; and **Ambrose Bierce** will record his personal opinion of things both in particular and in general.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, ... EDITOR.

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From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supplying; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

"WASHINGTON, February 6, 1892.—*Hon. J. C. Clarkson, Chairman of the Republican National Committee*—MY DEAR SIR: I am not a candidate for the Presidency, and my name will not go before the Republican National Convention for the nomination. I make this announcement in due season. To those who have tendered me their support, I owe sincere thanks, and am most grateful for their confidence. They will, I am sure, make an earnest effort in the approaching contest, which is rendered especially important by reason of the industrial and financial policies of the government being at stake. The popular decision on these issues is of great moment, and will be of far-reaching consequence. Very sincerely yours,

"JAMES G. BLAINE."

In these words the foremost living American deprives the people of the United States of the power to confer upon him the highest gift and the most distinguished honor that can be paid to any man on earth. It is useless to say or think that this letter is ambiguous, or that it contains a suggestion that its author might be induced to accept a nomination if tendered him by the Minneapolis convention. Blaine does not write letters in that way, as his Florence letter of 1888 plainly showed. He wrote at that time to the Chairman of the Republican National Committee: "I wish through you to state to the members of the Republican party that my name will not be presented to the national convention, called to assemble in Chicago in June next for the nomination of candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States." This letter not proving sufficient, he wrote four months later from Paris, referring to the Florence letter and reiterating what he had said. Still it was hoped that he might be induced to reconsider his determination, and not until he telegraphed from Edinburgh, while the Chicago convention was actually in session, would his friends consent to believe that he was in earnest. This year no such mistake will be made, for the experience of 1888 shows that Mr. Blaine is not to be moved from a position which he has taken deliberately.

We may assume that the reasons for Mr. Blaine's withdrawal at this time are purely personal, and there can be no doubt but that they are founded on his physical condition. He probably knows better than any one else whether he is fitted to go through the stress of mind and body which a Presidential nomination entails, and feeling, no doubt, that he would not be equal to it, he steps aside in due time to prevent any complication and to give the Republican party full space in which to select an eligible and available candidate.

We have all of us heard of the people's loyalty to Henry Clay, but Henry Clay, with all his witchery of eloquence and his charm of manner, was never so dear to the Whigs as James G. Blaine is to-day to the Republican party, and not only to that party, but to all citizens of the United States who can appreciate genuine Americanism and unswerving devotion to the best and highest interests of the American people. We risk little in saying that had Blaine been the nominee of the Republican party, his majority would have been such as to remind the people of the vote for Lincoln in 1864 or Grant in 1868. Concerning this, a journal of whose Democracy there can be no question—the New York *Sun*—remarks: "We are free to say that, in our opinion, no candidate whom the Democracy can name in June could have beaten Mr. Blaine at the polls in November."

But it has always been the boast of the Republican party that it was not a one-man party, and now it will have a chance to make its assertion good. The banner of Republicanism will not trail in the dust because James G. Blaine can not bear it to victory. There are many standard-bearers who will do honor to the party and under whose guidance we may feel assured of triumphing in November, and preëminent among them stands the present President of the United States, Benjamin Harrison. Not gifted with the brilliancy or magnetism of the man who has been forced to decline the honor of the nomination, President Harrison is, above all, an honest man, an honorable official, and a safe executive. He has been tried and has not been found wanting. His administration has in every way conduced to the prosperity, the safety, the honor, and the progress of the United States, and no higher praise can be awarded to a President.

The country has not done President Harrison and his administration full justice, nor will it until the effects of some of the salutary legislation of the past three years becomes better understood and appreciated. It is known to every one by this time, as a matter of course, that the McKinley Bill is working out a full measure of good things of all sorts for the people of this country, and the wisdom and foresight of the third section of that bill, commonly known as the suspensive clause, and which has been complimented in Europe as a master-stroke of diplomatic legislation, have become fairly well comprehended, more especially by those who have been able to avail themselves of the foreign markets which that section threw open to us. That bill alone, or even the reciprocity clause of it, is enough to mark the ability of President Harrison's administration, and to show that it has been conducted upon the American principle of the greatest good to the greatest number.

But this is not the whole work of the present administration. It embraces, among other things, the passage of the much-needed bill for the relief of the Supreme Court of the United States; the bill for the refunding of the direct tax to the loyal States of the Union, which every Confederate colonel and brigadier fought so fiercely; the ocean-mail subsidy law, by which American mails may be carried in American steamers, and our foreign commerce be gradually rehabilitated and restored; the bill repealing the timber-culture law and amending the desert-land act, each of which had become a favorite instrument in the hands of unscrupulous speculators and land-grabbers; the adoption of an international copyright law; and the amendment of the immigration laws in many important particulars. In addition to these, the national debt has been greatly decreased by the purchase and cancellation of interest-bearing bonds. With such a record as that, President Harrison may well seek the honor of a renomination, in full confidence of a reëlection to follow it.

As to the election, there is ample time to discuss its probabilities after the nominations are made. No doubt the Democratic party, as a whole, is chuckling over the withdrawal of Blaine, but it should remember that, in 1888, Cleveland was defeated by Harrison, and that Hill, in spite of his capture of the machine in New York and of the advocacy of the New York *Sun*, is not and can not be as strong in the country at large as Cleveland was in that year.

The final decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the contested election case for the governorship of Nebraska is good demonstration of the necessity of legislation by Congress to amend the laws relating to naturalization and citizenship. The facts of the case are so generally known that a brief recital will suffice. In the State election of 1890, the Republican candidate was John M. Thayer, the Democratic candidate was James E. Boyd. An Independent candidate ran. The official count showed a plurality for Boyd, but the issue was made that he was ineligible, on the ground that he was not a citizen. He was, however, duly inaugurated, and proceeded with the performance of executive functions. But Governor Thayer, the incumbent, held possession of the State capitol and refused to surrender the building and the State books and papers to Boyd, who thereupon appealed to the State courts to determine the contest. The supreme court of Nebraska at length gave decision that Boyd was not a citizen, and therefore had not qualified for the office. Governor Thayer was upheld in the possession and continued in the office. The case was then appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, which has reversed the decision of the Nebraska court and declares that Boyd is a citizen, is qualified to fill the office, and is, accordingly, entitled to the governorship.

James Boyd was born in Ireland, and was nine years of age when his parents came to America. His father settled in Ohio, and there took out papers of declaration of his intention to citizenship, but neglected to take out the essential second papers. Boyd left his Ohio home at the age of twenty-two years, emigrated to Nebraska Territory, and there settled. He served in the army and held civil official positions. He was a member of the State Constitutional Convention, and, upon the admission of Nebraska into the Union, was, without question, invested with State citizenship. He subsequently served two terms as mayor of Omaha. But he had never taken out papers of declaration or full naturalization, under the belief that he was a citizen by reason of the status of his father.

The supreme court of Nebraska held that the act of Boyd's father did not invest him with full citizenship, and that he was

not, for this reason, qualified to fill the office of governor. The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States declares him to be a citizen and duly qualified. The full bench, Justice Field alone dissenting, concurred in the decision. Justices Harlan, Gray, and Brown dissented from that part of the decision which held Boyd to be a citizen under the Enabling Act in the case of Nebraska, admitting inhabitants of the Territory, at the time it became a State, as citizens, and for the reason that he had been elected to civil positions and in these had taken the oath to obey the constitution and support the Government of the United States, and also had exercised the right of suffrage.

When it is considered that in Boyd's case the Nebraska supreme court held that he was ineligible to the office of governor, on the ground that he was not a citizen of the United States, on account of his non-naturalization, it is apparent that the judges believed that Boyd's neglect to take out naturalization papers disqualified him in point of citizenship, and in this view they have the indorsement of Justice Field's dissenting opinion. Still further to cloud the matter is the dissenting opinion of Justices Harlan, Gray, and Brown, in which the three take issue with the decision of the court, delivered by Chief-Justice Fuller, and hold that Boyd is not a citizen by virtue of the Enabling Act in the case of Nebraska, his exercise of the right of suffrage, and the filling of civil positions to which he had been elected in the State.

These different interpretations of the naturalization laws and the status of Boyd, by the several judges of the State and of the Federal Supreme Court, give warning that there is grave question as to the law, which should be clear and explicit. The case is the only one of the kind that has occurred in the United States. It differs in essential points from that of General Shields at the time he was first chosen senator from the State of Illinois, and was not allowed a seat in the Senate on the ground of his failure to comply with the naturalization laws. Shields then completed his legal naturalization, and, on reëlection, was admitted to the Senate. When judges of State courts and justices of the highest judicial tribunal of the republic thus broadly differ on the interpretation of the law, it is not to be expected that the mass of citizens and laymen should entirely agree in relation to it. Chief-Justice Fuller, in pronouncing the decision of the court, remarked that "the statutes leave much to be desired with reference to the naturalization laws." It is urgent, therefore, that the law should be so amended as to make it clear upon every point to all; to make it impossible for the courts to differ in its interpretation. This duty devolves upon Congress. Other and similar cases may occur, to be passed upon finally by another bench of justices, who may hold to different views from the existing bench. Once make the law so clear that this shall be impossible.

It is reported from Los Angeles that a sneak-thief, who had been arrested there, made an involuntary confession of his crimes after he had been hypnotized by one Tyndall, a "mind-reader" and mesmerist, and disclosed the whereabouts of various articles which he had stolen. It is added that on search the articles in question were found where he had said they were. The story is a little queer; but it corresponds so closely with other stories which have found currency in the papers that a word of comment may not be uninteresting.

"Hypnotism," which is merely another term for "mesmerism," "electro-biology," and "animal magnetism," is, at any rate, as old as Moses; it has been used for thousands of years in scores of countries to deceive the ignorant and fill the purses of impostors. All these pseudo-sciences rest upon the false propositions that one person can deprive another person of volition by passes with the band or exercise of the mental powers; that the person so paralyzed enjoys a second-sight which enables him or her to see without eyes, to hear without ears, and to feel without contact; and that under given conditions, the mesmerist or hypnotist can substitute his will and his perceptions for the will and perceptions of his subject.

It has long been known to physicians that the will-power resides in the upper convolutions of the brain, and that if, by any agency, the blood is withdrawn from that portion of the brain, the will-power ceases and the person becomes a mere automaton. Now that withdrawal may take place from various causes. It is effected in a large degree by every one who settles himself down to sleep. In sleep, the blood deserts the upper portions of the brain, the will-power vanishes, and the action of the mind and the muscles become involuntary or automatic. Or it may be produced by a fixed contemplation of an object, as a disk, or the eye of an operator, or a point in space. In these cases, the prolonged concentration of sight produces a sort of catalepsy, which withdraws the blood from the upper convolutions of the brain, and paralyzes the will. Or it may be caused, in persons who have previously been the subject of hypnotic experiments, by a mere exercise of will, as persons who are wide awake can often go to sleep at will.

But the person so reduced to the state of an automaton, by the withdrawal of blood from the brain, retains muscular sensibility, and becomes curiously subject to suggestion from others. His will is dormant and his perceptions and reasoning power paralyzed; but he can feel cold and heat, and his confused mind tries to account for them. When a piece of ice is placed to his stomach, he is easily persuaded, if any one makes the suggestion, that he is in the polar regions; and when a hot coal is placed near his foot, he will accept the suggestion that he is in a burning house. We all know that during sleep the inert brain will account in some queer way for the prick of a pin or a pungent smell; and that if, in the hearing of the sleeper, the smart or the smell are ascribed to a particular cause, he is likely to accept the suggestion. This is the secret of hypnotism. By any one of the various methods which can be used for the purpose, the blood is driven from the upper convolutions of the brain. The patient is then deprived of his will-power and his reasoning faculty, but retains his muscular power and the use of his senses. He can hear what is said to him, and make articulate answer; but he no more understands what is going on than Planchette does. He will accept any suggestion which is made to him, and will use his muscles in any way in which he is told to use them. He can be made to admit that he is a murderer and a thief, can be made to strike any one, or to steal an object to which his automatic attention is drawn. But he is unconscious of all he does, and merely speaks and acts as one in a dream.

That is all there is of hypnotism. The French specialists who have been trying, after the example of Mesmer, to raise hypnotism to the rank of a science, and to demonstrate the existence of a psychic force, by the display of which one mind can assume control of another, have forgotten that the phenomena which surprise them are the commonest things in life. Any watcher by the bed of a sound sleeper can observe them at pleasure. The sleeper will answer questions; not intelligently, but irrationally, confusedly, the vocal organs being the only ones engaged in the work; or he will strike out his arm or his leg, at the suggestion of a by-stander, not with any distinct purpose, but simply from muscular action, which is involuntary and evanescent. The man who pleaded, the other day in Paris, that he was hypnotized by a Mephistophelian friend and made to commit a murder while unconscious, imputed to the court ignorance of the phenomena of the temporary mental paralysis which is caused by sleep. A somnambulist might certainly commit a murder, but none ever did; and the first shock of the struggle would wake the sleeper, the blood would rush to the brain, and consciousness would return.

The dark mysteries of the border-land between mind and matter have always had a rare fascination for the imagination; from the days of the magicians of Pharaoh's court, cunning men have traded on popular credulity in miracles, so as to secure for themselves a life of ease and affluence. Mind-readers are their modern descendants. Whenever they are investigated by men of science, they are shown to be frauds and impostors. But disciples cling to them, and women worship them in the face of the evidence of their knavery. Mme. Blavatsky made a fortune, and the Emperor Napoleon himself believed in Hume. In high as in low station, among the learned as among the ignorant, *populus vult decipi.*

But it is with reluctance we relinquish the theory of Mind-reader Tyndall—that a person can, against his or her will, be forced, while hypnotized, to reveal secrets concerning himself or herself. It is a most fascinating theory. Take, for example, the mysterious crimes which have baffled the police of this and other cities. That extraordinary person, Bell, who is a sort of nickel-in-the-slot machine for confessions, might be hypnotized, and forced to reveal which of his many confessions is the true one, and who did murder Jacobson. The actor, M. B. Curtis—otherwise "Sam'l of Posen"—now on trial for his life, might be hypnotized, and made to disclose whether he did or did not murder Policeman Grant. Leaving common criminals for the British aristocracy, Sir William Gordon-Cumming might be hypnotized, and thus the world would learn whether he did or did not steal at Tranby-Croft. Going into the domain of statecraft, the Dowager-Empress Frederick might be hypnotized, and thus disclose to a curious world whether Sir Morell Mackenzie did not falsely diagnose the emperor's malady as non-cancerous, thus making him Rex et Imperator, in the face of the old German law which forbids the accession to the Prussian throne of a cancerous king. In the field of journalism, Mr. John A. Morris, the president of the Louisiana Lottery Company, might be hypnotized, and forced to tell how much he pays to the able editors of Southern newspapers who are now battling for the lottery. Going far back into the twilight of myth and the dawn of history, that hapless husband, Menelaus, might have hypnotized Helen, and thus found out who his friends were. And still another mystery which has baffled many millions of Spaniards and a score of putative fathers could be cleared up—Queen Isabella of Spain might be hypnotized, and thus forced to tell to the world and to her husband, Don Francisco, who out of the many claimants was really the father of her son, King Alphonso—that is, if the lady knows.

But, alas! These are only day-dreams — figments of pseudo-science. We fear that all these secrets still secrets will remain, and that they will baffle hypnosis. Like Louis the Eleventh, a wise man—and woman, too—will never tell a secret; but, if told (said royal Louis), it should be told only to one's night-cap, and then the night-cap should be burned.

"There is no city in the world pretending to be commercial, and situated as this city is, that has not in the past ten years made more rapid progress than San Francisco." These words were written by Mr. George W. Dickie, of the Union Iron Works, and they will be echoed by every one who has compared San Francisco with other commercial cities—such as Denver, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and Chicago, in this country, or Liverpool, Havre, Bremen, Hamburg, in Europe—in respect to growth in population, trade, industry, foreign commerce, and wealth. Nor is the reason hard to find. The people of this city have neither public spirit, nor civic virtue, nor intelligent appreciation of their natural advantages. They make no effort to promote the growth of their city. They suffer labor unions to shut the door in the face of workingmen from the East. They shirk the duties of citizenship, and suffer the port to be ruled by a combination of monopolists and hoodlers, which frightens foreign capital away. The merchants submit patiently to exorbitant transportation charges, on the condition that still more exorbitant charges shall be exacted from Sacramento, Stockton, Fresno, and Los Angeles, in order that the people of these cities shall be compelled to come here to buy goods. Located on the shore of one of the finest sea-ports in the world—the only sea-port between Puget Sound and San Diego—they do not try to utilize their position by establishing lines of sea-going steamships to foreign ports. The only great line of steamers sailing out of this harbor to foreign ports is a New York line in the pay of the railroad company, which regards all maritime carriers as rivals, and threatens to visit their supporters with its implacable vengeance.

Alone of all the sea-ports in Christendom, San Francisco makes no effort to turn its harbor to account. It receives its coal from Australia and sends its wheat to Europe by British sailing vessels; everything else that it receives or exports goes out by rail. The railroad would carry the wheat to New York if it could; but it would have required 8,400 trains of ten cars each to have carried out last year's export, or a train every hour, night and day, for twelve months, and that was in excess of the company's equipment.

No city can grow if its people steadily shut their eyes to its natural opportunities. There never was a great sea-port in ancient or modern times which did not owe its greatness to the energy of its people in establishing maritime intercourse with foreign countries. Run over the list of them—Babylon, Tyre, Carthage, Alexandria, Ostia, Venice, Genoa, London, Marseilles, Havre, Hamburg, Bremen, Liverpool, and New York—and it will be found that in every case prosperity was the fruit of enterprising development of maritime trade. Providence supplied the port; man supplied the ships; and wealth, population, and power followed. There are numbers of fine sea-ports all over the world which have not grown for generations or centuries; the reason simply is that they have been inhabited by a torpid population with water in their veins. Rivals, with, perhaps, smaller natural advantages, had more enterprise, and bore away the prize. Bristol, in England, is an example in point. For many years it was the second city in England, and in the seventeenth century it crowded London close as a sea-port. The rise and fall of the tide in the Avon varies from twenty-three to forty-eight feet, so that the largest ships can run up to the wharves. It had far-reaching and excellent highways in the anti-railroad era, and is now the terminus of a line which connects with the whole railroad system of England. But its trade is gone; the grass grows on its splendid dock; its population declines with every census; Liverpool has robbed it of commerce, wealth, and life, because it had the energy to start steamship lines in every direction, while Bristol was afraid of the risks.

Take another sea-port by way of contrast—Hamburg, in Germany. Hamburg has always been a place of trade. It was a conspicuous member of the Hanseatic League, also of the confederation of the Hanse towns, and of the Germanic Confederation of 1815; but its real greatness dates from the resolution of its merchants, some twenty-five or thirty years ago, to build fleets of sea-going steamers and send them into every sea. To appreciate the obstacles against which they had to contend, it must be remembered that vessels drawing over fourteen feet of water can not run up the Elbe as far as

Hamburg, and that the large Hamburg steamers load and unload at Cuxhaven, at the mouth of the river. Notwithstanding this, no less than 7,308 sea-going vessels, of which 4,753 were steamers, arrived at Hamburg and its maritime suburb in 1887—which is the last year for which complete statistics are to hand. Twenty vessels were entered at the custom-house daily; the average of steamers was thirteen. Five great companies have laid on lines of steamers to foreign ports. The Hamburg-American Packet Company has thirty-five fine steamers, two of which are of 10,000 tons each; the Hamburg South American Company has twenty-four large steamers. An Australian line dispatches six steamers. A company which has a fleet plying to China and Japan, another company which sails steamers to South America, and the Koomos Company, were all building new, first-class steamers at the time the consular report from which these figures have been taken was prepared. It appears that Hamburg must have not less than a hundred first-class iron steamships, with a displacement ranging from 4,000 to 10,000 tons each, plying between that port and other parts of the world. No wonder Hamburg is rich and her merchants become millionaires.

It would take San Francisco a long time, with the best good-will in the world, to compete with this German city. But surely a beginning might be made. Surely it would be possible to make a start toward the establishment of a line of steamers between this port and New York. Mr. Dickie has made some figures on a line of steamers, of something like 6,000 tons registered tonnage and a carrying capacity of 6,000 tons, to cost $680,000 each. They would take fifty days on the way, and each round trip would cost for fuel, wages, etc., but not interest on cost or insurance, $51,326. If such vessels could find cargoes at even ten dollars a ton, they could afford to insure, and there would be something over for interest on the investment. They ought to be able to get such cargoes. Many classes of goods require to be carried quickly from the place of production to the place of consumption; such are perishable articles of food, dress-goods, and goods which depend for a market on fluctuations in public taste. These articles would naturally continue to go by rail. But a very large number of articles of merchandise, especially iron and steel goods, standard dry-goods, earthenware, crockery and glassware, wooden and leatherware, would not suffer if they were fifty days on the way instead of twenty-five as at present—and there would be a little money in carrying passengers. The great run of articles of merchandise which the railroads carry across the continent now pay a cent a pound for transportation. Steamers could carry them for three-fourths of a cent and make money. Our home producers would effect a considerable saving if they sent their wine, their wool, their beans, their honey, their dried fruits to New York by steamer instead of sending them, as at present, by rail.

Railroads can never build up a city, unless there are a vast number of them entering at a single point, for the single reason that their carrying capacity is so limited. There is one not very large ship in port at present, called the *General Gordon*. Her registered tonnage is 1,600 tons, but she can carry 2,500 tons of freight. That is as much as twenty-five trains, of ten carloads each, could move; and they would monopolize the line for at least a day and night while they were moving it. It has been said that all the railroads which terminate at the city of New York would be unable to carry food enough to save the city from starvation if the city's waterways were interrupted. Our railroads will never fulfill their proper purpose until they become auxiliaries to a fleet of ocean-carriers, whose cargoes they shall distribute through the interior valleys of the entire coast, and to which they shall carry the products of the interior in exchange. The Southern Pacific managers have tried to monopolize both foreign and domestic trade, and, with their customary fatuity, have cut off their own noses, besides crippling the port. If San Francisco had thirteen ocean steamers arriving here every day, it would tax the capacity of the railroads to distribute their cargoes and to furnish them with outbound freight; but the railroad managers have always been too blind to see this.

The action of the Democrats in Congress in abandoning the caucus in relation to a silver-coinage bill to be introduced during the present session, may be considered as the token of the admitted inability of the Democrats in Congress to agree to any definite plan in legislating upon the subject. In so much it withholds discussion on the silver question from the representatives of the party in Congress, and devolves on the Democratic National Convention the declaration of the party upon the perplexing question in the platform. It is clear that the silver advocates of the South and West, and their party brethren of the Atlantic and the Middle States, are too wide apart in sentiment upon the subject to come to agreement on a single material point. Bland, of Missouri, and his supporters demand unlimited free coinage of silver, with the dollar of four hundred and twelve and one-half grains of standard silver in parity with the dollar of gold. From this demand they will not abate or come to any terms of compromise with their party brethren who oppose free coinage. Bland, who as chairman of the committee leads in advocacy of free coinage, insists that a bill to that purpose can pass the House; but Harter, of Ohio, a strong free-coinage advocate, expressed the belief in the caucus that no bill of the kind could pass at this session. Moreover, he declared that a free-coinage plank in the platform would break the party in two and cause the defeat of the national ticket. He said that it would cause the Germans to leave the Democratic party and go over to the Republicans; loss to the party of the New England and Middle States, and also Illinois and Iowa, Michigan and Wisconsin. But on the tariff, he believed, the Democrats could sweep the whole country. He, therefore, considered the wise policy to be the abandonment of the free-coinage-of-silver proposition and to make tariff reform the chief plank of the platform. Other members of the party expressed similar views, and free coinage was accordingly abandoned—for the present, at least—so far as the caucus is involved.

On the other hand, the Democratic opponents to free coinage of silver are strenuous and firm. The Albany *Argus* has been for more than fifty years the recognized organ of the Democracy of New York. It recently made strong protest against the adoption of a free-coinage plank in the Democratic platform, and declared its belief that "the doctrine of free coinage is not sound." The devious paths trod by Governor Hill, now senator from New York, on the question, make it apparent that, although he assented to the silver plank in the New York State platform of last year, denouncing the existing Sherman Act, which authorizes the large annual purchase by the government of silver bullion, he is not sincere in his professions in favor of free coinage, which were manifestly made to strengthen himself as candidate for President with the advocates for free coinage in the silver States and in the South and West. He is endeavoring to straddle the issue by expressions of favor of free coinage to its friends, while, to its opponents, he declares himself "against the coinage of any dollar which is not of the intrinsic value of every other dollar of the United States"—which is virtually to declare himself against the coinage of the silver dollar of four hundred and twelve and one-half grains of standard silver, for which Bland and the zealous advocates of free coinage contend.

Senator McPherson, of New Jersey, has entered the lists in the Senate as the opponent of all or any appropriations for public buildings for the Pacific Coast, but he found a champion arrayed against him in the person of Senator Felton, of this State, who unhorsed him at the first encounter. McPherson had endeavored to demonstrate that the State of California had had congressional discriminations made in her favor, but Felton met this in the most conclusive way imaginable.

He showed from the records that up to the year 1885 the appropriations for public buildings in California had amounted to $2,119,512, while in the State of Illinois alone they had amounted to $11,939,000 for two public buildings, and in Louisiana to $4,808,000. In Massachusetts, for one building, the amount appropriated was $5,994,000, and in New York, for two buildings, there was appropriated $19,311,567, or over nine times the entire amount allowed to California. In Philadelphia, for a post-office building alone, there was appropriated $5,191,000, or nearly two and one-half times the amount appropriated to California.

Not content with this demonstration, which was sufficient in itself to negative the assertions or insinuations of McPherson, Senator Felton went on to make a comparison of the appropriations for rivers and harbors. He showed that the money expended in nine States, with a less mileage of sea-coast than that of California, on rivers and harbors, up to the year 1892, amounted to $42,090,765, whereas in the great State of California, for all the time up to 1882, there was an appropriation of $1,493,428, and since that time $2,365,324, or a total of $3,858,724, which is less than ten per cent. of the amount of the appropriations for the nine States referred to.

Nor was this all. Turning to the credit side of the ledger, Mr. Felton showed that from 1881 to 1891 California paid into the Treasury of the United States nearly $118,000,000, or about ten and three-quarter millions per annum. One-half of last year's payment—four and one-half per cent. of eleven years' payments—would be more than enough to build all the public buildings asked for by California.

That this forcible presentation of the case had its effect was seen from the fact that within a very few days after Mr. Felton's speech was made, the Senate passed the bill appropriating $350,000 for a public building at Los Angeles, and virtually agreed to pass other public-building bills for California as they should be reached on the calendar. Facts and figures were more potent than the objective eloquence of the senator from New Jersey, who, by the way, was reminded during the debate that New Jersey had never been refused an appropriation which she had asked for a public building.

It is much to be feared, however, that the Democratic House of Representatives will put obstacles in the way of all public-building bills this session. When will the Democrats of the Far West see that it is not to their interest to uphold the "economy" of Eastern Democratic congressmen, who live in States fat and unctuous with Federal bounty, while we of the West knock vainly at the door of Congress for our needs?

The disingenuousness of Holman, of Indiana, and the clique in Congress which swears by him, was admirably illustrated a few days ago, and the beauty of it is that the exposure came from the Democratic side of the House. Holman, in support of his cheese-paring resolution, had seen fit to make a comparison in the increase of expenditures of committees other than the committee on appropriations, and, in this comparison, made an attack on the increase in postal expenditures. This brought Blount, of Georgia, to his feet, and he told Holman, in no measured terms, that he was a charlatan and a humbug—though in rather more parliamentary language—and that the increase in the postal expenditures was such that neither Holman's committee nor any other committee, with any regard to the public service, could possibly have avoided.

In support of his position, Blount, who seems to be a level-headed man, called the attention of the House to the fact that in 1881 the length of railroad routes in this country was 91,563 miles, and at the end of ten years later, that is, in 1891, it had increased to the enormous aggregate of 159,518 miles. He showed, further, that the annual transportation on railroads was 103,521,229 miles in 1881, while in 1891 it had increased to 228,719,900 miles, or more than double within the past decade. The cost per annum in 1881 for this service was $11,613,000, and in 1891, owing to the enormous increase in mileage, this expenditure reached $25,083,000, or more than double, and under the operation of law.

Holman, in reply to this showing, stated that he had made no special assault upon the Post-Office Department, but he was compelled to admit that in his general onslaught on outside expenditures he made no exception in favor of that department, which was enough for Blount, who went on to show that most of the enormous sum required for the transportation and distribution of the mails of the country comes, not out of the Treasury, but from the sales of stamps, paid by the people who use the mails.

To this statement Mr. Holman had no answer to make. It is refreshing to see Holman withstood occasionally by sensible men of his own party, and put to rout by members of Congress like Blount, who do not hesitate to say, as he did, that the increase of appropriations in the postal service has resulted from the growth of the republic. Such a Rip Van Winkle as Holman can not seem to realize the fact that the United States is growing all the time, and that the clothes which fitted the boy are too short, too narrow, and too small in every way for the full-grown man. His one idea is to maintain the reputation he has acquired—that of the Cerberus of the National Treasury—and to tickle his vanity in this regard he is willing to sacrifice the interests of the people of the whole United States. He acts as though he believed that the government can be conducted as cheaply now as it could when we had a population of only twenty millions; but inasmuch as every one knows he can not believe such an absurdity, his efforts to keep down necessary expenditures serve only to expose him to a well-grounded charge of hypocrisy.

The *Argonaut* has received the following invitation, which is printed on tinted cardboard, with gilt edges:

The Pacific Bichloride of Gold Club requests the pleasure of your company at its First Informal Entertainment, Wednesday Evening, February 10, 1892, at eight o'clock, in the Club Room at Los Gatos.

The *Argonaut* presents its compliments to the Pacific Bichloride of Gold Club, and regrets that there is no member of its staff eligible as a member of the club. As guests, the members of the staff feel that they might be intruders at an entertainment at which bichloride of gold would probably constitute the chief refreshment.

Whatever exception may be taken to the entertainment given by the club, in respect to good taste, it is to be commended as a business proposition. The inventor of the bichloride-of-gold cure, Dr. Keeley, is now making at Dwight, Ill., an average of $17,500 a week, or $890,000 a year. Besides this, there are thirty-three branches in various States of the Union, each of which has paid him from $15,000 to $200,000 for the exclusive right of using his compound of bichloride of gold within a stated district. If there be any business going which pays as large profits as this, it is not generally known. The doctor has, indeed, found a gold-mine, with or without the chloride.

THE REACHING HAND.

Returning home after a long absence, one naturally expects surprises and changes; but I could not have even imagined such as I found in my friend Philip Moreland. I had been gone twenty years, and I am well aware how impressions will fade and memory become defective in that length of time; but he was so different from the promise of his early manhood that I at once felt the change to be much more than a warping of my recollection. When we had parted, just after graduating from the same college—he to study law and I to take a promising business post in Australia—he was a healthy, stalwart young man, indomitable, buoyantly aggressive, uncompromisingly ambitious, and blessed with talents insuring his success. Calling at his office, I found a shrunken man, old before his time, his hair and beard streaked with gray, and deep lines rudely cut across a waxen forehead. The first glance told me that I beheld a tragedy of noble gifts and aspirations.

Not until I had answered his questions as to my prosperity, and he had told me that his parents were dead, and that, not having married, he lived almost alone in the old homestead, did I speak of his appearance, and beseech him, in the name of our friendship, to tell me what calamity had come to him. He looked at me a few moments, unable to reply, the pupils of his sunken eyes dilating, and pallor forcing its way through the yellow skin. At last he replied, with shaking voice, and concealing the trembling of his hands by tightly pressing them upon the chair arms:

"Yes, John, I will tell you. But you will be the only mortal except myself who knows what has snapped the strings of my energy and purposes. I can not tell you here, though."

Greatly wondering, I asked:

"Where can you tell me?"

"Come to the old home to-night at eight o'clock."

Punctual to the appointed time, I sent solemn echoes of the old-fashioned brass-knocker through the wide hall. The house, dating from colonial days, unable to keep pace with modern improvement, and secluded from the street amid high poplars and elms, was gloomy enough at all times; but clouds had brought the October night earlier, and the rattle and rustle of the withered leaves, as the wind tore them from the boughs and scurried them across the dead grass, seemed to deepen the dismal quiet of the place; or, in my fancy, excited by apprehension, to be the whispering of the demons of fate and mystery. An aged colored servant, whose hearty voice, as I remembered it, had been lowered to a pitch of melancholy, opened the door and bade me go upstairs.

Philip welcomed me in the study with an air of relief. As he turned up the light, the evident pain in his eyes, and the chair before the grate-fire, showed me he had been brooding in the dark. An easy rocker, drawn close to his chair, silently revealed his wish that we sit there. I accordingly asked him to turn down the light, which he gladly did, and we sat down before the fire-place.

Anxiously interested in my friend's condition, I fell naturally to analyzing it as reflected by the expression of his face, and I now saw, even in the dim hearth-light, a spark of hope that this first revealment might lessen his grief.

"John," he began, "you have noticed that this is not the same study father used. He, you remember, preferred the room at the top of the house, which looked out over the slanting room of the back building, and commanding the view we have so often, as young men, admired in those happy days. Men of studious habits seem to take instinctively to the housetops, as if nearness to the ground makes the mind earthy. I, too, liked its solitude, and, after father died, I kept it until——"

He stopped suddenly, and the spark in his eyes was quenched by despair. I said nothing, and he went on:

"But I will start at the beginning, and if you can suggest an escape for me, you will be more than a friend to me. I'm suffering, John—God help me, how I suffer! You know what prospects I had. I wrote you how I was elected prosecuting attorney. I was winning legal triumphs such as might have turned any one's head, but you behold me now—a complete, a hopeless wreck.

"Yes, I triumphed until the case of the State *versus* Joel Harkton came to me. It was my first capital case. Harkton was a well-known man of the city, and an acquaintance of mine. His wife died suddenly, under circumstances sufficiently suspicious to warrant his arrest. They were only circumstances, but very, very strong against him, and I saw that a conviction would be a laurel worthy trying for; especially as I knew that success meant my certain nomination for State senator. Briefly and horribly, John, my ambition rose to madness. It trampled down my scruples against conviction on circumstantial evidence, and even the sympathy I had for Harkton as a close acquaintance. You will not, you can not, understand me when I tell you that my ambition became—bloodthirsty. It set a mark—Harkton's life. You shrink, my friend, and it is right you should; but, before high heaven, I swear it to be true that it was an external impulse—a determination which could have been formed only in the deepest heart of Lucifer himself.

"Through day, and night after night, not stopping to sleep, I studied the circumstances until I had weighed, and pared, and shaped, and fitted them into a mosaic of conviction. If I thought of Harkton at all, it was only as the old high priest regarded the sacrificial lamb—as necessary to salvation. Triumph became my religion and my God.

"One night"—acute recollection silenced the trembling voice for a few minutes—"I sat up in the old study, stringing the facts, for the hundredth time, upon a thread of prosecution. I was in a fever of elation. No possible defense could break down my theory of the wife murder. I already clutched victory to my soul. I was oblivious to everything but the case; the hours, tolled from the steeple yonder, struck upon my ear, but did not reach my brain. I reveled in a realization of victory, of the attainment of my cherished heights, and of triumph over the counsel for the defendant, who was my bitterest political opponent. Suddenly I was disturbed in my ecstasy by a slight noise, and, looking around, there, within reach of my hand, quietly stood Joel Harkton.

"For a moment I was chilled by the fear that I was the victim of an hallucination, but the man's voice assured me of his material presence.

"'You are working to convict me,' was what he said, in mild reproach.

"'How did you come here?' I demanded.

"'I escaped from the jail, and crawled up over the roof there, foolishly, perhaps, to ask you to aid me in escape, instead of seeking my life, as you are doing. We have been friends, Moreland, and as surely as I talk to you now, I am innocent.'

"'Innocent!' I repeated, in scorn. 'You killed your wife in cold blood. The proof is incontrovertible.'

"He shrank from me, holding up his hands in despairing realization of my bitterness and of his mistake in putting himself into my power. I was furious at the mere prospect of defeat, and he must have seen it in my face. Harkton had never been a strong man, but he was now further weakened by imprisonment. I could easily detain him, and I argued that, as a public officer, sworn to see that the laws were vindicated, it was my duty to do so. So far the act I now tell you of was justified, but"—he paused, turning to me in violent self-condemnation—"in so far as my aspirations sought to make a stepping-stone of this man's life, the act was diabolical.

"'But you will surely let me go now, and give me the chance to escape,' Harkton said, weakly.

"'No,' I hissed, rising; 'I will return you to prison.'

"I grasped him. He simply said, 'God help me,' weakly, submissively, and the sound of those words have never ceased. He did not resist, and I threw him to the floor and tied his hands with a towel. Heaven pity me! those words, his piteous supplications—they cry in the wind to-night, and his eyes, in hopeless entreaty, glow yonder in the coals.

"I will not detail how he was carried back to the jail; nor how I tried his case; nor the praise I received: all I need say is that I won, and Joel Harkton was—was hanged for the murder of his wife."

The fire had sunk low, but it still shed light enough to show the terror reflected in his face by the point yet to be told. His head had fallen upon his breast, so that his last words had been muffled, and he gripped the knobbed ends of the chair-arms as a man, suspended over an abyss, would clutch a support.

"Two months later," he presently resumed, "there came to me indisputable proof that Harkton was innocent. That night I sat late in my study—a night like this, with the wind fretting in the boughs and the leaves whispering to each other before they died. I sat at the table, not studying, but fighting the remorse in my heart. I had received the nomination to the Senate, but my old aspirations were, like the leaves, whispering low in my soul of their death.

"Suddenly, by the indefinable perception of the nerves, I became aware of a presence in the room, and before my fright permitted me to look up, I caught the indistinct view one gets through the corner of the eye. Slowly, chilled by apprehension, I turned my head, and there, just where Joel Harkton had stood on the night of his escape, I saw a hand extended toward me. *Only a hand.* I looked for the wrist, the arm, the form, but my sight went clear to the wall. It was nothing but a hand, except that it protruded from a round disk of blackness, as if thrust through a sable cloth."

A shudder stopped him for a few moments; then, turning again to me, he said:

"And that hand remained there, always reaching out to me. I braved it night after night, trying to study, to be my old self, to forget it when at my down-town office, but I could not. It became worse than the hand of a thief who steals worldly goods; it stole my ardor, my ambition. It drove me here to this room, but, my friend, God help me! that hand is still up there, reaching out—daylight or dark—it is always, always reaching. The years have fled, and I have gone up there day and night, fascinated, tortured by the hope that it has been withdrawn; but it has always been there, and, heaven pity me!—it is up there now—*now*. It is stealing away my life. It has been reached out to stay me in my upward career. Look at me—a wreck. My God, it is the hand of Joel Harkton!"

He fell back in his chair overcome, and I sprang up, in the fear that my friend was the victim of that terrible, almost incurable, mental disorder—an hallucination.

"Philip," I inquired, earnestly, "are you sure that it is not imagination?"

"Imagination!" he repeated, with increased terror; "you mean an hallucination. God help me, if it is. I have thought of that. I believe an hallucination to be incurable. Let me tell you that my grandfather was tortured to his death by the vision of a rat. It is the iron law of heredity. I would rejoice, my friend, if I could only believe that this hand is that of a spirit. Then, it might be exorcised. I am still young enough to achieve something; but that hand grasps the very center of my life, and slowly, surely, it is compressing me to death. It attracts me to that room, often in the dead of the night. I feel it pulling me there, and I can not resist. It is an hallucination, and it will kill me."

He reasoned thus more calmly than he had told the story, and I saw in this fact a hope for him. With sudden purpose I asked:

"Philip, have you ever taken any one up there?"

"No," he replied, starting into perception of my purpose; "if others can see it, it is the hand of a spirit, and there may be found a way to drive it from me. Are you brave enough to go up there with me?"

"I am."

"Now?"

"At once."

"Come, then," he said, rising.

The old mansion being only partially occupied, it was a solemn expedition through it, our footsteps echoing emptily through the wide halls, and jolting and jarring the weakened beams, the wind torturing the loosened casements and growling its uncanny glee in the huge chimneys.

At the study-door, before unlocking it, Philip turned to me, and, holding up the lamp, looked searchingly into my face. A frightful change had come over his own. His eyes were shiny and unsteady, and, for the first time, the chill of a thought far more terrible than of the ghostly hand flew over me—that my old friend was a madman. Realization of my position flashed upon me. I was in a lonely attic, beyond earshot, with a maniac. I firmly believed the reaching hand was a delusion. Should I tell him so? If I told him I did not see it, would he not turn upon me with the overpowering rage of a lunatic? Whatever his purpose in scrutinizing me, it seemed to be satisfied, and he said:

"John, you take the lamp, open the door, and walk in. I will wait for you here until you tell me if you see it. If I go in, my eyes will be riveted upon it, and you will know then where it appears. Have you courage?"

Without replying, I took the lamp, while he inserted the key and shoved the bolt. I turned the knob slowly, tremblingly, afraid of him as much as of what I might see in the room, and pushed open the door. The close, damp smell of an unused apartment rushed out as I stepped over the sill.

It was a small room, with ceiling slanting with the roof. In a moment I saw that it remained precisely as in the long past—a somewhat gloomy place at any time, but now rendered weird by Moreland's tale. I knew that his two glaring eyes, at the threshold, followed my every movement, as, holding the lamp up, I looked about. There were the bookshelves, the globe, the bust of Horace, the writing-table, but nowhere—keenly, eagerly, anxiously as I looked, in the center, in every corner—did I see a hand.

"Do you see it?" Philip called out.

I hesitated, but I instantly reflected that I could not deceive him. Before I could reply, however, he rushed excitedly, almost ferociously in, snatched the lamp from my hand, and, catching my arm, pulled me to the table. Then, holding the light toward the end, he pointed with his long forefinger. But I saw nothing. Slowly his head turned around, and his gaze, fierce now, fell upon me.

"Don't you see it?" he asked, hoarsely.

"No, Philip," I answered, faintly; "I see nothing."

"There, there," he almost screamed; "right there—two inches from my finger, a hand reaching out from a black spot in the air. There, there—a hand with a scar in the palm. There, there—now you see it."

"No, Philip," I said; "I do not see it."

With a low moan, he dropped the lamp upon the table, and sank upon his knees, crying:

"My God, my God! It is an hallucination!"

I was myself so agitated that I can not tell how I brought him down to his room. He was prostrated. His peculiarity, strengthened by the case of his grandfather, was to fear an hallucination more than a spirit hand, and I saw that this fear, now substantiated by my failure to see the vision, would soon torture him to death. In the desperate hope of saving him, I devoted myself to the study of apparitions, reading carefully the cases of Bernardotte, Earl Grey, Nicolai, and many others. I was speedily convinced that Philip was the victim of a phantasm, and knowing that the mental derangement had come to him in the way he had related and by heredity, I saw little hope of a cure. There was one chance, however, and I resolved to try it. I read that apparitions are sometimes driven away by natural means: thus, if it seems to the victim that the apparition comes for some purpose and he is made to believe that the purpose has been accomplished, the imaginary visitant departs.

I did not have to look very deep to find a plausible object for the reaching out of the hand. It had appeared on the night after Philip had learned that Harkton was innocent. Remorse had struck deep into his heart. Naturally sensitive as I knew him to be, his wish, torturingly helpless under the circumstances, would be for forgiveness—a shake of the hand of the friend whose ignominious and innocent death he had accomplished. He already believed it to be the hand of Joel Harkton. If he could be convinced that it was held out to him for no revengeful purpose, but as a sign that the injured man was willing to forgive, my friend might be saved.

Full of this idea, I hastened again to the old house, and found Philip in the study, brooding again over the fire. It was a clear November Sunday night; the city resting from its labor—one of those nights of oppressive quiet; the earth, the stars, and the thin crescent, low over the mountain, seeming to be calmly waiting.

With as calm and matter-of-fact manner as I could force, I told Philip what I believed to be the purpose of the hand. He sat, with his head wearily supported by his hand, and, when I had ended, he turned his face, woefully haggard, toward me, and answered, despairingly:

"What would you have me do?"

"Go up to the study, and accept the offer of forgiveness that has been held out to you for fifteen years."

I was surprised at the effect. I thought it would be gladly received, but it startled him; his face grew more livid and it set every nerve trembling. He looked at me some time before his quivering lips would form the words.

"John, it is just fifteen years to-night since the hand appeared, but—but——"

"But what?"

"A fearful change has come over me. The hand attracted me before; but it is now horribly repulsive. Oh! I can not go up now. It drew me there last night, at two o'clock, and as I looked upon it, I shrank from it in new terror. It has grown old and withered, and it trembled as if the arm that held it were tired and it must soon drop. Oh, heaven pity me! what will come when it falls? I shall die."

I grasped his hands in my intense wish to calm and help him. I saw that his malady had almost run its course, and that when this phantasy assumed the form of a drooping hand, he might, indeed, die. I pleaded with him to go with me once again, and finally he yielded.

I took up the lamp, and when we reached the study-door, Philip nervously unlocked it. The same musty closeoess blew in my face. But it was not tbat whicb rooted me to the spot—it was an impression, not received by sight, but by the perception of some other sense, that there was, indeed, a presence in the gloomy apartment. Conqueriog it with difficulty, I followed Philip in, and, holding the light forward, I was struck ioto speechless awe; for there, indeed, as he had described it, *I* saw a hand protruding from a black sphere of air—a withered hand, as of an old man reaching out to grasp another, and trembling with the effort.

Had my days aod nights of study over Philip's case affected my brain? Had I caught the dreadful mental disorder from bim? Was *I*, too, the victim of an ballucination?

Philip turned to me, a spasm of agony writhing on his face. He gave one wild glance at my face, then, clutching me with terrible strength and intensity, he said, boarsely:

"You see it?"

"Yes," I answered, not above a whisper.

"A hand?"

"Yes, yes," I muttered. "A hand as you have described it."

"Merciful heaven!" he cried; "it is not an apparition; it is, indeed, the hand of Joel Harkton."

His words brought me partially back to myself, and, reason returning, told me that my tbeory of forgiveness would apply now as well as before; tbat if it were, indeed, a spirit hand, this course migbt give it rest.

"Philip," I said, in a voice forced into something like calmness, "the spirit of Joel Harkton wishes to forgive you. Reach forward and clasp the band."

I saw a look of desperate determination fly across his face. For only a moment he besitated; then, walking forward, he slowly reached out bis hand, and I saw his fingers close with those of the reaching hand.

Instantly the stillness of the night was broken by fluttering of the air and a cry whicb seemed to recede rapidly into distance and silence. My eyes, whicb bad been riveted upon the reaching hand, now saw only empty space and pierced unohstructed to the wall. I turned to Philip, and found him lying dead upon the floor, but with an expression of relief and joy upon his face. H. M. HOKE.

FEBRUARY, 1892.

"CONTRABAND OF WAR."

Some Striking Anecdotes from General Butler's New Book.

"Butler's Book," just issued, contains a complete history of General Butler's life, written in General Butler's most vigorous style.

General Butler begins with bis ancestry—two generations of soldiers, he being a third, and his son, who died in early manhood, a fourth. He was the son of John Butler, a soldier of the War of 1812, by a second marriage, and was born at Deerfield, N. H., November 5, 1818, about four o'clock in the afternoon. His father died of yellow fever in St. Christopher, an island of the West Indies, and left his motber in the poorest circumstances.

General Butler's college days, his struggles with the law, his rapid rise into eminence in Massachusetts, are all dwelt upon most interestingly. We come at last to the days immediately preceding tbe war, to the stormy Democratic conventions, in one of whicb Mr. Butler voted for Jefferson Davis, then unsuspected of his coming conduct. General Butler took tea witb Davis just before the break. He tells this of the interview:

"I asked him how he could justify himself in joining the South in breach of his oath of allegiance to the United States. He answered: 'My first oath of allegiance is to the State of Mississippi, and my allegiance to the State of Mississippi overrides any allegiance to the United States.'

"'Then,' I said, 'I suppose if Mississippi votes to go out of the Union, you go with her?'

"'Yes, I must go with my State.'

"The interview was a serious and sad one. He said to me: 'Will you come with us?'

"'No; I shall go with my State because of my allegiance to the United States.'

"'Is it possible, then,' said he, with some tremor in his voice, 'that we shall meet hereafter as enemies?'

"'That depends upon yourself; it would be to my great regret.'

"We shook hands and parted, and I never afterward saw him, which was a piece of good fortune to him; for if we had met while I was in command of the United States army, he would have been saved a great deal of the discomfort which he suffered by being confined in prison."

The last sentence is significant.

General Butler gives the incident of tbe "contraband of war" at some length. It was in May, 1861, wben he was in command at Fortress Monroe. Major Carey, of the Confederate army, came to him under a flag of truce to ask about safe conduct for Virginia families wisbing to go North, and about runaway slaves whom General Butler bad set to work upon tbe fortifications. Major Haggerty rode out with General Butler to talk with Major Carey;

"'I am informed,' said Major Carey, 'that three negroes belonging to Colonel Mallory have escaped within your lines. I am Colonel Mallory's agent and have charge of his property. What do you mean to do with those negroes?'

"'I intend to hold them,' said General Butler.

"'Do you mean, then, to set aside your constitutional obligation to return them?'

"'I mean to take Virginia at her word, as declared in the ordinance of secession passed yesterday. I am under no constitutional obligations to a foreign country, which Virginia now claims to be.'

"'But you say we can not secede,' he answered, 'and so you can not consistently detain the negroes.'

"'But you say you have seceded, so you can not consistently claim them. I shall hold these negroes as contraband of war, since they are engaged in the construction of your battery and are claimed as your property. The question is whether they shall be used for or against the Government of the United States.'

"Major Haggerty was disturbed about the international law on the subject of contraband. He asked the general whether this stand of his was justified.

"'Not the precise proposition,' said I; 'but the precise principle is familiar law. Property of whatever nature, used or capable of being used for war-like purposes, and especially when being so used, may be captured and held either on sea or on shore as property contraband of war. Whether there may be a property in human beings is a question upon which some of us might doubt, but the rebels can not take the negative. At any rate, Haggerty, it is a good enough reason to stop the rebels' mouths with, especially as I should have held these negroes any way.'

"My staff officer, Major Winthrop, insisted it was an epigram which freed the slaves. The truth is, as a lawyer, I was never proud of it; but as an executive officer I was much comforted with it as a means of doing my duty."

General Butler scores Colonel Hay sharply for not giving bim credit for the phrase in the history he collaborated with Mr. Nicolay. Nor is this the only time the general fiods fault with those authors. They are the butt of maoy a hiting sarcasm and the recipieots of many a severe rebuke.

General Butler's account of his command at New Orleans is a clear, concise, and absorbingly interesting story. It begins with a dramatic incident. Immediately after his arrival in New Orleans, there was a consultation with the mayor and the muoicipal council. A large and threatening mob gathered in the streets just outside. A captain eotered the room, and, saluting General Butler, said that General Williams bad ordered him to report that the mob was getting unruly. According to General Butler, the story ran thus:

"'Give my compliments to General Williams,' I answered, quietly, 'and tell him to clear the streets at once with his artillery.'

"The captain left with the message. The members of the city government all sprang to their feet, crying: 'Don't, general; don't give such an order as that.'

"Why this emotion, gentlemen?' I said. 'The cannon are not going to shoot our way, and I have borne this noise and confusion as long as I choose to.'

"'Wait a while, general, wait a while,' they said, 'and we will go out and speak to the people, and advise them to go away, and they will disperse.'

"'Very well,' I said, 'so they do disperse, I do not care as to the means; go out and try your hand at it.'

"And so the mayor made them a speech from the balcony, but they jeered him to his face. Then another spoke, and they chaffed him, calling him all sorts of abusive names, and the speech-making increased the uproar.

"I stood, a little withdrawn from the window, looking across the street, and I saw a man on the sidewalk having a piece of a United States flag in his button-hole. I inquired who he was, and was answered that that was Mumford, who had torn down the flag, and that it was a piece of it he wore in his hutton-hole. I told my orderly, who was standing near me, to take a look at the man, so that he would know him if he saw him again. [General Butler subsequently executed Mumford by hanging him to the flag-pole from which he had torn the United States flag.—EDS. ARGONAUT.]

"Then the mob raised the cry: 'Where's old Butler? Let him show himself; let him come out here if he dare.' The cry was echoed around for a moment: 'Where's old Butler?'

"I thought it my privilege to answer that call. I stepped forward on the balcony in full sight, with my cap in my hand, and, looking on the crowd, as unmoved as possible, said: 'Who calls me? I am here.' That answer brought a hush, and just at that time a wonderful noise directed my attention up St. Charles Street. The cause of it was in a moment apparent. The Sixth Maine Battery, a finely equipped artillery company, with six Napoleons, under Captain Thompson, had been encamped in Tivoli Circle. St. Charles Street, down which the battery was coming, was, at that time, paved with foot-square granite blocks, which were in a very uneven condition. Thompson was one of the most dare-devil, furious riders I ever saw, and he was leading his battery down the street, as if there were nobody in it, every horse driven at the fullest speed, and the hugles sounding the charge. No one who has not seen such a charge can imagine the terrible noise and clamor it makes, the cannoneers clinging to their seats, and the wheels of the guns hounding up inches as they thunder over the uneven stones. As I said, the mob was hushed. They turned their eyes on the approaching avalanche and then sought safety in flight. By the time Captain Thompson saluted as he went by, the whole street was cleared; and when he came 'into battery' at the corner, with three guns to clear each street, the scene was as quiet as a children's play-ground."

General Butler relates in detail tbe genesis of "General Order No. 28," whereby any woman, who, by "word, gesture, or movement," should "insult or show contempt for any officer or soldier of the United States," should be "regarded and held liable to be treated as a woman of the town, plying her avocation." After telling many of the insults—the harsh words, the spitting in the face, the throwing of dirty water from the windows—be says:

"After careful thought and deliberation as to the best method of meeting this unique but dangerous entanglement, and running over in my mind a form for the order, I remembered that, for the purpose of revision of city ordinances, I had once read an old English ordinance, which I thought, with a few changes, *mutatis mutandis*, might accomplish the purpose. There was one thing certain about it; it must be an order that would execute itself, otherwise it would stir up more strife in its execution by the police than it would quell. My troops were New England soldiers, and, consequently, men well bred in every courtesy toward women, for a well-behaved woman can safely travel alone all through New England. I did not fear that any one of them would conduct himself in such a way that he could not look me in the face and tell me of it if I asked him. I was not afraid on that score. I was only afraid the order would not be understood by the women. There was no case of aggression after that order was issued, no case of insult by word or look against our officers or soldiers while in New Orleans. The order executed itself. No arrests were ever made under it or because of it. All the ladies in New Orleans forebore to insult our troops because they didn't want to be deemed common women, and all the common women forebore to insult our troops because they wanted to be deemed ladies, and of those two classes were all the women secessionists of the city."

To bis congressional services General Butler devotes considerable space, and congratulates bimself that the legal-tender greenback for wbich he so long fought was made constitutional money within his lifetime. To his governorship he devotes little space. He takes credit for having broken the custom of Harvard of conferring a degree of LL. D. upon any person, worthy or unwortby, who chanced to be elected governor of Massacbusetts.

Summing up bis war record, be recounts the many successful acbievements, closing with this italicised sentence: "In all military movements I never met with disaster nor uselessly sacrificed the lives of my men."

General Butler dedicates his book "To the Good and Brave Soldiers of tbe Grand Army of tbe Republic."

Churton Collins is rather late in accusing Tennyson of plagiarism, but he has set certain circles in England agog over the energetic manner in which he has gone about it, naming in the laureate's poems many passages which be declares are taken bodily from Virgil, Lucretius, and Theocritus, together with phrases from the early English poets.

Max O'Rell says that by the wedding ceremony the Frenchwoman gains her liberty, the Englishwoman loses hers, and the American woman continues to do as she pleases.

THE BRITISH SUCCESSION.

"Cockaigne" on Princess May's Spinsterhood and the Salic Law.

The cable dispatches bave doubtless left little to be said concerning the sad and uotimely death of poor Prince Albert Victor of Wales (lately better known as the Duke of Clarence and Avondale) that would be likely to ioterest the American reader. Yet, at tbe moment, the melancholy topic is one of so absorbing a cbaracter tbat there is virtually nothiog else to write about which would convey any idea of the current of public thought in England. Of all those who call for the nation's sympathy in the bereavement, I think that "Princess May" comes in for the largest share. Few people can adequately realize what tbe blow is to her. Not only has she lost the grand estate which the position of Queen of England (as wife of the reigning king) confers, and would have been hers had she and her chosen husbaod survived the queen and Prince of Wales, but she has been bereft of tbe man sbe dearly and truly loved. All but a queen and all but a bride, she is a widow and yet not a widow.

The wish that Prince George might marry her I have heard expressed, and tbe same thought came into my mind when I thougbt of the poor forlorn girl. Perbaps she would not have him and perhaps he may have formed another attachment. But love among princes, so far as it affects marriage, is a rare commodity. The wonder and admiration at that shown by the poor Duke of Clarence in his choice of a wife, demonstrated the fact of its uncommonness. It is doubtful if tbere will be another instance of it in the royal family. Prince George will most likely do just as he is bid, and if tbe queen and Prince of Wales told him to, be would no doubt obediently rescue the sorrowiog princess from the fate of spinsterhood wbicb now overhangs her future. I myself strongly question if she will ever marry any one. Whether she would refuse, or be justified in refusing, to marry Prince George, is hard to say. Did she feel so inclined, it is not improbable tbat tbe "advice" of tbose in high places would be taken and end in her acquiescence.

However, it is only the veriest speculation at present. That Prince George will be forced to marry some one ere long, would seem to be certain. He and his father are tbe only males that bar the way to another queen's ascent of the throne. I bave heard the suggestion tbat the Salic law, abolished at the last settlement of tbe Britisb crown, sbould be reinstated, and tbe Duke of Edinburgb be made preferable to the Ducbess of Fife. It seems really a pity that it should not be.

"I don't see what objection there is to another queen," I heard a lady of title say, a day or two ago. "I'm sure we couldn't have a better sovereign than our present great and good queen."

"Yes, of course," sounded the acquiescent voices of those about her—people who would not dare to breathe a contrary view (no matter wbat they thougbt and believed) tbat would give the faintest impression of disloyalty to Queen Victoria. "Yes, of course."

"But are we likely ever again to have such a perfect queen as ours?" asked a young man, more courageous than the others, for, at first, the others glanced suspiciously at him, as be knew tbey would, thinking his mere questioning of the first proposition was positive treason. But, by degrees, the justice of the remark dawned upon tbem, and be had many backers.

But tbe question as to wbether tbe English throne should eventually be occupied by a king or a queen is, after all, not a matter of sucb grave importance as one would be led to suppose by the deep solicitude one hears expressed. What earthly difference can it make—could it make? The prime minister of tbe moment is the virtual uncrowned King of England. Who and what *he* is, or may be, is tbe thing to care about. Whether the puppet—wbose strings be pulls from time to time as bis party's policy may dictate—wears trousers or petticoats, can not signify. With the House of Commons at bis back, he can snap his fingers. Neither a king nor queen can carry the chancellor of the excbequer's "Budget" each year, and that withheld from passage, where would the money come from? Not one out of a thousand Englishmen, wbo prate of good government under this or that king or queen, ever thinks of tbe "Budget." So that it really seems to be mere waste of breath to bother about who is going to succeed to the crown. Let it be a man, or let it be a woman—wbo cares? And it is, in every respect, better that it should be so. Better far a long line of puppets than one German Emperor of the stamp of the present bumptious young man.

And, by tbe bye, let me observe, while referring to the Kaiser, tbat his indifferent bebavior (compared with that of the other reigning monarchs of Europe) in regard to the sad event of Prince Albert Victor's demise has caused considerable talk. I suppose it is because he does not care for the Prince of Wales, whose connection with the scandalous baccarat case he was so incensed at. But one does not expect, even from swash-buckling young emperors, brutish resentment and ill-feeling kept up at such a time.

One of the comments of the moment on the state of affairs, so far as the succession to the crown is concerned, is that the queen would have performed not only a graceful but a wise act by retiring on the completion of her jubilee in 1887. One can hardly understand her motive as a mother in keeping her son off the throne until be is an old man. One would think she would find far greater happiness in seeing him the king while she lived, than in merely knowing that he will be such when she is gone. Had she abdicated in '87, that would have conferred upon the Prince of Wales a four years' reign already, and have given poor Albert Victor the pleasure of being the Prince of Wales. Can it be that the good old lady has her doubts as to the advisability of putting the crown on Albert Edward's head until it is obliged to go there? If so, sbe can hardly blame her subjects for being dubious as to the same gentleman. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, January 23, 1892.

A MODEL CASHIER.

After the disagreeable summer of that rainy year of our Lord 1891, Parisians generally, and the residents upon the Rue des Archives in particular, were disposed to make the most of the sunny days of a charming autumn. Accordingly, M. Auguste Navet decided to improve a few of the fine days by accepting the invitation of an old army comrade living near Dijon. He intended to spend some pleasant hours in shooting larks and thrushes, and, perchance, a few young partridges, if fortune were favorable.

It was, no doubt, hard for him to tear himself away from the cares of a prosperous business (buttons wholesale, patented at home and abroad); but he really needed a vacation, and then Jules Caniveau would be in charge during his absence. Jules was a model cashier, and the confidential clerk of Navet, who was very proud of him. With him at the head of affairs, there was nothing to fear. The orders would be promptly filled, and the cash would be found correct to a centime every evening. Then, again, Mme. Navet, who lived in the building in which the shop was located, would visit it regularly. The eye of the master would be replaced by that of the mistress. A better arrangement could not possibly have been made.

Early in October, M. Navet bought a complete hunting outfit, and on a Saturday made his adieux to his wife. The parting was not particularly affecting. There had been a coldness between monsieur and madame for a long time. Mme. Olympe Navet, *née* Lafleur, was of a dreamy and romantic nature, and had hardly been able to endure life with her husband, a man entirely practical and commonplace. Auguste, devoted to his business, had no time to make love to his wife. He seldom opened his mouth, except at table, and then mainly to bolt his food. His appetite satisfied, he became a little more talkative just before leaving her for his business after breakfast, or after dinner for the Café de la Terrasse, where he was accustomed to meet some old customers, and was considered very expert at dominoes and bezique. Poor Olympe vegetated, then, in all the matured charms of her thirty-three years, having no excitement beyond the exchange of calls with a few lady friends; she often wondered if life had nothing more to offer her than a husband absorbed in business and a view of the carriages which passed under her window. She was neither sorry nor glad when her husband left her, yet she seemed to feel a sense of relief.

The next day she descended to the shop to help pass away the time, and also to comply with her husband's request. Jules Caniveau gave her the details of the business, and inquired about her health with an appearance of much interest. Jules was a charming fellow, hardly thirty-five years old, with a black mustache and a pair of brilliant eyes behind elegant eye-glasses. His manners were easy and agreeable. Olympe had always thought him fine-looking, but as she had never had any lengthy conversation with him, she had not fully appreciated his amiable qualities. Two days were sufficient for this study.

* * * * * * *

Meanwhile, Auguste and his friend traversed hill and dale, did a little shooting, ate a good deal, and drank still more. The pure air, the sun, and the good wine worked wonders on the honest button merchant, who had never felt so happy in his life.

When, at the end of a week, the voice of duty made itself heard, it was not without a struggle that he listened to its promptings. He notified his wife by telegraph of his return, and sadly started for Paris, cursing, for the first time in his life, the button trade, matrimony, and the Rue des Archives. However, his regrets disappeared in some measure when he set foot upon the pavement of the metropolis. The stir of the great city, the noise, and the excitement which seems to electrify its air, soon regained its hold upon him.

It was six o'clock in the evening when he arrived at his shop, which he was surprised to find already closed. Having a key to a rear door, he entered that way, without disturbing the *concierge*. Nothing unusual appeared at first sight, except a large envelope exposed on the desk of Jules Caniveau, which he immediately opened, as it bore this superscription:

To M. Auguste Navet,
Paris.

It contained the following letter:

MONSIEUR: Madame your wife desires me to notify you herewith that she has decided to leave you. As she has persuaded me to accompany her, and as I do not consider it my duty to decline the great inducements that she has offered me, I beg leave to request that you will regard us both as no longer connected with your honorable house.

I have collected notes and accounts, as per memorandums No. 7 and 8, bills receivable book, amounting to	fr. 58,591.75
Add receipts for last eight days'	3,997.25
" cash balance per cash book.....	827.30
Making a total of.....	fr. 63,416.30
From this amount it will be proper to deduct:	
1. The dowry of madame your wife, resumed by her, say	fr. 50,000.00
2. My guarantee deposit.....	10,000.00
3. Seventeen days' salary to date at 500 francs per month.	283 22
4. Six months' pay as indemnity on account of irresistible influence exercised by a person for whose acts you are legally responsible.....	3,000 00
	fr. 63,283 22

You will find inclosed the difference in your favor, amounting to 133.08 francs, with which you will please credit me to balance the account.

I leave the books posted up to date and correct, according to my invariable custom, and beg you, monsieur, to accept our warmest regards.

PARIS, October 17, 1891. Signed: JULES CANIVEAU.
Read and approved: Signed: OLYMPE NAVET, *née* Lafleur.
P. S. We are going abroad *(poste restante)*.

Auguste Navet believed at first that he would have a fit of illness. But, after a little reflection, he saw that his having a fever would not help matters in the least, and he applied himself to his business with renewed vigor.

"After all," said he, the other day, to a friend at the Café de la Terrasse, "what troubles me is not that wretched Jules carrying off my wife. In that, he did me a service."

"Well, then," said one of the party, "what are you angry about?"

"It is with her! To rob me of a cashier so scrupulous, so exact! Never will I be able to find his equal!"—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Maurice Dancourt in Le Journal Amusant.*

OLD FAVORITES.

Mother and Poet.

LAURA SAVIO, OF TURIN, AFTER THE NEWS FROM GAETA, 1861.

Dead! One of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the feast,
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
Let none look at *me!*

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
And good at my art, for a woman, men said;
But *this* woman, THIS, who is agonized here,
The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head
Forever, instead.

What art can a woman be good at? Oh, vain!
What art *is* she good at, but hurting her breast
With the milk-teeth of babes, and a smile at the pain?
Ah, boys, how you hurt! *you* were strong as you pressed,
And *I* proud, by that test.

What arts for a woman? To hold on her knees
Both darlings; to feel all their arms round her throat
Cling, strangle a little; to sew by degrees
And broider the long clothes and neat little coat;
To dream and to dote!

To teach them . . . It stings there! *I* made them, indeed,
Speak plain the word *country*. *I* taught them, no doubt,
That a country's a thing men should die for at need.
I prated of liberty, rights, and about
The tyrant cast out.

And when their eyes flashed . . . O my beautiful eyes! . . .
I exulted; nay, let them go forth at the wheels
Of the guns, and denied not. But then the surprise
When one sits quite alone! Then one weeps, then one kneels!
God, how the house feels!

At first happy news came—in gay letters, moiled
With my kisses—of camp-life and glory, and how
They both loved me; and, soon coming home to be spoiled,
In return would fan off every fly from my brow
With their green laurel bough.

Then was triumph at Turin. Ancona was free!
And some one came out of the cheers in the street,
With a face pale as stone, to say something to me:
My Guido was dead! I fell down at his feet,
While they cheered in the street.

I bore it; friends soothed me; my grief looked sublime
As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained
To be leaned on and walked with, recalling the time
When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained
To the height he had gained.

And letters still came, shorter, sadder, more strong,
Writ now but in one hand: I was not to faint—
One loved me for two—would be with me ere long;
And, "*Viva l' Italia!* he died for—our saint—
Who forbids our complaint."

My Nanni would add: He was safe, and aware
Of a presence that turned off the balls—was impressed
It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear,
And how 'twas impossible, quite dispossessed,
To live on for the rest.

On which, without pause, up the telegraph-line
Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta:—*Shot.*
Tell his mother. Ah, ah, "his," "their" mother, not "mine";
No voice says "*My* mother" again to me. What!
You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with heaven,
They drop earth's affections, conceive not of woe?
I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven
Through that Love and Sorrow which reconciled so
The Above and Below.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who look'dst through the dark
To the face of Thy Mother! consider, I pray,
How we common mothers stand desolate, mark
Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes turned away,
And no last word to say.

Both boys dead? But that's out of nature. We all
Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one.
'Twere imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall;
And, when Italy's made, for what end is it done
If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta's taken, what then?
When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport
Of the fire-balls of death, crashing souls out of men?
When the guns of Cavalli, with final retort,
Have cut the game short?

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,
When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green, and red,
When you have a country from mountain to sea,
And King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,
(And I have my dead)—

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells low,
And burn your lights faintly. *My* country is *there*,
Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow;
My Italy's THERE, with my brave civic PAIR,
To disfranchise despair!

Forgive me. Some women bear children in strength,
And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn;
But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length
Into wail such as this; and we sit on, forlorn,
When the man-child is born.

Dead! One of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Both, both my boys! If, in keeping the feast,
You want a great song for your Italy free,
Let none look at *me!*

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

Lord Chief-Justice Coleridge and other distinguished sufferers from influenza in London, are said to have received circular letters from an enterprising syndicate manager asking how many times they sneeze in the earlier stages of the disease, if at all, and what is the general character of the sneezes. Perhaps the syndicate has a doctor at its helm.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Henry Labouchère says, in *Truth:* "Personally I do not feel the slightest loyalty toward the royal family; indeed, I do not understand the meaning of the term 'royal family.' My loyalty to the queen is a feeling of respect for the visible emblem of the laws that we ourselves have made."

Captain Osborne, the husband of the lady who figured in the recent great pearl trial in London, is about to be transferred to some cavalry regiment in India. Life in England, just now, can scarcely be agreeable to him. Captain Osborne is the smallest dragoon in the Carabineers, as well as the most diminutive officer in the army.

Count Mazzuchelli, who blew out his brains with a revolver the other day, was the captain of a crack Austrian dragoon regiment and the chief of one of the most ancient and honored patrician families of Venice. The count killed himself at the close of a stormy interview with a well-known jeweler, whose demands for payment of his wife's bills he was unable to meet. She is a very beautiful and extravagant woman.

Prince Borghese and Prince Piombino are said to be in a very bad way financially. Originally Principe di Piombino sold his land at a high price, but becoming dissatisfied at finding the price of land in the Quartiere Ludovici rising, he actually bought back at a higher rate, and then, when the crash came, he, among others, suffered. Whole streets of high shells of houses unfinished, and, at present, unlikely to be finished, stand where stood formerly the exquisite Ludovici Gardens. Borghese has just gone through bankruptcy.

It is reported to have seemed like old times when Mr. Edmunds appeared on the floor of the Senate the other day and exchanged greetings with his former associates and comrades. The ex-senator was present in Washington to argue a law case before the supreme court, where his practice frequently brings him. His earnings from the law are large, for he is reported to accept no smaller retainer than two thousand dollars for cases of importance; but he is a man of generous instincts, and his accumulated fortune is by no means great.

Prince Henry of Battenberg has gone on a yachting cruise in the Mediterranean all by himself. The queen is said to have been much pleased with Battenberg's sympathetic demeanor during the Duke of Clarence's illness and the ready manner in which he made himself useful during the funeral. Hence this holiday and also the announcement that the good young man's brother, Prince Louis of Battenberg, is to have the post, coveted by all naval officers, of commander of the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*. Already his English is nearly as good as that of the queen's son, the Duke of Edinburgh.

Hunting-fields in many English counties have lately borne evidence that influenza does not confine its attacks to the weakly and lethargic. Some of the most active sportsmen, whose constant exercise should keep them in perfect condition, have succumbed first. Lord Harrington, Master of the South Notts, whose wiry frame seemed proof against all the rigors of climate, has been down for many weeks a victim to the mysterious ailment. Among those to whom the disease has proved fatal is Mr. W. C. Rayer, the oldest M. F. H. (except the Duke of Beaufort) in the West Country. He became Master of the Tiverton Hounds numberless years ago.

Emperor Francis Joseph has just conferred the appointment of court-councilor upon Dr. von Krafft-Ebbing, the greatest authority upon diseases of the mind in Eastern Europe, and the proprietor of the famous insane asylum at Doebling, near Vienna, and also of the branch establishment thereof at Gratz. Among those who have been under treatment by the newly created councilor are Emperor Francis Joseph's sisters-in-law, the Duchess of Alençon, and the ex-Empress Carlotta of Mexico; his uncle, the Archduke Leopold; his cousin, the Prince of Montenuovo; King Otto of Bavaria, the German Emperor's mother-in-law, the Duchess of Augustenburg, the Duchess of Cumberland, and others.

As General Tournon, of the Italian army, was returning to his garrison at Ravenna, a few weeks ago, he entered into conversation with a dignified old man sitting in the same compartment of the railway-car. In the course of the discussion, the general expressed his admiration for the Italian school of music, while the stranger, in eloquent terms, upheld the superiority of the German composers. "Say what you will," finally broke out the soldier, after vain attempts to convince his companion of the correctness of his views, "but one act of 'Rigoletto' is worth more, in my opinion, and contains more genuine music, than all the operas and works of the German composers combined." "I thank you for the compliment," came the reply, "which flatters me, as I am Verdi; but despite that, I can not agree with you."

The unexpected succession of Prince George of Wales to his brother's place as heir-presumptive, recalls the fact that there are many heirs to British peerages who started life without any such expectation. A year ago, Viscount Cantelupe's yachting accident made his younger brother, then in trade, heir to the Earldom of Delawarr. The Earl of Dalkeith, who will succeed to the enormous possessions and revenues of the Dukedom of Buccleuch, owes his position to a rifle accident in a Scotch deer-forest. His elder brother, while deer-stalking, stumbled over his weapon, which went off, and he died as he lay on the hill-side. The Earl of Aberdeen had two brothers older than himself in direct succession to the broad acres around Haddo House. The first disappeared, leaving no trace behind him. The second brother was accidentally shot at Cambridge. Lord Leigh, of Stoneleigh Abbey, lost his eldest son, and his second son came into direct succession to the family honors. It was during a big hunting expedition in the Rocky Mountains that Gilbert Leigh fell over a precipice on the Big Horn Mountains and was killed. The Earl of Ranfurley also owes his title to an accident which befell his elder brother while shooting in Abyssinia.

LEGISLATIVE SLUGGERS.

"Parisina" describes the Shindy in the Chamber of Deputies.

Minister Constans boxed M. Laur's ears before the whole Chamber! Paris is thrilling with the news. For twenty-four hours no one talked of anything else. M. Laur, one of the stanch supporters of Boulangism (the party still exists, though the head is no more), alluding to M. Constans, defied the government to shield a man "branded by public opinion." It was rather strong language to use in speaking of a cabinet minister, but in all probability would not have excited the fury of M. Constans, had it not capped a series of abusive articles which appeared lately in the *Intransigeant*—articles in which not only are his political acts distorted, but his private character is torn to shreds. We may imagine Constans's rage to have been simmering for some time, and then suddenly, when Laur heaped on fresh fuel, it bubbled up and overflowed; the long-suffering politician jumped up from his seat on the ministerial bench, utterly regardless of Freycinet, who was plucking gently at his coat-tails (a wonderfully gentle man, Freycinet, for a minister of war), rapidly crossed the space in front of the tribune, jostling a peripatetic deputy by the way, and just caught Laur with his foot on the bottom stair. In a trice his left hand was on his adversary's coat-collar, and, before you could wink, he had boxed his ears biff! biff! Some of those who were in front declare that, having boxed Laur's ears, Constans lifted his boot and made as if he intended to kick him also; but this last point is shrouded in mystery, for the deputies started to their feet as one man, friends rushed to the rescue, and there was such a crowd about the combatants that it was very difficult to see what either did or did not do. However, Laur, very red in the face, as he might very well be, certainly called out: "Sir! so you would make a quarrel; I shan't satisfy you!" This sounded pusillanimous.

A box on the ear is the modern French challenge to mortal combat, and, according to the laws of honor, must be washed out in blood. Ministers and other functionaries of the state used not to be called upon to decide such matters in the field; but then they seldom if ever condescended to corporeal chastisement. However, since the famous duel between Floquet and Boulanger, we may expect anything. Parliamentary squalls are certainly the order of the day.

No sooner had Constans worked his will on Laur's cheeks, than there arose a tumult indeed. A M. Delpech, a ministerial deputy, flourishing his fist in the direction of some of the Radical benches, called out: "When will those roughs cease to interrupt the business of the Chamber?" Whereupon one of them retorts: "You said 'roughs,' sir! Repeat it, sir!" "Yes; roughs, roughs!" Biff! Biff! another pair of ears were boxed. In the meantime, some one had hurled a dictionary, which had missed its aim and struck the cheek of one of the on-lookers.

When anarchy reigns in the House, when repeated efforts to quell a disorder have proved ineffectual, when the president has rung his bell in vain, when all means have failed, what does the president do? *He puts on his hat!* So M. Floquet—the greatness of the occasion warranted stringent measures—seized his silk hat and placed it on his head. The meeting adjourned; but the fighting was not over by any means. The deputies poured out into the anterooms, where the irascible ministerial member quarreled with two other men, and a couple of journalists interchanged blows in the lobby.

I must say M. Constans behaved very well. Once his rage had evaporated, he tendered his apologies to his colleagues of the cabinet, and, peace being restored finally and the meeting resumed after an hour's *entr'acte*, he mounted the tribune and, in a few honest, straightforward words, begged pardon for his violence. And this was generously granted, the cabinet obtaining an overpowering majority on the question at issue.

M. Laur came off less brilliantly. After ranting about for some time, his friends decided to telegraph to Rochefort for instructions—for Rochefort in exile away in London is still the soul as well as the nominal head of the party. This was the reply they got—a reply which they published in the next edition of the *Intransigeant:* "We do not cross swords with a thief, a violator of maidens, a blackleg. We do not bring an action against him in a country where there is no justice and where the magistrates are knaves. Signed: Henri Rochefort."

These few lines will give you an idea of the sort of abuse that has been poured out by the *Intransigeant;* every manner of crime, every vice, has been attributed to the minister of the interior. According to it, he has robbed and pillaged the state, while in private life he has sunk to the lowest depths of degradation. No wonder M. Constans boxed the first pair of ears that offered!

Rochefort used to be one of the most caustic, as he was certainly one of the cleverest, writers of his time. But instead of the barbed point which served him for a pen, he now uses a trowel; he plasters his adversaries with mud and filth, less dangerous, doubtless, but more disagreeable. Moreover, as is apparent in the affair in question, he does not know his own mind. When he found that public opinion did not by any means set in M. Laur's favor, he bethought him that his advice had not been quite the best he could have offered. So the wires were set to work again.

"London.—You had better call a committee of honor and explain the facts. If it decides, you can fight with this *canaille*, send him seconds, choose pistols, and do not miss him." So telegraphed Rochefort.

"Done," responded Laur; "I fight and prosecute." This laconic message was followed by a letter, in which Laur sets forth his reasons in no mild language, describing his adversary, whom he designates as "Constans Borgia," as a "dictator who dishonors his country"—a sort of "mud-king," and finishing with this amiable flourish: "Shall we, the sons of those who guillotined Louis the Sixteenth, hesitate to shoot the tyrant whom you have nicknamed 'Constans the Shameless'? . . . To kill him should be a measure of public safety. To be able to kill him legally is a piece of unheard-of good fortune. I accept it with joy; I will not miss him."

In reply, Rochefort cables some bits of sage advice, suggested by his satanic humor. "Refuse to treat with the villain's seconds if they do not seem trustworthy. Be careful in the choice of your seconds. And see the pistols loaded."

In the meanwhile, "Constans Borgia" had refused to fight M. Laur, or to receive his seconds. It is reported officially that the minister would doubtless have accepted the challenge had it reached him immediately after the scene in the House; but that the time M. Laur had taken to consider the matter entirely modified the situation. According to the etiquette of dueling, the challenge should immediately follow on the assault; whereas it is an absolute rule of the *code d'honneur* that the injured party should abstain from public recriminations while the affair is pending. On the other hand, it appears that it would have been more "correct" had M. Constans consented to see the seconds of the man he had so publicly chastised.

All this, I daresay, seems very puerile to the reader. But here in France affairs of honor are looked upon as extremely serious, and it is rank heresy even to question the forms and usages in connection with them. There may be little or no honor on either side, but forms must be considered. The most proper way is not to quarrel with your man at all, and merely provoke him to mortal combat through the instrumentality of two friends. But if your hasty temper has got the better of you, if, like M. Constans, you have been tempted to box the ears of some one who has grievously maligned you, then you are bound to afford him reparation; whereas he, on his side, must not pocket the affront were it only for a few hours, nor must he hesitate nor take the public into his confidence; his action should be swift and rapid, the challenge treading closely on the heels of the affront. This being the case, the epilogue of the little drama played out at the Chamber was by no means such as to please the formalist.

M. Delpech and his antagonist went the ordinary way to work; and yesterday they met in the woods of Vesinet, and after a short combat, M. Castelin's sword pierced the thick part of M. Delpech's sword-arm, so putting it out of his power to prolong the encounter. The news did not prevent two other gentlemen, who considered themselves affronted, from challenging the wounded man. At the same time, we learn that M. Laur has dispatched his seconds to one of the staff of the *Nation* to demand reparation for an article he stigmatizes as injurious.

So there will be much blood shed in a few days, though it is not probable any more vital part will bleed than an arm or a little finger. Despite the endless accounts of duels published in the papers, and also the sanguinary threats of M. Laur—who declared that he practiced pistol-shooting the other day on a man of straw, and that out of twelve balls eleven would have "done for" his unfortunate victim had he stood in the place of the figure!—the uninitiated foreigner must bear in mind that dueling in France is, after all, a mild pastime and certainly less dangerous than foot-ball.

Paris, January 22, 1892. Parisina.

The members of the Jockey Club in Paris have been called on to arbitrate in a curious controversy between Counts Joseph Potocki and Bavaros-Re on one side and twenty Hungarian magnates on the other side. The Jockey Club must decide the validity of a wager of seven hundred and twenty thousand francs made at the time that Count Potocki's famous trotter, Cade, was to have run at Buda-Pesth. The horse was wounded on the way from Poland to Hungary, and the race did not take place. Many members of the club, as well as of the Vienna Jockey Club, are now in Galicia, the scene of the accident. The railway-carriage in which the horse was transported is under seal, and it is supposed that the debates will be very exciting before judgment is given.

A recent report of casualties to shipping shows some remarkable facts in regard to the great age of some craft still in active service. Thirty-nine sailing vessels mentioned in the report are between fifty and sixty years old, eighteen between sixty and seventy years, thirty between seventy and a hundred, while six have been afloat during a century. This is, of course, only a part of the list of ancient craft still in service, and the vessels referred to are sea-going craft, and not barges or river-boats. It is, however, probable that there is exceedingly little of the original structure left in the old ships. Constant repairing and refitting has almost rebuilt them; but while one plank of the original remains, the vessel retains its identity.

A portrait of "Dolly" Madison, mistress of the White House when the British invaded Washington in the War of 1812–14, is attracting attention at the national capital. The likeness was obtained by copying Gilbert Stuart's picture of Mrs. Madison, in the Corcoran Gallery, and adding to this, which merely includes the face and bust, a figure. For costume the artist, E. F. Andrews, has relied upon a yellow-satin overskirt and embroidered white petticoat known to have been worn at one of Mrs. Madison's receptions by another lady of that day. The picture represents the bewitching "Dolly" in a garden walk, with a simple background of autumn foliage, a few leaves being strewn in the pathway, giving color to the foreground.

A series of rainy days has given the advanced dress-reformers of Boston a chance to test thoroughly the "rainy-day dresses." Mrs. M. S. Ingersoll, who seems to be a leader in the movement, says, in relating her experiences, that she was stared at on the streets, but not "guyed." The foot-wear of this costume may be patent-leather boots to the calves, loose, wrinkled calf-skin boots, or leggins over ordinary shoes.

An Indian, of Devil's Lake, N. D., forged the name of Major Waugh to a check, passed it successfully, and disappeared with the cash.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Mme. Melba recently made her first appearance at Palermo, as Lucia. She created an unprecedented furor. The mad-scene was encored three times, followed by eighteen recalls. This was evidently a *succès de scandale.*

Christine Nilsson's return to her native country of Sweden as wife of the Spanish embassador, the Count de la Casa Miranda, rounds out well her romance of real life. She was a farmer's child on the hills when her gift of song was discovered, and, after a most fortunate life as Queen of Song on two continents, she returns as a member of the Swedish court.

Miss Stella Hoyle, of Troy, N. Y., promptly arose in a crowded street-car recently and gave her seat to a crippled old gentleman who had entered. He asked her name and address, and she has just received from the grateful recipient of her kindness a diamond necklace. Young lady passengers may find it worth while to act according to Hoyle under like circumstances.

Miss Harriet Monroe, who writes the "Ode to the World's Fair," is a Chicago woman. She is not yet twenty-six years of age, but has been writing for eight years. Her first piece of work was a paper on "Shelley as a Poet and Philosopher," which was read before the Fortnightly Literary Club. Such critics as R. W. Gilder, R. L. Stevenson, and E. C. Stedman read and praised it. Her latest work is a small volume of poems.

A recent number of the *Queen* gives a conversation alleged to have occurred between the Countess Leo Tolstoï and Miss Isabella Hapgood, of New York. The countess, as is well known, does not share the paradoxical ideals of her husband. "All my husband's disciples," said she, frankly, to the New York woman, "are small, blonde, sickly, and homely," and she went on to say that they drift into idiocy by following the count's teachings.

Mme. Adam, the famous editor of the *Nouvelle Revue* of Paris, recently sent out invitations for a series of receptions, and inscribed on the cards the words "to talk." She says that the musicales which have amused Parisian society of recent years show the decadence of the drawing-room, a decadence she is desirous of checking. "There must still be some thirty or forty women left in Paris who know how to converse, and I will try to gather them together," says Mme. Adam.

Miss Rosina Vokes has accepted Miss Molly Elliott Seawell's new play, "Maid Marian," and intends to make it the principal card in her repertoire next season. "Maid Marian" is a dramatization of a story of similar name that Miss Seawell wrote for one of the magazines two years ago. It is a story with an old-time flavor, for the scene is laid in Shakespeare's day. The author is a very brilliant young woman who, while successful in literature and journalism, has found time to become an adornment to Washington society.

Archduchess Valerie of Austria, who has just given birth to a little girl, is the youngest and favorite child of the Emperor and Empress of Austria. Moreover, she is especially popular among her father's subjects by reason of the fact that she is the living token of the reconciliation which was brought about between her parents on the eve of their coronation as King and Queen of Hungary in 1867. She swims like an otter, rides almost as well and as fearlessly as her mother, fences and shoots with great skill, and is a sure-footed mountaineer.

The late Dowager Duchess Louisa of Bavaria, widow of the Duke Maximilian, was renowned as the mother of five daughters, all famous for their beauty and accomplishments. The Cinderella of the family was the Duchess Elizabeth, now Empress of Austria. She was a madcap maiden, not to say a tomboy, and the emperor saw her for the first time when he came to betroth himself to an elder sister, the beautiful Duchess Helen, who, at her death a few years ago, was accounted the handsomest and most intellectual woman in Europe. But the emperor fell in love with Elizabeth at sight, and, a few months later, she entered Vienna in state as Empress of Austria and Queen of Hungary.

The Empress of Germany is in the habit of writing, for a few minutes daily, in her diary. Nobody ever sees the contents of the diary, not even the emperor. At the close of the year, a new diary is opened, and the old one, which has a locked clasp, is consigned to the iron safe containing her majesty's domestic jewelry, as she calls it, meaning the gems she is in the habit of wearing when state ceremony does not require her to deck herself with the public jewels of her exalted station. The same key serves for all the diaries, and the empress usually carries it attached to a chatelain at her waist. As her majesty is a keen observer of men and things, it is probable that the diaries record many curious impressions and some weighty secrets.

A lesson in good breeding was recently administered by the Parisian diva of café concert fame, Mlle. de Dio, to several high-born members of the *jeunesse dorée* of Vienna. A number of young cavalry officers coolly addressed a request to the songstress to take supper with them after the performance, without having been presented to her beforehand. Mlle. de Dio replied: "I am not in the habit of taking my meals with persons whom I do not know. However, since it seems that my presence at the supper will give you pleasure, I shall come." The supper was prepared in a dining-room at Sacher's famous restaurant, and the most delicate viands were washed down by wines worth their weight in gold. Almost immediately after the dessert, Mlle. de Dio complained that she had a violent headache and withdrew, leaving the men to continue drinking champagne for some time longer. At length the hour had come for breaking up the party, and the head-waiter was called to bring in the bill. "There is nothing to pay," replied the man; "Mlle. de Dio settled the bill before leaving."

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"The Mediterranean Shores of America" is the title of a new book on California by Dr. P. C. Remondino, of San Diego, which is soon to be issued by F. A. Davis, of Philadelphia. It will discuss the climatic, physical, and meteorological conditions of Southern California, a subject which Dr. Remondino is especially well fitted to treat. He is a member of many learned societies and has already issued several books and pamphlets which have interested the laity as well as his fellow-physicians.

An American woman is the latest editor of Burns. She announces an expurgated edition of the ploughman bard's poems, with "oo crudities of expression, no expletives, oo vulgarism, and no allusion to alcohol." Poor Burns!

Boston is to have a new periodical—a weekly—each number of which will contaio only the "Two Tales" of its title. The best work of the best writers is promised; and the two stories a week will include no reprints and no translations. This, at least, is the proclamation.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson has lost patience with the people who know so much more about his future plans than he happens to know himself; and he writes thus to an English journal:

"I shall be ever obliged to you if you will contradict a report which can ooly have been circulated in wantonoess, though I oow hear of it from all quarters. I have no more intention of leaving Samoa than of going to the North Pole. The climate and the life exactly suit me. If gentlemen of the press had half the employment that falls to me in what they call my life of idleness, they would lack the time to invent and circulate baseless rumors as to the health, the opinions, and the movements of a private perso."

Miss Mary E. Wilkins's first novel, eotitled "Jane Field," deals, like Miss Wilkins's short stories, with New England life. Miss Wilkins's play, "Giles Corey, Yeoman," will probably appear in four or five months.

Three of Whittier's early poems not reprinted by him in any collection of his writings were recently made public in the Boston *Journal*, and others were to follow. They were written before 1820, and one of them was issued in the Newburyport *Free Press* when edited by William Lloyd Garrison. One was called "The Murdered Lady" aod another was "The Spectre Warriors." Mr. Whittier has since requested the *Journal* to discontinue its reprinting of these poems, and it has at once complied.

A history of the United States Marine Corps, by Captain Richard S. Cullum, is announced by L. R. Hamersley & Co., of Philadelphia. It will contain incidents heretofore unpublished of the service, embracing a period of one hundred aod fifty years, with a number of full-page portraits of distinguished officers.

Mr. George Moore's "Vain Fortune" will be issued immediately. It is ootable for its "flashing side-lights thrown on unfamiliar phases of London life."

Under the title "Social Statistics of Cities," the March *Popular Science Monthly* will have a paper by Carroll D. Wright, comparing the area and population, and the cost of each department of public works, in fifty cities of the United States. The comparison contradicts some prevailing opinions as to what cities have the most expensive governments.

The *Century* is to follow up its War Series, Life of Lincoln, Kennan's Siberian papers, etc., by "a new, thorough, scholarly, and yet popular Life of Napoleon the First, by a distinguished American student and professor of history." Such a work may well be uodertaken now, in view of the abuodaot oew materials furnished by the opening of the differeot national archives and by the recent publication of various memoirs. Thus far, it is claimed, no dispassiooate biography of Napoleoo has appeared in either English or French. The life will, of course, be abuodantly illustrated.

Mrs. Alice Morse Earle's "The Sabbath in Puritan New Englaod" has proved to be one of the most popular books of the season, being now in its fourth edition. Sir Edwin Arnold's "Japonica" is another book for which the demaod has been exceptionally great.

Thomas Nelson Page has completed a new novel, entitled "Ellinor's Angels," which will soon be published.

A famous English bookman says that it is not always the sensational novel that scores; that the first great success he can recall was "The Koran," issued in London during the Turkish war in various editions, which sold faster than they could be printed.

It is said that "Mlle. Ixe," the story that brought "Lanoe Falconer" (Miss Mary Hawker) a small meed of fame, was sent from publisher to publisher for five long years before any one would accept it.

M. Zola says that M. Guy de Maupassant's madness was hereditary. His father, it is declared, "died a lunatic, and his mother, who still lives, is not in her right mind":

"Being rich, young, and famous, M. de Maupassant liked to amuse himself; but he was, at the same time, a hard-working and conscientious writer, until from a gay *bon vivant* he was transformed into a cantankerous misanthrope. He disdained to talk about literature or his own books, and 'told lies like a Norman.' Latterly he developed a mania for ballooning, and talked of his intentions to journey through air and over sea. M. Alexandre Dumas remained among the few friends whom the novelist could count upon since his transformatioo into a misanthrope. M. Zola despairs of the recovery of his colleague. It seems that when M. de Maupassant arrived in Paris, he was wrapped in a railway-rug, which hardly concealed the strait-waistcoat in which he had traveled from Cannes, and a silk-handkerchief was placed over the bandages round his throat. He seems an old man; his cheeks are sunk, aod the haggard look in his eyes indicate hut too clearly the nature of his fearful mental trouble. He had to be lifted out of the carriage, but he was able to walk to the station-master's office, where he lay in a state of prostration in an arm-chair."

It is said that of the first edition of Jerome Klapka Jerome's new magazine, the *Idler*, over two hundred thousand copies will be printed. A new periodical is announced in Londoo on the very heels of the *Idler*. It is to be edited and owned by the veteran journalist George Augustus Sala, and will be called *Sala's Journal*.

Mrs. Margaret Collier Graham will be remembered by *Argonaut* readers as the author of a number of striking stories which appeared in these columns. Mrs. Graham has written nothing for some years, but has agaio taken up the peo, and it is announced that a story by her is shortly to appear in one of the leading Eastern magazines.

Robert Grant has recently completed a short, semi-philosophical novel, which is highly spoken of by those who have had a sight of the manuscript. It will be called "The Meditations of a Married Man."

Dr. Andrew D. White will open the March *Popular Science Monthly* with a chapter on "Astronomy" in his Warfare of Science Series. The strenuous exertions made by both the Catholic and the Protestaot clergy to suppress the teachings of Copernicus and Galileo are set forth in this article with such strong evidence as to admit of oo denial or shifting of responsibility.

A new monthly magazioe, called *The Pacific Coast Photographer*, made its first appearance in San Francisco with the February number. It contains twenty pages and a photograph for a frontispiece.

Outing rejoices in the aonouncement that Thomas H. Stevens, its hero who went around the world on a bicycle, will return to its pages with an account of his successful trip, "from the German Ocean to the Black Sea in a steam-launch."

During the year 1891, 5,706 books were published in England, of which 4,427 were new works and 1,277 new editions. During this year and the years 1889 and 1890, there was a steady decline in the English figures. For 1888, the total of books was 6,591. Since 1888, novels, however, have shown a remarkable increase—from 580 io that year to 1,216 in 1891.

New Publications.

"How to Keep a Dog in the City," by "Mount Royal" (Wesley Mills, M. D., D. V. S.), is a sensible and valuable little treatise. Published by William Jenkins, New York; price, 25 cents; for sale by William Doxey.

"The New Mistress," a novel of English life, by George Manville Fenn, has been issued in the Series of Select Novels published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Prisons of Air," a story by Moncure D. Conway, and "For the Defeose," an Eoglish detective story by B. L. Farjeon, have been issued in paper covers by the J. W. Lovell Company, New York; price, 50 cents each; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

"Delsartean Physical Culture," by Carrica Le Favre, is a discussion and exposition of the Delsartean philosophy of expression, arranged for classes and iodividual instruction. Published by Fowler & Wells, New York; price, 25 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Margery Daw's Home Confectionery," by Lucy W. Bostwick, is a little volume of directions and recipes for the preparatioo of wholesome, palatable, and economical candies and comfits for home manufacture. Published at Brentano's, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

The new "Infaotry Drill Regulations of the United States Army," as reviseil and adopted by the Secretary of War, October 3, 1891, has been issued in paper covers and in blue leather binding by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 50 aod 75 cents, respectively; for sale by C. Beach and The Bancroft Company.

"Holy Names," by Rev. Julian K. Smith, is a series of sermons on the attributes of Christ as specified by Handel in his hymn, "Wonderful," "Counsellor," "The Mighty God," "The Everlasting Father," and "The Prince of Peace." Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, $1 00; for sale by the S. Carson Company.

The great success of Henry Drummond's little sermon on "The Greatest Thing in the World" has led to the publicntion of n number of essays in the same form, nmong which "Love and Forgiveness," a translation from the German, is one of the most notable. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, for sale by the booksellers.

"To refute the grossly inaccurate statements of the late President of the Confederacy," General N. P. Chipman has published "The Horrors of the Andersonville Rebel Prison," a compilation from the record of the Henry Wirz trial as published by Congress. Published and for sale by The Bancroft Company, San Francisco; price, 50 cents.

A series of fourteen maps of the United States, illustrative of the most important periods of territorial acquisition in our history, has been prepared by Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart, of Harvard. They are of decided value to the student of American history and to the general reader who would know at a glance what territory was ours at any particular period. Published by Loogmans, Green & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

A valuable little book to those who wish to koow something more than the approximate meaning of the words of the Eoglish language is "English Words: An Elementary Study in Derivations," by Professor Charles F. Johnsoo, of Trinity College, Hartford. Some of the chapters are "The Relationship of the English Language," "Sources of Modern English Words," "Literary Character of the Latin Derivatives," "Method of the Word-Forming Instinct," "Erroneous Derivations," "Odd and Disguised Derivations," "Surnames," and "Words of the Professions and Trades." Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The fourth volume of "The Memoirs of the Prince de Talleyrand," edited by the Duc de Broglie and translated by Mrs. Angus Hall, deals with the results of the revolutioo of 1830 in Belgium. In it we see Talleyrand's efforts to weaken the powers on France's northern frontier by giving Belgium distinct autonomy, and his efforts to induce England to befriend Poland as well as the great compliment paid to him by Englishmen of both parties in the important debate of September 31, 1831, in the British House of Lords. It is an interesting addition to a work that is all interesting, in spite of the more than careful editing of M. de Baucourt. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Johnson & Emigh.

"Jasmin: Barber, Poet, and Philanthropist" is the subject of a very readable biography by Samuel Smiles. Jasmin was a barber in a little town in Gascony, and was thirty-odd years of age when it was discovered that the little rhymes that he would make up in his Southern *patois* and sing to his customers, as he shaved them, were poetry of rare sweetness, melody, and grace. Soon he took to traveling about, reciting in public and giving the fees he received to charity; and so wide grew his fame and the field of his labors that he is said to have enriched various charities to the extent of one million five hundred thousand francs during his career. He was received with honor by learned societies and even by the French Academy, and, altogether, had a life such as no other barber in the world's history can boast. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, $1 25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Three charming short stories by Clinton Ross have been issued in a little volume entitled "Improbable Tales"—a title that is more striking than descriptive, for in these tales it is only the environment, and not the people, that is improbable. "The Pretender" is a modern young man who has some democratic notions but is expected to live up to his rôle of heir and pretender to an overturned throne, the throne of a republic. He also has some romantic ideas, but is betrothed to a princess whom he has never seen. We become vastly interested in the course of his wooing—for he, naturally, falls in love with the proud beauty, and she, as naturally, piqued at his long neglect, flouts his passion—and in the Quixotic revolution that he, spurred on by love, attempts. "The Peace of the Hills" is like one of Olive Schreiner's "dreams," with the mysticism and vagueness left out—it is the story of a young laborer who, determioog that a certain mill-owner typifies the rich who oppress such poor as he, attempts the assassination of the man—an attempt that fortunately fails, though the assassin does not learn that fact until he has beeo through much suffering of the kind that refines men's souls. "After the Play of 'The Rivals'" is in still a new field—a prettily told love-story of Sheridan's day. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, $1.25; for sale by the booksellers.

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VANITY FAIR.

"The fairer moiety of the town," writes Julian Ralph in an article on San Francisco in *Harper's Weekly*, "are almost Parisian in the fullness of their development, the graceful outlines of their forms, and the stylishness of their dress. The crowds are full of pretty women, and there is among them a greater abundance of that great concomitant and source of beauty, good health, than I remember ever to have noticed elsewhere. Very curiously, you see the two extremes, the blonde and brunette, side by side, and numerously represented. Of flaxen-haired, blue-eyed women, with complexions of rose-tint on wax, you see scores; of olive-faced, jet-haired, black-orbed daughters of the South, you meet hundreds. There is a Spanish foundation to the population and a Spanish colony in the city; there are many Portuguese, some French, and for the rest, they are of the hodge-podge of races that we call the American. The spectacle on Market Street is a particularly gay one, because the women wear more pronounced colors than you see even in Paris. I mean the women of the masses. The goods they wear are not different from those we see on our streets, but bright colors find a readier sale there than here. The effect is enlivening and picturesque to a degree, and it has to be taken largely into account, in considering the attractions of this noble street. It has pleased many San Franciscans, there and here, to assert that an Eastern man quickly discovers a freedom of behavior on the part of the women on the streets, a fondness for flirting, such as is witnessable nowhere else. Nevertheless, it is my opinion that there is no more orderly concourse in any city I ever visited than in San Francisco."

An Eastern man of science (says the Chicago *News*) wants to know "at what age a woman may marry," and for the sake of inducing argument he answers his own question with the statement that, in general, "a woman is wise who delays her marriage until she is twenty-four or twenty-five years of age." A man should never marry before twenty-five. The reasons for these opinions are many and of widely variant nature. The subject has, of course, its physiological and moral aspects, and in places it presents arguments ramifying into questions of political economy and the formation of society. This advice is probably sound, and young people who are not engaged, and do not intend to be, will invariably respect it. So will all young people over the ages mentioned. But there is a difficulty in that young women do not take an active part in the fateful decision. It is the young man who generally proposes, and also disposes—so far as dates are concerned. If he requests the hand of a girl of twenty, he will probably refuse to wait five years for her. She can take him or do without. As for girls very much over twenty-five, the question as to the time for marriage is easy.

The decadence of the waltz among officers of the guard in Potsdam and Berlin has moved Emperor William the Second (a New York *Sun* correspondent records) to admonish commanders of the "society" regiments that officers who can not dance well will be excluded hereafter from court balls. Officers' waltzing has been William's hobby ever since he came out of small clothes, and, when merely Prince William of Prussia, he made himself pretty generally disliked in Potsdam by informing several lieutenants and captains that if they could not waltz without stumbling or colliding they might better stay off the floor. When several officers, who had been addressed thus, sulked in the corners or on the promenades, he declared that those who could not or would not dance should remain in the officers' casino. The emperor, it is said, has taken his cue in this respect from the old Prince Karl of Prussia, who not only walked about in the ball-room criticising the men's dancing, but several times sent home officers for stepping on their partner's trains. The result of the emperor's order to the guard commanders has been the revival of the waltz drills, through which the older officers used to prepare their inexperienced comrades for appearance at court balls. At these drills the young men laid aside their arms, put on their full-dress uniforms, and were let loose before competent judges in the billiard-room of the casino. The novices were compelled to spin without partners among the tables until they proved to the satisfaction of the colonels that they could guide and circulate well enough to render it certain that they would not disgrace their regiments in the ball-room. Dancing on the highly polished and parqueted floors of the palaces of Europe is attended with some danger, especially when the heels happen to be hampered with the spurs which form part and parcel of every full-dress uniform. The Duke of Aosta, nephew of King Humbert of Italy, is suffering from the effects of a severe tumble while waltzing at a ball given at Rome by Mme. Le Ghait, the wife of the Belgian Minister to Washington. At a Viennese court ball, the Marquise de Fontenoy (as she says in the *Recorder*) once saw the young secretary of a foreign embassy fall so unfortunately while dancing with one of the archduchesses that he practically came down in a sitting position on her face, and caused her nose to bleed. He left Vienna next day, and a week later obtained his transfer to another post. A few weeks before the tragedy at Meyerling, the Crown Princess Stephanie had a very nasty fall, owing to the *gaucherie* of a cavalry officer with whom she was waltzing. The emperor was terribly annoyed, and the late Crown Prince Rudolph spoke his mind in no measured terms to the culprit. Far more polite was Emperor Napoleon the Third when, at a Tuileries ball, a middle-aged officer and his fair partner came to grief. As the mortified lancer scrambled to his feet, the emperor extended a hand to help him, and, turning to the lady, remarked: "Madame, it is the second time that I have seen the colonel fall; the first time it was on the battle-field of Magenta."

The late eccentric Mrs. John Bigelow was rarely known to remain at home upon her reception day. "Why should I stay at home to receive five hundred people for whom I do not care a snap," said this candid and estimable lady when reproached for her ill-breeding. This anecdote aptly illustrates the conduct of the majority of New York club-men on ladies' day, for these masculine entertainers find it incumbent upon them to disappear upon the days when they invite the ladies to accept their hospitality. Being the recipient of cards to several of the swellest clubs in New York (says a woman reporter of the *Press*), I donned my best costume and started forth in exuberant spirits for an afternoon of enjoyment. In each place, had I not known to the contrary, I should have fancied that I had made a mistake and had stumbled upon a Sorosis conclave, or was the guest of the Woman's Press Club. There was a sea of women, in their good clothes, treading on each other's trains and elbowing each other in an aggrieved and not altogether amiable manner. Finally a man, with a long-suffering look, loomed up in the dim perspective of the hallway, followed by another, who trod as softly as if some one were dead in the house and he ought not to make a noise. Every woman's countenance was illumined with a flickering gleam of hope; but the pall of disappointment settled down upon their faces as the two men, after vainly searching for some one who was not there, again disappeared up the stairway. Many of the old club-men are known to look upon ladies' day as an innovation, and would like to have the custom abolished.

The rumor that Sir William Gordon-Cumming and his American wife are coming to America to live, led a *World* reporter to ask a New York society leader what would be the reception he would receive in New York society. "It is hard to tell what Sir Gordon's fate will be. In America, as in England, there are two sides and two parties upon the Sir Gordon-Cumming question. There is a faction here which will cross its heart and hope to die if Sir Gordon ever cheated at baccarat. There is another faction equally convinced that he is a rascal. However these things be, there is a big contingent which will welcome him and his bride. In fact, there is a big contingent which will welcome him on account of his bride. Miss Garner is very popular. She is thoroughly American, and her loyalty to him is picturesque. The clique, though, who believe that he did not cheat at Tranby, will stick to him. Those who believe he did, will be loyal for a day, and then——" "Who will be the friends of Sir Gordon when he comes?" "Oh, the Iselins—one of whom married Miss Garner—Mrs. Tom Garner, and all the friends of William Garner, deceased; maybe the Schencks, Schuyler Crosby, the Mays, Randolphs, Meredith Howland—all the yachting crowd." "What about Sir Gordon in American clubs?" "Well, he played cards in the Union League several years ago, when he was here." "Will he be permitted to play again?" "That is a terribly delicate question. My notion is that it will be hard for him to come in." "Will he attempt it?" "Humph! The Duke of Marlborough never did. And that suggests something about clubs. Say what people will to the detriment of the club, it is, after all, the only social judge and jury in the cases of men. It is society's bulwark." "Whatever feeling there may be against Sir Gordon will not extend to his wife, socially, will it?" "No, indeed. Miss Garner, who was, will have a world of sympathy. The whole question is whether the kind feeling for her will overbalance the ill-will felt towards him. In society the women, and not the men, are the court of final result.

Do women themselves desire to be permitted to pop the question whenever the fancy takes them, or do they, as a body, prefer to wait modestly to be asked to give themselves in marriage? It is impossible to say without a universal canvass (says a writer in *Once a Week*). Hitherto American girls have been quite content to keep silence until the right man came and plucked the flower of his choice. Are they beginning to grow weary of this reserve enforced by public opinion and public usage? Do they yearn to have an unlimited power of selection, to go around, saying to this man or to that man, "Be mine?" Before they make up their minds in the affirmative, they should have their eyes open to the possible consequences. In the first place, it may be admitted that if any woman is seized with an uncontrollable inclination to propose to any individual man, she can do so. Nobody prevents her; nothing stands in her way, if natural modesty does not. If, however, it became the fashion for women to propose, what would be the consequences? Well, many things might happen, most of them detrimental to female happenings. Conceive what would be the state of mind of a lord of creation who had had the chance of refusing the hand and heart of a number of amorous women. There is a natural fitness in the man's asking and the woman's waiting to be asked. Man is, as a general rule, the bread-winner in the battle of existence. Women certainly do, in many cases, work, and work hard; but they are not supposed to work, while man is supposed to work. It comes to this: the man, as a rule, has three things to offer to the woman, or is expected to have them—love, labor, and money. The woman, very generally, has only love. The position of a woman when proposing would, therefore, be the undignified one of a person saying: "Will you give me support? In return, I can offer you—some one to support." On the other hand, public usage in this matter sometimes may press hardly on the woman who has all to give, who is an heiress, perhaps, and in love with a dollarless but proud man. There have been numerous cases in which wealthy girls missed happiness because they could not speak, because the man would not, lest the world should whisper, "Money, not love." This, however, need not be seriously discussed. If a woman has a timid suitor, and wishes to let him know she loves him and desires to be his wife, she can do it without saying, "Will you marry me?" There are a thousand little ways, and every girl in the world knows them.

For a successful marriage in Germany (says a Berlin correspondent of a New York journal), two things are essential—a groom with a sufficient salary and the certainty of a pension in his old age, and a bride with a complete set of furniture and a respectable bank account. The consent and the co-operation of the parents for the sake of getting "good conditions" for their sons or daughters are required also. For the poor girl the chances of marriage are practically *nil*. She may be handsome and virtuous, of angelic disposition, but if she have not the wherewithal she is doomed to single blessedness. The competition of girls with money is too much for her, for it must be remembered that man is not only the lord but the tyrant of creation and society in Germany. He may be poor and yet stand a very good chance of getting a wife with money. The fortune of the wife corresponds always with the salary of the husband. It would be easy to draw up a list of prices at which the males may be bought. An "adjunkt," for instance—a sort of first clerk in the railway offices—draws a salary of one hundred and ten marks, or about twenty-seven dollars a month. If he be sensible, he will not let himself go for less than two thousand marks, or five hundred dollars. If he knows enough to wait, his value increases, and if he attains the rank of "expeditor"—a sort of boss of a railway-station—he can command from five thousand to ten thousand marks, or twelve hundred and fifty to two thousand five hundred dollars. It may be said that the salary of the marriageable male represents about thirty per cent. of the dower of the would-be wife. An exception must be made in the case of military officers, who are the most high-priced of all marriageable possibilities of the male persuasion. The merest lieutenant, with a salary that would be refused indignantly by an American policeman, is the cynosure of hundreds of beautiful eyes, with thousands of marks behind them. A captain may demand a fortune, and there is nothing too high for a major. It may be said, also, that to every hundred marriages in pure but ignorant affection, as we know them in America, there is hardly one in Germany.

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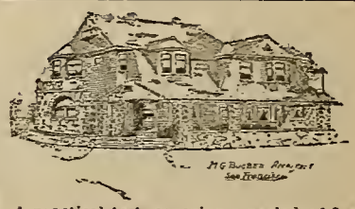

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

Hon. Newton Booth, ex-United States Senator, was married last Tuesday evening in Sacramento to Mrs. Joseph T. Glover, the widow of his former partner. Superior-Judge Catlin performed the ceremony. The wedding was a very private one. The same evening the newly wedded couple left for New York.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Hattie Hall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William P. Hall, of Petaluma, to Mr. Henry McCurdy Weston, son of Hon. H. L. Weston, of Petaluma.

Mrs. A. M. Parrott has issued cards for an "at home" which she will give at her residence on Sutter Street on Tuesday evening, February 23d. The date had been set for the 24th, but Mrs. Parrott changed it one day on account of the entertainment of the Art Association.

Miss Margaret Kittle will give a dancing-party this (Saturday) evening at her residence, corner of Pacific Avenue and Steiner Street.

Invitations have been issued by Miss Smith and Miss Helen J. Smith for a tea which they will give from four until seven o'clock next Saturday at their residence, north-east corner of Broadway and Webster Streets.

The members of the Friday Night Club will give their fifth cotillion of the season next Friday evening.

The second hop of the season at Angel Island will take place next Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. William B. Wilshire has kindly given the use of her residence, 2616 Buchanan Street, to the patronesses of the San Francisco Polyclinic, who will give a tea there to-day (Saturday) from three until ten o'clock. The price of admission will be one dollar, including refreshments, and the proceeds will be devoted to furnishing the Hospital Ward of the Polyclinic. This is a charity that deserves liberal patronage, and all who attend the tea will be most pleasantly entertained.

In Armory Hall, corner of Page and Gough Streets, a series of entertainments will be given next Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings and Saturday afternoon for the benefit of the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society, a charitable, non-sectarian society, whose mission is dispensing relief to the poor. On Thursday there will be a military drill, the toy symphony, and tableaux; on Friday, vocal and instrumental selections and drill; on Saturday afternoon, the toy symphony, menuet de la cour, and other attractions; on Saturday evening, selections.

Miss Alice Simpkins gave a pleasant theatre-party last Monday evening and afterward entertained her guests with a delicious supper at her residence on California Street. Her guests were: Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Donohoe, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Perry P. Eyre, Miss Emelie Hager, Miss Anna Head, Miss Sally Maynard, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss May E. Pope, Miss Daisy Casserly, Miss Mary Eyre, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Miss Helen Otis, Mr. C. C. Thorn, Mr. Harry Simpkins, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Elliott McAllister, Mr. A. B. Williamson, Mr. Daniel T. Murphy, Mr. George A. Pope, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, and Mr. George Vernon Gray.

A charming dinner-party was given on Thursday evening by Mr. and Mrs. George W. Meade at their residence, 1119 Bush Street, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Gordon, Miss Gordon, and Miss Hart, of New Orleans, who are making a tour of the Pacific Coast.

Miss Ransom entertained a number of her young friends at her home on Wednesday by giving a most delightful informal tea. Miss Ransom was assisted in receiving by Miss Maud Morrow, Miss Bowen, Miss Hooker, Miss Brown, Miss Reynolds, and Miss Wellman.

Mrs. E. S. Breyfogle gave a tea last Wednesday in her apartments at the Palace Hotel, for the purpose of introducing Miss Collier. Among those present besides Miss Collier were Miss Elliott, Miss Decker, the Misses Smith, Miss Friedlander, Miss Bowie, Miss Lawlor, Miss Taylor, Miss Eyre, Miss Peyton, Miss Carolan, Miss Cheesman, Miss Maynard, Miss Hoffman, Miss Kittle, Miss Ashe, and others.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones gave a charming dinner-party recently at their residence on Gough Street, at which they entertained Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutchen, Miss Nellie Jolliffe, Miss Jennie Blair, and Mr. A. H. Small.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson gave an elegant lunch-party on Friday last at her residence. Covers were laid for twenty-six at a beautifully decorated table, and a sumptuous menu was served.

Mrs. George W. Gibbs gave an enjoyable lunch-party last Thursday at her residence on Capp Street, and pleasantly entertained a number of ladies.

Mrs. C. O. Alexander gave an enjoyable lunch-party on Friday at her residence in honor of Miss Gale.

Mrs. Audenreid, of this city, recently gave an elegant lunch-party in Washington, D. C., in honor of Mrs. Henry Green, of Portland, Or.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Martel and the Misses Adèle and Ethel Martel are now occupying their new residence, 2613 Buchanan Street.

Mr. H. M. A. Miller will take a trip to Honolulu on the next steamer for the benefit of his health and will be away about a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Wise, *née* Whittemore, have returned from their wedding tour through the Eastern States, and are residing at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. Lewis R. Mead, who has been very ill during the past three months, has been pronounced out of danger by her physician.

Miss Hilda Macdonald has returned to the city after a pleasant visit to the Eastern States.

Mr. W. H. Howard is in the city for a short stay, after a prolonged absence in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Peylard have returned from Europe, and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Bowie at San Mateo.

Miss Addie Mills has returned from New York, and is at her residence on California Street.

Mrs. William M. Lent and her daughter, Mrs. F. L. Alexander, have returned from New York, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. George Loomis has returned to her home in Menlo Park after a visit to Mrs. William L. Elkins, in Philadelphia. She was accompanied on her return by Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr.

Judge and Mrs. Matthew P. Deady, of Portland, Or., have returned to their home after an enjoyable visit here.

Mrs. George Law Smith and Miss Maude A. Smith have left their residence, 2226 Jackson Street, and are stopping at a down-town hotel until their departure for Europe.

Mr. George T. Marye returned from his European trip last Monday.

Colonel and Mrs. Isaac Trumbo are in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. M. S. Severance, of Los Angeles, has returned from her Eastern trip.

Mrs. A. W. Simpson and the Misses Estelle and Bertha Simpson, of Stockton, have been in the city during the past week on a visit.

Hon. and Mrs Robert Boyle are paying a visit to Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Hale at their country-seat near Mountain View.

Mrs. J. B. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar E. Carroll, and Miss Etta Birdsall, of Sacramento, are making a tour of Southern California, accompanied by Mr. Edgar A. Mizner, of this city.

Hon. M. M. Estee is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Miss Wall has been the guest of Mrs. Monroe Salisbury during the past week, and was the recipient of several pleasant attentions during her stay.

Miss Ruth Ryan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Ryan, is convalescent after her recent severe illness.

Miss May Severance, daughter of the American consul-general at Honolulu, arrived here last Wednesday on the *City of Sydney* to visit her relatives for several weeks.

Dr. Henry Gibbons, Jr., left New York February 6th on the steamer *Fulda*, bound for Genoa, Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn and family are in Nice.

Mr. Harry Babcock has arrived in London.

Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Gilman and Mrs. George L. Bradley left New York a week ago on the *Etruria* for Liverpool.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Captain Edmund L. Zalinski, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence owing to illness.

Dr. and Mrs. G. M. Sternberg, U. S. A., will soon leave for the East.

Lieutenant T. W. Winston, U. S. A., is visiting in Bakersfield.

Lieutenant S. A. Cloman, U. S. A., has been passing the week in Auburn.

General and Mrs. A. V. Kautz, U. S. A., and Miss Frankie Kautz are visiting points of interest in Southern California.

Lieutenant-Commander Delehanty, U. S. N., of the *Hassler*, will be relieved from sea duty on March 1st, and proceed East to receive his shore commission. Lieutenant Harber, U. S. N., will succeed him.

The officers and ladies at Mare Island gave a delightful ball there in the sail loft last Wednesday evening. It was attended by many guests from this city and officers at the different posts around the bay.

A great to-do has been raised in the midst of Regenerate Woman by an article "On the Absence of the Creative Faculty in Women," published in the *Critic*, which declared in substance that woman has no creative faculty, that no woman has ever written, composed, or invented anything that bears the germ of immortality. The author of the article is a woman, Miss Molly Elliot Seawell, who has herself written several capital books—"Throckmorton," a novel of ante-bellum days in Virginia; "Little Jarvis" and "Midshipman Paulding," two charming little biographies; and "Maid Marion and Other Stories," for all of which her publishers, D. Appleton & Co., say there is an active demand. The *Critic* has received a number of communications, discussing it *pro* and *con*, among the commentators being Mrs. Dorothea Lummis—well known to the *Argonaut's* readers—who writes of Miss Seawell's "nice, sane, wholesome truths about women" and "pricking their vaingloriousness with sisterly skill," but is quite unsettled by a Mr. Breeze who comes "logically overturning Miss Seawell's periods and almost putting a stop to her conclusions." "Stuart Sterne"—a woman whose *nom de guerre* has been appended to some excellent verses—agrees, unwillingly, with Miss Seawell and concedes to men "supremacy most absolute and indisputable in any and every field of purely intellectual labor," but ascribes woman's inferiority to environment rather than to any inherent defect. "M. H. T." says Miss Seawell's article was "only foolish," and "contained nothing, and was written by nobody." Christine Ladd Franklin writes from Gottingen that women are greater mathematicians than Americans, judged by the space given them in German works on the higher mathematics; that, though men have larger brains than women, women have greater proportional frontal development; that only one man (Gauss, possibly the greatest mathematician that ever lived), "presented the same large development of the front of the brain that is found in women"; and that Miss Gentry, holder of the fellowship in mathematics of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, has forced open the doors of the University of Berlin. "C. G. du B." declares that "'the admirable Jane' (Austen) can, single-handed, refute Miss Seawell's accusation"—an argument which Miss Seawell had refuted in anticipation in her original article.

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THE MOSES HOPKINS ESTATE.

The will of the late Moses Hopkins, which was filed in San Mateo Tuesday, February 9th, disposes of an estate estimated by his executors at $4,000,000. The devisees and bequests are as follows:

To Timothy Hopkins, $200,000; to Mary R. Hopkins, wife of Timothy Hopkins, $100,000; to Lydia K. Hopkins, daughter of Timothy Hopkins, $10,000; to E. W. Hopkins, $30,000 in trust for the three children of W. S. Hopkins—Maud Hopkins, Sherwood Hopkins, and Frances Hopkins; to E. W. Hopkins, $200,000; to Georgiana Smith Hopkins, wife of E. W. Hopkins, $100,000; to Helen Hopkins, daughter of E. W. Hopkins and Georgiana Hopkins, $10,000; to Edna Hopkins, daughter of E. W. and Georgiana Hopkins, $10,000; to Georgiana Hopkins, Jr., daughter of E. W. and Georgiana Hopkins, $10,000; to Samuel Hopkins, son of E. W. and Georgiana Hopkins, $10,000; to Florence Hopkins, daughter of E. W. and Georgiana Hopkins, $10,000; to Mark Hopkins, of St. Clair, Mich., $200,000; to E. W. Hopkins, $10,000 in trust for the two children of Orrin Hopkins, formerly of Oakland; to Charles A. Grow, for the past seven years private and confidential secretary, $2,000 for each year of employment.

A few minor bequests follow, and the residue of the large estate is left to the testator's wife, Emily B. Hopkins.

It is pleasant to note that the late millionaire remembered kindly young Timothy Hopkins. It seemed as though he wished to accentuate the feelings of the Hopkins family toward the widow of Mark Hopkins, who cast off her adopted son.

There is nothing left to charity in the will. But Moses Hopkins was a benevolent man, and expended many thousands of dollars yearly toward various charitable ends. It is, therefore, probable that the widow has extra-testamentary instructions in this regard.

Although Charles Crocker left nothing to charity on the face of his will, his widow and his children, evidently in accordance with the dead man's wishes, devoted to charitable purposes a sum the munificence of which amazed their friends.

When Senator Hearst died, he, too, left to his widow the task of being the almoner of his bounty. He could not have left it in better, kindlier, or more gentle hands. We betray no secret when we say that Mrs. Hearst is engaged in perfecting the details of a plan which will erect in the city of San Francisco a noble institution which will be an enduring monument to the memory of her dead husband.

With these things in the recollection of the community, it is probable that the late Moses Hopkins intrusted to his widow the disposal of such of his fortune as he desired to devote to other than family ends. It is to be hoped that it is so. It would be an ungracious thing if so large an estate should be divided among individuals, without any monument, other than a tombstone, to the memory of the dead millionaire.

"Butler's Book," the autobiography of General Benjamin F. Butler, which is noticed at length on page five of this issue, is published by A. M. Thayer & Co., of Boston, and is for sale in this city by the J. Dewing Company.

Superior to vaseline and cucumbers—Créme Simon, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York, druggists, perfumers, fancy-goods stores.

The week commencing February 15th will be the last week of roller-skating at the Olympian Rink in the Mechanics' Pavilion, and events have been provided which will make it especially interesting.

Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s New Store.

Already the show-windows of Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s new store, at 741–745 Market Street, are filled with handsome engravings and etchings, and by their attractiveness give a foretaste of the beautiful things the store is to contain when it is completed, stocked, and ready for the public. And this will be in a very few days, probably before the end of next week. Those who have been allowed to look over the building, in its present incompletely fitted state, have been well rewarded for their trouble.

The ground-floor is being fitted up in solid walnut—as, indeed, is most of the rest of the building, though the style of decoration is varied on each floor—and will present a long vista of stylish show-cases in the fore part, in which will be shown the latest novelties in stationery and leather goods, while further back will be artist's materials of every imaginable kind. Then on the second floor, which is to be the "show" floor of the building, the Market Street front is a spacious and well-lighted room devoted to etchings, engravings, and other art-prints; then comes the inclosed art-gallery, which is to be lighted, night and day, by electricity, and is to be used only for the exhibition of fine paintings; and behind this are rows and rows of handsome mirrors, mantels, fancy tables, and the like. Above this the three remaining floors are also being elaborately decorated and fitted up, and the entire store will be so handsome that nothing in San Francisco can rival it.

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PARK & TILFORD, New-York: Druggists, Perfumers, Fancy goods stores.

SOCIETY.

The Oyster-Tubbs Wedding.

Last Monday, at the Palace Hotel, Miss Nettie K. Tubbs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, was married to First Lieutenant Joseph S. Oyster, First Artillery, U. S. A. The ceremony took place at half-past twelve o'clock in the parlors of the apartment occupied by the bride's parents, and was witnessed only by relatives of the contracting parties. Brilliant-hued poinsettias and roses of red, yellow, and pink were arranged in elegant vases on the mantels and tables, while the curtains and chandeliers were prettily embellished with traceries of smilax. This, in conjunction with the handsome furnishings of the apartment, produced a most pleasing effect. The marriage ceremony was impressively performed by Rev. Dr. Webb, of the First Congregational Church. The bride and groom had no retinue. The groom wore the full-dress uniform of his rank in the United States army, and the dresses worn by the bride and her mother are described as follows:

The bride appeared in an imported robe of pure white brocade, elegantly yet simply made. The long court train was gracefully laid and the trimmings were of rare point lace. The bodice was high and the sleeves long, and her hands were ungloved. The usual bridal veil was dispensed with.

Mrs. A. L. Tubbs wore a rich costume of pearl-colored brocaded satin, made en train and beautifully finished.

About one hundred and fifty intimate friends were invited to the reception, which commenced at one o'clock. They tendered their congratulations to the newly wedded couple, and afterward enjoyed a delicious *déjeûner*. The time was delightfully passed until the departure of the bride and groom, who left for "Hillcrest," the beautiful country-seat of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, near Calistoga. It is their intention to pass about ten days there and about two weeks here afterward. They will leave early in March for Fort Hamilton, New York Harbor, where the groom is stationed. Lieutenant and Mrs. Oyster were the recipients of a large number of elegant and costly gifts from their friends.

Honors to the La Montagnes.

Since the return of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest C. La Montagne, *née* Catherwood, Miss Marie La Montagne, and Mr. Albert La Montagne from Monterey last Monday, they have had almost a surfeit of pleasure as their many friends have entertained them in a royal manner.

On Monday evening Mrs. Clara Catherwood gave an elaborate dinner-party at her residence on Pacific Avenue to General E. D. Keyes, who arrived from New York, via Panama, the day after the wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest La Montagne were present, as were Mrs. Fannie Alexander and Mr. George H. Lent. After dinner quite a number of neighbors and intimate friends called to see the bride and groom. On the same evening, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Sr., gave a dinner-party at their residence as a compliment to Miss La Montagne and Mr. Albert La Montagne. Mr. and Mrs. John E. de Ruyter, Mr. Casserly, and Mr. Edward Donohoe also enjoyed the affair.

Tuesday morning Miss La Montagne and Mr. Albert La Montagne were the guests at breakfast of Mr. James de Fremery at a down-town hotel.

The Misses Marie and Kate Voorhies gave a delightful matinée tea last Tuesday at the residence of their parents, Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, on California Street, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. La Montagne. The parlors were decorated in quiet taste and were illuminated during the hours of the reception. In receiving and entertaining their guests, the hostesses were assisted by Miss Jennie Sanderson, Miss Mason, Miss Alice Scott, Miss Marie Zane, Miss Roberta E. Lee Wright, and Miss Edna Robinson. A charming feature of the affair was the singing of Mrs. A. C. Blunt, whose songs were highly appreciated by her auditors. Music and conversation were enjoyed during the hours allotted to the affair, and light refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker gave an elegant dinner-party on Tuesday evening at their home on California Street, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. La Montagne. The table was ornate with lovely flowers and rich service, and a delicious menu was served. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. La Montagne, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard, Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. Belle Donahue, Miss Beth Sperry, Miss Julia Peyton, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, Mr. James D. Phelan, and Mr. Joseph D. Grant.

Wednesday was a day of rest until the evening, when Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson gave a dinner-party, at their residence on Pine Street, to Mr. and Mrs. La Montagne. The dining-room was a scene of beauty, as Miss Bates had decorated it in a particularly effective manner. The table was strewn with deep pink-colored fruit-blossoms, among which jeweled fairy-lamps were distributed with pretty effect. Each lady received a wreath of pink blossoms wound with silk ribbons, upon which her name was painted in golden-colored letters. The name-cards for the gentlemen were of pink and gold having a little boutonnière attached. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson dispensed their hospitality in their usual bountiful manner, and provided excellent entertainment for their guests. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. La Montagne, Mr. and Mrs. John Scott Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Hon and Mrs. Robert Boyle, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. Clara Catherwood, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Miss Marie La Montagne, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Albert La Montagne, and Mr. H. B. Chase.

On Thursday evening Miss Marie La Montagne and Mr. Albert La Montagne left direct for New York, via Ogden, taking with them most pleasant memories of their visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest C. La Montagne also left on Thursday evening, but they went to Los Angeles to meet the bride's grandfather, Judge S. C. Hastings, and be entertained by him for a couple of days. They will then proceed to St. Louis, where many friends will greet them, and from there will proceed to Louisville, Ky. In that city, Judge and Mrs. Simrall will give them a dinner-party and a reception, and three prominent gentlemen will give them as many dinners at the Pendennis Club. They will stay at Chicago four days and in Baltimore a like period, and then go to Washington, D. C., where Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford will give a dinner in their honor. They will remain in New York city one month at the Renaissance Hotel, on Fifth Avenue, and then sail for Spain. In Xeres they will be the guests of Hon. William Buck, who is the partner in business of Alfonso the Twelfth. He has promised them a stag-hunt and other diversions. They will be in Paris during the Grand Prix, and will return to America after a three months' tour of Europe. They will reside in New York city, but have not as yet selected their residence.

The Sperry High Tea.

Mrs. Austin Sperry gave an elaborate high tea last Wednesday at her residence, 2100 Pacific Avenue, in honor of Mrs. Vanoever, of Boston, and Miss Gertrude Simpson, of Maine, who are visiting her. She was assisted in entertaining her guests by her daughter, Miss Beda Sperry, and by Mrs. A. M. Simpson, of Oakland, the Misses Simpson, of Stockton, Miss Buckingham, Miss Alice Cooper, Miss Theller, Miss Daisy Crowell, the Misses Wethered, and Miss Burnett.

Each apartment was decorated in a different color, and the chandelier-globes were shaded in harmony with the flowers and foliage. A string orchestra was stationed on the landing of the hall-staircase behind a curtain of smilax, and discoursed melody at intervals. Down-stairs in the hall and billiard-room refreshments were served bountiously under the direction of Ludwig. There were over four hundred callers, and they were so well entertained that the affair was prolonged until eleven o'clock. Dancing was enjoyed in the evening.

The Younger Euchre-Party.

Dr. and Mrs. William J. Younger entertained about forty of their friends very pleasantly at their residence, 1414 California Street, last Tuesday evening, by giving a progressive euchre-party. The tables were set in the ball-room, and the contest for the pretty prizes was quite interesting. The result was in favor of Mr. A. P. Redding, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Mrs. A. P. Redding, Mr. Lansing Mizner, Miss Susie Russell, and Dr. George H. H. Redding. At midnight a delicious supper was served, and it was followed by some delightful musical selections by Mrs. Louis Brechemin, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, and Mr. Sigmund Beel. Among those present were:

Dr. and Mrs. William J. Younger, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding, Mrs. E. B. Cutter, Mrs. Louis Brechemin, Mrs. Eggleston, Miss Nellie Jolliffe, Miss Lulu Findley, Miss Edith Findley, Miss Maud Younger, Miss Nellie Stow, Miss Ella Smith, Miss Susie Russell, Miss Belle Smith, Miss Kate Clement, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Dr. George H. H. Redding, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. Reuben H. Lloyd, Lieutenant Carlin, U. S. N., Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., Mr. Sigmund Beel, Mr. Lansing Mizner, Mr. Cutler Paige, Mr. William Randol, Colonel J. H. Withington, and others.

The Miller Tea.

Thirty-five young ladies were entertained by Mrs. H. M. A. Miller last Tuesday at a four-o'clock tea which she gave at her residence, 1111 Pine Street, in honor of Miss Mary Struve, of Portland, Or., who is here on a visit. Mrs. Miller had the assistance of Mrs. Webster Jones, Miss Maud Younger, and Miss Eleanor Wood in entertaining her guests. Social chat and the enjoyment of light refreshments made the two hours devoted to the tea very pleasant ones.

The Fisher Reception.

Mr. and Mrs. Will E. Fisher gave their second post-nuptial reception last Tuesday evening, at their residence, 1210 Sutter Street. It was a brilliant and enjoyable affair. In every apartment there was evidence of the decorator's art in the arrangement of beautiful blossoms. A string orchestra, stationed in the hallway, played sweet selections early in the evening and dance music later on for the pleasure of the guests, who numbered about one hundred and fifty. At eleven o'clock, a sumptuous supper was served under the direction of Ludwig, after which the festivities were continued until about two o'clock.

Mr. Fred. M. Somers has been quite extensively entertained during his visit here. Thursday of last week Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pixley gave a dinner-party to welcome him to San Francisco. Friday, Colonel A. G. Hawes gave him a dinner at the Pacific-Union Club. Saturday, some twenty-five of the "old members" gave him a round-table dinner in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club. At this dinner, Raoul Martinez was also a guest of honor. During this week Mr. Somers has had several breakfast-parties tendered him, and a Spanish dinner is to be given in his honor. The Bohemian dinner of Saturday was a very pleasant affair. A number were present who had been guests at the farewell dinner given by the Bohemians to Mr. Somers when he left for New York, eleven years ago.

The début concert of the Saturday Morning Orchestra, under direction of J. H. Rosewald, will take place at Metropolitan Hall on Tuesday, February 16th. Miss May Worth and Mrs. Ivy W. Kersey will be the vocal soloists. The orchestra, consisting as it does exclusively of ladies well known in social circles, is at present the great object of interest among musicians and music-loving people, and the concert promises to be a great success.

Art Notes.

The announcement that the Gump Collection of paintings will be sold at public auction during March has aroused a great deal of interest among local art-lovers, and already there is a noticeable increase in the crowd of visitors that throng the gallery, at 581 Market Street, every day. The collection comprises examples of the best modern art, including canvases specially chosen by Mr. Sol. Gump, during his annual visits to the exhibitions and studios of the leading artists at Paris, Munich, London, Rome, and other European art-centers. The study of such pictures is an education in itself, and it is in a large measure to Mr. Gump's enterprise and courage, directed by the cultivated taste of a connoisseur, that San Francisco owes her present reputation for love of art among European artists. Such a business, however, requires large expenditures, and it remains to be seen whether the public patronage is sufficient to warrant Mr. Gump in bringing these costly paintings to our city.

A number of new canvases have recently been hung in the gallery, among which one of the most notable is George Laugée's last Salon picture, "The Preferred One." Laugée is, like his brother-in-law, Dupré, a magnificent painter of peasant life, and "The Preferred One"—a peasant girl petting the favorite lamb of her flock—is a splendid specimen of his best manner.

A very different scene is presented in another recent importation, "The Baptism," by the great Spanish painter, Vincente March. It shows the interior of a great Spanish cathedral, where the cardinal, in his lordly vestments and surrounded by his acolytes, stands at the font to receive from the arms of its *bonne* the infant whose baptism is about to be performed. It is gorgeous in color, interesting in subject, and is marvelously painted.

Two Venetian scenes by L. de Rios are of especial interest just now by reason of the recent death of the artist, of which the Messrs. Gump have just been informed by their commissioner in Paris. De Rios was one of the favorite exhibitors at the National Academy in London, and these two studies of Venetian women are among the best of his recent works.

Another picture that catches the eye and will not soon be forgotten is "The Veil Dance," by Edouard Richter, a scene in a Moorish harem. The central figure is a dancing Almeh, and about her are grouped Circassian and Georgian beauties, in graceful attitudes. The treatment of textures in this picture is particularly fine.

There are a great many other pictures in the collection which would call for especial notice did not space forbid. Each one was selected by Mr. Gump personally, and, as a whole, they constitute by far the finest collection that has ever been gathered together here; indeed, the most notable collections that have been offered in the East have not contained finer canvases, and such an opportunity to secure gems of modern art as the coming sale will offer has seldom been afforded in America.

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LAW AND LICENSE.

A Drama of To-Day.

SCENE.—A court of justice. Witness has been called to prove that he saw the plaintiff in a certain saloon.

Legal Luminary—You are well acquainted with the plaintiff?

Witness—Yes, sir.

Legal Luminary—Have you known him long?

Witness—Yes; some years.

Legal Luminary—How many?

Witness—I can't say, exactly.

Legal Luminary—But I must know exactly. We can not have any prevarication here. How many years?

Witness—Well, p'raps fifteen.

Legal Luminary—You are not positive?

Witness—No.

Legal Luminary—In fact, your evidence on this particular matter may be considered unreliable?

Witness (appealing)—But, your honor——

Judge—Your memory on this matter does not appear to be reliable, therefore it is necessarily unreliable. I can not interfere.

Legal Luminary—Had you been drinking on this particular occasion?

Witness—I had had one small glass of whisky.

Legal Luminary—You were not drunk?

Witness (astonished)—Certainly not.

Legal Luminary—You are sure. Be careful, sir, you are on your oath. You are *sure* you were not drunk?

Witness—Certainly not.

Legal Luminary—Oh, you are *not* sure. H'm! I see; partly drunk, perhaps?

Witness—I said I was certain I was not drunk.

Legal Luminary—When do you get drunk?

Defendant's Attorney (rising)—Your honor, I really must object to this line of cross-examination.

Legal Luminary—Your honor, it is most material to our case that the credibility of the witness should be tested. He admits taking drink, but denies being drunk.

Judge—I think counsel is entitled to find out to what extent the witness's evidence is valuable. He has already confessed that his memory is unreliable on the subject of dates, and I suppose (to Legal Luminary) you are desirous of showing that it is equally unreliable in respect to other matters, whether from drinking or not remains to be proved.

Legal Luminary—Quite so, your honor. (To Witness:) Now, sir, attend to me. Do you enjoy good health?

Witness—I do.

Legal Luminary—Has your health ever been drunk?

Witness—Frequently.

Legal Luminary—And still you enjoy it? The gentlemen will perhaps notice this extraordinary admission. Have you ever been accused of theft——

Witness—Your honor, I must appeal——

Judge—You must answer the questions.

Witness (to Legal Luminary)—No.

Legal Luminary—You swear that? Remember you are on oath, sir.

Witness—Yes.

Legal Luminary—Be careful, sir. I have a letter here (handing it up). Is that your handwriting?

Witness—It is.

Legal Luminary—In this letter you say, "I folded my tent like the Arabs and stole silently away." Do you admit stealing on this occasion?

Witness—May I explain? I meant——

Legal Luminary (severely)—We have nothing to do here with your explanations and meanings. You say distinctly that you stole. What you stole and how you stole it is immaterial. Now, sir, do you live with your wife?

Witness—No.

Legal Luminary—You are separated?

Witness—I have never been married.

Legal Luminary—I didn't ask you that, sir. Let us have less of this prevarication. Whose wife do you live with?

Witness—Your honor——

Judge—You must answer the question.

Witness—With nobody's.

Legal Luminary—Oh, possibly the lady has never been married. This is fortunate for you, sir. I am happily spared further inquiries, which would have been painful to all concerned. There is now no need why a certain lady's name should be dragged into the matter. (Loud applause in court.) I have still one grave question to put. Have you been guilty of forgery?

Witness—Certainly not. I protest, your honor.

Judge—The counsel is engaged in a painful duty, the gravity of which he fully appreciates. These causeless and repeated interruptions are not unlikely to prejudice the defendant's case in the minds of the jury if persisted in.

Legal Luminary—I have a letter here, in your writing, in which you say, "Whatever has been written I can completely indorse." Had this indorsement to do with a check?

Witness—Certainly not.

Legal Luminary—You persist in that?

Witness—I do.

Legal Luminary—We shall see. Anyway, that will do for the present.

(And the Legal Luminary resumes his seat after having endeavored to show that the Witness is a liar, a drunkard, a thief, and an adulterer.)

RECENT VERSE.

The Ladies of Sorosis.

(A WORD FOR THE FOOLISH VIRGIN.)

The ladies of St. James's!
You scarce can understand
The half of all their speeches.
Their phrases are so grand:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
Her shy and simple words
Are clear—as after rain-drops—
The music of the birds.

—AUSTIN DOBSON.

The ladies of Sorosis
Have such a nimble wit
That men must e'er be jumping
To guess the half of it;
But Marjorie, the rosebud,
Has left her books at school,
And finds her fun in living,
And dares to be a "fool."

The ladies of Sorosis
Will talk you high and low
Of ologies and isms,
Of Schopenhauer and Poe;
But Marjorie, the rosebud,
Is willing just to dance
And ride, and walk (a little),
And wear a frock from France.

The ladies of Sorosis
Will tell you how they fare
In "managing their husbands"
And having time to spare;
But Marjorie, the rosebud,
Is happy in to-day
With cavaliers and candy,
And flowers and matinée.

The ladies of Sorosis
Have talked for many years
About the "Sphere of Woman";
But still the truth appears
That Marjorie, the rosebud,
A-laughing at the ball,
Is simpler than her sisters—
Yet wiser than them all.

—*W. S. Moody, Jr., in Life.*

The Pretty Simpleton.

(The *Spectator* warns men against marrying simpletons, pointing out that "there is no bore on earth equal to the woman who can neither talk nor listen, and who has no mental interests in common with her husband.")

When fair Belinda sweetly smiles,
And airily before you trips,
You're captured by her artless wiles
And must admire her rosy lips.
You know that she is very fair,
You see that she has splendid eyes;
But ah, rash lover, have a care,
And find out if Belinda's wise.

For beauty, trust us, is not all
A wife in these days should possess;
Her conversation's apt to pall,
If she can talk of naught but dress.
She need not be too deeply read,
You do not want a priggish bride;
But still take care the pretty head
Can boast some little brain inside.

In courtship all she said was sweet,
For you had died to win a glance;
Her little platitudes seemed neat,
Breathed mid the pauses of the dance.
You would have felt a heartless fiend
To criticise when by her side;
Nor would the lady have demeaned
Herself to answer, had you tried.

But when you've won her for a wife,
And ante-nuptial glamour dies,
What food for matrimonial strife
Her crass inconsequent replies.
How terrible to find her dense,
And never grasping what you mean;
You'll think one gleam of common sense
Worth more than finest eyes e'er seen.

Days come when love no longer gives
Illusions as in hours of yore;
And hapless is the man who lives
To find his wife become a bore.
Then keep, if you'd avoid that day,
The wise *Spectator's* golden rule—
Don't be by beauty led away,
And choose for wife a pretty fool.

—*Punch.*

At a Symphony.

Out of the rush and roar of the street,
Out of the lashing, blinding sleet,
As shivering travelers blithely fly
Across a moorland, bleak and bare,
To reach a lamp-lit portal, where
A radiant hostess waits—so I
Leap lightly through the rain and stand
In the gleam and glow of Music Land.

O sunlit world of harmony!
O shapes that form and float and flee
Athwart a golden luminous mist!
No more the winter winds on me
Their stinging lashes lay; for kissed
By wind-sprites fair and fleet and free,
I walked a shadow-dappled grass;
My eyes are closed, yet still I see
The dancers in their dizzy swirls,
And here the care-free singers pass,
And catch the eyes of laughing girls.

Vast armies come with jar of drum,
Their noise a deep, symphonic hum,
Lit by wild songs; while here and there
Break out the trumpet's rosy flare.
Now soft and low, and passion-strung,
Are heard two voices at the gate,
Where lovers part so fair and young!
And she is pleading: "Wait, oh, wait!"
Her eyes are dusk, her arms are bare;
Her fierce plume mingles with her hair.

Now on the wind again there comes
The stern, remorseless beat of drums,
Joined with the cymbal's clang and blare
Of brazen trumpets on the air;
One last embrace, and from her side
He leaps to join the sullen tide
Of marching men, whose footfalls fail
As trumpet's notes die in a wail
Above the deep receding hum,
And far, faint throbbing of the drum.

Again the dancers on the grass,
Eternal youth, untouched by scars!
Like flights of flowers their faces pass.
The sunlight fades, and splendid bars
Of light stream upward from the sun,
Vast lances, gemmed with yellow stars.
The waltzers wait, the dance is done;
Night falls across the fairy green,
And wind and wood possess the scene!

O sacred, luminous Music Land;
Within thy charmèd boundaries
No rain-wet, weary mortals stand,
With numb cold heart and haggard eyes.
Thy wars are only pictured wars,
The very woes but pageantries;
Thy stately heroes bear no scars,
And silver songs thy maidens' cries;
Would we might lose our way and stand
Forever tranced in Music Land!

—*Hamlin Garland in Exchange.*

BEECHAM'S PILLS sell well because they cure.

ANCIENT FORMS OF AMUSEMENT.

From the "Hypnotic Gazette," January 1st, 2203.

Workmen excavating in the bed of an old river discovered yesterday a leaden box, in which was the following manuscript, which gives us a vivid idea of the crude condition of the drama toward the close of the nineteenth century:

"FUN ON THE ROOF."

FARCE COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

ACT I.

SCENE.—A garden, with practicable gate R. U. E.

Sparkle McIntyre (entering through gate)—Well, this is a pretty state of affairs! Rosanna Harefoot lived only for me until that theatrical troupe came to town; but now she's so stuck on singing, and dancing, and letting those actor-men make love to her, that I can't get a moment with her. Hulloa! here comes the whole company. I guess they're going to rehearse here. I'll hide behind this tree, and watch hem do their acts. (Enter company of players).

First Player—Well, this is a hot day; but while we're trying to keep cool, Miss Kitty Socks will sing, "Under the Daisies."

(Specialties by the entire company.)

First Player—Well, we'd better hurry away down the street, or else we'll be late. (Exeunt Omnes.)

Sparkle McIntyre (emerging from behind tree)—That looks easy enough. I guess I'll see what I can do myself.

(Specialties.)

First Player (entering with company)—Now that rehearsal is over, we'll have a little fun for a few moments.

Sparkle (aside)—Rosanna will be mine yet.

(Grand Finale.)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE.—Parlor of Sparkle McIntyre's house; Sparkle discovered seated at table with brilliant dressing-gown on.

Sparkle—I invited all that theatrical company to spend the evening with me; but I'm afraid they won't come. I just wanted to surprise them with that new song and dance of mine. Ah! here they come now. (Enter theatrical company.)

First Player—We were a little late, Mr. McIntyre; but the fact is, I had to go to the steamer to meet some friends of mine who were coming over to try their luck in glorious America. And as they're all perfect ladies and gentlemen, I took the liberty of bringing them along. Allow me to introduce them to you: Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Sirocco and the Miss Siroccos from the Royal Alhambra, in Rooshy.

Sparkle—Ladies and gentleman, I'm pleased to meet you; and, now, if you'll favor us with an act, we'll be greatly obliged.

(Specialties by everybody, and Finale.)

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE.—Same as Act I. Enter Rosanna.

Rosanna—This is the very garden where I used to meet my own true Sparkle. In fact, it's right here that he used to *spark* me. Well, while I'm feeling so downhearted, I'll do a little dance just to cheer myself up.

(Specialties by Rosanna.)

Sparkle (entering)—What! *you* here, Rosanna? Then you must love me.

Rosanna—Yes, Sparkle; I do.

Sparkle (embracing her)—Then, darling, we will be married this very day. Call the neighbors all in, and we will sing, dance, and be merry.

(Enter company. Specialties.)

CURTAIN.

—*James L. Ford in Puck.*

Great Success.

The California Safe Deposit and Trust Company, corner of California and Montgomery Streets, has met with great success since it opened a Savings Department a few months ago, the deposits in this department having aggregated more than $500,000. This is one of the substantial banking institutions of the city and should receive a large share of public patronage.

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Sarah Bernhardt's change of views is well exemplified hy the following stnry, which is authentic: "A well-known American who lives in Paris, where he wields cnnsiderahle power directly as he does indirectly in this cnuntry, wished to present to the great actress a lady who was living under his protection. 'Non, mon cher,' said Mlle. Bernhardt, in declining the honnr, 'ce n'est pas cnnvenahle. Moi, je suis veuve.'"

On the old hattle-fields of the Civil War, shells remaining in the ground are exploded accidentally sometimes. Last summer a tree that had heen struck hy lightning, and which was smoking, was climhed hy a negro who was hent on finding the snurce of the mysterious smnke. Just as he got up near it, a shell, lodged in the tree during the war, caught fire and explnded, without hurting, hut nearly scaring him to death. He slid dnwn and exclaimed: "For de Lawd, I thought de war was done ended long 'go!"

Dr. Johnson, the Ursa Majnr of English literature, had a prodiginus memory, and at one period of his life employed it in reporting Parliamentary dehates. Once, when Dr. Hawkesworth read to him a pnem which he intended to publish, and asked his opinion of it, "Why, sir," said Johnson, "I can not well determine on a first hearing. Read it again." Hawkesworth complied. The next mnrning the suhject of the poem heing resumed, Johnson said he had hut one objection tn it—that he dnuhted its originality; and to prnve his statement repeated the whole pnem, with the exceptinn of a few lines, which so alarmed Hawkesworth that he declared he would never again read anything nf his composing to Jnhnson, whn, he said, had a memnry which would convict any author nf plagiarism.

The ladies at the ball recently given at the Chinese Embassy in Washingtnn (says an exchange), were particularly interested in a little Chinese woman, who sat in the hig front hall, near nne of the dressing-rooms, holding in her arms a fresh and pretty hahy of undnuhted Mongolian parentage. One of the heaux of the party undertook tn allay the curinsity of a hevy of heauties, who were standing ahnut the interesting pair, by questioning an attaché, who stood near. The guest asked: "Is the lady in the parlor with the receiving party the wife of the host?" "Oh, yes," was the prompt reply. "Then who is the little lady, with the child in her arms?" the guest asked. "Lady in parlor, wife fnr show; this one, wife fnr hahy," promptly announced the naïve attaché. No mnre questions were asked of him.

It was in the old Catholic church in Buffalo (says the Chicago *Post*). In the midst of the service a little old Irishman, who was in the enjoyment of a fortune he had worked hard to get, and who was the lessee nf the second pew from the front, entered. He walked impressively down the center aisle, as hecomes a man of independent means. Several strange ladies were occupying his pew. There was room fnr him, hut that was not enough. He placed one hand on the hack of the front pew, and, with a wave of the other, said in a voice loud enough to he heard all over the church: "Come out av that, now." Very much surprised and confused, the ladies oheyed, and then they were treated to another sensation hy the lessee saying: "Now in wid yez again, and make yourselves aisy. Oi only wanted yez to know who owned the pew." He accompanied his command with such a sweeping gesture and winning smile that the ladies complied and the interrupted priest resumed.

One of the most amusing anecdotes of Macready's petulance of temper relates to a revival of "Henry VIII.," under the management of Maddox, at the Princess's. The part of Cardinal Campeius was assigned to a hrother of Mr. George Augustus Sala, whose stage-name was Wynn, for whom Macready had an inveterate dislike. The tragedian had implored the manager to see that Campeius was furnished with a costume which should not seem entirely ridiculous heside the splendid rohes he himself wore as Wolsey; hut Maddox, of course, disregarded the injunction. "At the dress-rehearsal," says Mr. Edmund Yates, "Macready, enthroned in a chair of state, had the various characters to pass before him; he hnre all calmly until—clad in scarlet rohes, bordered hy silver tissue-paper, and wearing an enormous red hat—Wynn approached. Then, clutching both arms of his chair and closing his eyes, the great tragedian gasped out: 'Mother Shipton, hy God!'"

During the War of the Rehellion, an eccentric colonel, an expert at political stump-speaking hut a nnvice in military matters, led, with a hig umhrella over his head, his regiment to the attack. The hrigade general, knowing that the conspicuous mark would draw fire, remarked to his aide: "Look at that nld fool now. Go and tell him to put that umhrella down." When the order was delivered, the colonel replied: "Tell the general that I will nnt lower the umhrella." The aide returned again with the order, and the angered colonel said: "Tell General Rodes that I had as lief he killed hy the hullet of the enemy as hy the sun, and I'll he d—d if I lnwer the umhrella!" By that time the umhrella had drawn a sharp fire, and, perceiving his men somewhat huddled hehind him, he shouted at the top nf his ringing voice: "Bulge out there in the center!" For the third time the aide galloped to him with a peremptory message, whereupon the indignant colonel answered, slowly and frigidly: "I will lower the umhrella; hut tell General Rndes it's a d—d outrage." It was lowered, riddled with hullet-hnles, and the aide who carried the nrder had his arm shot away.

"A Mother" thus writes to the *Sun*: "My friend Mrs. Mitchell and I were going out to pay some calls. On reaching her hnuse I found she was not yet ready, and went upstairs tn her ronm, at her invitation, to wait there for her. As she was comhing her hair, I glanced out of the windnw and saw her young son climhing a tree and in a very precarious situation. I called Mrs. M.'s attention to this, and she put her head out of the window and shrieked: 'Henry! get down out of that tree immediately. You will fall and hreak your limhs.' Her dutiful offspring looked at her as she stood there with head projecting heyond the casement, and then yelled hack: 'Put your head in that window, you old jukenecked turkey-buzzard.' I listened to this in horrified amazement, and waited to see what my friend would do ahout it; but, to my further scandalizatinn, she serenely went on comhing her hair, and evidently was going tn take no further notice of her son's rejoinder. So I hlurted out: 'Why, Ellen Mitchell! Do you allow your children to talk to ynu in that manner?' 'Anna,' she rejoined, turning upon me with great dignity, 'my children know they can go just so far with me, and no further.'"

On the north side of Richmnnd, at Hanover Junction, the earth-works are abundant. When the Army of the Potomac, during General Grant's campaign in Virginia, reached that point, it was confronted hy Lee's forces massed nn the North Ann River. The hnuse where General Grant established his headquarters is standing and occupied. At that time it was owned and occupied hy an old woman, who, in spite of the cnntending rivals, attended to her household duties. Very much surprised at her apparent unconcern, General Grant told her that she was taking great risks, as her house would necessarily he under an extremely severe fire in case of an engagement, which seemed imminent, and advised her to retire to a safer locality. Her reply was characteristic of the Virginia women of the period. "General Grant," she said, "I have too much stuff on my place to move away, hecause, if I left, it would he all taken hy the soldiers, and I am going to stay right here and save it. When the fight comes off, I am going down into the potato cellar, and, if the fighting gets too hot for you, you can come down there, too!" Liking her resolute answer, he hecame very friendly to her, agreed to her staying on the premises, and ordered that she he protected.

"Do you helieve in marrying for love?" said Mrs. Bleecker, of New York, to Mrs. Drestheef, of Chicago. "Oh, yes; once in awhile," replied the Chicago woman.—*Ex.*

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ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

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Trains leave, and are dne to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From Dec. 6, 1891.	ARRIVE.
7.00 A.	Benicia, Rnmsey, Sacramento	7.15 P
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	* 12.15 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga	6.15 P.
* 8.00 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa	* 6.15 P.
8.00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	Second-class Ogden and East, and first-class locally	10.45 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	4.45 P.
9.00 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	12.15 P.
12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore	7.15 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	* 9.00 P.
3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, & Stockton	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10 45 A.
4.30 P.	Woodland and Oroville	10 45 A.
* 4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8 45 P.
5.00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 P.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	7.45 A.
.....	Niles and San José	‡ 6.15 P.
6.00 P.	Ogden Route Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	11.45 A.
‡ 7.00 P.	Vallejo	† .45 P.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	8.15 A.
	SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.	
8.15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
* 2.15 P.	Centreville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	* 10.50 A.
4.15 P.	Centreville, San José, and Los Gatos	9.50 A.
† 1 .45 P.	Hunters' Train to Newark, Alviso, San José, and Los Gatos	‡ 8.05 P.
	COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.	
7.00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations	6.10 P.
10.37 A.	San José and Way Stations	5.10 P.
12.15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations	4.00 P.
* 2.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way stations	* 10 48 A.
* 3.30 P.	Menlo Park San José, and principal Way Stations	* 10.03 A.
* 4.15 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.06 A.
5.15 P.	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
† 11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	† 7.30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 29, 1891, and nntil further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7.40, 9.20, 11.40 A. M.; 3.30, 5.00, 6.20 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1.50 P. M.
Sundays—8, 9.30, 11 A. M.; 2, 5, 6.15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6.25, 7.55, 9.30 A. M.; 12.45, 3.40, 5.05 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.30 P. M.
Sundays—8.10, 9.40, A. M.; 12.15, 3.40, 5, 6.25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6.50, 8.20, 9.55 A. M.; 1.10, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.55 P. M.
Sundays—8.35, 10.05 A. M.; 12 40, 4.05, 5.30, 6.50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		Destination.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days.	Sundays.		Sundays.	Week Days.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M. 5.00 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 9.30 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M. 7.25 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Felton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7.25 P. M.	6 10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6 10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratog Springs, Blue Lakes, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydesville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays, to Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa, $2.25; to Healdsburg, $3.40; to Cloverdale, $4.50; to Hopland, $5.70; to Ukiah, $6.75; to Sebastopol, $2.70; to Guerneville, $3.75; to Sonoma, $1.50; to Glen Ellen, $1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petalnma, $1; to Santa Rosa, $1.50; to Healdsburg, $2.25; to Cloverdale, $3; to Ukiah, $4.50 to Hopland, $3.80; to Sebastopol, $1.80; to Guerneville $2.50; to Sonoma, $1; to Glen Ellen, $1.20.

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PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., March 11, 25, April 9, 24, May 9, 24.

For British Columbia and Puget Sonnd ports 9 A. M. every Friday. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Lnis Obispo, every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, the 1st of each month. Ticket office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents,
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Audiences always come away from a performance of "As You Like It" in good humor. They may criticise the Rosalind, or the Orlando, or the Jaques, but the general effect of the whole play is so satisfactory that they feel their evening has been well spent. For it brims over with wit and wisdom, there is not a dull line in it, and there are a hundred which every one treasures in the memory. A woodland freshness and joyous spirit creep into the heart of the spectator and drive dull care away.

Upon a not overrational thread, Shakespeare strung the brightest jewels of his poesy; and to work out his plot, he conceived the most delicious female character he ever drew. Nothing so charming in feminine flesh and blood as Rosalind is to be found in his other plays. Beatrice is exquisite; Juliet is lovely; Hermia and Helena are sweet; Modjeska thought that Imogen was peerless; Petruchio's Kate is piquant; but no girl of Shakespeare's ever combined such attractions as the heroine of "As You Like It." The Goddess Caprice was present at her birth, and endowed her with the gift which is more potent than beauty. Her wit plays in every sentence she utters, wrapping her speech in a subtle essence, in which tenderness, playfulness, and high spirits mingle. When she appears, she irradiates the scene; by comparison, every one else seems dull and flat. Her dialogue sparkles with phosphorescent flashes, like distant lightning on a summer's eve. In her, mirth and sweetness are married; she never says an unkind word, and her delicacy is as marked as her brilliancy. Her smiles mingle with her tears; her merriment fuses itself by imperceptible degrees into pathos. A less careful workman than Shakespeare would have made her costume suggest quodlibets of doubtful taste; but, though she never forgets her doublet and hose, and makes several points on her lack of mannishness, she never forgets her part of a guileless, innocent, pure-minded maiden. Be she sad or merry, philosophic or fathoms deep in love, she is always essentially a lady.

It is no wonder that every actress of note, as well as every stage-struck girl that has lived in the last two centuries, has either played Rosalind or tried to play it. When Shakespeare wrote, and for fifty years afterward, the part was taken by a boy; British taste demurred at the appearance of women on the stage. But nearly two centuries ago, Mrs. Pritchard showed what could be made of the part; and Peg Woffington improved upon her example. It was while she was performing Rosalind, and delighting her audience with bright conceits, that the beautiful and gifted actress was stricken with paralysis, and was carried off the stage, never to see the footlights again. The list of Rosalinds who followed her comprises the names of every famous actress of this and the last century; even Mrs. Siddons herself relaxed her imperial dignity to essay the part, and must have looked like an elephant gamboling with kittens. In our own day, Mrs. Kendal is supposed to have more nearly realized the ideal Rosalind than any other actress of the time, though Miss Anderson was delightful and Ada Rehan has quite lately played the part in New York to the public satisfaction.

It may be doubted by those who know her whether she was as good as Miss Gale. The latter essayed the rôle with many natural advantages—youth, beauty, vivacity, and a musical voice. It is not easy to see where her rendering could be criticised. She did not miss a point, and she entered into the humor of the character with perfect naturalness and sweet, maidenly coyness. She had over Adelaide Neilson the advantage which the latter had over her in Juliet. She was more ideally the bright, laughing, warm-hearted, innocent girl. She never posed, as Margaret Mather did; her wit just bubbled out, as if she could not help it, and could go on forever.

Mr. Weaver was good as Jaques. He adopts the reading of those who believe that the soliloquies of the forest philosopher should be delivered naturally, in an off-hand way, as parts of an ordinary conversation, and not as harangues to be mouthed and trumpeted with strut and double emphasis. Everybody has heard actors spout the "Seven Ages of Man," with accompanying gestures designed to reproduce each age, from the infant mewling and puking in its mother's arms to the lean and slippered pantaloon. Mr. Weaver recited the lines with perfect elocution, but without tricks of voice or the least attempt at acting, and the audience appreciated his rendering. His art is of the kind to which the poet referred when he said that the highest style of art was to seem artless.

Mr. Creston Clarke is not a satisfactory Orlando. Few actors are. He is a mere foil to Rosalind; and despite Emerson's statement that all the world loves a lover, the fact is that male lovers are bores to every one but their lady-love. The wrestling scene was laughable. Mr. McCulla, who played Charles the Wrestler, performed an extraordinary back-somersault, which made athletes sneer, and was entirely inconsistent with the theory that he had broken his ribs. Mr. Carhart was a painstaking Adam, but people hardly listened to him. Few remembered that this was the part that Shakespeare played in the original cast of "As You Like It."

The house was good, and it is well. It is only too apparent that the taste for the Shakespearean theatre is dying out, and that, by and bye, it will only be on rare occasions that an audience will have an opportunity of witnessing its masterpieces on the stage. The public taste craves novelties, and a large section of them are growing impatient of plays in which gems of wit are strung on a thread of absurdity.

At the theatres during the week commencing February 15th: The Tivoli Company in "The Merry War"; Stuart Robson in "She Stoops to Conquer"; James O'Neill in "Monte Cristo"; Loraine Hollis's company in "Forget Me Not"; Stockwell's company in "The Private Secretary"; the New York Opera Comique Company in "La Marjolaine"; and Roland Reed in "The Club Friend."

STAGE GOSSIP.

Augustin Daly will produce his new play by Tennyson during the month of March.

"Nym Crinkle," the New York dramatic critic, was married in that city last week to Miss Jennie Pearl Mowbray, of Minneapolis, who thus became Mrs. Alfred Carpenter Wheeler.

"La Marjolaine," a tuneful opera which has not been heard for several years, is to be revived by Drew, Hallam, Emily Soldene, Bebe Vining, and the rest of their company this week.

George W. Cable, the author of "The Grandissimes" and other Southern stories, will give three readings from his works in this city during the early part of March. The readings will be under the auspices of the Children's Hospital.

Rose Coghlan and Helen Barry are fighting in the courts over their plays, both of which were adapted from the same German original. The feelings of the German author, who is not making anything out of either version, must be somewhat mixed.

Roland Reed will repeat "The Club Friend" during his second—and last—week in town. He has had large audiences throughout the week, and they seem to have enjoyed Sydney Rosenfeld's comedy fairly well, though there is nothing particularly original or witty in it.

Edna Wallace, of Roland Reed's company, has almost divided the honors of "The Club Friend" with the star during the past week. She received quite an ovation on Monday night and came before the curtain after the third act, under the care of the star, who made quite a neat little speech for her, she blushing prettily and looking very happy the while.

Richard Mansfield is one of the players who are soon to be seen in San Francisco. He is a much more famous man now than he was when he was in San Francisco before, and he has a long list of famous rôles. Among the plays in which he will be seen here are "The Parisian Romance," "Beau Brummel," "Prince Karl," "Don Juan," and, possibly, "Jekyll and Hyde."

"The Merry War," one of the prettiest and most popular of the modern Viennese operas, is to be sung at the Tivoli Opera House next week, with a strong cast of singers and comedians, as follows:

Umberto Spinola, Warwick Gaynor; Artemisia, Grace Vernon; Marquis Filippo Sebastiani, Phil. Branson; Ricardo, Will Henshaw; Spinzi, George Harris; Biffi, G. Napoleoni; Von Schulen, M. Cornell; Balthasar Groot, Ferris Hartman; Elsa, Gracie Plaisted; Gini, Lena Salinger; Theresa, Emma Vorce; Violetta, Tillie Salinger.

Emma V. Sheridan, a little of an actress and something of a writer, has constructed a new play for Richard Mansfield, which is in part built up on Dr. Warren's famous old novel, "Ten Thousand a Year." In the play, however, Tittlebat Titmouse is made the central figure, and his character is changed from being insufferably caddish to that of a good-hearted and almost lovable blunderer.

James O'Neill will begin a short engagement in town in "Monte Cristo" on Monday night. He has made a fortune out of Dumas's old wonder-story, and spent much of it in trying other plays. Now he has returned to it, and is watching his pocket-book grow plethoric. Like Frank Mayo's "Davy Crockett," "Monte Cristo" seems always to possess a charm for a large portion of the theatre-going public.

Miss Agnes Huntington is to be in San Francisco in the near future under the management of Marcus Mayer. She is an American girl, but has been a great favorite, for some years past, in London, where she is equally popular on the boards of the light opera stage and in the realm of teas and crushes. She is a very tall and very handsome woman, a fact which impresses itself on whoever sees her in her favorite rôle in "Paul Jones."

Stuart Robson commences his engagement on Monday night with his revival of "She Stoops to Conquer." His company is essentially a modern one—and modern actors and actresses, who have not had the wide and thorough training that the old stock-company system gave, are not often very successful in old English comedy—but they have been well received in Goldsmith's comedy. They have "The Henrietta" in reserve for their second or third week.

There is a certain amount of pleasure for those who enjoy a little clever extravaganza in the announcement that Francis Wilson is coming to San Francisco during the summer. Wilson is one of the funniest fellows in the world, and in his pursuit of dollars has not found it necessary to go outside of New York and a few of the large Eastern cities for a dozen years. Now, however, he wants a rest, and is going to Japan; but he will bring his company out here while on his way and may play quite a long engagement in this city. He has not been here in many years—in fact, since he came out with Colonel McCaull's Company, from which he seceded for a brief and lamentable production of something called "Our Goblins" at the old Standard Theatre. "The Lion-Tamer" will be the principal feature of his engagement here.

A big rat came unannounced into the Philadelphia Grand Opera House, the other night, during the first act of the "Gladiator" (says the Philadelphia *Press*), just as the cruel empress had ordered Nero to kill lovely Neodamia, the heroine in the tragedy. In the front-seat, close to the big fiddle, were seated Joseph Bailey and Con Cooney, a pressman, who intended to go to his work after the theatre, and had a well-filled dinner-basket between his feet. The rat came close to the basket, sniffed a couple of times, and, in sniffing, moved Cooney's hat so that it fell off the basket. Just at that moment, a pretty little blonde, seated in the box, looked down and saw the thieving rodent. With a silvery yell of "Rats!" she threw decorum to the winds and jumped upon her chair, at the same time giving an impromptu skirt-dance. In a twinkling, the air was filled with smothered screams and the swishing and rustling of silken skirts. The women jumped on the seats. The rat, realizing that he had made the mistake of his life, scampered up the main aisle. Mr. Cooney and Mr. Bailey were thundering up the aisle in close pursuit. Around the orchestra circle, the rat led by a short lap. Down the side aisle sped the trio, and up the center again. The rat darted down toward the stage, and one excited individual yelled: "Oh, it's going up on the stage!" All this time the actors had kept on with the play, but the announcement that the stage was likely to be visited by a rat proved too much for Neodamia. Despite the fact that her life was in danger from the jealousy of the empress, she jumped nimbly to a divan, and tucked up her Roman gown. By this time the rat had grown weary, but Joe, the avenger, was just warming up to the event. The chase led close to the spot where Mr. Cooney's lunch-basket was, and, when directly opposite, Joe made a flying leap. One foot demolished both Cooney's hat and lunch-basket, but the other foot went straight to the mark, and the despairing squeal that followed, indicated a sudden death in ratland. When the excitement had subsided and Mr. Cooney had gathered up the fragments of his basket and hat, the generous audience tendered a round of applause to Mr. Bailey and Mr. Cooney that made the chandeliers tremble. Then Neodamia climbed down from her perch and the performance proceeded.

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Fried Tomcods. Saratoga Potatoes.
Beefsteak, Mushroom Sauce.
Asparagus. String Beans.
Roast Canvas-back Ducks, Currant Jelly and Lemon Sauce.
Tomato Salad.
Lemon Pie. Nuts and Raisins.

MUSHROOM SAUCE.—Clean two ounces of fresh mushrooms, or use half a can of preserved ones; chop them up. Take two ounces of fresh butter, beat well, but do not brown; add two table-spoonfuls of flour, stir well until quite smooth; add one pint of soup stock; boil up and then simmer for about ten minutes, and add a little lemon juice.

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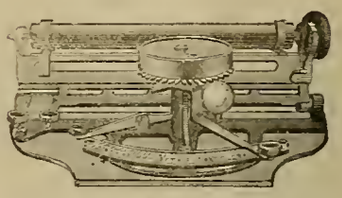

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VALENTINE VERSE.

Valentine.

Winter turneth unto spring,
Icicles upon his cheek
Into tear-drops melting fast:
Fitting time it is to speak.
Sweetheart, to my plea incline,
Take me for your valentine.

Long I, like the birds that lilt
In the spicy forest brush,
Like the bee a-search for flowers,
Brooks enchained by winter's hush,
Murmuring, 'tween stones and ice,
Dreams of summer's paradise.

To the buds upon the tree
All the juices long to flow;
They in silence long to break—
Break their downy coats and blow.
Nature's longing heart is mine—
Be that beart your valentine.

Open at the sweetest page—
Winter turning into Spring,
Brooklets longing for the sun,
Birds and branches listening
For the south wind in the pine.
Sweetheart, read your valentine.
—*Margaret H. Lawless.*

A Boy's Valentine.

I might begin: "The rose is red"
(Though that is not so very new),
Or this the boys all think is good:
"If you love me as I love you."

But—seems to me—a valentine
Is nicer when you do not say
The same old things that every one
Keeps saying in the same old way.

And I asked Jane the other night,
What grown-up people write about.
She would not answer me at first,
But laughed till I began to pout.
That stopped her, for she saw I meant
The question (and she will not tease).
"Why—love," she said, "and shining eyes,
A kiss, soft hair—just what they please."
It can't be hard, if that is all,
So I'll begin by saying this:

"To my dear lady beautiful,
I send a valentine and kiss,
The valentine, because she has
The loveliest hair and gentlest eyes;
The kiss, because I love her more
Than any one beneath the skies;
Because she is the kindest, best,
The sweetest lady ever known;
And every year I'll say the same,
The very same, to her alone!"

There! Now it's finished. Who will do?
I've thought of one and then another.
Who is there like it? Why, of course,
I'll send it right away to mother!
—*Kate Kellogg.*

Valentine in Form of Ballade.

The soft wind from the south land sped,
He set his strength to blow,
From forests where Adonis bled,
And lily flowers a-row;
He crossed the straits like streams that flow,
The ocean dark as wine,
To my true love to whisper low,
To be your Valentine.

The Spring half-raised her drowsy head,
Besprent with drifted snow,
"I'll send an April day," she said,
"To lands of wintry woe."
He came—the winter's overthrow—
With showers that sing and shine.
Pied daisies round your path to strow,
To be your Valentine.

Where sands of Egypt, swart and red,
'Neath suns Egyptian glow,
In places of the princely dead,
By the Nile's overflow,
The swallow preened her wings to go,
And for the North did pine,
And fain would brave the frost, her foe.
To be your Valentine.

ENVOY.

Spring, Swallow, South Wind, even so,
Their various voice combine;
But that they crave on *me* bestow,
To be our Valentine. —*Andrew Lang.*

Suggested by the Fourteenth.

Darkness succeeds to twilight:
Through lattice and through skylight
The stars, no doubt, if one looked out,
Might be observed to shine;
And sitting by the embers,
I elevate my members
On a stray chair, and then and there
Commence a valentine.

Yea! by Saint Valentinus,
Emma shall not be minus
What all young ladies, whate'er their grade is,
Expect to-day no doubt;
Emma, the fair, the stately,
Whom I beheld so lately,
Smiling beneath the snow-white wreath
Which told that she was "out."

Wherefore fly to her, swallow,
And mention that I'd "follow,"
And "pipe and trill," et cetera, till
I died, had I but wings;
Say the North's "true and tender,"
The South an old offender;
And hint, in fact, with your well-known tact,
All kinds of pretty things.

Say I grow hourly thinner,
Simply abbor my dinner,
Though I do try and absorb some viand
Each day for form's sake merely;
And ask her, when all's ended,
And I am found extended,
With vest blood-spotted and cut carotid,
To think on Hers sincerely.
—*Charles Stuart Calverley.*

February Fourteenth.

A. M.

I wonder what will come to me to-day:
A beauteous box of filmy paper lace,
Bedecked with gay-hued Cupids all at play—
Some twining garlands, some in mad'ning chase;
Of honeyed compliment a pleasing trace;
Or poetry, to breathe a love divine—
Sent by some unknown daughter of the Grace
To me on this day of St. Valentine?

Or will some book of verses come my way,
Within whose dainty covers' soft embrace
Is hid in cipher some sweet roundelay
My love sings not to me when face to face?
Or, better still, in tender verses' place,
For cigarettes, inscribed with one sweet line,
Perhaps there'll come a solid silver case
To me on this day of St. Valentine.

ENVOY.

P. M.

The day is gone at last. The date erase.
Most ill indeed has been this luck of mine.
Not anything has come, or good or base,
To me on this day of St. Valentine. —*Anon.*

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Saturday Morning Orchestra

A musical event in which much more than the usual interest is being manifested will be the début concert of the Saturday Morning Orchestra, which will be held in Metropolitan Hall on Tuesday evening, February 16th, for the benefit of the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society. The orchestra is composed exclusively of amateur lady performers, thirty-five in number, and comprises all the string and reed instruments necessary to a regular orchestra. In New York city, a similar organization has successfully existed for the last three or four years, but the instrumentation is confined to stringed instruments alone, while the Saturday Morning Orchestra comprises fifteen violins, three violas, three 'cellos, two bassviols, two flutes, one clarionet, one oboe, two cornets, one trombone, drums, harp, piano, and organ.

Mrs. Selden S. Wright is the president and Mr. J. H. Rosewald the musical director of the orchestra, and it is to their combined energy and perseverance that such a combination of instruments, played by ladies of social standing, could be secured and the interest in the work kept alive. The majority of the members are natives of this State and city, and all (including the president and musical director) are native born Americans. The orchestra has faithfully studied a large repertoire of classical and modern compositions, from which a programme of popular music has been selected for the début concert on Tuesday next. Everything has been arranged to make the affair a social as well as a musical success, well-known young gentlemen having volunteered to act as ushers, and many friends of the young ladies of the orchestra having signified their intention of appearing in evening-dress. The soloists will be Mrs. Ivy Wandesforde Kersey and Miss May Worth, vocalists, and Mr. J. H. Rosewald, violinist, while Mrs. W. J. Younger will be the accompaniste. The personnel of the orchestra is as follows:

Violins—Miss Alice Ames, Miss Gertrude Ames, Miss Helen A. Bosqui, Miss Mamie Baker, Miss Mamie Conlin, Miss Adele Dannenbaum, Miss Charlotte Gruenhagen, Miss Marcelline J. Gage, Miss Annie M. Herrick, Miss Minnie Heath, Miss Carolyn L. Knox, Miss Daisy Polk, Miss Ethel Smith, Miss Nannie Van Wyck, Miss Roberta E. Lee Wright. Viola—Miss Bessie Ames, Miss Marie Ponton D'Arce, Miss Marie Hayn. 'Cello—Miss Eleanor Hall, Miss Hermione Rey, Miss Jeanne Wellman. Contrabasso—Mrs. Vernon Van Buskirk, Miss Maude Younger. Flutes—Miss Kate Clement, Miss Annie Lyle. Clarionet—Mrs. Ivy Wandesforde Kersey. Oboe—Mrs. Thomas C. Eager. Cornets—Miss Pearl Noble, Miss Preciosa Pracht. Trombone—Miss Maude Noble. Drums—Miss Augusta R. Knell. Harp—Miss Marie Dillon. Organ—Miss Lucy B. Jerome. Piano—Mrs. W. J. Younger. Musical director, Mr. J. H. Rosewald; president, Mrs. S. S. Wright.

The sale of seats will begin at Sherman & Clay's music store on Saturday, February 13th.

A Charitable Musicale.

A musicale was given last Tuesday evening, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Pixley, in aid of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin. The affair was given under the auspices of the young ladies of the Altar Society, and it proved to be a musical, social, and financial success. The musicale was held in the recently completed ball-room of the residence, and was listened to with much interest by an audience of about one hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen. The programme, which was an excellent one, comprised the following selections:

Violin duo, "Mazurka Melodie," Ascher, Miss Gruenhagen and Mr. Melrose; vocal solo, "Stella Confidente," Robaudi, Mr. Conreich (Miss Gruenhagen, violin obligato); recitation, "Only Friends," anonymous, Miss Elizabeth Bartlett; vocal solo, "Judith," Concone, Miss Topping (Miss Mooser, accompanist); vocal solo, "The Lost Chord," Sullivan, Mr. McGauley; vocal quartet, Misses Shepard and Topping, Messrs. Kelleher and McGauley; violin solo, "Mazurka Caprice," Bohm, Miss Gruenhagen; vocal solos, *(a)* "Murmuring Breezes," Vensen, *(b)* "Barcarolle," Gounod, Mr. A. J. Kelleher; vocal solo, "Love's Sorrow," Shelly, Miss Shepard; trio (violin and piano), "Nocturne," Schubert, Misses Melrose and Gruenhagen, and Mr. Melrose.

After the entertainment, and while the ball-room was being cleared of chairs, the audience inspected the residence. Dancing was indulged in later, and continued until about midnight.

The Fabiola Hospital Concert.

The Grand Opera House contained a large and fashionable audience last Wednesday evening, when a charity concert was given for the benefit of the Fabiola Hospital by Professors Sancho and Lombardero and their pupils, comprising nine clubs of guitars, bandurrias, and mandolins, assisted by Mrs. Mary Wyman Williams, mezzo-soprano; Mr. C. A. Howland, baritone; Mr. A. H. Kayton, violinist; and Miss Ada E. Weigel, Signor G. B. Galvani, and Señor S. Martinez, accompanists. The audience was very appreciative and heartily enjoyed the programme, which was as follows:

(a) "Toreador March" ("Carmen"), Bizet, *(b)* "Moorish Serenade," Chopin, Los Bandurristas and Sketch Clubs; song (selected), Mrs. Mary Wyman Williams; "Raymond Overture," Thomas, Mandolinata Quintet; "Reverie," Vieuxtemps, Mr. A. Harold Kayton; selections, "Rigoletto," Verdi, Mandolinata Quintet; song (selected), Mr. C. A. Howland; *(a)* march, "El Relivo de la Guardia," arranged by Sancho, *(b)* waltz, "Figaro," Lombardero, Sketch, Los Bandurristas, Hutchinson, Mandolinata Quintet, Orfeo, Figaro, Madison Square, La Giralda, and Sevillia Clubs.

The Bach Musical Club.

The Bach Musical Club, under the direction of Professor Emil Barth, gave an enjoyable concert last Wednesday evening under the auspices of the Society of California Pioneers. The attendance was very large and the following programme was presented:

"War March," of the Priests of Athalia, Mendelssohn; overture, "Italiana in Algeria," Rossini; *(a)* intermezzo, from "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni, *(b)* "Loin du Bal," Gillet; "Oh, Mio Fernando," song, Miss M. Coney; "Bonheur," gavotte serenade, Hariwig; selection from "Lohengrin," Wagner; "Oberon," overture, Weber; *(a)* "Song to the Evening Star," *(b)* "Pilgrim Chorus" from "Tannhauser," Wagner; ballad, selected, Miss M. Coney; the "Pygmies," Eilenberg; Hungarian Dances, No. 6 and 7, Brahms; "Coronation March" from the opera "The Folkinger," Kretschmer.

Mr. F. W. Ludovici will give his fifth Musical Sunday Afternoon, of this series, in Steinway Hall, at three o'clock, on February 14th. Schumann's string quintet, op. 163 and Raff's quintet, op. 107, will be among the instrumental numbers in addition to Tartini's "Il Trillo del Diavolo," which Mr. Hermann Brandt will play. Mr. Alfred Wilkie will sing "Adelaide" and "Evening," and Miss Ada E. Weigel will be the accompanist. The final concert of the season will take place on Sunday, March 13th. There is a general desire to have two more concerts, after this series, in April and May, when the Rubinstein quintet for piano and strings and the Dvorak sextet for strings will be given for the first time in this city. The subscription list is now open.

"Bluff King Hal," the new comic opera by Mr. H. J. Stewart and Mr. Daniel O'Connell, will be presented at the Grand Opera House on Wednesday evening, February 24th, for the benefit of the San Francisco Art Association. The frequent rehearsals have demonstrated that the opera will be given in a creditable manner, and its success, in point of attendance, is already assured.

There will be an auction sale at the Grand Opera House at noon next Wednesday for choice of boxes and seats to witness "Bluff King Hal." The premium realized will be in addition to the price of each box or seat. Mr. Walter S. Newhall will act as auctioneer.

Mrs. Carmichael-Carr and Mr. Sigmund Beel will give another Saturday Popular Concert this (Saturday) afternoon in Irving Hall at three o'clock. Mr. Carlisle N. Grieg, of New York, the new baritone, will give several songs, Mr. Beel and Mr. Landsberger will play a violin duo by Spohr, and among the other attractions will be one of Beethoven's sonatas for the violin, and a Mendelssohn sonata for the 'cello.

The blind pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind at Berkeley will give a musicale there on Monday evening, February 15th.

The Philharmonic Society, under the direction of Mr. Hermann Brandt, will give its third concert of the thirteenth season next Wednesday evening.

All Sorts and Conditions of Men,
No matter how widely at variance on other points, concede to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters sovereign potency in cases of malaria. This is the universal testimony from all classes. Chills and fever, intermittent, dumb ague, and ague cake invariably succumb to it. So do dyspepsia, la grippe, constipation, biliousness, rheumatism, and kidney trouble. Emigrants to and sojourners in malarious regions should provide themselves with this genial means of protection.

The Czar has ordered that a certain regiment of horse guards stationed at Charhoff must pay the widow of a merchant, murdered in that city, a yearly pension of five thousand roubles. The merchant met his death at the hands of members of the regiment, and the Czar has made the officers responsible, saying that they were to blame for the loose discipline that made such a crime possible.

"All the world is queer but thee and me, Rachel, and thee is a little peculiar," said an old Quaker to his wife.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

A Chicago editor suggests that if the atmosphere grows much worse in that city it will have to be taken in capsules.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"I have a pair of suspenders for every pair of trousers I've got," he said. "Gracious! How many pairs of suspenders have you got?" "One pair."—*New York Press.*

"What makes you think that Stillwater is such a clever fellow? I never heard him say anything more than 'yes' or 'no.'" "That's what convinces me he is clever.'—*Boston Post.*

Bingo—"Wasn't the servant-girl unusually pleasant this morning?" *Mrs. Bingo*—"Yes. Her beau called last night." *Bingo*—"See if you can't get him to come here and live."—*Life.*

In Chicago: *Stranger*—"Whose little girl are you?" *Florence*—"I'm papa's little girl." *Stranger*—"And why aren't you mamma's little girl?" *Florence*—"'Cause the decree gave me to papa."—*Life.*

Mrs. Musicmad—"Doctor, why is it that all the great pianists have such long, bushy hair?" *Professor Savage* (reflectively)—"I presume it is to keep off the flies while they are performing."—*Puck.*

Nothing exasperates a woman, who has been shading her eyes from the gas-light with her hand all the evening, so much as to find that, after all, she had left her best diamond-ring on the wash-stand.—*Siftings.*

Mr. Briggs—"I always have a morning walk. I'm out of bed every morning at five, you know." *Mrs. Trotfast*—"How long have you been doing that?" *Mr. Briggs*—"Oh—eh—um—ever since the baby came."—*Pick-Me Up.*

The New York physician who says that ballet-dancing and high-kicking do not demoralize the female form, examined the wrong patient. In a general way, he can be distinguished by his bald head.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Courtier (Cannibal Islands)—"Here comes some more missionaries." *King* (espying a detachment of the Salvation Army, with tambourines)—"At last these foreign nations are getting sense. With this lot they have sent along some plates."—*Good News.*

They were dreaming of wedded bliss: "After your hard day's work, dear——" she murmured. "Yes," he interrupted earnestly. "You will come home and talk with me, and hold me in your lap, and read to me, and drive all my cares away, and rub my head, and it will be so sweet, and so just like a book!"—*Puck.*

An action for damages was being heard at the Bridgend county court, England, recently, and one important witness remained to be examined, when the time arrived for the judge to leave by train. It was desired to finish the case without adjourning it to a future date, so the judge, with the counsel on both sides and the witnesses, traveled together to Llantrissant. The witness gave his evidence in the carriage during the journey, and the judge gave his decision in the station-master's office when the train arrived at Llantrissant.

The grand total of charitable bequests in England during the past year, excluding Baron Hirsch's $10,000,000 for Jewish emigration, was $15,000,000, as against $11,500,000 in 1890.

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The Argonaut

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The Argonaut.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supplying; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

A few days ago, Senator Vest, of Missouri, sent a letter to the annual meeting and banquet of the Greystone Club, in Denver, in which he took occasion to felicitate the club and himself on the remarkable unity and harmony which prevailed in the Democratic party. According to the Missouri senator, if the party would only steer clear of the question of silver, nothing could prevent its success in November.

All this was very eloquent and sounded very pretty; but it happened that, on the next evening after the Greystone Club banquet, or the next but one, there was a meeting of Democrats in Cooper Union Hall, in the city of New York, which flatly negatived the assertions of Senator Vest, and showed conclusively that Democratic harmony, at least in so far as the State of New York is concerned, did not exist. The meeting was called to protest against the action of the State Democratic Committee—for which read Tammany and David B. Hill—in calling a convention in the present month for the election of delegates to the National Democratic Convention to be held at Chicago. This meeting of eminently respectable, but thoroughly disgruntled Democrats, was presided over by Frederick R. Coudert, who made a mild sensation by appearing in a swallow-tail coat, and was attended by Oswald Ottendorfer, E. Ellery Anderson, ex-Mayor Grace, ex-Mayor Cooper, ex-Justice Daly, ex-Mayor Hewitt, ex-Secretary of the Treasury Fairchild, and a large number of other "Hons." and ex-Something or Others, all of whom, it is easy to recall, are Cleveland men, and therefore not admirers of Hill and his tactics.

Coudert was rather adroit in his remarks. He professed loyalty to the Democratic party under any and all circumstances, and seemed to speak more in sorrow than in anger of the political course of Hill and his cohorts. There were others, however, who were not so discreetly reticent. A Mr. Milbrun, of Buffalo, when it came to his turn, did not mince matters at all. He said of the Hill combination that they were "as common a lot of schemers as ever seized upon power," and when he mentioned Hill's name, there were prolonged hisses.

Two nights after this, an anti-Hill meeting was held in Brooklyn, and was largely attended. John Dewitt Warner was the chief speaker of the evening. He said that Mills had been defeated for the Speakership of the House by a combination of those opposed to the management under which the Democratic party had succeeded, of which combination the New York State Democratic organization, directed by David Bennett Hill, was the principal factor. The people, Warner said, did right to protest against a midwinter convention. It was only the last and crowning crime of a long series that the present Democratic State organization had committed, and he took it that the people were not only going to repudiate the convention now called, but that they would visit with political death any man or organization daring thus to forge the names of the New York Democracy.

This is the harmony and unity to which Vest alluded, and it is especially cheering to see it prevail to such an extent in a State which is absolutely necessary to the success of the Democratic party in the Presidential election. It must make the leaders of that party outside the State of New York feel very joyous to have Hill threatened with political death by his own party, and the reputable and respectable element of that party threaten to bolt the whole ticket unless Cleveland is nominated and Hill defeated.

Nor must it be forgotten that this breach is not one of those sudden and trifling quarrels that can be healed by smooth words and honeyed promises. It is war to the knife between the machine politicians of the great State of New York and those who are not allowed to participate in the engineering of the Democratic Juggernaut.

Without New York the Democratic party cannot elect a President at the coming election. By no manipulation of the figures of the electoral college can a majority be figured out for the Democratic candidate without the vote of New York, unless there be conceded a political revolution in many States which are solidly Republican on national issues, and no such revolution seems probable. When it is remembered that Cleveland carried New York, in 1884, by less than eleven hundred votes, and that the State went Republican in 1888, it is easy to see that a split in the Democratic party of the State means a Republican victory. Hill will control the machine vote; but the more perfect his control, the more certain will be the revolt of such Democrats as those who attended the New York and Brooklyn meetings referred to. These men will not consent that either Hill or a candidate of Hill's selection shall be elected President of the United States. They have had all the Tammany they can stand, first in the city of New York, and now in the State, and they simply will not support the Democratic candidate if it be David Bennett Hill or any man of his choosing.

And why should they? Hill has used all his power and influence to debase and lower the tone of politics in a great State. But such men as these revolt and refuse to cower at the crack of the party whip. No great principle is ever justified without sacrifice, and though the cause of these recalcitrant Democrats will cost their party the State of New York and the Presidential election this year, it will show the intelligent citizens of the entire State that there are some Democrats who will not sacrifice honesty, decency, and reputation to the mere prospect of immediate political success.

In the last number of the *Argonaut*, reference was made to the large fleet of steamers which sail out of the port of Hamburg, in Germany, and a contrast was drawn between the maritime development of that port and that of San Francisco, which has only one line of steamers carrying the American flag exclusively and sailing to foreign ports. We may now turn to another foreign port, which is less than half the size of San Francisco, and yet which cuts no small figure in the navigation of the high seas. That is Valparaiso, in Chile.

Valparaiso has not even a harbor. It is an open roadstead, where vessels anchor how on to the land, and are obliged to cut their cables and run for the open sea when the wind blows. It is not the outlet for a very productive country. The nitrates are mostly shipped from Iquique at the north, and the back country of the chief sea-port neither produces much surplus merchandise for export nor consumes any large quantity of foreign goods. Yet at the time the recent revolution broke out, Valparaiso had seven lines of steamers plying to foreign ports.

Of these, one was Chilean—the Compañia Sudamericana de Vapores—which has ten large steamers of something under two thousand tons displacement, and about three thousand two hundred or three thousand five hundred tons carrying capacity. These vessels ply between Valparaiso and Panama, touching at intermediate ports; they were built in England, and are so well finished that a recent traveler declared they were more comfortable than any vessels he had ever sailed in. Just before the anti-Balmacedist uprising, the directors of the company had agreed to lay on a line from Panama to England, and new ships were being built for the service. Their means enable them to undertake the venture. Their capital is something over three millions, on which the Chilean Government guarantees six per cent. annually, by way of subsidy for carrying the mails.

There are two lines of English steamers plying to Valparaiso. One is the Valparaiso and Liverpool line, with some six or eight steamers; the other the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's line, which is connected with the Royal Mail Steamship Company. The exact size of its fleet is not known, but the Royal Company divides with the P. & O. and the Cunard Company the honor of owning the largest number of steamers under one flag in the world, and the Navigation Company has at its disposal all the ships it can use. One of these lines runs to Aspinwall and reaches Valparaiso through consorts at Panama. The other pursues the shorter route by way of the Straits of Magellan.

Two lines of steamers sail out of Hamburg for Valparaiso, with a combined fleet of twenty steamers, in commission or in retreat. They rely largely for their profit on the government subsidy granted by Germany. When Bismarck induced Hamburg to enter the German customs union, he was compelled to offer the Hamburgers a bribe in the way of a subsidy for their steamers; in consideration of this subsidy, the area of the free city was restricted to a small part of the territory of Hamburg. In the city itself the German tariff is in full force. It has been largely through the stimulus im-

parted by this subsidy that Hamburg has been enabled to cover the seas with her fleets.

The French have one line to Valparaiso—the Compagnie Maritime du Pacifique; and the Italians one line—the Florio and Ruballino. Through these lines, which count between them some fifteen sail, Bordeaux, Genoa, and Naples are brought into close contact with Valparaiso, and wherever an opportunity occurs for a profitable exchange of merchandise, they are quick to take advantage of it. Alone of all the maritime nations of the world, the United States have no regular steam intercourse with Valparaiso; San Francisco, which is more than twice as near the Chilean sea-port as the European ports are by the shortest route, does not send a steamer there, nor make the smallest effort to effect the exchanges out of which the profits of merchants are realized. The situation is so remarkable that it seems almost incredible.

Over against San Francisco and separated from it by navigable water, are countries which contain one-third the population of the globe. Leaving out Australia, there is not one of these countries that can make an extension-table, or a convenient bureau of drawers, or a first-class stove, or a good pair of boots, or a piece of cassimere, or a locomotive, or a reaping machine, or a stamp mill, or a telephone, or a compound engine. A large proportion of the people of these countries need these appliances of civilization, and can afford to pay for them. Yet we are content to look on idly while their wants are supplied from Great Britain, France, Germany, and Italy, which are separated from them by one-fourth the circumference of the globe, while San Francisco, which lies, so to speak, at their very doors, does not send them a pound of merchandise. Of course a city in which manufacturers are driven away to more hospitable fields of activity by a combination of labor-union monopolists can hardly expect to figure among the seats of progressive industry; men of means are not likely to invest money in productive enterprises in a place where industry is controlled by the most ignorant and the meanest members of the community. But not the least beneficial result of an attempt to extend our foreign intercourse would be a general rebellion against the influences which stand in the way of progress; the successful establishment of steamship lines plying to foreign ports would quickly put a stop to organizations which, if they had their way, would leave us nothing to load the vessels with. Our stagnation is interdependent in all its parts. Progress in one direction would insure progress in all.

Those who seek information on the causes of the standstill which San Francisco has reached, will benefit by reading the history of the great commercial cities of the past eight or nine centuries—Venice, Genoa, Hamburg, Bremen, London, and Liverpool—and by comparing their laws and their customs with the laws and the customs through whose working San Francisco's progress as a sea-port has been stopped. If to this they add a glance at Mr. Eleroy Curtis's digest for the Pan-American Congress, they will understand how cause is always followed by effect.

Last week, the following dispatch, apparently of no great significance, came over the wires:

NEW YORK, February 12th.—John A. McCall, Comptroller of the Equitable Life Insurance Company, was to-day unanimously elected president of the New York Life Insurance Company. The trustees have created a new office—that of vice-president—and George W. Perkins was appointed to fill it.

Behind this brief dispatch there lies a curious story of a most extraordinary struggle between a newspaper and a powerful and wealthy corporation.

Before electing Mr. McCall, the trustees of the New York Life Insurance Company accepted the resignation of President Beers. By way of consoling Mr. Beers for his dismissal, the trustees voted him a "pension" of twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and an annual retaining fee of twelve thousand five hundred dollars for acting as "adviser" to the president. Thus, for nearly wrecking the company of which he was the head, Beers gets a life allowance of thirty-seven thousand five hundred dollars.

The struggle of which we speak was between a newspaper, single-handed—the New York *Times*—and a corporation wielding one hundred and twenty millions of dollars, and counting among its trustees the very foremost leaders of finance and trade. The contestants were so unequal in power that, when the *Times* began the attack, prediction was rife that it would be ruined by the fight. In 1875, when the *Times* began its crusade against Tweed, men of judgment felt sure that its rashness would prove fatal; they were of the same mind when it assailed the New York Life Insurance Company in 1891. They were confident that the New York Life, with its millions of dollars, its hundreds of influential friends, and its hundreds of thousands of policy-holders, who were vitally interested in sustaining the credit of the company in which they were insured, would crush the audacious journal which had dared to impugn its standing. The insurance company did, in effect, attempt to carry the war into Africa by instituting two libel-suits against the *Times*, one of them for a million of dollars. The company left no stone unturned to injure its business and to destroy the reputation of its conductors. If calumny could have killed, the paper would long ago have been a thing of the past.

The incident is a fine illustration of the power of the press, when it is right. The *Times* baffled the company and carried its point, because its charges were true. It did not begin the war until it was satisfied that the trustees had been making bad investments, squandering money among brokers and venal newspaper writers, and was heading straight for a condition which would have rendered its policies unsafe. Having satisfied itself on these points, not from town talk, or the whispers of jealous rivals, but from official documents and testimony which could not be challenged, the newspaper opened a fire which never slackened for eight months. If it had been wrong, if it had slandered the company or its officers, the end of the war would probably have been as fatal to its prosperity as the Pigott frauds were to its London namesake. It was right; it therefore needed nothing but intrepidity to win; and that it possessed. Even up to the very last its prospects of victory seemed so doubtful that it was left to fight the battle single-handed. No other paper took sides with it; not one New Yorker sought to be counted in—though, if the New York Life had been wrecked, the wreck would have been a national disaster. The whole risk was borne by the *Times*, and the credit of the victory belongs to it alone.

When the report of the Superintendent of the Insurance Department of the State of New York was made, it upheld the *Times* in all its charges. From the report is taken the following tabular recapitulation of some of the losses and unlawful expenditures incurred under the management of President Beers:

On Holbrook Hall	$ 529 866
On Plaza Hotel	283,994
On home office	364,295
On Paris building	632 204
Interest not paid on Spanish-American balances	90 000
Surrendered profits on Spanish-American business	48,861
Merzbacher defalcation	602,176
Dinkelspiel balance	348,282
Cost of "Massachusetts Souvenir" and "Public Service"	120,000
Legal expenses in Massachusetts	70,000
Black-mail payments	6,576
Loss on Manhattan Safe Deposit investment	37,000
Total	$3,133 254

Some of the foregoing items may require explanation. On Holbrook Hall and the Plaza Hotel, the company loaned large amounts on mortgages, which were foreclosed, and the company holds the property at a net loss of about eight hundred thousand dollars. Dinkelspiel was a traveling-solicitor for the company, who was fond of women and wine; hence the little "balance" of $348,282. The "Massachusetts Souvenir" and the "Public Service" were two richly printed volumes, giving the lives and portraits of great men, principally agents of the New York Life. The "legal expenses" in Massachusetts were for lobbying. The "Blackmail Payments," the superintendent's report says, were made to "one Joseph Howard."

Not even a surplus of six millions could long withstand aggregate losses of $3,133,254.

From this extraordinary tale of financial mismanagement, the public will learn what service can be rendered by a public journal, conducted by men of principle and courage, with a full consciousness of their responsibilities. It is fairly presumable that, as Tweed's villainies might have been prolonged for years if this same *Times* had not exposed him, so now, but for the *Times* arraignment, the New York Life, under President Beers, might have gone on losing its reserve, paying out hush-money, and wasting the fund out of which policies must be paid, until it was some day brought up standing in bankruptcy. It is quite possible that the hundreds of thousands of persons whose lives are insured in the New York Life have been saved from a loss that is appalling to contemplate, by the intrepid course of this one journal.

Common fairness requires that a service of this kind shall be passed to the credit of journalism when its merits and demerits are weighed in the balance. The public on this coast hold journalism and journalists in light esteem. Very few, indeed, of the latter are welcome members of clubs, and verdicts of juries have apparently established the principle that a newspaper editor may be shot or robbed with impunity. Excuses for the outlawry might be found by the censorious in a retrospect of Pacific Coast journalism. Editors of leading journals have used their columns to traduce honorable men for the gratification of personal spite; have threatened political rivals with newspaper abuse; have converted their sheets into mere engines for the promotion of social ambitions; have used their influence to foster prejudice and error, and to pander to depraved instincts. Such prostitution of the power of the press is naturally resented by an intelligent public, and people get even with the newspapers when they come before a jury. In time the disease will probably yield to the remedy. A few more sharp lessons will teach editors that their responsibility is commensurate with their influence, and that abuse of the latter is sure to be punished. When that lesson is learned, people will cease to cower under the lash of a cowardly brute who happens to have a press and types at his command, and the profession will rise in public esteem.

In the meantime, the example of the New York *Times* is there to show how large a part may be played in modern civilization by a newspaper in honest and courageous hands. It points the direction in which the modern journalist should shape his course, if he desires to win abiding success and the respect of the community in which he lives.

The fact that a new water-crib one mile nearer the river has been opened, inspired this gloomy paragraph in the Chicago *Herald* of Monday last:

"Bacteria and decomposing matter will have a mile less to travel on their way from the sewer to the stomach. When the household faucet is opened this morning, it will, therefore, discharge water and sewage. If typhoid-fever germs have made their visits to the homes of the people in tens and hundreds, they will now appear in thousands and hundreds of thousands."

The unenviable experience of Philadelphia with her typhoid epidemic during the Centennial year is likely to have its counterpart in Chicago next year, if the city authorities do not soon change the existing order of things. In the first three weeks of this year, there were reported 219 fatal cases of typhoid in Chicago—an enormous number, even for that notoriously unhealthy city. The number of fatal cases of typhoid in Chicago in 1890 was 1,008, and in 1891 it reached 1,997—an increase of nearly one hundred per cent. In the Centennial year, Philadelphia had 773 fatal cases, as against 420 in the preceding year. In other words, the death-rate from typhoid in Philadelphia in 1876 was 9.36 in 10,000 inhabitants, while in 1890, in Chicago, the rate was 9 16, and in 1891 it reached 16.64. In the single month of May, 1891, the deaths from typhoid in Chicago numbered 408—more than in the larger city of New York in any one whole year since 1887. Naturally Chicago begins to tremble before this menace to the success of her World's Fair, and to seek abatement of the cause. As to this cause, there can be no doubt. It is the pollution of the drinking water of the city by the city's sewage. Theoretically Chicago gets its drinking supply from the pure waters of Lake Michigan, and sends its sewage by canal to an affluent of the Mississippi. Actually the sewage in large part flows through the Chicago River into the lake, surges around on the city shores, and is taken in again, to be drunk by Chicagoans and to carry them off to untimely graves. The water-supply of Chicago is obtained from Lake Michigan through tunnels which run out into the lake. Two of them reach two miles beyond the shore-line; a shore-inlet tunnel, to be used when one of the others is stopped by ice, runs out only fifteen hundred feet; and a fourth has a submerged inlet five thousand feet from shore. Three other tunnels are now in process of construction: one that will extend out to the United States breakwater, a distance of four thousand five hundred feet, and another extending ten thousand feet from shore, both of which are to be finished shortly, and a third, the Onderdunk Tunnel, which will extend out four miles into the lake. This last will probably not be finished before October, and not till then can Chicago be reasonably sure of drinking pure water.

Much the same condition of affairs exists in the other lake cities. They have all copied their water-systems from Chicago, and they have the same difficulty with their sewage. Milwaukee water, obtained from the lake, is so bad that gold-fishes are dying in the aquaria, but the indifference of the citizens—who, presumably, drink only Milwaukee beer—has left it for the fishermen to secure an order of court against the city to show cause why it should not be enjoined from dumping garbage into the lake.

The apathy of Milwaukee's citizens is characteristic of the people of the United States in this matter of the pollution of water-supply. In Continental Europe, the inherited old Roman laws and recent enlightened enactments have, to some extent, preserved the water-supply from defilement. In England, sanitarians have aroused the public to action only within the past twenty-five years. Liverpool, Birmingham, and Glasgow now have at their command vast supplies of pure water; London, which has a meager supply of poor water, is agitating for the improvement of its water-system. But the United States stands pretty much where England did a quarter of a century ago. The vastness of our territory has hitherto spared us the evil of dense population, and so the American citizen has considered his right to defile the streams that flow through his farm or by his habitation as inalienable as his right to exhale the air from his lungs. He is the more stubborn because of the generally prevalent idea that running water purifies itself. This idea was given much prominence, twenty-five years ago, by the late Dr. Letheby, then medical officer of health of London, who declared

that "sewage when it is mixed with twenty times its volume of running water, and has flowed a distance of ten or twelve miles, is absolutely destroyed; the agents of destruction being infusorial animals, aquatic plants and fish, and chemical oxidation." This fallacy has been exploded by recent investigators who know more of biology than the good doctor did, among them being Professor Percy F. Frankland, who read a paper on this subject, a few months ago, before the Engineering Section of the International Congress of Hygiene in London. He said:

"Removal of microbes by sedimentation during the flow of a river is unquestionably of great hygienic importance, and of much greater hygienic importance than the alleged oxidation of dissolved organic matter, which in itself can have no power of communicating zymotic disease. It is, however, a process which can not be relied upon as furnishing any guarantee that harmful microbes, turned into a stream at a given point, will no longer be present in the water at any point lower down."

Precisely similar conclusions are upheld in a recent investigation of the peculiar epidemic of intestinal diseases in Albany and its vicinity, which was ascribed to these three causes: "typhoid fever and diarrhœa endemic in Schenectady, caused by the use of either polluted city water or private wells, or both; the waters of the Mohawk, contaminated by the city sewers of Schenectady, polluting the water supply of the city of Cohoes at the intake at Crescent, above the Cohoes Falls; and the water of the Mohawk again contaminated by the city sewers of Cohoes, below the falls, and polluting the drinking water of both West Troy and Albany." And so it is in all cities which trust to river water. Newark, N. J., had periodical epidemics of typhoid due to the Passaic water. Philadelphia only escapes the fever by purifying her Schuylkill water by long sedimentation in immense and very costly subsiding reservoirs. New York's experience with the farmers and manufacturers of the Croton water-shed we detailed last October, when the city was investigating the cause of the sudden increase of typhoid cases; her only remedy seems to lie in the action advocated by Commissioner of Public Works Gilroy, who suggests that the city of New York buy a strip of land at least two hundred and fifty feet in width on each side of the principal streams and around each lake, pond, and reservoir tributary to the city's water-system.

It is a relief to turn from the contemplation of such fever-hatcheries and such expensive sanitary measures to our own city. The water-supply of San Francisco is among the best in the world. The catchment system, which the Spring Valley Company adopted years ago, is infinitely better than that at present in vogue in Chicago, Milwaukee, and other lake cities, while New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Newark, St. Louis, Trenton, and other cities which had used river water, are adopting such devices of subsiding reservoirs as practically give them the catchment system. We, however, enjoy the advantage that the necessity of this method was seen early in our history, before land values had reached a high figure. The various reservoirs of the Spring Valley Water Company are upon property bought long ago, and in each instance farm-houses and other habitations have been removed wherever they had been so situated on the water-shed that they could have become sources of contamination.

Washington dispatches show that the Democrats are beginning to crawfish on the coinage question. It is apparent to them that they can not pass an unlimited coinage bill, and that an attempt to pass it will split their party. Hence they are temporizing. It is to be regretted that they can not pass their bill, in order that the Democratic party might be put squarely on record as for unlimited silver coinage. The Republican Senate and the Republican President would check any danger to the country through such a bill becoming a law.

It is known by the supporters of free coinage that the great increase in the production of silver during the last twenty years has caused the white metal to decline in value in the markets of the world. This large increase caused the stoppage of silver coinage in the countries of Europe, as well as in the United States. The excess of silver coin, with unlimited free coinage, would have the effect of crowding gold from general circulation, causing it to be withdrawn and hoarded at home, and to be shipped abroad in greater quantities to countries with a heavy surplusage of silver eager to exchange it, even at discount, for American gold. The purchasing power of silver would decline in consequence. The United States would be overloaded with it, and the serious effects of this superabundance would fall heavily upon the working-people and wage-earners, who are the least able to bear the consequences of depreciation in value and the incident reduction of the purchasing power of silver. This is well understood in California, by recalling the period within the last twenty years, when silver dollars were a legal tender only to the amount of five dollars, and were current at only ninety cents on the dollar. Working-men, who were unable to resist such payments, were compelled to receive their weekly wages in silver; but for the payment of rent, they had to pay the heavy discount to procure the gold coin required by landlords. Silver was received in payment of clothing, household articles, and groceries, nominally at par value, yet, all the time, it was commonly known that gold purchased better values than were obtained for silver coin. The reminder will serve as an object-lesson not to be forgotten by those who were subjected to it then. With unlimited free coinage of silver, and the enormous annual product of the white metal in the United States, the condition would be more intolerable to all, except the capitalist class, and also be made permanent throughout the whole country. In addition to the home product, there would be unloaded upon the land, as Mr. Leech, director of the United States Mint, recently made statement before a committee of Congress, the silver of Europe—coined and in bullion, plate, and ornaments melted for the purpose—to be converted into standard dollars at the government mint. Financial affairs would be conducted meanwhile by the capitalist class and bankers solely on a gold basis, and for purchases abroad only gold, or its full equivalent in the foreign country, would be received. The drain of gold would consequently be entirely against the United States, and gold as a circulating medium would disappear. Silver would all the time depreciate in intrinsic value.

It appears that New York—the great commercial metropolis of the country—is unable to raise four thousand dollars to supply the new cruiser *New York* with a service of silver for the officers' mess. James Gordon Bennett gave five hundred dollars, ex-Secretary Whitney one hundred dollars, and others smaller sums; but to make up the required amount an appeal has had to be made to the nation. Other cities promptly recognized the compliment paid them by the navy in naming ships after them. Chicago was not laggard in supplying a silver service for her namesake; neither was Baltimore; and the service ordered for the *San Francisco* by the people of this city is the finest possessed by any ship in the navy. New York alone can not afford to raise the necessary sum for the purpose.

A wave of niggardliness seems to be sweeping over our Atlantic metropolis. New York was unable to raise funds for the pedestal of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty which stands on Bedloe's Island, and had to appeal to the country at large for help. Nor did she succeed in collecting the required sum for the Grant memorial tomb; this, also, she pronounced a national enterprise, and though she insisted that it should stand within the boundaries of New York, she claimed that it ought to be paid for by Americans generally. The consequence will probably be that, some day, a suitable mausoleum will be erected at Washington, and that Grant's remains will be removed to that spot.

The population of New York is heterogeneous. Its trade is largely conducted by foreigners, who retain their affinity with their native soil, and wish it to be distinctly understood that they are not, and will never become, Americans. The city is full of Englishmen who think it due to their consciences to profess anti-Americanism, probably because they get their bread under the American flag, and because they feel it a duty to maintain the odiousness of the English name. Of course these persons can hardly be expected to subscribe for services of silver for an American man-of-war, or for a monument to a great American soldier, or for a pedestal to a monument to Liberty. Other foreigners, or natives affiliated with foreigners, in the foreign trade are not in the habit of contributing money toward American ends.

In short, New York is not an American city. She is a collection of foreign colonies. Even the American colony there is British in its dress, anglomaniac in its tone. New York was a Tory town during the Revolution, a Copperhead town during the Rebellion. Therefore it is not to be wondered at when she passes around the hat to her sister cities, and unblushingly professes her inability to raise money for a statue of American "Liberty," for a monument to an American soldier, or for a silver service to an American ship-of-war.

The year 1891 reached the high-water mark of national prosperity, surpassing every former year in quantities and values of products and of exports. This is demonstrated in the returns of the clearing-houses, the aggregate and sales of mineral and agricultural products, the earnings of the railroads, and by the general condition of domestic trade. The clearing-house reports show more accurately than scattered statements from direct sources the actual condition of financial and general business affairs, and the totals for 1891 exhibit an increase of sixteen per cent. above the totals of any former year. The exports in December surpassed those of any month in any previous year by upwards of $17,500,000, or 23.6 per cent. The exports of October and November likewise exceeded those of the corresponding months of any former year, relatively, by $4,300,000 and $7,200,000; and for the last quarter of 1891 the total of exports amounted to nearly $330,000,000—a sum greater than had ever been reached in total exports for the whole year prior to 1860. The export of cotton in December, last year, reached 448,000,000 pounds, against 440,000,000 pounds for the corresponding month of 1890. For the six months ending December, 1891, the total value of breadstuffs was $155,000,000, of which $133,000,000 was in wheat and flour. And the aggregate of exports for the whole year was $965,000,000—against $902,000,000, the largest amount of any previous year; an increase of $63,000,000.

In manufacturing industries, the exhibit for 1891 is, likewise, gratifying in manifestation of the prosperity of the country. The output of pig-iron was in excess of that of any former year. The purchases of cotton for home manufacture were greater by ten per cent. than in any previous year. The wages of labor in this country are much in excess of the wages paid in any other country in the world, and the general condition of the workers is greatly better.

This improved financial, commercial, trade, and industrial condition is attributable mainly to the existing tariff, which encourages home industries and protects home products and manufactures. The iron industry has vastly increased; likewise have manufactures of cottons, and woolens, and of other kinds. The balance of trade for 1891 was $142,193,636 in favor of the United States. The result of the tariff in the brief period of the year has dispelled the gloomy auguries of its pessimist political detractors, and demonstrated to the people the wisdom of its projectors and supporters.

Mr. Ward McAllister continues the work of skimming New York society. When he last passed his skimmer over its surface, he found that the cream filled four hundred human skins; he now opines that the work was carelessly done, and that the real cream of the cream can be condensed into a hundred and fifty. A further process of condensation may possibly reduce the number of the elect to the McAllister family and their relatives by marriage. When the mad King of Bavaria undertook to give operas for his private delectation, he began by inviting the members of his court; he then limited his invitations to members of royal families; and, at last, he insisted on being himself the sole spectator.

Those who wasted an hour on Ward McAllister's book were amazed to find that one who had cut some figure in the social world should be so deficient in good taste, gentlemanly instincts, and manly impulses. As Boswell wrote himself down a sycophant in his life of Johnson, so McAllister painted himself as the type of a snob, constantly doing mean things for a mean object. He combined the servility of a valet with the unctuousness of a butler. He prostrated himself before rich men and basked in them. His soul was glad when he could toady to some one who had a fine house and gave sumptuous dinners. He loved to draw himself with the handsomest woman in the room hanging on his arm, and gently but firmly teaching American barbarians how to behave. He never seems to have said anything that was worth hearing, or, indeed, to have known anything that was worth knowing; but he posed serenely as the autocrat of society, a sort of modern Beau Brummel, without his wit or his refinement.

What shall be said of a society which is constituted by the fiat of a prig of this caliber? What sort of persons are willing to accept a diploma of social eminence at his hands? McAllister is merely the type and symbol of the society in which he moves. These hundred and fifty who now figure as cherubim and seraphim—like the four hundred who lately constituted the true cream—are really a very common job-lot of persons who are generally without knowledge, or taste, or refinement, or delicacy, or unselfish natures. They are in society because they have money, and are willing to spend it in ostentation. They have no hereditary claim to distinction. Their grandfathers, or at most their great-grandfathers, were market-gardeners, or peddlers, or small shop-keepers, or sea-captains, or, in some cases, slave-dealers. They themselves have neither wit, nor knowledge, nor appreciation of letters, art, or science. Their women are dull, and often absolutely ill-bred. But it seems that they are "society" in New York.

And it is no better elsewhere. Let a man make a few millions, and people will flock to his house, though he is known to be a rogue, a reprobate, and a libertine, and though his wife is a coarse vulgarian, whose foul mouth is dreaded by all who know her. Decent people will scramble for invitations to his banquets, and, after a time, admission to his balls will be the test of social standing. And then Miss Amaranthe will thank God that she is not like Miss Belinda, who belongs to the outside world and is not "in society."

But McAllister's elimination of "society" is becoming alarming. The gradual weeding out of the non-macallisterian person can have but one logical result. It is this:

McAllister, the McAllisters, and the **400.**
McAllister, the McAllisters, and the **150.**
McAllister and the McAllisters.
McAllister and God.
McAllister.

TWO WOMEN.

Jim Harden, witb much deliberation, drew toward bim the tobacco-can and proceeded to stuff the bowl of his pipe full of the weed. It was significant. We knew we were about to hear what Jim called an "antidote," and our faces and attitudes at ooce expressed profound interest.

"Women," said Jim, between puffs, "is queer cattle—yes, they be. A feller thioks he has th'r p'ints, an' mebbe keeps on thinkin' so fer awhile. Then he finds out, all of a suddint, th't what he thioks he knows an' what he doo't know is more nigh alike th'n what he thinks he knows an' what he does know. One woman ain't no more like 'nother woman th'n I he like that—wal, like that stove, f'rinstance. 'Cause why? 'Cause th'r' p'verse. They be, an' they cain't help it, none whatever. Moreovermore, they don't wanter help it—that's th' p'versity of 'em. W'y, ye never seen no woman that'd be, 'r do, 'r think like 'nother woman ef she hung fer not doin' it. Th'r' all 'like, all right 'nough, in them respecks, but not any more. Ye c'n pick out y'r female wharever ye please, an' I don't keer ef she's tb' mos' commonist, ev'ry-day sort o' critter, ye cain't find 'nother one wi' th' same markin's. Th' Lord A'mighty didn't make 'em that way no more'n all cattle is short-horns, an' I've saw a lot.

"I was jes' thinkin' of a couple o' cases I c'n rec'lect.

"Up in Dakoty, I knowed a feller th't hed a reg'lar thor-'ugb-bred wife. His name was Sammis, an' he kep' store up to Bessemer, also sellin' wagons an' grain. He was a fine feller, tbis Sammis, an' nothin' was too good fer him, not even his woman, an' they was reg'lar stuck on each other. Mis' Sammis had all they was goin'—Sammis had dust, an' he wasn't 'fraid t' put it up. They had a fine house, kep' a Chinee cook an' a hired girl, an' had ev'rythiog folks c'n hanker fer, includin' warious trips t' Omahaw an' Ch'cago ev'ry year. I knowed 'em a long time, an' I never seen folks git 'long so smooth t'gether—jes' like tbem doves that sits on th' fence b' th' stable. They'd b'en hitched seven 'r eight year, had a brace of as likely kids as ye ever seen, ao' still folks used t' say, allers, how much them Sammises did sot by each other. It did beat th' dooce, sure, an' might've went on fer all time, ef Sammis hadn't gone an' got inter trouble.

"Come one year, bizoiss was slack at th' store—cash biz-niss, I mean—an' Sammis, he let out a heap o' stock on time, fer grub-stakes an' th' like. But he'd likewise be'n playin' poker some, as uzhal, an' was shy fer stuff w'en ooe day some o' tb' people be was owin' called fer bim t' settle up. He'd be'n borryin' dust fr'm tb' c'lections he'd made fer some of 'em, 'xpectin' t' pay up right soon, but he didn't c'nect proper, an' they sinched 'im. Ev'rybody at Bessemer took a hand—'xcept a few o' tbem th't c'd've helped him most, an' ougbter've did it—an' tried t' help Sam out, but, feelin' innercent, Sam, he wouldn't have it, none whatever, an' tol' them Eastern cusses th't seein' they didn't wanter wait t'll fall, an' git a fa'r square-up, they c'd go t' th' devil, an' be'd go t' jail. So tbey sen's 'im up, two year beltin' rock in th' pen. We'd've got a gang t'gether an' took 'im 'way f'm tb' offussers, but Sam sent us word he didn't want nothin' o' th' sort—be was goin' t' take his sassyfras like a man; an' he done it.

"Now, don't think fer a minute th't all this time Mis' Sammis wa'n't doin' nothin'. Great Enoch! tbat woman bustled like a major—went t' th' men as was sincbin' Sam, an' begged, an' pleaded, an' might've got 'em t' give in, ef Sam hadn't been so uppish witb 'em. She looked jes' orful, durin' th' trial, an' tuk on tur'ble, w'en th' jedge sent'nced Sam. She didn't look like she useter fer a long time; jes' got paler 'n more peakid-like, an' folks thought she was goin' t' die off, sure. 'Bout three months later, she went t' see Sam, an' Sam, he tol' me 'bout it a couple years ago. They had a real scene, jam-full o' tears an' real spoony love, an' Sam wanted t' know ef it wouldn't be better fer ber t' git a *de*vorce, 'cause be was a disgrace t' ber. Theo, n' course, she falls on 'is neck an' weeps a hull lot, an' sez as how she'll stick t' him till th' ol' Harry goes inter th' ice-cream bizniss, 'r somethin' like tbat.

"An', gents, it wa'n't three montbs longer b'fore she gits her dog-gone *de*vorce, an' splices with a bald-headed ol' duffer f'm Pennsylvany, th't'd come t' Dakoty t' git unhitcbed his-self! Oh, it was tough, I tell ye. Sammis, he's out now, doin' good bizniss, an' got his kids—at Bessemer, too, b'gosh—an' also behavin' hisself. But he was consid'ble broke up w'en th' woman shuck 'im."

Here Jim paused to refill his pipe, and we took advantage of the opportunity briefly to debate tbe question as to whether or not Mrs. Sammis was justified in doing as she did. Then Jim proceeded:

"Th' other case I was thinkin' of is diff'runt a hull lot. Th' woman in it was 'bout th' same caliber as th' other one, I reckon, but more perseverin'.

"It was up in Dakoty, too, this here case; over 't Gilman, 'bout twenty mile fr'm Bessemer. I was sheruff, then, an' knowed ev'rybody in th' blame county. B'sides, th' gyurl was a sorter relation o' mine, how I come t' know s' much 'hout it.

"This here gyurl was a dandy high-stepper. Her ol' man was well fixed, an' she'd went t' schnol 't St. Louis, an' was purty persnickety. Blame fine gyurl, stunnin' purty an' nice, but persnickety, 'cause some o' th' finest an' best-fixed boys in th' county wanted 'er, an' she turned up 'er nose at th' hull bilin'. Treated 'em all nice, an' all that, but treated 'em alike, w'ich was onpleasant fer th' hoys.

"Th' trouble was, I reckon, she'd he'n readin' a hull lot o' blame trash, an' 'xpected some prince was comin' 'long t' offer hisself, w'ich did happen, only he wa'n't no prince, 'xcept, mebbe, 'cordin' t' her notion. It was a blame dood fr'm somewhere East, th't struck town an' got a job 't th' Cleveland smelter, keepin time—a feller named, 'r callin' hisself, Ward Fortescue.

"He hadn't hardly struck th' camp b'fore him an' Mame meets each other, an' is mashed, most immejit. He was one o' tbese slim, purty ducks th't c'n sing lots an' put up a real smooth talk, an' make book-love—one o' these sweet warts th't a feller aches t' spank an' kick. I s'pose it's women's natur' t' git stuck on 'em, 'cause they allus do.

"Anyhow, Fortescue, as he called hisself, wades right in an' rushes Mame fer all he was worth, an' Mame she liked it all right, so 'twa'n't long 'fore she up an' tells her folks tb't him an' her is goin' t' git spliced. Th' ol' lady was tickled lots, 'cause Fortescue had lied t' her consid'ble 'hout his folks, an' how rich they was, an' so on; but th' ol' man kicked right smart, tellin' Mame th't Mister Dood had got t' cough up his papers an' show his hand, likewise givin' Smith names o' people they c'd write to fer recommeods.

"Mame, as I said b'fore, had sperrits herself, an' she kicked hard, sayin' sbe was of age an' her own boss, an' c'd do as she pleased; but th' ol' gent got hot in th' collar an' tol' her t' shet up, w'ich she done, keepin' up heaps o' thinkin' all th' time.

"Tb' ol' gent come t' me an' chinned awhile; then we went an' seen Berry Wright, th' lawyer, an' he wrote some letters, w'ich, fer a wonder, one was answered real prompt. Pinkerton's agency wrote th't th' d'scription b'longed t' a chap named Ward, th't was wanted in Michigan fer shakin' his wife an' leavin' th' bank he worked fer in th' hole.

"I tuk th' letter an' started fer Smith's, after I'd et supper. On th' way up, here come Smith, like a hen with 'er head cut off, shakin' han's with hisself, an' tur'ble 'xcited, 'cause he'd be'n t' see Fortescue, an' Fortescue told 'im he was dead sure t' marry th' gyurl ef she didn't shed 'im.

"I tol' th' ol' gent 'bout th' letter an' other evidence, an' he felt better. Then we walked up t' th' house an' waded inter th' gyurl, provin' t' her th't th' cuss was as low-lived a scamp as they was out o' jail. D'ye think she keered? Oh, no. She jes' rips out at me, an' you bet she roasted me bad, windin' up b' hopin' she'd never see me again. Then she turns on th' ol' gent with a lot o' rot 'bout his slanderin' Fortescue, an' how she loves th' blame rascal, an' is goin' t' foller 'im t' th' devil, 'r somewheres.

"Th' next mornin', her an' th' dood was missin'. They went t' th' nex' camp, got married by a jestice o' th' peace, an' skipped. She wrote t' th' ol' folks fr'm Denver, askin' t' be fergiven, an' sayin' how happy she was; but her pa wrote back sayin' sbe c'd come home jes' w'en she pleased, if she'd leave Ward—Smith called 'im Ward, w'ich was his name, sure 'nough—an' come t' stay.

"Did she come? I sh'd say no. She stuck t' Ward, an' got treated like a dog fer it. He used t' get drunk an' 'huse Mame, an' raise Cain all sorts o' ways—an' still she didn't kick none. We never give Pinkerton's any more inf'rmation, so Ward wasn't bothered none f'r a couple o' year. Then he up an' run away fr'm Mame an' th' kid, leavin' 'em nary red; but it jes' happened he met a feller th't knowed 'im, an' he was gently runned in an' tuk t' Michigan. They socked it to 'im hard, too, 'cause his first wife's folks was riled up, an' th' bank he'd stole from was likewise achin' t' take a fall out of 'im.

"Mame? She's at D'troit—I don't know how she got there—takin' in sewio' an' tryin' t' keep her an' th' kid alive till that skunk gits out o' jail.

"Don't women beat th' very dooce?"

And Mr. Harden shook his head and sighed heavily.

R. L. KETCHUM.

YANKTON, S. D., February, 1892.

THE RUSSIAN FAMINE SUFFERERS.

The following letter concerning the needs of the famishing millions of Russia should enlist the sympathetic attention of those of our readers who are able to assist the unfortunate of their race. The movement is a most worthy one. As to the sponsors of tbe movement here, entire confidence can be placed in them. The Matthias Gray Company has been in business here for a quarter of a century, and is one of the oldest establishments in San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO RUSSIAN RELIEF FUND.

NEVADA BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, TREASURER.

STEINWAY HALL, 206 and 208 Post Street,
San Francisco, February 15, 1892.

DEAR SIR: Every newspaper reader is aware of the extreme destitution and suffering at present existing in Russia; that millions of human beings are actually dying, unable to obtain the bare necessities of life. Living as we do under conditions of prosperity and plenty, it is difficult to conceive what actual starvation means.

Mme. Olga Novikoff, a Russian lady of high distinction and marked philanthropy, is at present striving, in conjunction with many others, to ameliorate the position of her countrymen. While using every endeavor to raise the necessary funds at home, she appeals to the world at large to contribute toward the relief of this terrible calamity.

Mr. F. W. Ludovici, Vice-President of the Matthias Gray Co., 206 Post Street, personally known to Mme. Novikoff, has been requested to present such an appeal to the citizens of San Francisco, from whom actual distress has never yet turned away unassisted.

The East has already shown its feelings in the matter, the press of this city has kindly and freely offered its hearty coöperation, and it is to be hoped that San Franciscans will not prove deaf to the mournful cry from millions of freezing and starving souls.

In addition to the grounds of common humanity, it should be remembered that Russia has always displayed the greatest national friendliness toward the United States.

Contributors are assured that their money will be distributed directly to the sufferers, Mme. Novikoff's husband and son being on the ground supervising the good work.

The Matthias Gray Co., 206 Post Street, is prepared to receive subscriptions, which will be cabled weekly to Mme. Novikoff's agent in London, by the Nevada Bank of San Francisco, which is acting as treasurer for the fund and to whom collections will be turned in daily. All contributions, however modest, will be acknowledged through the daily press. Signed: MATTHIAS GRAY CO.,
F. W. LUDOVICI, Vice-President.

Colonel Gallieni, the French soldier who has served his country in Senegal and the Western Soudan, tells an amusing incident that occurred to him while in the far interior. In 1829, Réné Caillié, the European traveler who wrote a description of Timbuctoo, passed through that region on his way to the famous city. A while ago, Colonel Gallieni was surprised by a bill, which was presented to him by the chief of an interior town. It purported to represent a debt which Caillié had incurred. The colonel had no doubt the claim was spurious, but in order to dispel a "detestable reputation for dishonesty," which, he says, Europeans enjoy in that region, he discharged the obligation.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Burning Prairie.

The prairie stretched as smooth as a floor
As far as the eye could see,
And the settler sat at his cabin door,
With his little girl on his knee,
Striving her letters to repeat
And pulling her apron over her feet.

His face was wrinkled, but not old,
For he bore an upright form,
And his shirt-sleeves back to the elbow rolled—
They showed a brawny arm.
And near in the grass, with toes upturned,
Was a pair of old shoes, cracked and burned.

A dog with his head betwixt his paws
Lay lazily dozing near,
Now and then snapping his tar-black jaws
At the fly that buzzed in his ear,
And near was a cow-pen, made of rails,
And a bench that held two milking-pails.

In the open door an ox-yoke lay—
The mother's odd redoubt
To keep the little one, at her play
On the floor, from falling out,
While she swept the hearth with a turkey wing,
And filled her tea-kettle at the spring.

The little girl on her father's knee,
With her eyes so bright and blue,
From A B C to X Y Z
Had said her lesson through,
When a wind came over the prairie land,
And caught the primer out of her hand.

The watch-dog whined, the cattle lowed
And tossed their horns about,
The air grew gray as if it snowed;
"There will be a storm, no doubt,"
So to himself the settler said;
"But, father, why is the sky so red?"

The little girl slid off his knee,
And all of a tremble stood;
"Good wife," he cried, "come out and see,
The skies are as red as blood."
"God save us!" cried the settler's wife.
"The prairie's afire. We must run for life."

She caught the baby up. "Come, come,
Are ye mad? To your heels, my man!"
He followed, terror-stricken, dumb,
And so they ran and ran.
Close upon them was the snort and swing
Of buffaloes madly galloping.

The wild wind, like a sower, sows
The ground with sparkles red;
And the flapping wings of the bats and crows,
And the ashes overhead,
And the bellowing deer, and the hissing snake—
What a swirl of terrible sounds they make!

No gleam of the river water yet,
And the flames leap on and on;
A crash and a fiercer whirl and jet,
And the settler's house is gone.
The air grows hot. "This fluttering curl
Would burn like flax," said the little girl.

And as the smoke against her drifts,
And the lizard slips close by her,
She tells how the little cow uplifts
Her speckled face from the fire;
For she can not be hindered from looking back
At the fiery dragon on their track.

They hear the crackling grass and sedge,
The flames as they whir and rave;
On, on, they are close to the water's edge—
They are breast-deep in the wave;
And lifting their little one high o'er the tide,
"We're saved, thank God, we're saved!" they cried.

—*Alice Cary.*

The Drawbridge-Keeper.

History and poetry celebrate no sublimer act of devotion than that of Albert G. Drecker, the watchman of the Passaic River drawbridge, on the New York and Newark Railroad. The train was due, and he was closing the draw, when his little child fell into the deep water. It would have been easy enough to rescue him if the father could have taken the time, but already the thundering train was at hand. It was a cruel agony. His child could be saved only at the cost of other lives committed to his care. The brave man did his duty, but the child was drowned.

Drecker, the drawbridge-keeper, opened wide
The dangerous gate, to let the vessel through;
His little son was standing by his side
Above Passaic River, deep and blue,
While in the distance, like a moan of pain,
Was heard the whistle of the coming train.

At once brave Drecker worked to swing it back—
The gate-like bridge that seems a gate of death;
Nearer and nearer, on the slender track,
Came the swift engine, puffing its white breath.
Then, with a shriek, the loving father saw
His darling boy fall headlong from the draw.

Either at once down in the stream to spring
And save his son, and let the living freight
Rush on to death, or to his work to cling
And leave his boy unhelped to meet his fate;
Which should he do? Were you, as he was, tried,
Would not your love outweigh all else beside?

And yet the child to him was full as dear
As yours may be to you—the light of eyes,
A presence like a brighter atmosphere,
The household star that shone in love's mild skies—
Yet side by side with duty, stern and grim,
Even his child became as naught to him.

For Drecker, being great of soul and true,
Held to his work, and did not aid his boy,
Who in the deep, dark waters sank from view.
Then from his father's life went forth all joy;
But as he fell back, pallid with his pain,
Across the bridge in safety passed the train.

And yet the man was poor, and in his breast
Flowed no ancestral blood of king or lord;
True greatness needs no title and no crest
To win from men just honor and reward;
Nobility is not of rank, but mind,
And is inborn and common in our kind.

He is most noble whose humanity
Is least corrupted. To be just and good
The birthright of the lowest born may be;
Say what we can, we are one brotherhood,
And rich or poor, or famous or unknown,
True hearts are noble, and true hearts alone.

—*Henry Abby.*

NEW YORK WOMEN'S AMUSEMENTS.

Their Sly Visits to the Music Hall and Gorgeousness at the Opera.

To step from Koster & Bial's to the Metropolitan Opera House is a stride, but it is a stride that many people have made in the last two weeks, for Carmencita is back again at the resort of the tough, and Edouard de Reszke has sung Mephistopheles to the assembled Four Hundred.

It is only since Carmencita came there that the world of gay people and the world of clever people have thought anything about Koster & Bial's. Before that they knew vaguely that it was a place where the vulgar were vulgarly amused, and young ladies of good bringing-up had never even heard of it. Since the dark-eyed dancer has chosen to illuminate it with her presence, a large section of fashionable and respectable New York has sallied down to this choice spot and sat out the dullest and the vulgarest olio performance that ever made a person yawn.

The pleasure of this adventure has been double: in the first place, that of seeing the finest dancer who ever electrified an audience; in the second place, that of doing something which is not considered the correct thing. The modern female of advanced opinions and social prejudices loves to commit small indiscretions—the sort of indiscretions that will make the American Matron frown, but that would never for one instant jeopardize one's position in society. You will never find this sort of woman, no matter how gay she may appear, doing anything which might lose her the approbation of that select circle in which she is wont to shine.

In her trip to Koster & Bial's she is supported by the thought that every other woman of society and fashion has made the same pilgrimage, escorted by a husband or a brother, or even, when these were not obtainable, by a messenger-boy. The place is somewhat on the plan of an English music-hall. It is a long, narrow hall, the back part full of small tables, at which one may sit and drink beer in steins, the front set in lines of chairs. Round the top goes a gallery, cut up into small pens called boxes, each box surrounded by short, brown curtains on brass rods. These can be entirely drawn by the coy or shy, but the majority of box-holders boldly draw them back and allow their countenances to be viewed by the box-holders on the opposite side.

At eight the performance opens with an exhibition of acrobatics. The place is only half full, but already the smoke lies in straight lines over the heads of the audience and the waiters fly about with steins on trays. Most of the people in the parquet are of a dingy and uninteresting aspect. They look respectable and common. The boxes fill more slowly, and in these all classes of parties are to be seen. The distinctly proper family party can be picked out in half a dozen places. They keep the curtains half-drawn, and the women occasionally stick their heads out in great glee, or, by an agitation of the curtains, can be seen to be peeping through the cracks.

When they are seen, it is noticeable that they are quietly dressed, and have evidently put on their old clothes. Other parties are more gay, and between the drawn curtains their heads, surmounted by feathered hats, are revealed to the eyes of the occupants of the opposite boxes. Toward ten o'clock, two parties of chappies drop in, evidently from stag-dinners, and, taking possession of adjacent boxes, draw the curtains back with a click, and order wine with the air of princes. They are all boys, from eighteen to twenty-two, are dressed with flawless finish in evening-dress, with narrow black-satin ties, keep on their tall hats, and one and all are smooth-shaven and look like the young men in *Life* that Gibson draws. When their wine arrives they light cigarettes, and, leaning their arms on the ledge, look down solemnly at the stage below.

The next arrivals are two ladies, in dark clothes and veils, escorted by a messenger-boy of the largest size. These hurry into their box, draw the curtains violently, and then, it is to be presumed, catch their breath at the daring of their enterprise. Presently, by a slight movement of the curtain, one knows that they are charily peering out at their surroundings. The messenger-boy, apparently, must have objected to his enforced seclusion, for, after some moments, the curtains at the end of the box are seen to part, and through the aperture his anatomy, from the head to the waist, protrudes and hangs perilously over the box-rail. Here he spends the rest of the evening, rioting in the pleasure of the scene, his cheeks on his hands, his elbows on the ledge. Whenever the jokes of the actors rise to the level of his approbation, he emits a rapturous roar of laughter. His charges, apparently, disapprove of his hilarity and punch him violently, for after each laugh he turns, puts his head inside the curtains, interrogates his companions, and emerges once more greatly sobered.

A few days ago the Metropolitan Opera House advertised "Faust" with a great cast—the two De Reszkes, Emma Eames, and Scalchi. This had been advertised before, but Edouard de Reszke had failed to appear, on the score of sickness, and Mephistopheles is one of his finest parts. It was a gala night in every respect, for Mrs. Astor's great ball was on for that evening, and all the gay world came in its festival dress. There was no hiding behind curtains here. These fine ladies were not shy of being seen; indeed, they swept into the fronts of their boxes, in all the panoply of bared shoulders and diamonds, with the air of princesses, or the air princesses are expected to have.

The whole horseshoe of boxes—two tiers high—was filled with the flower of New York swelldom. The young women were, one and all, frail and fine, having that delicate slenderness so far removed from thinness that is an Eastern American woman's greatest beauty. Blondes were in the majority—graceful, fragile, exquisite creatures, gleaming with diamonds, and ethereal as spirits of the moonlight, in pale-tinted, fleecy dresses. They were all décolleté—thin or fat—but not one was scraggy. Almost all wore their hair high and bound round, in the style of the First Empire, with a band of ribbon or of gold, while on their foreheads, and sometimes over their ears, lay little ruffled, careless curls like a baby's. The men were not so good-looking, and were somewhat effaced by the show of feminine beauty. Almost all the younger ones were smooth-faced, and wore inordinately high collars. These young fellows are very prominent in the gay circles of Gotham.

The showing of jewels—every one being bedizened for the ball—was wonderful. Mrs. Bradley Martin—she whose son married the bar-maid—was covered with diamonds. She is not a pretty or young woman; in fact, is florid and common in her style, and so did not set off her gems to advantage. On her head, she wore a diamond crown as big round as a tea-cup and made in a design of small, fine points. It was set back on the crown of her head and inclosed her hair. Round her neck were several chains of the same stones, long and short. Another line of enormous diamonds followed the edge of her corsage from the shoulder to the front, and from her other shoulder to the point of her bodice a superb riviere of diamonds traced a blaze of light. Mrs. Ogden Mills was also crowned, her crown being small, and round, and high, also inclosing her hair. Her neck and bodice glittered with other jewels. She is thin and somewhat *passée*, but she has high, aristocratic features and a great deal of air and style.

But to the opera: Miss Eames has made a decided success of it here, and by some is spoken of as the rising prima donna of the day. It was she who has been Sybil Sanderson's rival in Paris and in London. In the former city, the Californian singer scored the greater success, but, in London, Miss Eames took the honors. The rivalry might be intense. Both are of the same age—between twenty-seven and thirty—both are remarkably pretty, both are possessed of unusually pure and sweet voices, both are ambitious and determined, and in style both are distinctly and attractively original.

In personal appearance, Miss Eames is the most entirely successful Marguerite that has ever been seen on the American stage. She is almost a beautiful and undoubtedly an unusually pretty woman. She is the only one of the Marguerites of later years who really looks like a young girl. In Faust's vision of her, she looks like a simple creature of eighteen. Her type of beauty is unusual and attractive. She is slender but not thin; her small throat was as round as the Venus of Milo's. Her face is a fine but perfect oval—a very small face, with high, proud, spirited features, the eyes large and somewhat hard, the nose having delicate, broad nostrils. In expression, she is a trifle too much of the world worldly for Marguerite. She has a shrewd, New England look, but she is exquisitely fine, and finished, and lovely.

Her singing is, too, more than good. The voice is a bell-like, fresh, fine soprano—a voice nurtured by the clear, sharp, keen air of New England. It is the least thought thin, and gives one the impression that it is a delicate voice, like Emma Nevada's. But in this the voice is like the woman; both are fine, but strong as tempered steel. Both are wiry and have wonderful staying power. At the end of that tremendous opera, her singing of the prayer was superb, the voice rising, fresh, and exultant, and unfaltering, "to the tingling stars." There was not a trace of fatigue in it, while she, in her white robe and ethereal fragility, looked as if, in truth, her soul might be about to part from its earthly tenement on the last wave of ecstatic song.

These are her good points. Her bad point is that she has not only no dramatic force, but she seems to have no dramatic intelligence. A colder, calmer prima donna never sang. She is a stone. During her personation of the opera it was obvious that she was engrossed in her singing, and that her acting had a very small place in her mind. Occasionally she fell into fine, telling poses which she had evidently been taught. But the dramatic aspect of what she was doing, the impassioned interest of the story in which she was moving, never seemed to touch her. It is said that at her début all Paris was amazed at her extraordinary calmness and self-possession. This is what it is—she has no nerves, no sensibility. She does not feel her music or her acting. Between her and the realm of feeling and sensibility a veil hangs. Whether she will ever make a great prima donna depends upon the tearing away of this veil—upon that and the continuance of her physical strength.

The honors of the evening were carried off by Edouard de Reszke as Mephisto. Jean de Reszke, the tenor, is a graceful, romantic-looking man, with a sweet tenor voice, which he cherishes. He is an artist beside all this, but neither his talent nor his voice is of the type which awakes mad enthusiasm. His brother, on the contrary, is an astounding man, he astonishes and bewilders as Tamagno could do. His personal appearance is magnificent. He is a giant in proportions, and a giant who is well-made and a picture of romantic grace. He is an actor and he is possessed of a tremendous bass voice—an overpowering voice that every now and then filled the vast opera house and rolled round like thunder inside the great dome. Some of these notes were a volume of sound that in richness were unequaled. They were deep and gorgeous as Syrian dye, round and sonorous, never metallic, and, unlike Tamagno, he never came down to the footlights and bellowed defiantly at the parquet as if he pined to leave them all stone-deaf.

His singing of "The Calf of Gold" roused even the languid ladies in the boxes, and they clapped their hands, carried away by the storm of enthusiasm that swept over the house. The hand-clapping rose all over, and from the gods there burst inarticulate cries of excited rapture. The singer bowed; the two long scarlet feathers standing up in the front of his cap like red antennæ quivered and wreathed together like live things, then coming down on the footlights, a scarlet Titan, with his chest expanded and his head thrown back, he once more unloosed his tremendous voice, which reverberated through that great place like thunder-echoes rolling among the Alps.

VAN GRYSE.

NEW YORK, February 10, 1892.

On January 17, 1891, the wife of Mr. Hausler, of Kainsich, presented her husband with twins. On December 31st, same year, she blessed him with a separate set of triplets.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

M. Paul Bouguereau, son of the well-known painter, has declared for the law, and the other day argued his first case.

The parents of ex-Senator Ingalls are still living at Haverhill, Mass. The father, now over eighty years of age, was the inventor of several useful machines employed in manufacturing shoes.

Father Anderledy, the late general-in-chief of the Order of the Jesuits, nominated, just before his death, Father Ludovico Martin, a Spaniard, as his successor. This will put an end to the impression that a Jesuit of American nationality was about to be chosen as head of the order.

Prince Victor Emanuel, heir to the Italian crown, is one of the handsomest and most accomplished men of his station in life. Although near thirty years of age and widely traveled, he is yet unmarried. He is liberal in his political views, versed in several languages, amiable and intellectual, and generally and justly beloved.

There are thirty-two pictures of Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence and Avondale, in the latest number of a leading English weekly, and the duke's valet, his doctors, his horses, his tutors, his shipmates on the *Bellerophon*, his fellow-soldiers, and ever so many relatives are also depicted. The "faithful valet" is named Fuller.

The impression prevails that the queen will confer the entirely new title of Duke of London upon Prince George of Wales. It has been found that there is scarcely a single royal dukedom capable of revival that has not been "sullied by evil or dimmed by unfortunate association." The Duke of London would be a popular title, and as its conferment would afford the London corporation justification for making Prince George a fine present, it should be acceptable to him.

Probably no physician ever died in London who had so many warm personal friends and so many bitter professional enemies as the late Sir Morell Mackenzie. He was a hard fighter, with all the courage of his convictions, and he had a faculty for winning the affection and confidence of his friends. Sir Morell, overwhelmed as he was with engagements to treat the greatest and wealthiest people in the land, never turned away the humblest and poorest sufferer who came to his door. He charged enormous fees to the rich. He would not accept money from the poor.

Yet another ill-matched international couple are the Prince and Princess de Scey-Montbeliard. The princess, whose Christian name is Winnaretta, and who is the daughter of the late Isaac Singer, of sewing-machine fame, was married in 1887. The prince set to work to make ducks and drakes of the large fortune of his American wife, and when the latter attempted to check his extravagance, he inaugurated a course of such ill-treatment that she has been forced to sue for a separation. She is now living with her younger sister, Isabella, the Duchess of Decases, whose husband is famous only for his diminutive size. He is a duke not only in the peerage of France, but also in that of Denmark.

Prince Hussein of Egypt, the uncle of the new Khedive, and who is now about to become his prime minister, is the cleverest of all Khedive Ismail's sons. He was educated in England, and is a graduate of Christ Church, Oxford, where he was one of the show-pupils of that very magnificent creature, Dean Liddell. The prince is a good-looking man, and would never be taken for an Oriental were it not for his fez, which he wears perched rakishly on one side of his head. The only drawbacks to his appearance are the extreme shiftiness of his eyes and the slightly bowed character of his legs. Unlike most Orientals, he is accustomed to talk very freely about his wife, and not in a manner that can be considered altogether complimentary. She is famed for being one of the most dissolute and extravagant women in a country where such words as chastity and morality are comparatively unknown. Her conduct has given rise to no end of scandal, and it is scarcely possible to meet Prince Hussein without being called upon to listen to his dolorous plaints concerning the princess. The yashmak which she wears is one of the thinnest and gauziest description, and, when she stays at Paris, as she is frequently in the habit of doing, she dispenses with the veil altogether, a circumstance which has on more than one occasion got the prince into trouble with the Turkish embassador, representative of his suzerain, the Sultan.

Cardinal Howard, the only English cardinal now living, is insane, and during the past three years has been under restraint in England, interned in one of the wings of the Duke of Norfolk's ancient Castle of Arundel. There is no precedent to direct the Sacred College in the question as to whether the loss of reason involves the loss on the part of one of its members of his vote at the conclave. In both the British and French Parliaments the vote of any member who may happen to become insane is regarded as perfectly valid, even though the fate of the nation may depend thereon. Of course the Pope himself could solve the difficulty by degrading Cardinal Howard from his office as a prince of the church and from his seat in the Sacred College, but he does not venture to do this for fear of offending the Duke of Norfolk and all the powerful clan of Howard. Until he left Rome, in the charge of doctors and keepers three years ago, Cardinal Howard was regarded as the grandest looking member of the church. As archpriest and dean of St. Peter's at Rome, he was ever the most imposing and majestic figure of all the splendid ceremonies for which that Basilica is famous throughout the world. He was the most perfect linguist of the Sacred College, speaking Russian, Arabic, Armenian, German, French, Italian, and Spanish with equal fluency. Like Pious the Ninth, who created him cardinal in 1877, he commenced life as an officer of a crack cavalry regiment, and for seven years he held a commission in the Second Life Guards. It was owing to a romantic *affaire de cœur* that he forsook the helmet for the tonsure.

THE CLAIRVOYANCE OF JEALOUSY.

How a Young Wife made a Discovery without a Medium's Aid.

The light of the lamp had grown dim, but neither of them had noticed it. Arthur was gazing fixedly at a vivid, ardent flame in the fire-place; Helen contemplating a vacillating flame near by, now blue, now rose, that escaped like a capricious will-o'-the-wisp from a partially consumed log.

At length Arthur broke the silence.

"Did you have many visitors to-day?" he asked.

"Quite a number—there were Mrs. Schuyler, Henry Farrington, old Mr. Cheyne, Bessie Murray——"

"And who else?"

"No one particularly—the usual assortment of every Tuesday, but Bessie——"

"Well, what about Bessie?"

"She was peculiar—pale, seemingly ill, and agitated, but, in spite of all, prettier even than usual. While speaking on indifferent topics, she feverishly tore bits off the lace on her dress; then, all of a sudden, she drew closer to me and took my hands in hers.

"'Do you believe,' she asked, 'that a woman who has been deeply loved can live without love?'"

"What did you answer?"

"Nothing—astonishment kept me mute, and, even now, I am still striving to find out just what Bessie meant."

"Her meaning is evident enough. Your friend is neglected by her husband and greatly courted in society. She is yet innocent, but has reached that point where a woman needs a confidant to hold her back from the edge of the abyss or to excuse her if she slips thereon."

"Poor Bessie—poor Bessie," and Helen returned to her contemplation of the red and blue flames on the hearth. Then, bestowing on her husband a look of ineffable tenderness, she went on: "How happy I am, my Arthur, for your love for me is still unchanged."

"Yes, my darling."

"They say, though, that happiness is a myth, yet it seems to me that God must have given it to all, only we do not know how to keep it—and, generally, in a family, it is the husband who is its guardian. Arthur, you have nothing to say?"

"Because I agree with you, my dear Helen. You talk like a good book."

"Then I bore you—so much the worse. I shall continue: if Bessie's husband had remained faithful to her, they would both still be happy. Why have his feelings changed for one so lovely and so good? Explain to me what it is that makes a husband cease to love his wife."

"What a child you are!"

"Truly? All I see and hear around me in society astonishes me more and more each day; and, often, I regret having left my country home. There, Bessie would not have been neglected."

"Still harping on Bessie! Did you receive no other visitors as interesting? It is one of the pleasures of people of the world to view, as in a magic-lantern, the eccentric types of humanity."

"I saw Marie, who told me something extraordinary, almost incredible, and yet it seems it is true."

"Tell me what it was."

"It is a clairvoyant story. I laughed over it at first, as you are doing now, but I ended by trembling."

"We shall see if I am as impressionable."

"The clairvoyant of whom I speak—a woman—lives in an obscure quarter of the city, and, it appears, can read your thoughts accurately and even those of persons not present, if she is given a lock of their hair."

"Bosh!"

"She told Marie how to find some lace that had been stolen from her——"

"Mere chance!"

"And spoke to her of a secret known only to herself."

"A woman never possesses a secret known only to herself."

"She revealed to her those of her husband——"

"Often there are mysteries that are such for none save those most directly interested."

"In spite of what you say, I quite long to go and consult that woman. Suppose I take her a lock of your hair?"

"Oh, nonsense!"

"Please let me, dear Arthur. It would be such fun. I'll tell you everything she says."

"No; I don't desire any fun of that sort."

"Why not?"

"Because."

"'Because' is not an answer. It is what we reply to children whose curiosity we do not wish to satisfy."

"What you ask is improper."

"Improper! For what reason? I do not understand you."

"You understand nothing! It seems to me, though, that three years of city life ought to have somewhat sharpened your wits."

"Oh, Arthur! Your words wound me deeply. No, I do *not* understand how two persons who love each other can have anything to fear from clairvoyants. You believe in them, then?"

"I believe in the credulity of women."

"Arthur, I beseech you, let me cut a lock of your hair."

"I forbid you."

Silence reigns in the drawing-room. Helen is deeply distressed. Mechanically she looks toward the fire, but its flames are gone, it is almost out, and from the midst of its ashes rise images and voices that remind her of the past. As one in a dream she gazes and listens.

First it is the old home that appears to her, and all her childhood is seen again. Then, grown older, her mother speaks to her of Arthur, their neighbor in the country—of Arthur, who had already found favor in her sight and to whom she is soon married. She sees him then her devoted lover, with no thought save hers, adoring her youthful ignorances and her belief in goodness.

"It is you," he says, "who are right, and my past life seems to me now an evil dream; but you will make me better, and together we shall find happiness—a happiness that will last forever."

The months pass by. She is in their new city home, in the midst of the fashionable world. Several of its audacious frequenters pay court to her. Now before Helen passes the face of Bessie, and the words she spoke resound strangely in her tired brain:

"*Do you believe that a woman who has been deeply loved can live without love?*"

It seems to Helen many long days since yesterday, and even that her surroundings have undergone a change. To escape from her illusion and return to reality, she whispers:

"Arthur—Arthur——"

"Well?"

But that voice that used to reassure her only augments her uneasiness, for she no longer recognizes it. Again she takes refuge in her thoughts. Why does he not wish her to consult the clairvoyant? Why? Why?

Her heart beats violently and a sharp pang assails it; doubt is entering therein. If Arthur were false? If he were like Bessie's husband? If all that seemed impossible were possible, the whole world infamous? How she suffers! It must be jealousy that she feels. It is a terrible malady, and she knows it will hereafter torture her every hour.

Who can have stolen Arthur from her? She is trying to think. Can it be Ethel Goddard, or is it that little Mrs. Warburton? She is suffocating, her throat tightens, her lips are dry and burning. The light of the lamp vacillates. The old tapestries are of a sudden clearly shown, then fall again into shadow. The chairs, brightened here and there by gleams that fall on the gilding of their frames, seem to move queerly around Helen, whose brain is reeling. She is frightened at herself, for while thinking of a rival, she feels herself no longer a responsible being, capable even of a crime.

It is thus, then, that one becomes criminal through excessive suffering. But is she crazy? What *proves* that Arthur is false? She can not live with such a doubt. She must know, and will know. Why not consult the clairvoyant?

She rises, supports herself by the furniture to keep from falling, and looks earnestly at Arthur, who, plunged in a brown study, does not see her. Of whom is he thinking? *Of that other woman.* She walks softly over the thick carpet and looks for her scissors in her work-box. Now she draws nearer to the young man, her gaze riveted on a lock of his hair. She could so quickly cut that lock, were it not for the loud beating of her heart. It makes more noise than the clock. Arthur will hear it and turn quickly around. No; he remains motionless—still thinking.

Suddenly he starts and utters a cry. Helen runs off, the lock of hair between her fingers. Her eyes look defiant, but she tries to laugh. He does not laugh; his face has grown pale; fear and rage beset him.

"I order you immediately to return me that hair," says he.

"No; I will not obey."

"Then I will use force."

He strives to grasp Helen; she escapes him, running around chairs and tables. Then she takes a jewel-casket, locks the hair within, and, flinging the key far away, tries to fly to her bedroom.

But an iron hand falls upon her, and a frightful face approaches hers. The wrists of the young wife are pressed as in a vise; the pain is intolerable there—just the place where Arthur had always put his lips.

Then the casket slips to the floor; the husband seizes it, breaks it open with a kick of his boot, takes out the stolen lock of hair, and throws it into the fire.

Helen, half-senseless, sees it burn.

"What does it matter, now," she sadly murmurs; "the clairvoyant has spoken."—*Adapted for the Argonaut from the French of B. de Rivière by V. E. T.*

A curious story from Russia relates that the Grand Duke Sergius, Governor of Moscow, recently went about that city disguised as a peasant, to find, by personal observation, whether there was any truth in the complaints of extortion made against the bakers. At one bake-shop, where he insisted on buying three kopecks' worth of bread from a loaf valued at three kopecks and a half, a quarrel ensued, which resulted in the calling of the police, who ejected the pseudo-peasant without ceremony. When the grand duke's identity was disclosed, three of the police-officers concerned in the affair committed suicide. The grand duke, who is a brother of the Czar, is not at all popular among his subjects. Recently he gave orders that the races should not begin until he arrived at the course. At the first race after the order, however, he was more than an hour late, and the people expressed their displeasure, it is said, by hissing.

At Lisbon an immense scandal has been created by the seizure in the palace of Count Mendonca Cortes, a member of the House of Peers and a director of the Bank of Lusitano, of a machine for the manufacture of counterfeit paper money. The distinguished counterfeiter, who is one of the leading politicians of the kingdom, pleads that he was only making scientific experiments, but inasmuch as a vast amount of spurious money has recently been put into circulation, he has been locked up in prison.

The royal family of Portugal has decided to retrench personal expenses. His majesty the king announced recently that the salaries of public functionaries were to be reduced, and that the law reducing salaries should be applied first to his own family. Household expenses have been cut down. Among the luxuries which are to be lopped off for a time is state subsidized opera. In other directions there are to be drastic economies.

IN CHARMED CIRCLES.

Society in the Exclusive Capitals of Austria, Russia, and Spain.

In spite of the extraordinary expansion of society which has taken place in the French, Italian, and English capitals during the last two or three decades, at Vienna, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Madrid, and in the capitals of the various sovereign states of the German empire, society has retained all its old-time exclusiveness (writes "Ex-Diplomat" in the New York *Tribune*). It remains just as much a close corporation as in the days of yore, and not even the most despotic of sovereigns have been able to open its jealously guarded portals to persons who, although adorned with the loftiest of titles, dignities, and official honors, were, by reason of their inferiority of birth and ancestry, regarded as unworthy of admission to the charmed circle. In Austria, Germany, Denmark, Spain, and Russia, social ambitions and all the attendant evils in their train are conspicuous by their absence. The people who do not belong by birth to the "caste" are aware that nothing that they can do will secure for them admission to the charmed circle.

On the other hand, society, feeling itself safe from the intrusion of strangers, and, so to speak, *en famille*, can afford to dispense with many of those straight-laced conventionalities and affectations which contribute so much to render the social intercourse of to-day artificial and lacking in spontaneity, nature, and heart. At Vienna, for instance, the members of society are all so intimately acquainted with one another that they call one another by their Christian names, and use the pronoun "thou" instead of the more formal "you." At Madrid titles are dropped, and a mere "Don" or "Doña" is prefixed to the Christian name: while at St. Petersburg one hears young subalterns of the army apostrophizing old generals by their Christian names, coupled with those of their fathers. Princess Metternich is nothing but "Pauline" to Vienna society; at St. Petersburg no one would have dreamed of referring to that very great lady, Princess Hélène Kotchubey, otherwise than as "Hélène," coupled with the Christian name of her mother; while at Madrid, when you remark that you are invited to the house of Doña Maria, everybody in society knows that you are about to become the guest of the Duchess of Medina-Coeli.

From this it will be seen that exclusiveness is not without its very great advantages. It does away with snobbery, affectation, conventionality, and intrigue, and renders society at Vienna and St. Petersburg the most brilliant and delightful that it is possible to imagine. Everybody knows everything about everybody else, and consequently there is no need or even possibility of pretense. There is but one well-known member of the Viennese society concerning whose ancestry, parentage, and even history, considerable ignorance prevails. The name he bears is Frederick Smart; but whether he is an Austrian or an Englishman, it is impossible to say. He speaks both languages equally well. A tall, soldierly looking man, with snow-white hair and mustache and a very courtly, high-bred manner, he is to be met at the houses of all the grandest members of the Austrian nobility, and is treated by them as one of themselves. Who he really is, no one seems to know, although everybody professes to have heard a different story on the subject. No two of these stories are alike, although most of them are of a more or less romantic character. Nor does any one of them reflect the slightest discredit upon their subject. I may add that he is as much at home in Pall Mall and on the Paris boulevards as he is in the palaces of the Schwarzenbergs, Esterhazys, and Dietrichsteins, at Vienna.

Official rank, or titles of new creation, no matter how lofty, count for nothing in Viennese society, unless accompanied by the possession of the proper number of nobiliary quarterings. This foreign diplomats accredited to the Austrian court have found to their cost, and I remember one particular occasion, when the attitude of Viennese society toward a foreign embassador and embassadress of *bourgeois* birth had been of a specially chilly and even freezing character, that the emperor summoned the Counts Dominic Hardegg, Harrach, and other prominent members of the charmed circle, and urged them as a personal favor to himself to induce society to display more friendliness and hospitality toward the foreigners in question.

There are princes and princesses, counts and countesses, and baronesses by the thousand, who have never even dreamed of attempting to secure admission to the charmed circle, being well aware that any efforts in that direction would be of no avail. Among instances of this kind are the late Princess Marie Windisch-Graetz, and the Princess Aloys of Liechtenstein, the Countess Marie Kinsky and her married daughters, and many others. The case of Countess Marie Kinsky is particularly remarkable. She was, prior to her marriage in 1848 to Count Eugène Kinsky, a lovely Tyrolese peasant-girl, of the most unblemished character. Of her four daughters, not one has ever succeeding in acquiring a foothold in society; and, with the object of escaping from a social condition that was painful in the extreme, they have, every one of them, married either foreigners, such as the English General Goodenough and the French Baron de Bourgoing, or else provincial magnates, such as Baron Pfaffenhofen, of Moravia, or Count de Miremont, of Galicia. Moreover, Countess Marie Kinsky's two sons, Rudolph and Eugène, as well as their descendants of the fourth and fifth generations, will be deprived of numerous rights and privileges belonging to the old aristocracy of the empire, in consequence of her plebeian origin.

The impression that Viennese society resembles nothing so much as a big family is strengthened by the quaint, old-fashioned methods retained by the court and by many of the great leaders of society of inviting their guests. Instead of sending out cards or formal letters of invitation weeks beforehand, a chasseur goes around with a list of the guests, about twenty-four or forty-eight hours beforehand, and personally requests the person whose presence is desired to mark down against his or her name whether it will be possible to attend the entertainment. The advantage of this is that it enables one to ascertain in advance the names of one's fellow-guests.

ENGLAND'S COMIC PAPER.

Our Correspondent writes of "Punch" and Its Weekly Dinner.

On the seventeenth of this month, *Punch*, the well-known comic journal, commenced its one hundred and first volume. Nothing better can be urged in favor of *Punch's* popularity than that it has survived more than fifty years.

The position that *Punch* holds in the world of pictorial humor is, one might say, the same that the *Times* occupies in the world of journalism, and this high standard has been attained as much by the studied avoidance of anything in the nature of profanity, or to the discomfiture of modesty, as by the general excellence of its contents, while to-day its maintenance of an independent standpoint, its sturdy patriotism, and its almost invariable championship of the cause of the oppressed poor and the weak have secured for it a firm place in the public sympathy.

Harry Mayhew, Mark Lemon, and Gilbert à Beckett appear to have the best claim to be its founders, but the beginning was made in a very small way, and it was not until the syndicate had handed it over to a firm of publishers that it gave any promise of success. Mark Lemon, who had originally been co-editor with Mayhew, was appointed the first editor, and under his twenty-nine years of admirable management *Punch* rapidly developed; and Shirley Brooks, who succeeded him, was equally well suited for the post. After him came Tom Taylor, and since 1880 Mr. F. C. Burnand, the present editor, has been in charge.

As regards the christening of the paper, it was at first proposed to give it the title of "A Funny Dog with Comic Tales," but it was finally resolved to call it *Punch*, although this name was not considered at all a good one, and by many thought very stupid. Its mission in coming into the world, according to an early number, was "to form a refuge for destitute wit, an asylum for thousands of orphan jokes, and the means of preserving puns, which are wandering about without so much as a shelf to rest on."

Among the earlier writers who contributed were Dr. Maginn, Horace and Henry Mayhew, Thackeray, Tom Hood (whose "Song of the Shirt" first appeared in that paper), James Hannay, of the *Quarterly*, and Lord Tennyson, while now the text is chiefly supplied by Messrs. Burnand, Anstey, Lucy, à Beckett, Millikins, and Lehmann.

Although comparison with the earlier writers places the present rather at a disadvantage, the literature of *Punch* of to-day may still count for a good deal, but in recent years the pencil has proved more potent than the pen, and the secret of the journal's success at the present day is undoubtedly due more to its pictorial jokes and satires and its superb draughtmanship.

Not even Hood or Thackeray have done so much for *Punch* as the succession of artists whom it has had the good fortune to have in its service: for, with a few exceptions, all the principal draughtsmen of its time have been engaged at some period or another, and even the more serious have been persuaded to employ their hands in its support.

The list of cartoonists includes Henning, Newman, Meadows, Rowlandson, Doyle, Keene, Leech, McConnell, Tenniel, Du Maurier, and Harry Furniss. *Punch* has been aptly described as a "caricature history of the Victorian era," for, from first to last, it is thoroughly English, and, without doubt, a faithful mirror of English life, with an Englishman's love of the country, horses, and field-sports. Leech and Keene are both distinctly English, and Rowlandson was mainly responsible for the production of that "John Bull" of beef and beer that the French have so often jeered at and caricatured.

Contrasting the present numbers with the first two or three, a distinct change—or, rather, a great development—is at once noticeable. In the first volume, it is realized that the original promoters imagined, in all sincerity, that they were founding a journal for the sole purpose of caricaturing life. The general effect of this would have been to make the scope of *Punch* very narrow and limited, but as the years went on, a change came over both the pictures and the literary matter, and a much wider range was gradually taken. For example, the sentiment of beauty was never intended to be expressed in their wood-cuts by the earlier artists, but, of late years, the artists have never allowed beauty to be wholly absent from their drawings, while in literature the "Lines on the Death of Abraham Lincoln" were so highly thought of as to be specially signaled out by the biographers of that celebrated President. The cartoons of former days were, also, far more bitter than now, even Lord Beaconfield admitting he chafed under the Liberalism of the paper; but *Punch* can say, however, what no other journal can—that, above all, it has never done violence by its jests to anything pure and good, and the development of uniform good taste, morality, and decorous humor, ably assisted by the greater perfection of draughtsmanship, has generated the sobriety and moderation of to-day.

It is no small tribute to the versatility of *Punch* that it has adapted itself to this change, and still finds ready pens and skillful pencils to illustrate small weaknesses and minor follies, to strike now and again a blow on the side of common sense and honesty, and to teach that many subjects on which we have chosen to be solemn are much more suited for a smile than a sigh, and for laughter than tears.

It is interesting to observe how conservative *Punch* is, with all its Liberalism, in respect to its adherence to old customs in all matters concerning management. Every Wednesday evening, as in the early days, a sacred function is observed in a room reached by a crazy staircase, in the form of the weekly dinner, to discuss the contents of the paper for the following week. This reunion has been witnessed by only two strangers, as not even the regular outside contributors have been allowed to mingle with the staff at this important conference. After dinner, the programme for the next number is sketched out, the cartoons are decided upon, the political page, the articles, letters, poems, and jokes are all planned, and then the assembly disperses to put the ideas into concrete form before Friday evening, when the engraver's messengers call for the wood-cuts and ordinary drawings. In this manner, is *Punch* produced week after week. An exceedingly interesting object is the dining-table, not on account of itself—as it is only an ordinary piece of furniture—but its associations render it a treasure, for every man on the staff, from the very first, has carved his name on it with a penknife; and here can he seen the handiwork of many who have a strong claim on the recollections of the people. Mr. Tenniel, with the exception of some half-dozen times, when he was compelled through illness to be absent, has sat at these weekly dinners for forty years without a break.

Mr. Spielmann, in an able article on "*Punch* and its Artists" in the *Contemporary Review*, says, in closing: "*Punch* is more than a 'comic journal'; it is, and has been for fifty years, a school of wood-drawing, pen draughtsmanship, and wood-engraving of the first rank—nay, it is a school of art in itself. The effect of its art-teaching has been widely felt, and on this ground alone its doings should command interest and justify a close examination of its rise and progress. What its future is to be, none can foretell . . . but as the Royal Academy, sooner or later, absorbs all the best outsiders, so *Punch* will never lack the ablest men to don his cap and motley, and shake his merry bells."

LONDON, January 21, 1892. PICCADILLY.

FOREIGN IMMIGRATION MUST CEASE.

It seems to be the purpose of the Congress now in session to amend the immigration law. A thorough study of the subject is necessary, on account of the endeavors of parties interested in the schemes to circumvent and defeat the law—not only by immigration agents in Europe and persons connected with the emigrant traffic by steamships to ports of the United States, but also by the many in official positions, embracing high officers of government and subordinates, from cabinet ministers down to policemen and stipendiaries employed in the obnoxious traffic. In the nations of Southern Europe, of foreign language and habits, it is difficult to obtain facts and data pertaining to this traffic. From these the immigration has greatly increased within the past twenty years, and it is increasing. It is of the least desirable and most offensive character. The immigrants do not speak the English language; they have no clear conception of republican forms of government, or fair appreciation of republican liberty in this free country. A large proportion of them are deported from their native land, assisted or compelled by their own government, on account of their poverty, their decrepitude, or their crimes. They are shipped to the United States as paupers and pests. In this country they are charges upon the public, in poor-houses, hospitals, and prisons, or turbulent and lawless, miscbievous in fields of labor by their readiness to toil for wages below the needs of ordinary workers for mere subsistence. Against the further immigration of these most offensive aliens the law should be clear and strong.

The investigation made in the countries of Europe during the year by the commissioners of the government, appointed for the express purpose, proves the necessity of thorough amendment of the law relating to immigration. The commissioners report that sixty per cent. of the immigrants are sent by the government of their own country or come upon tickets furnished them by relatives or others for the purpose. This is mainly the fact with immigrants from Southern Europe, of the peoples who do not speak English. But, likewise, it is true with reference to many of the immigrants from Great Britain and Ireland. One of the commissioners states that he "has positive proof that from England, Ireland, and Scotland, during the last eleven years, there has been a systematic, widespread, and thoroughly organized movement, known, encouraged, and patronized by the government, for the purpose of sending convicts and ex-convicts to the United States." He adds that "their passage, and money to keep them while seeking employment here, is furnished directly by the government of Great Britain, expended through 'discharged prisoners' aid societies,' which are provided for by 'an act for the more effective prevention of crime,' passed August 21, 1871, and amendments thereto." And he reports that "through this systematic deportation of convicts and ex-convicts, the numbers under surveillance at home has been reduced from 20,000 in 1871 to 12,000 in 1891." The British Government ceased the deportation of convicts to New South Wales, one of her own Australian colonies, years ago. It appears that the change has been made to the United States, and that thousands of British convicts and ex-convicts have been deported to this country.

But the British Government does not stop at unloading upon this country the convicts and ex-convicts. Also are shipped to the United States the paupers and decrepit. For years, under the present administration, particularly during the period of want and suffering in Ireland, thousands of the wretchedly poor and sickly were sent to this country, "assisted" emigrants, as the cheapest and readiest means of ridding the kingdom of the squalid miserables. A recent careful investigation shows that one-sixteenth of the total population of England and Wales—1,860,000 persons—are paupers, receiving public relief, and of these nearly 100,000 were over sixty years of age. In Scotland there are 70,000 registered paupers and dependents; 110,000 in Ireland. For the ten years ending 1890, the tables of immigration showed a total of 658,000 from England and Wales, 150,000 from Scotland, and 656,000 from Ireland. Of the immigrants from Ireland, the greater proportion were of the very poor or actually pauper class—many of them "assisted" by the government. Legislation by Congress and the potential arm of the general government are absolutely necessary. Congress should make the law thorough, and it should be vigorously executed. The objectionable immigration must be stopped.

Idaho has enough population and territory to give to each person in the State a square mile of room. There are 84,290 square miles of land in the State and 84,385 people.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Helena Vacaresco, the favorite lady-in-waiting of the Queen of Roumania, whose engagement to Ferdinand, Crown Prince of Roumania, caused such commotion, is betrothed to a wealthy member of the well-known Cartacuzene family.

The Princess of Wales gave to Mrs. Grimwood, in addition to a check of thirteen hundred pounds sterling, a beautiful photograph of herself in a gold frame. The heroine of Manipur has lately declined an offer to lecture on her experiences.

The Castle of Cronberg, the new residence of the Empress Frederick, is nearly completed, and her majesty is expected at the beginning of the spring. A fine suite of rooms is being prepared for Victoria, as she will probably pay her daughter a visit in the spring.

The present Lady Coleridge is five-and-thirty years younger than her distinguished husband, and is a divorcée, a fact which has proved sufficient to subject her, notwithstanding her husband's lofty station, to social ostracism, both in London and in Devonshire.

The Princess Frederick-Leopold of Prussia, having declared her desire to rear her infant son without the aid of the bottle, the emperor has paused amid grave duties of state to announce his formal consent to this important domestic arrangement, which involves the renunciation by the princess of all court festivities for the present year.

Mrs. U. S. Grant, Mrs. Jefferson Davis, Mrs. Garfield, Mrs. Deming, Mrs. Eaton, Mrs. Edward Rahy, Mrs. Margaret Bottome, Mrs. A. Roman Salus, Mrs. Jeremiah S. Black, and Mrs. John H. King are the first ten vice-presidents elected by the United States Daughters of 1812. Each lady has accepted in a patriotic letter.

Of the $25,000,000 set apart last year out of the world's wealth for the support of the world's poor, Emma Ahbott contributed $100,000; the Marchesa Bugeha, $500,000; the Duchesa Bolognini contributes jewels to the value of $100,000 in memory of her son; $200,000 was bequeathed by Miss Mellor; and $100,000 by Mrs. Spencer-Bell.

Fräulein Helene Lange, of Berlin, has proposed to the German Government that all girls between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two years shall be compelled to serve one year as nurses in the hospital, attendants in the people's kitchens, the kindergartens, the homes for nurses, governesses, and servants, in order to increase the number of capable nurses and attendants necessary in war times.

Mrs. Lew Wallace says that Florence Nightingale at the time of the Crimean War was a slender woman of graceful figure and great dignity of manner. She exhibited remarkable fortitude at all times and especially when present at surgical operations. Once when the agonies of a patient in the hands of the surgeons put to flight his attendants, Miss Nightingale turned and rebuked them, saying: "Come back! Shame on you as Christians! Shame on you as women!"

Contrary to the custom of his fathers, the late Khedive Tewfik of Egypt left but one widow. She was a princess of royal blood, her mother being a daugbter of the Sultan of Turkey and her father having been Viceroy of Egypt. The Khedivesse dowager is still a beautiful woman, with a magnificent complexion, brown eyes, and hair of a reddish tinge. Notwithstanding her power over him, she never attempted to assist the late Khedive in the affairs of the nation. She adores her son Abbas, the present ruler, even as she did his father.

The career of Louise Pomeroy, who is now playing minor parts in a traveling theatrical company, is a striking instance of the mutations of fortune. Twenty years ago she was the bride of "Brick" Pomeroy, and had received from him as a wedding gift an opera-house valued at seventy-five thousand dollars. Pomeroy at that time was reputed to be worth five hundred thousand dollars, and his *Democrat* was a gold mine. The editor's fortune was subsequently lost in unproductive mines and in the famous Rocky Mountain Tunnel, and luck has ever since been against him. Mrs. Pomeroy is now the wife of an actor, Arthur Elliott.

In a fashionable pantomime given by a Paris club the other evening, Mlle. Gilberte, the actress, who is a handsome blonde, appeared on the stage in a long mantle of purple-woolen material, her gold hair covered with a long veil of mauve chiffon. After a little while, she opened her cloak, and, throwing it over her shoulders, where it hung to the back of her dress in several folds, disclosed to view a trained gown of white tulle, with sleeveless corsage, bound round the décolletage, back and front, with a broad bias band of black velvet. Two narrow straps of Parma violets, forming epaulets, held the corsage in place. Round the waist a broad sash of violet satin was draped, with cordons of Parma violets intermingled—an effective arrangement eminently suggestive of a fashionable funeral wreath. This was appropriate, as the actress represented Death in the pantomime.

Mlle. Augusta Holmes, a composer well known in Europe and America, considers herself thoroughly a Frenchwoman, although her parents were Irish. She was born and educated in France, and her first professor was Henri Lambert, organist of the cathedral at Versailles. When only thirteen years old, Augusta Holmes composed a minuet for the Artillerie de la Garde, and the conductor of the orchestra asked her to direct the rehearsals. The first successful composition of Mlle. Holmes was "Hero and Leander," performed in 1877. Mlle. Holmes lives far away from the center of Paris, in Rue Juliette Lamber, near the residence of Mme. Adam. Her collection of birds is most remarkable. They all sing, and one, especially, studies singing. That is, he sings a phrase again and again, until quite sure that it is correct, and so beautiful are his compositions that Mlle. Holmes writes the phrases as perfected by the little bird.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Andrew D. White, in the March number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, will show what exertions were made by the Catholic and Protestant clergy to suppress the teachings of Copernicus and Galileo. In the same number, Dr. John C. Branner, of the Leland Stanford Junior University, who was recently State geologist of Arkansas, will discuss the cotton industry of Brazil, which he believes destined to increase. Dr. Branner was formerly connected with the Brazilian Geological Survey.

The manuscript of a small volume of poems left by Lord Lytton is to be edited by his daughter and son-in-law. They will soon be published, with a short preface by Lady Lytton, and will be followed by Lord Lytton's "King Poppy," on which he had been engaged many years.

Miss Sara Jeanette Duncan's remarkably clever and successful book, "A Social Departure," was originally written in the form of a series of letters, which were offered by S. S. McClure, the syndicate man, to most of the leading papers of the country, and contemptuously refused by the sagacious editors, who declared that they wanted the writings of somebody who was "known to the public." The same brilliant molders of public opinion (says New York *Truth*) are buying at a very stiff price the dreary mess called "The American Claimant" for which McClure pays Mark Twain one thousand dollars an installment. Some portions of the "Claimant" are about as funny as clods falling on a coffin, and are only equaled in point of melancholy mirth by Mr. Bob Burdette's "Happy Thoughts" column in the Sunday *Herald*. The report that this column contained the same matter week after week is denied by the proof-reader, who declares that it is changed regularly every Sunday.

The *Critic* hears of an Indianapolis lady who went into a bookstore in that city and inquired for "Her Ben." She was told that the name of the book was "Ben-Hur"; but she insisted that "Her Ben" was the name of the book she wanted. An older clerk was appealed to. He disclosed the information that "Her Ben" was an old Sunday-school book.

The following paragraph is floating around the literary press:

"It is understood that Mr. —— —— has been offered the editorship of the new Chicago monthly magazine, soon to be started in that city, at a salary of fifteen thousand dollars per year and an interest in the profits of the periodical. Mr. —— is only twenty-eight years of age, and is at present the editor of the ——, which periodical pays him a salary of ten thousand dollars per annum. He is also one of the owners of the successful —— monthly. The new Chicago periodical has a capital of a million dollars behind it."

The young gentleman in question, whose name and periodical we omit, is continually advertising himself and the magazine he edits by paragraphs like the preceding. It is rather surprising that editors should give this young gentleman so much free advertising. The paragraphs—which he himself sets afloat—he generally contradicts in a fortnight, thus getting more advertising. As to the "Chicago monthly" he is about to edit, the following is pertinent:

"Eugene Field declares that there is no truth in the story that a great magazine is to be founded in Chicago; that such an enterprise may be started there by and by—say, in ten years' time, but that is prospective to the degree of perspective. 'The attempt,' he adds, 'to found a great magazine in Chicago at this time would be a wretched act of insanity, and there is nobody in the West, we presume to say, so insane as to make the attempt.'"

The March number of *Harper's* will contain Mr. Howells's last "Study," and the succeeding number Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's first. Mr. Thomas Nelson Page will succeed Mr. Warner as editor of "The Drawer."

"If gentlemen of the press had half the employment that falls to me in what they call my life of idleness," writes Robert Louis Stevenson from Samoa in a letter from which we made extract last week, "they would lack the time to invent baseless rumors as to the health, opinions, and movements of a private person." This, comments James Payn, is "one in the eye" (through the keyhole) for the gentleman from New York who has lately given us an account of the distinguished novelist at home.

Those who enjoyed Ada Cambridge's clever novel, "The Three Miss Kings," will be glad to hear that D. Appleton & Co. will shortly publish a new story from her pen. It is entitled "Not All in Vain."

If anything can disabuse the public mind of the notion that novel-writing is a remunerative calling—in comparison with any other known to civilization—it will be the application of the authoress of "George Geith of Fen Court," and many other equally well-known works, for a pension. It is stated on her own authority that two hundred and sixty pounds sterling is the average income she realized by literature.

Maurice Maeterlink, the "Belgian Shakespeare," is thus discussed in a London journal:

Mr. Mirbeau, in the Paris *Figaro*—that source of frequent journalistic surprises—tells us that Maeterlink is a Belgian Shakespeare, that his work is "more tragic than 'Macbeth,' more extraordinary than 'Hamlet,' more beautiful than both combined." The question which the amazed reader of this judgment asks himself is: which does Mr. Mirbeau know least about, Shakespeare or M. Maeterlink? There is, indeed, something of Shakespeare in M. Maeterlink, even a good deal, seeing that most of his plots and characters are pale reflections from Shakespeare's plays—avowedly so according to Mr. Caine, for it was the Belgian author's idea "to write Shakespeare for a theatre of marionettes." There is thus necessarily something of Shakespeare, but there is a vast deal more of our old friend Ollendorff. The dialogue, in its pointless diffuseness, is, indeed, pure Ollendorffian, as, for instance: *Maleine*—"I am frightened." *Hjalmar*—"But we are in the park." *Maleine*—"Are there walls round the park?" *Hjalmar*—"Yes, there are walls round the park, and moats." *Maleine*—"And no one can enter?" *Hjalmar*—"No; but many strange things can enter all the same." *Maleine*—"My nose is bleeding." *Hjalmar*—"Your nose is bleeding?" *Maleine*—"Yes; where is my handkerchief?" etc. This is a love-scene between the Belgian Opbelia and the Belgian Hamlet! The play is certainly in some respects as Mr. Mirbeau says of it, "more extraordinary than 'Hamlet.'" The portrait of M. Maeterlink and his plays, taken together, show him to be a young gentleman with a plump figure and a soft head.

The special features of the March number of *Short Stories* are Edwin L. Arnold's bold and vigorous tale of Viking times, "The Story of Ulla"; a Spanish-Californian romance, called "A Ramble with Eulogia," by Mrs. Atherton; a number of translations by Zola, Mendes, and others; and "The Lianhan Shee," by Will Carlton, in the Famous Story Series published monthly in this magazine.

The Rev. E. J. Hardy, the author of "How to be Happy Though Married," is now stationed at Plymouth, England, as an army chaplain. In the same capacity he has served in Bermuda, Halifax, and Malta. His wife is a first cousin of Oscar Wilde. Some nineteen publishers are accused of having declined "How to be Happy Though Married," many of whom were particularly opposed to the title. Mr. Hardy would consent to any other changes except in his title. The book has been translated into five or six languages.

New Publications.

"Mrs. Barr's Short Stories," containing a score or more of little tales by Amelia E. Barr, with a portrait of the author for frontispiece, has been issued in paper covers by Robert Bonner's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Duchess of Powsyland," by Grant Allen, is an ingenious story of robbery and murder, one of the principal factors in the crimes and in the mysteries which follow being an extraordinarily clever and daring young woman. Published by Benjamin R. Tucker, Boston; price, 35 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Transplanted Shame" purports to be a symposium of articles against the false position of woman, the pretenses of conventionality, the corruption of politics, and other evils, written by a minister, a doctor, a lawyer, and a "society man." Published by Lew Vanderpoole & Co., New York; price, 25 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Rain Produced at Will" is the title of a pamphlet containing essays on rain-making by Louis Gathmann—who advocates discharging quantities of carbonic-acid gas into the higher levels of the atmosphere—Professor Simon Newcomb, and Professor Edwin J. Houston, with other kindred matter. Published and for sale by the author at Chicago, Ill.

"Through the Red-Litten Windows," an absorbing story of a young man who is taken into a strange house by a fair unknown, and, while in a trance, has a vision of a scientific murder which may or may not be real, and "The Old River House"—both by Theodor Hertz-Garten—constitute the latest issue of the Unknown Library published by Cassell & Co., New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by Johnson & Emigh.

A very odd sort of novel is "A North Country Comedy," by M. Bentham-Edwards. It is brilliant and prosy, sentimental and philosophical by turns, and, starting in with a legacy-hunt instituted by two spinsters, introduces a remarkable mixture of personages and leads to no very definite conclusion. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, $1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Flying Islands of the Night" is the title of a fantasie in verse by James Whitcomb Riley. It is in the form of a drama, but the personages are unreal and their talk eerie, with only occasional redeeming features. While it will not detract from Riley's fame, it strengthens the opinion that he is at his best in his homely dialect poems and his verses of childhood. Published by the Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; for sale by the bookseller.

The handsome little edition of Thomas Love Peacock's novels, which is appearing under the editorial care of Richard Garnett, LL. D., is furthered by the publication of "Nightmare Abbey," a curious novel which is of interest now for its quaintness, its frequent passages of brilliant satire, and its portraits of men prominent in the early years of the present century. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, $1.00; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"The Story of New Mexico," by Horatio O. Ladd, is the latest volume of the Story of the States Series, and is among the most interesting of those so far issued. The subject is treated in ten periods, the first being the aboriginal period antecedent to the Spanish discovery in 1536 and the last being the period of American development from 1879 to 1890. The illustrations are very numerous, and range from Kemble's and Percy Moran's designs to the cheapest school-book cuts. A chronological epitome of the history, a bibliography of New Mexico, and an index complete the volume. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, New York; price, $1.50; for sale by the booksellers.

In "Miriam; or, Twenty-One Days," by Horace Victor, is told the tale of a beautiful and high-born Mohammedan girl who, going from the Persian Gulf on a pilgrimage to Mecca by way of an English steamer—it seems that devout believers would make the pilgrimage in cable-cars if they could—falls in love with the ship's surgeon. Thereupon follow complications which make a lively journey of the twenty-one days' steaming. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, $1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Dog in Health and in Disease," by Wesley Mills, M. D., D. V. S., is the latest and best book on the history, classification, and care of dogs. It describes some fifty varieties; gives directions for their proper breeding, management, and feeding in health; and, after a long dissertation on the dog's anatomy, describes its diseases and gives full directions for their treatment. The book is well illustrated and is provided with an index. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, $2.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Another new volume of essays by Professor Tyndall has just been issued, with the title "New Fragments"—an appropriate title, for they range in topic from "The Sabbath" to "Personal Recollections of Thomas Carlyle," from "Count Rumford" to "The Origin, Propagation, and Prevention of Phthisis." There are fourteen of them in all, the miscellaneous writings of the past decade; and the last three pages are devoted to a poem, "A Morning on Alp Lusgen." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, $2.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The admirable series of popular papers on evolution which have been read before the Brooklyn Ethical Association during the past year and have been issued during that time in pamphlet form, have been collected and now appear in a volume entitled "Evolution in Science, Philosophy, and Art." There are seventeen of them, covering biographies of prominent evolutionists and dissertations on various manifestations of the theory, and are all of value both scientifically and as popular expositions. A careful index makes the book a convenient one for reference. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Real Japan," by Henry Norman, is still another book on the "Yankees of the East," as the Japs like to call themselves, but it has its excuse for being, even when there are so many books on the subject. Mr. Norman is a trained observer and a graceful writer, so that his treatment of old topics is not wearisome, and his account of the earthquake and his description of the *yoshiwara* are new and of permanent value—though of the latter the prudish might say it were better if it had never been written. The illustrations are from many photographs taken by the author. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, $3.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

There are many of us who have speculated, at one time or another, on the probable pleasures and pains of such a reincarnation into the past as Mr. Smith, of Connecticut, experienced in Mark Twain's book, "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur"; but few have had any intimate knowledge of the customs and manners by which they would be surrounded if they were suddenly whisked back up the corridors of time and awoke in a Roman, Grecian, or Egyptian city. The life one would find in Egypt about the year 1500 B. C.—less than a century after the exodus—and in Assyria about eight centuries later, is vividly pictured in "Life in Ancient Egypt and Assyria," translated from the French of G. Maspéro. The author is a scholarly archæologist and has a lively imagination, and the many illustrations help out the text in presenting the pictures. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, $1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

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VANITY FAIR.

A false and detestable standard of honor is so often exemplified by persons who assume to be authentic exponents of the true standard (says the New York *Tribune*) that it seems worth while to call attention to an English gentleman who for many weeks has borne a dreadful burden of shame and anguish with heroic fortitude. Captain Osborne loved a woman who was accused of larceny and fraudulent pretenses. He took her own word for her innocence without a moment's hesitation or misgiving, and married her that he might have the first right to comfort, and protect, and defend her, and then he discovered that she had betrayed him. Her guilt was proved in open court and in the face of a staring world. Her lawyer was forced to acknowledge her duplicity; her friends abandoned her; she saved out a scrap of reputation out of the wreck that she had made; but her husband, without a trace of bravado or cynical pretense of indifference, bravely and simply, without protest or reproach, accepted a fate which would have made death a luxury if he had not wanted to live for her. He resigned his commission, but his superiors, to their credit, would not consent to dismiss him. The woman fled the country, but his devotion went with her. He was willing to begin a new life wherever she might be hopeful of tranquillity and oblivion. But at last she found the grace to refuse a further sacrifice, and she went back to England and to punishment for his sake. He was at her side in court, and he has gone with her to jail. Not in our time has there been seen a more impressive example of perfect and unswerving loyalty. There can not be an honest man or woman in the world who would not rejoice to show respect, and sympathy, and kindness to Captain Osborne.

The latest and most effectual scheme resorted to by the noble army of martyrs—the tailors—is a collecting and protective agency conducted exclusively by young women. The manager is a woman, and she has thirteen bright and pretty girl assistants, all resident in the city of Atlanta. The gilded youth, who is persistently in arrears with his trousers dues, is confronted by a vision of bewitching girlhood, and surprised into paying his bill before he realizes it. The most amusing scenes occur daily at the office of the agency, when exasperated debtors rush in to answer in person the duns these women send out to them, and are amazed at finding themselves in a room full of women.

It has come to be more and more a maxim of good manners, not to mention good morals (says the *Bazar*), that scandal is never to be talked in the drawing-room. So thoroughly is this recognized that if a woman is heard, in good society, talking of unpleasant personalities, she is at once set down as an accident of the place, and out as one either to the manner born or who has been long enough with people of good breeding to acquire their repose and taste. Very likely many of these high-bred people in question, who are to the manner born, hear gossip and scandal, and perhaps lend to them a too willing ear; but it is in privacy, in the depths of boudoir or chamber. The forbidding of the enjoyment of scandal in public is, at any rate, an acknowledgment of its vulgarity, if not of its wickedness. It proclaims, too, the fact that society thinks well of itself and its intentions, and has a standard of some loftiness up to which it endeavors to live, and that it recognizes an interest in the possible ill-doings of fallen mortals as something intrinsically low and coarse and calculated to hurt its own structure, an interest in such facts anyway as indicative of an order of taste not to be desired, and its possessor a person not to be associated with. It may be simply as a sybaritic precaution, ease and pleasure being so much surer when no uncomfortable suggestion thrusts in an ugly head, that unpleasant topics of an unwholesome nature are tabooed in the conversation of the finest drawing-rooms. But whether this is so or not, it is plain that good society would like to be optimistic; it would believe in no evil and would speak no evil; it has found that the essence of good manners is also the essence of the golden rule, and as the voice of scandal violates all its notions, it has laid upon such utterance within its borders the penalty of ostracism.

The prevailing influenza has had its influence on the fashions, as Parisiennes have abandoned the flaring Medici collar in favor of large ruches of velvet or cloth, worn close and high about the neck to ward off the grippe. This collarette is picturesque and becoming when made in full box-plaits of fabrics of two colors, as black velvet with a lining of pale rose or of turquoise cloth, or else of green velvet with beige cloth next the face. Two shades of one color are also seen in these ruches. Others have the inner side entirely of jet, with the exterior of velvet or plush, while the most novel arrangement is a fur plaiting, as a ruche of mole-skin lined with black satin, and tied with a great bow of black-satin ribbon. Felix makes a Tam o' Shanter cap of velvet or cloth, and a soft, flat muff to wear with the new collarettes. There are also large round capes of black velvet, serving for the midwinter wrap, that are trimmed around the neck with a full-gathered collar or ruche, finished narrowly on the edges with Russian sable or with mink or chinchilla.

William Horton (says the New York *Sun*), being charged in Geneva County, Ala., with assault and battery upon Miss Sallie Jones, in that he laid violent hands upon her and kissed the young woman against her will, pleads that he had kissed her one hundred and fifty times before, and that, in the instance complained of, he kissed her with her free consent. The jury adjudged Horton guilty and fined him one hundred and fifty dollars. To some persons this punishment may seem out of proportion to the offense, but, as a matter of fact, whatever the truth of Horton's defense, he seems (says the *Evening Sun*) to have received nothing more than justice at the hands of the jury. If Horton's defense was truthful, he has, upon his own showing, enjoyed one hundred and fifty-one kisses, at the rate of rather less than one dollar each. If, on the other hand, Horton had never before kissed Miss Jones, he richly deserved the penalty inflicted; for, leaving aside the question of perjury, the man who, having kissed a girl against her will, does not possess the art and grace to convince her that the offense was really a kindness, deserves punishment for his ignorance of the feminine nature. It may be argued, indeed, that ignorance is not a crime, and that especially ignorance of so complicated a creature as the *femme-sole* is not to be imputed to any man as an offense. But some degrees of ignorance are unpardonable, and, as tradition hath it, unpardoned by the gods themselves. It is not given to any man to know all phases of the feminine heart at any time, or, indeed, scarce any phase at all times, but it is the privilege of all men, save the willfully negligent, to know that there is to any woman an implied compliment in a kiss, whether it be accompanied by violence or attended with mutual consent, and while it is reprehensible for any man to pay such a compliment under the former condition, he that hath erred in such fashion and yet lacks art to make his peace, fully deserves whatever punishment may be meted out to him by twelve persons of his own sex possessing the average masculine knowledge of the average feminine mind.

The *Ladies' Home Journal* says women like in men honesty of purpose and consideration. They like a man who is interested in their new dresses, who can give an opinion on the fit, and who is properly indignant at any article written against women. They like a man who likes them, who does not scorn their opinions, who believes in their good taste, who has confidence in them, and who, best of all, knows that the love promised is given him. They like a man who can be strong as a lion when trouble comes, and yet, if one is nervous and tired, can button up a shoe with an amount of consideration that is a mental and physical bracer. They like a man who is master of the situation—that is, who has brains enough to help a woman to decide what is the best thing to do under the circumstances, and who has wit enough to realize, when one of the fairer sex is slightly stubborn, that persuasion is more powerful than all the arguments in the world.

A painstaking American has just published a book, the sole purpose of which is to set forth the names of those citizens of the United States whose lineages can be traced to the issues of kings (says the New York *World*). The book is a handsome and expensive volume, and is published by a reputable Philadelphia firm. Its title is "Americans of Royal Descent," and its pages resemble somewhat those of a directory. This extraordinary book, will very probably gratify the shallow and un-American vanity of those persons whose names are mentioned, and it will excite an obsequious envy in another class of weak minds whose names are not mentioned. Mrs. William Astor is a descendant of James the First of Scotland. Augustus Van Cortlandt, of Kingsbridge, is lineally come from King Edward the Third of England, and John Jacob Astor and his wife, born Ava Willing, of Philadelphia, had for ancestors Hugh Capet, of France, and Edward the First, King of England. There are four hundred names in this book with the mark of royalty upon them, and as every one of the persons so set down is already noted for his or her wealth, the grave suspicion must be entertained that in this republic there is a mysterious connection of wealth and royal blood; and, to push the suspicion to its legitimate conclusion, that the royal blood in any American record depends in some measure on the democratic affluence. According to the showing of this book, either poor Americans never descend from kings, or they are ashamed to have it recorded. Good blood is unquestionably a good thing, physiologically and socially, but the good blood which is leavening the whole lump of Americanism does not flow down to us in royal channels. It springs up, like the perennial water-courses, from the humble and intrinsic earth itself, and brings good character with it.

It has been frequently noted that modish Americans ape English manners and customs in nearly everything except that of making the dress-circle, or first balcony seats of a theatre, the "swell" places. In some instances this is accounted for by peculiarities in architecture; but, as a rule, the swell Briton, not only in England, but also in Ireland, Scotland, and Australia, prefers a seat in the balcony to one in the pit—the American orchestra. Recently, however, a change has been noted in this respect at several New York theatres (says the *Sun*). Fashionable theatre-parties have of late expressed a preference for groups of seats in the balcony. It may be that the fine, broad sweep of the first tier possesses special advantages for showing off brilliant toilets; but, at any rate, it will be interesting to note the ultimate outcome of this sudden fancy.

The make-up of the feminine knee prevents women from following many masculine pursuits. The knee-joint in women is a sexual characteristic. Viewed in front and extended, the joint in but slight degree intercepts the gradual taper into the leg. Viewed in semi-fixed position, the joint forms a smooth, ovate spheroid. The reason of this lies in the smallness of the knee-pan in front, and the narrowness of the articular surfaces of the tibia and femur, which in man form the lateral prominence, and this is much more perfect, in man, as part of a sustaining column. Women have less leverage in the knee and the leg, as in them the muscles designed to keep the body fixed upon the thighs in an erect position labor under the disadvantage of having a shorter purchase than the corresponding muscles in man have. A man has a much longer purchase in the leverage existing between the trunk and extremities than a woman. The feminine foot, comparatively speaking, is less able to sustain weight than that of a man, owing to its shortness and the more delicate structure of the bones. Women are not well constructed to stand many hours consecutively and every day. It is safe to affirm that they have instinctively avoided certain fields of skilled labor on purely anatomical grounds, in which the shallow pelvis, the peculiarity of the knee, and the delicate nature of the foot are prominent, says the *Medical Record*. These, as parts of a sustaining column, undeniably leave something to be desired. Even the right to vote would not confer on womankind the right to be soldiers. Equality, it appears, is quite as much an affair of the knee as of the brain.

The question of woman's most attractive age was recently discussed by an artist, an author, and a woman of society (says the *Young Ladies' Bazar*). The artist said he did not like to paint the portraits of those between the ages of twenty-five and forty years. Before twenty-five, the face has an expectancy which charms. It is looking forward with joyous freshness and hope, and it is full of puzzling promises. At forty years the character is formed, and the lines of the countenance are stronger in the painter's study; but in intervening years the face has lost its expectancy, is apt to be indifferent, and has no particular interest. The author differed. He liked to study women between the ages of thirty and forty. They had then the experience of the world and the joyousness of youth. In those years they were brightest and most interesting. The society woman thought that it was impossible to give general answers to the question, as individual women differ in regard to the most attractive age. Some are most charming at sixty years, while others have passed their prime at twenty. At thirty or upward, the best nature of a woman will show to every advantage, but probably the balance of opinion turns in favor of eighteen to twenty-five. Taking everything into consideration, the best answer would be that women are always interesting to the friends who love them.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

The Saturday Morning Orchestra.

The début concert of the Saturday Morning Orchestra, which was held in Metropolitan Hall last Tuesday evening, was a great success. Every seat in the large hall was occupied, and many of the auditors were obliged to stand. The ensemble house was essentially a fashionable one. The ladies who comprise the orchestra were becomingly gowned and sat amid a setting of tropical plants. They were thoroughly *en rapport* with their leader, Mr. J. H. Rosewald, and their execution of the various selections evoked unstinted applause from the audience. Encores were elicited from Mr. Rosewald, Mrs. Kersey, and Miss Worth. Many of the performers were the recipients of beautiful floral tokens. The concert was given in aid of the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society, and it is estimated that about seventeen hundred dollars was realized. The list of members of the orchestra was published in this column last week. The programme presented was as follows:

Overture, "Si J'Etais Roi," Adam; "Reminiscence of Tannhauser," Wagner; prayer and barcarole, "North Star," Meyerbeer, Miss May Worth; impromptu, "Harpsonods," Juogmann; "Valse de Concert," Sauret, Mr. J. H. Rosewald: intermezzo *(a)* "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni, *(b)* Loin du Bal," Gillet; "Carnival of Venice," Benedict, Mrs. Ivy Wandesforde Kersey; "Elegie," Wolff; overture "Nabucodonosor," Verdi; Mrs. W. J. Younger, accompanist.

We have received the following communication concerning the concert of the Saturday Morning Orchestra:

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The début coocert of this orchestra is now an event of the past, bnt well may all wbo participated in it feel prond of the unequivocal success that crowned their efforts. The ensemble playing of the orchestra was faultless, the solo oumbers were superbly rendered, and the selections were calculated to please the professional musician and laymen alike. The arrangements for the convenience and comfort of the immense audience were carried out without eliciting a "growl" even from the most chroonic grumbler, and on the stage there were oone of those mysterious and inexplicable waits so annoying to the babitual concert patron. In a word, it was tbe most successful concert that has been given for many years in this city. The public owes a debt of gratitude to Mrs. S. S. Wright, the president, and to Mr. J. H. Rosewald, the musical director, for having organized this most valuable acquisitioo to the musical requirements of our city, and judging from the interest takeo in the organization by almost everybody, a great future may safely be predicted for the Saturday Morning Orchestra.

H. L.

The Saturday Pop. Concert.

The eighteenth Saturday Popular Concert given by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr and Mr. Sigmund Beel took place in Irving Hall last Saturday afternoon, a large and fashionable audience being present. The vocalist of the occasion was Mr. Carlisle N. Grieg, a baritone who bas recently come here from New York, and the executants were Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, Mr. Sigmund Beel, Mr. Louis Heine, and Mr. Natban Landsberger. The following programme was presented:

Sonate for piano and violin, op. 12, No. 2, *(1)* allegro vivace, *(2)* andante piu tosto allegreno, *(3)* allegro piacevole, L. von Beethoven, Mrs. Carr and Mr. Beel; recit., "For Behold," Handel, aria, "The People that Walked in Darkoess," Mr. Carlisle N. Grieg; duo for two violins, *(1)* allegro, *(2)* tempo di minuetto con variozioni, *(3)* allegretto, L. Spohr, Messrs. Beel and Landsberger; songs, *(a)* "Du meiner Seele schöester Traum," Lassen, *(b)* "My Bride," Meyer-Helmuod, Mr. Carlisle N. Grieg; sonate for piano and 'cello, *(1)* allegro assai vivace, *(2)* allegretto scherzando, *(3)* adagio (nacht stück), *(4)* molto allegro e vivace, Mendelssohn, Mrs. Carr and Mr. Heine.

The attraction in the way of a vocalist for the next Saturday Pop. (February 27th) will be Fraulein Ottillie Liedelt, who is just from Berlin. Fraulein Liedelt bas studied with the celebrated singing teacher, Jenny Meyer, and comes especially well recommended as a fine singer of Schumann and Schubert songs. She will sing, among other numbers, an aria from Mozart's "Figaro." Mr. Heine will play "Kol Vidrei," of Max Bruch, and, by general desire, Mrs. Carr and Mr. Beel will play the C minor sonata, by Grieg. The quartet in G minor, by Mozart, will complete the programme.

"Bluff King Hal."

The Grand Opera House will be the scene next Wednesday evening of the first production on any stage of the romantic opera entitled "Bluff King Hal," tbe music of which is by Mr. H. J. Stewart, M. B., and the libretto by Mr. Daniel O'Connell. The performance is for the benefit of the building fund of the San Francisco Art Association, and, from present indications, the house will be crowded and the success of the entertainment financially assured. The participants have been rehearsing zealously, and those who have heard the rehearsals speak in glowing tones of their efforts. The music shows marked originality and abounds in melody, while the libretto is very interesting. The cast of characters will be as follows

Phyllis, Mrs. Mary Wiman-Williams; Elizabeth, Mrs. Charles J. Dickman; Dorothy, Miss Alvina Heuer; Bluff King Hal, Mr. Joseph D. Redding; Leonard, Mr. Donald de V. Graham; Robert, Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr.; Ralph, Mr. Amédée Joullin; Bardolph, Mr. Charles J. Dickman; Dickon, Mr. E. H. DePue; Hugo, Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan; Captain of the Guard, Mr. George W. Nagle.

The chorus has been selected from the leading singers of the several choral societies of this city and Oakland, and is large and well drilled. The scenery and costumes have been specially prepared for the occasion. In fact, every effort has been made to insure the success of the entertainment. Every box and seat in the house was sold by Thursday noon, except the seats in the top gallery.

A Musical Sunday Afternoon.

Mr. F. W. Ludovici gave his fifth musical Sunday Afternoon on February 14th, in Steinway Hall. The concert proved to be very enjoyable, an appreciative audience being well entertained by the following programme:

String quintet, op. 162, *(1)* allegro ma non troppo, *(2)* adagio, *(3)* scherzo—presto, *(4)* allegretto, Schubert, first violin, Hermann Brandt, second violin, J. Josephs, viola, Louis Schmidt, first 'cello, Louis Heine, second 'cello, Louis von der Mehden, Jr.; song, "Adelaide," Beethoven, Mr. Alfred Wilkie; violin solo, sonata, "Il Trillo del Diavolo," Tartini, Mr. Hermann Brandt; song, "Evening," O'Sullivan, Mr. Alfred Wilkie; quintet, piano and strings, op. 107, *(1)* allegro mosso assai, *(2)* andante quaisi larghetto mosso, *(3)* allegro brioso patetico, Miss Magda Bugge and the Hermann Brandt Quartet; accompaniste, Miss Weigel.

The next and last concert of this series will take place on Sunday, March 15th.

The Philharmonic Society.

The Philharmonic Society gave its third concert of the thirteenth season last Wednesday evening, under the direction of Mr. Hermann Brandt, and with the assistance of Miss May Worth, soprano, Mr. Joseph M. Willard, violinist, and Mr. Abe Sundland, accompanist. The usual large audience was present and enjoyed the presentation of the following programme:

Overture, "Le Siège de Coriothe," Rossini; "L'Usinguolo," Alieneff, Miss May Worth; fantasie caprice for violin, Vieuxtemps, Mr. Joseph M. Willard; "Marche Funebre," from quiotet op. 44, Schumann, orchestrated by Mr. Benjamin Godard; "L'Arlesienoe," suite, *(1)* prelude, *(2)* minuetto, *(3)* adagietto, *(4)* carillon, Bizet; *(a)* "All Souls' Day," Cooper, *(b)* "Frolic of a Butterfly," Nevers, Miss May Worth; intermezzo sinfonico, from "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni; overture, "Le Domino Noir," Auber.

George W. Morgan, organist, of New York, and his daugbter, Maud Morgan, barpist, will appear in concert here during the spring. By the way, they should not be confounded with the late Jobn Morgan, also an organist from New York, and his daughter Geraldine, wbo is also a famous musician.

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss May E. Norton and Mr. J. B. Nevin will take place at tbe residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hobbs, 1708 Geary Street, on Tuesday, March 1st. The wedding will be a private one, owing to a recent death in the family of Miss Norton.

The most brilliant affair of the coming week will be the ball that Mrs. A. M. Parrott will give next Tuesday evening at her residence, on Sutter Street. It is understood that about three hundred and fifty guests will be present.

Mrs. Clark W. Crocker and her daughter, Miss Fanny Crocker, will give a lunch-party next Wednesday at their residence on Sutter Street to seventy ladies.

Miss Smith and Miss Helen J. Smith will give a tea to-day (Saturday) from four until seven o'clock at their residence, corner of Broadway and Webster Streets.

Mrs. M. E. Pendleton and the guests of the Hotel Pleasanton will give a ball at the hotel next Wednesday evening. Dancing will commence at eigbt o'clock.

The sixth and last cotillion of this season given by the Friday Night Club will take place next Friday evening. It will be the army and navy cotillion, and will be led by Lieutenant W. H. Coffin, U. S. A. The officers will appear in uniform. Two string orchestras will be in attendance to provide tbe music. Supper will be served at balf-past eleven o'clock, and dancing will be resumed afterward until two o'clock. No special seats will be assigned after next Tuesday, nor will invitations be issued to strangers after tbat date.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Currier will give a progressive euchre-party next Thursday evening at their residence, 2725 Jackson Street.

Mrs. William Hulbert Morrow has issued cards for a tea which she will give next Thursday, from four until eight o'clock, at her residence, 1326 Leavenworth Street. Miss Maud Morrow will assist her.

Next Saturday afternoon three teas will be given, tbe hostesses being, respectively, Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. Edward Barron, and Mrs. R. D. Fry.

Mrs. M. H. de Young will give a kettledrum at her residence, 1919 California Street, next Saturday afternoon and evening from three until ten o'clock, in aid of the hospital fund of the San Francisco Polyclinic. Admission will be one dollar, including tea, and nothing will be sold. In the afternoon an interesting musical programme will be presented under the direction of Señor Ferrer, and in the evening the ladies of the Saturday Morning Orchestra will play, and there will also be another great musical treat which must remain a secret for a few days. Tea will be served in the Japanese room.

The Crocker Auxiliary and lady friends will give a leap-year dance on Monday evening, February 29th, at the residence of Mrs. A. W. Scott, 305 Buchanan Street. The affair is under the management of seventy-five young ladies. Leap-year rules will be strictly enforced, and the gentlemen will have no privileges whatever.

The members of the San Francisco Verein will, in the near future, produce a travesty entitled "Romeo and Juliet Up to Date." All the parts will be interpreted by amateurs. This affair will close the series of successful entertainments given by the verein during the season.

Mrs. Volney Spalding gave a very pleasant matinée tea last Saturday, from three until six o'clock, to the guests of her hotel. She received in the white parlor, and was assisted by her sister-in-law, Mrs. A. P. Benham, of New York, and her cousin, Mrs. Hugh Hume. Mrs. Spalding will give another tea this (Saturday) afternoon, for which a large number of invitations have been issued.

Cards have been sent out announcing the marriage last Monday of Miss Anna Pearl Doyle and Mr. Charles E. Fredericks, of this city.

Mrs. Leland Stanford gave an elegant lunch-party in Washington, D. C., recently, at which tbe table decorations were purple orchids and jonquils. The souvenirs were small purple-satin bonbon-cases in the shape of mortar-board college-caps.

Miss Helen Walker entertained a few of ber young lady friends in a delightful manner last Wednesday by giving an informal tea at ber residence. Sbe was assisted in receiving by Mrs. William Hulbert Morrow, Mrs. J. Appleton Maguire, Mrs. W. Harvey Jardine, and Miss Maud Morrow. The afternoon was most pleasantly passed in conversation and music.

Mrs. C. O. Richards gave an enjoyable tea last Saturday at her residence on Van Ness Avenue, in honor of Miss Minna Gale.

After the performance of the Saturday Morning Orchestra last Tuesday evening, Mrs. J. H. Jewett gave a delightful supper-party at her residence, 931 Bush Street, to a number of friends, among whom were: Dr. and Miss Chismore, Mrs. F. L. Barreda, Mrs. Winsor L. Brown, Miss Alice Decker, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Miss Barreda, Misses Bosqui, Dr. F. L. Bosqui, Mr. E. M. Greenway, and Mr. W. E. Brown.

An elaborate dinner-party was given last Monday evening by Mrs. Volney Spalding in honor of Mrs. W. O. Barclay. The others who enjoyed her hospitality were Mr. and Mrs. G. K. White, Mrs. A. P. Benham, Judge Eugene Garber, Captain W. B. Newsom, and Mr. Frank Johnson.

The Catholic Ladies' Aid Society gave two successful entertainments on Thursday and Friday evenings, February 18th and 19th, in Armory Hall, corner of Page and Gough Streets. The fête will be continued this (Saturday) afternoon and evening. In the afternoon, special care will be taken to please the children, for whom many novelties have been prepared, and, in the evening, a delightful entertainment will be given for the older folks. The Aid Society is non-sectarian, and its funds are used to ameliorate the suffering of the poor.

A number of the young ladies who attend Miss Lake's School have formed a club for social purposes. Miss McCutcben entertained them with a dancing-party last Saturday evening at her home, 1001 Pine Street. There were about fifty young ladies and gentlemen present. A delicious supper terminated the affair.

At the third annual meeting of the Country Club on February 11th, the following officers were elected: President, Mr. Frederick R. Webster; vice-president, Mr. Austin C. Tubbs; secretary and treasurer, Mr. J. M. Quay; directors, Mr. J. M. Adams and Mr. R. H. Sprague.

Superior to vaseline and cucumbers — Crème Simon, marvellous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York, druggists, perfumers, fancy-goods stores.

A New Place to Buy Pretty Things.

Already there is a constant stream of shoppers and visitors in Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s new store at 741–745 Market Street. They have not got everything in from the old store even yet, though tbe lower floors seemed to be fully stocked and in apple-pie order early in the week; but already the new store is running as smoothly as if Sanborn, Vail & Co. had been in their immense new building for half a century. The organized system tbat is apparent in the arrangement of the store, from the most important transactions to the most trifling detail, is marvelous to the careful observer, and the benefits to firm and customers are apparent in the quickness witb which any variety, size, or grade of article in the store can be laid out for inspection. People like to see what they ask for without having to wait while the clerk hunts all over the building for it, and Sanborn, Vail & Co. will be repaid for their forethought in the increased patronage that is sure to come to them.

One feature that many will be glad to hear of is tbe innovation that the firm bave made in opening a retail branch of their trade in stationery, leather goods, and the like. They have carried on a large business in these articles on a wholesale basis for some years, but now they are selling them at retail. In fact a large part of the ground floor is filled with bandsome show-cases in which are displayed the latest and most fashionable styles of note-paper and other stationery, leather purses, wallets, and card-cases, and some beautiful little dressing-cases for travelers. And near these is another new department of architects' supplies, comprising a complete assortment of drawing-papers, drawing-instruments, t-squares, drawing-boards, and so on.

Cleveland's
is the
Baking Powder
used in the
U. S. Army.

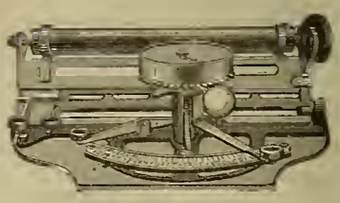
One of the subjects considered at the late convention of the American Publishers' Association was the relation of peddling to advertising. Among other instances, one case was mentioned where a large house had decided to spend one hundred thousand dollars a year in peddling merchandise from door to door, instead of advertising in the newspapers, as heretofore

The Albany (N. Y.) *Merchants' Mail*, organ of the retail merchants, in urging the press to support a bill, now before the legislature, to impose a State tax upon peddlers, says:

"During the past few years the peddling business has assumed gigantic proportions, and its ranks are being filled every day, not so much by the poor man, who adopts it until something better offers itself, but by manufacturers, who are rated by the millions.

"The merchants of the State who have settled places for doing business must bear their portion of the burdens of taxation, either in taxes or store rent. Every tax-collector knows where to find these men, but the peddler, who has no settled locality, but goes from place to place selling his wares and merchandise, can not be found. He may palm off absolutely worthless goods upon the unsuspecting public at prices that good goods could be bought for from reputable dealers. He can insult, as is daily done, the unprotected women of the boosebolds that be forces his way into, and not being under police restraint, having no license to do business, be easily makes his escape and pursues the same tactics in the next place be enters. The peddling business is a frightful nuisance to housekeepers."

THE "PEOPLE'S"
TYPE-WRITER



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PRICE, $25
H. S. CROCKER COMPANY,
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SUPERIOR to VASELINE and CUCUMBERS
CRÈME SIMON marvellous for softening, whitening and perfuming the complexion. Most efficacious for light affections of the skin.
J. SIMON 36, rue de Provence PARIS
PARK & TILFORD, New-York: Druggists, Perfumers, Fancy goods stores.

SOCIETY.

The Kittle Valentine-Party.

Miss Margaret Kittle gave a delightful dancing-party on St. Valentine's eve at the residence of her mother, Mrs. N. G. Kittle, corner of Pacific Avenue and Steiner Street. All of the rooms, except those with polished floors, were canvased for dancing, so the dancers had their choice of surfaces, and excellent music was provided. The air was fragrant with the scent of violets, that flower predominating in the unique and pretty decoration. A charming conceit was noticeable in the reception-room, where numerous little cupids were seen aloft holding the ends of cordons of smilax that formed a trellis-work beneath the ceiling. Dance-cards of heart shape were provided, and they contained verses appropriate to the occasion celebrated. Mrs. N. G. Kittle, Mrs. John G. Kittle, Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Mrs. Basil Heathcote, and Miss Kittle received the guests. Gentlemen predominated, and each young lady soon had her programme filled. Dancing was enjoyed until midnight, and then a sumptuous supper was served by Ludwig. This ended the pleasures of the charming affair. Among those present were:

Mrs. N. G. Kittle, Mrs. John G. Kittle, Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Mrs. Basil Heathcote, Miss Margaret Kittle, Miss Lucia Kittle, Miss Adèle Perrin, Miss Jennie Sanderson, Miss Marguerite Wallace, Miss Cunningham, Miss Roberta Nuttall, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Misses Findley, Miss Mary L. McNutt, Miss Eells, Miss Daisy Casserly, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Beth Sperry, Miss Alice Ames, Miss Mamie Holbrook, Miss Bessie Hooker, Miss Hilda Castle, Miss Alice Scott, Miss Ethel Smith, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Pringle, Miss May Hoffman, Miss May Friedlander, Miss Fanny Friedlander, Miss O'Connor, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Bessie Bowie, Miss Eleanor Dimond, Miss McMullin, Miss Helen Otis, Miss Ashe, Miss Schussler, Miss Nellie Smedberg, Miss Lottie Clarke, Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Dibblee. Mr. N. G. Kittle, Mr. John G. Kittle, Jr., Mr. W. Hinckley Taylor, Mr. Basil Heathcote, Mr. Bruce Heathcote, Mr. George D. Boyd, Mr. George Vernon Gray, Mr. Duncan Hayne, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Fred Coon, Mr. Brooks Jones, Mr. Donald Y. Campbell, Mr. John O. Blanchard, Mr. George H. Lent, Mr. Milton S. Latham, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, Mr. T. Cary Friedlander, Mr. Everett N. Bee, Mr. William R. Heath, Mr. Southard Hoffman, Mr. M. McNutt, Mr. George H. Mendell, Mr. Harry M. Holbrook, Mr. Herbert E. Carolan, Mr. Charles Murphy, Lieutenant Jones, Mr. W. Ames, Mr. W. R. Sherwood, Mr. J. B. Casserly, Mr. Charles Thoro. Mr. Cutler Paige, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. John W. Twiggs, Lieutenant Carlin, U. S. N., Mr. J. C. McKee, Mr. E. J. Pringle, Mr. Frank D. Madison, Mr. L. Adams, Mr. H. St. Clair Boyd, Mr. Harry Simpkins, Mr. Harry Bissell, Mr. Jesse Godley, Baron von Salverman, Mr. Arthur Castle Mr. Fritz Gamble, Dr. G. M. Richardson, Mr. Mackay, Mr. T. Berry, Mr. J. C. Adams, Mr. S. Knight, Mr. L. Carrigan, and others.

The Friday Night Club.

There was not a very large attendance at the fifth cotillion of the Friday Night Club, but that did not in the least detract from the enjoyment of those present. The hall was attractively decorated with colored draperies in harmonious arrangements and potted plants. The string orchestra gave the latest music, and Mr. Greenway, who led the cotillion, introduced six figures which allowed the participants plenty of dancing. An elaborate supper was served by Ludwig at midnight, and that ended the pleasant affair. Those in the first set were:

Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Miss Marguerite Wallace, Mr. George Vernon Gray, Miss Alice Simpkins, Mr. Herbert E. Carolan, Miss Bessie Hooker, Mr. Milton S. Latham, Miss Mary L. McNutt, Mr. Henry H. Haight, Miss May Hoffman, Lieutenant W. H. Coffin, U. S. A., Mrs. A. E. Wood, Lieutenant James E. Nolan, U. S. A., Miss Myra Lord, Mr. Samuel G. Buckbee, Miss May E. Pope, Mr. C. P. Hubbard, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Lieutenant J. W. Carlin, U. S. N., Miss Beth Sperry, Mr. George A. Pope, Miss Edith Taylor, Mr. Everett N. Bee, Miss Kittle, Mr. James A. Folger, Miss J. W. Tompkins, Mr. C. C. Thoro, Miss Sally Maynard, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Mr. John G. Kittle, Jr., and Miss Jennie Blair.

The Nuttall Tea.

Miss Roberta Nuttall gave a delightful tea last Monday at her home on Buchanan Street. The hostess was assisted in receiving by her mother, Mrs. M. M. Nuttall, Mrs. Gaston M. Asbe, Miss Wethered, Miss Alice Ames, and Miss Helen Otis. Musical selections were given by Señor M. Y. Ferrer, Miss Ferrer, and Mr. Richard Ferrer, and Mrs. Abbey sang some pretty Spanish songs, with guitar and mandolin accompaniment. Among those present were:

Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr., Mrs. Perry P. Eyre, Mrs. Percy Moore, Mrs. Sherman, Miss Friedlander, Miss Bessie Bowie, Miss Daisy Casserly, Miss Selby, Miss Lillie Lawlor, Miss McPherson, Miss Jennie Sanderson, Misses Castle, Miss Ashe, Miss Eells, Miss Marie Zane, Miss Gray, Miss Alice Scott, Miss Cunningham, Misses Smith, and others.

The Moulder Matinée Tea.

One of the most delightful affairs of the week was the matinée tea given last Thursday by Miss Louise Moulder at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Moulder, 812 Bush Street. The affair was limited in attendance to young ladies, about one hundred and fifty of whom enjoyed the hospitality of the young hostess. She was assisted in receiving by Miss Jennie Sanderson, Miss Mary L. McNutt, Miss Lottie Clarke, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Miss Blanche Castle, Miss L. Hamilton, Miss Norwood, and Miss Charlotte Moulder. The hours of the reception were from three until six o'clock, during which time the guests enjoyed themselves greatly. After the tea, Miss Moulder gave a dinner-party to the young ladies who had assisted her in entertaining, and later on a number of gentlemen called, and the evening was pleasantly passed in dancing.

The Wilshire Tea.

Mrs. W. B. Wilshire generously gave the use of her residence on Buchanan Street on Saturday, February 13th, when a tea was given there, from three until ten o'clock, for the benefit of the Hospital Fund of the San Francisco Polyclinic. The residence was most attractively decorated with flowers, foliage, plants, and draperies. The guests were received by Mrs. W. B. Wilshire, Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. W. H. Smith, Mrs. E. B. Rail, Mrs. W. D. O'Kane, Mrs. Carpenter, Miss Belle Smith, Miss Fannie Danforth, Miss Helen Walker, Miss Maud Morrow, and other ladies, and were charmingly entertained. A musical programme of much merit was presented during the afternoon and evening, and light refreshments were served. Among those who gave vocal and instrumental selections were the Beasy children, Miss Agnes Burgin, Miss Anna Wood, Miss Alvina Heuer, Mr. Rickard, Mr. Richard Ferrer, Dr. A. T. Regensburger, and Mr. Polk. A string band was in attendance. The affair was entirely successful and enjoyable, and a goodly sum was netted for the charity.

The Rail Lunch-Party.

Mrs. E. B. Rail gave a charming lunch-party recently at her home, 1001 Pine Street. The table was beautifully decorated with violets, and the corsage bouquets were of those flowers, tied with lavender colored ribbons and held by a butterfly. An elaborate menu was served, and the affair was made very pleasurable. Mrs. Rail's guests were:

Mrs. William H. Smith, Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. H. M. Yerrington, Mrs. Homer S. King, Mrs. D. E. Miles. Mrs. W. B. Wilshire, Mrs. Carpenter, and Mrs. Lyon, of Seattle.

The Union League Club.

The members of the Union League Club gave a "ladies' night" in the club-rooms last Thursday evening. The handsomely decorated rooms were thronged with guests, who enjoyed every minute of their stay. The earlier part of the evening was passed in listening to the following programme:

Banjo selections, Mr. A. C. Thornton and Mr. Harry Slocum; violin solos, Miss Gruenhagen, accompanied on the piano by Miss Melrose; recitation, Mr. Howard Taylor; selections by the Dolores Club, under the direction of Professor F. Piccirillo; song, "The Frolicsome," Arditi, Miss Rose Adler; violin solo, Professor A. H. Kayton.

After the entertainment, dancing was indulged in until a late hour, and an elaborate supper was served. The committees having the affair in charge were as follows:

Reception committee.—Mr. Alfred Bouvier, Mr. Forrest S. Chadbourne, Mr. W. H. Chamberlain, Mr. M. H. de Young, Mr. William S. Duval, Mr. Frank J. French, Mr. Paris Kilbuno, Mr. John McComb, Mr. Frank McLaughlin, Mr. George H. Pippy, Mr. John C. Quinn, Mr. W. T. Y. Schenck, Colonel W. R. Shafter, Mr. John D. Spreckels, Mr. Frank W. Sumner. Floor-manager.—Mr. Frank A. Vail. Floor committee.—Mr. A. H. Castle, Mr. L. H. Clement, Mr. John A. Koster, Mr. T. H. Minor, Mr. W. D. Sanborn, Mr. O. F. Westphal.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Harriet Pullman, of Chicago, has arrived in Jacksonville, Fla., where her father, Mr. George M. Pullman is stopping. The wedding of Miss Pullman and Mr. Frank J. Carolan, of this city, will take place in Chicago next June.

Mrs. William T. Ellis and Miss Hope Ellis, of Marysville, are making a prolonged visit here.

Mr. James Brett Stokes has returned from an Eastern trip.

Mr. H. M. A. Miller left last Tuesday for Honolulu and will return early in April. He has taken the trip with the idea of benefiting his health.

Mrs. William T. Marvin, formerly Miss May Kewen, of Sacramento, is here on a visit from Victoria, B. C.

Mrs. William H. Crocker has been entertaining Miss Mabel Cluness, of Sacramento.

Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton is being entertained by friends in Washington, D. C.

Miss Lena Schell has returned from an extended and pleasant visit to friends in Portland, Or.

Mr. Henry Alexander, the artist, went East a week ago, via Panama, on the steamer *San José*. He will remain in New York for a month and then proceed to Europe, where he will pass considerable time in Paris and Munich.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Wise, *née* Whittemore, will receive on Wednesdays at the Hotel Pleasanton. In May they will occupy their new residence in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Henley Smith and Miss Laura McKinstry are in Rome, Italy.

Miss May Severance, who is here on a visit from Honolulu, is the guest of the Misses Dimond at their residence on Washington Street.

Mr. A. N. Towne is ill with la grippe at his residence, 1101 California Street.

Mr. Lloyd Tevis is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Dr. and Mrs. Harold Sidebotham, *née* Nickerson, of Montecito, will soon leave there for an Eastern visit.

Mr. B. F. Norris has gone to Chicago for a brief visit.

Hon. James G. Fair left last Tuesday on the *Australia* for Honolulu, and will be away a couple of months.

Mr. Harry Babcock is visiting in London.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall are visiting New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Hill are in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Warring Wilkinson, of Berkeley, are in Nice, France.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Coleman and Miss Jessie Coleman, of Oakland, have been enjoying a visit to Jacksonville, Fla.

Mrs. Hopkins and the Misses Hopkins, of Encinal Park, Alameda, have left for a visit to the City of Mexico.

Mrs. James A. Robinson, who has been ill all winter, left last Thursday for Southern California, and will remain away a month or two. On her return she will occupy her residence near Redwood City.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Ehrman, Miss Amy Ehrman, and Master Sidney Ehrman, of this city, left New York, a week ago, on the *Lahn* for Bremen.

Captain John Bermingham and his daughter, Miss Charlotte Bermingham, are passing several weeks traveling in the East. Miss Bermingham and Surgeon Stokes, U. S. N., will be married next June.

Mr. T. H. Goodman, of the Southern Pacific Company, has returned from a trip through Southern California and to the City of Mexico. He is greatly improved in health.

Miss Cone, of Red Bluff, will come to the city in a few days to attend the army and navy cotillion.

Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Brittan, of Redwood City, have been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant Frank de L. Carrington, First Infantry, U. S. A., has gone to Columbus Barracks, Ohio, to conduct a detachment of recruits for the First Infantry from there to Angel Island.

Lieutenant and Mrs. E. J. Doro, U. S. N., have been paying a visit to relatives in Los Angeles. They will soon go East.

Captain J. J. O'Connell, U. S. A., has been ordered to duty at Benicia Barracks, relieving Lieutenant Brant, U. S. A., who will be stationed at Angel Island.

Lieutenant Everett E. Benjamin, First Infantry, U. S. A., has joined his company at Benicia Barracks, having been relieved from duty at Fort Gaston.

Lieutenant Granger Adams, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, with permission to apply for an extension of one month.

The regular hop at the Presidio did not take place last Tuesday evening owing to the death of Mrs. Adams.

General and Mrs. A. V. Kautz, U. S. A., are in Portland, Or.

Among the lower classes, when a husband discovers his wife in guilty commerce with another man, it is the custom to kill them both. Among the upper classes, it is the custom, under similar circumstances, to kill the man only. Among the upper classes the belief prevails that "the finger of scorn" will punish the woman sufficiently. The lower classes do not believe in the effect of "the finger of scorn" on an adulterous wife. They simply kill her. They are right.

When a married woman becomes a strumpet, defiles her marriage-bed, and dishonors her husband, she is of too coarse a fiber to be affected by "the finger of scorn." If married women knew that death as well as shame followed swiftly on the heels of their adultery, there would be fewer unfaithful wives. When Edward Deacon, in his wife's chamber, shot down his false friend beside the bed which they had defiled, he should have shot the woman too.

On Saturday evening, February 20th, the second of a series of entertainments, now being held in this city for the benefit of the San Francisco Polyclinic hospital fund, will be given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Ansley G. Davis, 1605 Scott Street. The programme offered is an unusually attractive one, and will consist of the sparkling one-act society comedy "First Love," music, charades, tableaux, etc. Solos will be rendered by Mme. Seminario, Miss Adler, and others. Refreshments and dancing will close the evening. Tickets one dollar.

The marriage of Dr. Kaspar Pischl to Miss Minna Dohrmann was celebrated in the presence of the families at the residence of the bride's parents in Alameda on Tuesday the sixteenth instant. The young couple will go housekeeping at 122 Scott Street, San Francisco.

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THE CLOVER CLUB.

An Account of its Tenth Annual Dinner.

The Clover Club of Philadelphia is a well-known organization. Its members are the leading newspaper men, politicians, lawyers, and men about town of the Quaker City, and its annual dinners, at which it has as guests presidents, senators, representatives, governors, generals, and the most prominent men of the nation in all walks of life, are the occasion of some more or less brilliant speech-making. The peculiar feature of the club, that which makes it unique among dinner-giving organizations, is the constant interruption to which speakers are subjected by any one present who has an idea—or who has not, for the matter of that. At the first dinners, general hisses took the place of applause, but that idea seems to have been abandoned for individual interruptions. How witty and how gracefully turned these are may be judged from the reports herewith appended.

The meetings of the Clover Club are seldom reported, but the tenth annual banquet, which took place a few days ago, was reported at length by the Philadelphia dailies, from which we make the following extracts:

When the tall form of Philadelphia's handsome mayor was distinguished at the head of the table, there were loud cheers and applause.

"Where's the police?"

"Who is that man?"

These were the first cries that greeted the chief-magistrate's ears; but, notwithstanding these interruptions, the mayor proceeded to give the freedom of the city to the Clover Club's guests. He said:

"On other occasions the station-houses have been filled with these revelers; but the police have been notified that if any member of the club is found astray, he shall immediately be taken in hand and incarcerated in Colonel McClure's house——"

A Voice—"That's too hard a punishment!"

—"until he can pursue the even tenor of his way. On behalf of the citizens of Philadelphia, I wish to grant a hearty welcome to every guest of the Clover Club at this table."

A Voice—"Are there any more mayors?"

The mayor made a valiant struggle against overwhelming odds, but it was useless, and, amid laughter and applause, he sat down.

Mayor Washburne, of Chicago, upon being introduced and received with applause, said:

"Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Clover Club: Through the courtesy of one of your journalistic members, I am with you to-night. I fear he has brought me before you that I may act as a shield for his discourtesy in furnishing your club with municipal carriages at a time when your devotional members were indulging in those sacred hymns so popular in the East, and with which we are as yet unfamiliar."

A Voice—"Who is this man?"

"Chicago, I am told, has obtained a great reputation as the city which blows two horns to sell one balloon, and hires a band when a new fly drops into the *Herald's* net. You have the advantage of us in age, for you have buried several generations of Swedes and Quakers before the marshes of Chicago had given any white man the ague, and, as a result, we owe the East something besides mortgages. But, gentlemen, I am here——"

A Voice—"Are you, really?"

—"not so much as a man as an official, whose city is now attracting the attention of the world. A word for her in a serious way, and I am done——"

A Voice—"That's good."

"On April 25, 1890, Congress decided to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of this continent by Columbus, by holding a national exposition. Chicago was chosen as the site, and I wish to assure you to-night that, beyond such local pride as is natural under the circumstances, there is no man upon the national or local board of directors who has a desire or who seeks to denationalize this vast undertaking. . . . Your Centennial expanded and broadened the spirit of competition in 1876, and the exposition of 1893 will awaken in the hearts of sixty-three millions of people a new impetus to outdo the world as we find it represented at its best."

A Voice—"Oh, yes; Hawley can tell you all about that."

"The Old World even yet looks with doubting wonder at our claims to population, wealth, and intelligence. The cheap transportation and the inducements to see a land they have heard so much about, will bring the great middle classes of Europe by thousands to our shores—a class of people who are and ever have been the keystone on which has rested the stability of every government. They will see New York city——"

A Voice—"Yes, and stay there."

—"the pride of the Empire State, with wonder at her business and proportions; they will here behold a civilization and wealth unsurpassed in their own country; they will rush westward to the great lakes, through fertile farms and teeming villages, and marvel as they look upon four inland seas, each of which is greater than their native land; they will see the Mississippi and cease to wonder that De Soto was content to rest his glorious fame upon the bosom of that broad river which bisects our continent like a silver cord and in whose valley they will look for the Indian and his scalping knife, only to find thirty-three millions of people."

A Voice—"Scott, you are responsible for this."

After a number of interruptions, Mayor Washburn was then allowed to finish. In the midst of the applause which attended the close of the address, some one asked, "When does this mayor's term expire?"

Charles A. Dana, the guest of honor of the occasion, was next called upon.

"This is the first time," said Mr. Dana, "that I have been able to understand the press of Philadelphia. I have known Mr. McLaughlin, and I must say that he is handsomer to-day than ever. (Great laughter.) I have known McClure."

"I'm sorry for you," from the ever-ready Elcock.

"I knew the father of Clayton McMichael and I know Singerly——"

A Voice—"What does he do?"

"He keeps the best Holstein cows in the country," continued Mr. Dana, smoothly. "But, really, I never supposed there were so many bright newspaper men in this city, and that they were such devilish good-looking fellows. In Philadelphia they know what a newspaper ought to be, and they practice it——"

A Voice—"The *Sun* shines for all."

"How shall the editor of a newspaper guide his steps?" was Mr. Dana's next query.

A Voice—"By keeping sober."

"If he follows the example of the editor of the Hartford *Courant*, who is here with us, he may land in the Senate——"

A Voice—"Or in jail."

"If he follows the footsteps of my friend Childs——"

A Voice—"He will write obituary poetry."

"He will have conferred on thousands of poor suffering creatures a benefaction doubly noble, because it came at the right time. (Great applause. The great question with an ambitious newspaper man——"

A Voice—"Are you speaking for yourself?"

"Should a newspaper try to make public opinion or be governed by it. I have known many newspaper men to be successful because they knew which port to steer into——"

A Voice—"Now you're talking about McClure."

"I know what port he will come into——"

A Voice—"Well, you're the only one."

Mr. Dana paused a moment, as if to gauge from what point the next interruption would come, and then started in to tell one of his characteristic stories to carry out the theory he was trying to advance. He said:

"I remember, many years ago, writing an editorial in the *Tribune*, in which I said that honesty was the best policy in politics, as in everything else. Horace Greeley came to me the next day. 'Why do you put such damn cant in the *Tribune?*' was his first question. 'Well, it's true, isn't it?' I said. 'It might be true enough,' said Greeley, 'but when it appears in the *Tribune*, it sounds like cant.' The next day a large parchment-roll was handed in. I opened it, and would you believe me, it was from the Bible Society, setting forth to Greeley that out of admiration of the noble sentiments expressed in his paper, the society had elected him a member. As I handed it to him, I said: 'So, you see, you don't do much about public opinion, after all.' He never answered a word."

A roar of laughter greeted the editor as he took his seat.

When Colonel Ingersoll came in late, an effort was made by some wag to seat him next to Rev. Dr. McConnell, but it did not work. As he came in, the whole company, after applauding, sang "In the Sweet Bye and Bye," and this he made his text.

As he started to speak, Dr. Bedloe remarked, in parenthesis:

"Oh, hell!"

"No," remarked Governor Bunn; "this must be heaven, for there is no place for Ingersoll," referring to the difficulty he found in getting a place.

A few of Colonel Ingersoll's characteristic sentences were:

"If I from this glass could now transform a human being, as God can do from earth, and knew that such a being would spend his life in jail, die on the gallows, and go to hell, I would not do as God does and permit its birth. Man is put in this world under positive conditions. He dies influenced by them. It isn't his fault if he's a thief, or a murderer, or a minister. Neither is he responsible if he's a gentleman or a scholar. His destiny controls him." "It would be better that God should at this moment commit suicide than one person should suffer eternal damnation." "I don't want to go to heaven if I am to meet my enemies there. Neither would I go to hell under like circumstances." "I think eternal life would be a desirable existence if one could resign when he wanted to."

Congressman Breckenridge, of Arkansas, joined Senator Hawley in defending the church, and the discussion grew too warm for the merry clubmen. They raised points of order and called into play all the parliamentary tactics of Toast-master Bunn, who finally laid the whole affair on the table amid a burst of song from every one but Congressman Breckenridge. During his remarks, Colonel Ingersoll said that a man born in Arkansas might, under favorable conditions, get into heaven.

General Butterfield was the next celebrity to meet the chairman's eye, and he was accordingly called upon to speak to the Cloverites. As the hero of many battles arose, the club to a man sang, "Three Cheers for the Red, White, and Blue," with a will. The general looked puzzled. If he had been prepared to say anything, the reception completely knocked him out. So he told the expectant party that he would tell a story, in fact, that he would tell two stories.

"For heaven's sake you won't tell two of them, will you?" said the ever ready Bunn.

The general, however, started bravely in amid frequent interruptions to tell his two stories, but the enemy's strength was too great even for this valiant soldier, and after struggling with one story, the point of which was lost in the general mass of badinage, General Butterfield hastily beat his first retreat.

Altogether, from this report, one rather wonders at the fame of the Clover Club for "wit." Probably the best thing said during the evening was the remark of Dr. Bedloe:

"Oh, hell!"

In spite of the German Emperor's praise of duelling, a court at Leipsig has sentenced six students convicted of duelling to three months' imprisonment each, and the landlady in whose house they fought to a month in a fortress.

He Bobs up Serenely

From bed whose liver is all right. The bilious subject rises slowly, wearily, with a sensation of languor and nausea after a night of unrest. His skin and eyeballs are sallow, his right side bothers him, his tongue is furred, he has sick headache. His department of the interior needs the reform brought about by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the leading remedy for biliousness, constipation, malaria, nervousness, kidney trouble, and more recently for la grippe.

DIALECT VERSE.

Sissy Jane.

Allays—mornin', noon, an' night,
Rose o' dawn or candle-light,
She wuz toilin' in the house,
Creepin' roun', jes' like a mouse;
Washin' kittles, pots, an' pans,
Runnin' erran's in the rain,
Lots o' work fer her small han's—
Sissy Jane.

Had to work er she'd get spiled,
Ein' jes' a char'ty child;
Them's the kind that folks despise—
Kind o' scary-like brown eyes,
Hair that fell without a comb,
Like a yearlin' colt's rough mane,
'Cause she hadn't any home—
Sissy Jane.

Finerly she sort n' failed,
Cheeks got sunken-like an' paled.
Eyes kep' gittin' higger, too,
Elbow-j'ints come crowdin' througb,
So she up an' died about
Time the men was cuttin' grain.
Reckon she got tired out—
Sissy Jane.

—*Ernest McGaffey in Chicago Tribune.*

Public Opinion.

I see him steppin' by to church
A-lookin' pore an' thin,
His collar 'thout a smell o' starch
An' fastened with a pin,
His coat is ripped along the arm—
I jest can't he'p hut see;
I want to mend him up, but, sho!
The town 'ud smile at me.
His wife's hen dead two year er more,
An' folks 'ud gossip, fer
He uster go with me afore
He ever went with ber.

I dassent sweep his kitcben out
Or send a hatch o' bread,
Or neighbor him no way at all
Fer fear o' hevin' said
Thet I'm a-settin' out fer him—
A widower - while I
Am older then I was, ertho'
Onlest there's young folks nigh
I look some like I uster look
When he - when love-times were.
He uster go with me afore
He ever went with ber.

When he was layin' high an' dry
With janders, this gone May,
I never felt right free to ast
Erbout him day by day.
I uster watch the doctor pass,
'N' strike him fer the news;
An' onct I sent a glass o' jell—
He never 'spicioned wbose.
I know he thinks I harbor spite
Agin' him likely, fer
He knows he uster go with me
Afore be went with ber.

Ef he should die I'd hev to miss
The funer'l, like ez not;
Fer folks 'ud watcb me close to see
Ef tears was comin' bot.
An' ef I wep' they'd smile an' wink,
An' ef my eyes was dry
They'd 'low thet some folks wouldn't keer
Ef all their kin shud die.
An' ef I didn't go at all
They'd jedge I dassent, fer
They know he uster go with me
Afore he went with her.

—*Eva Wilder McGlasson in Judge.*

When Jim was Dead.

When Jim was dead,
" Hit sarved him right," the nabers sed,
An' 'bused him fer the life he'd led,
An' him a-lying thar at rest
With not a rose upon his breast!
Ab! menny cruel words they sed
When Jim was dead.

" Jes' killed hisself," " Too mean ter live,"
Tbey didn't have one word ter give
Of comfort as they hovered near
An' gazed on Jim a-lying there!
" Thar ain't no use ter talk," they sed,
" He's better dead!"

But suddenly the room growed still,
While God's wbite sunshine seemed ter fill
The dark place with a gleam of life,
An' o'er the dead she bent—Jim's wife!
An' with her lips close—close to his,
As tho' he knew an' felt the kiss,
She sobbed—a toucbin' sight ter see—
" Ah! Jim was always good ter me!"

I tell you when that cum ter light
It kinder set the dead man right;
An' round the weepin' woman they
Tbrowed kindly arms of love that day,
And mingled with ber own they shed
Tbe tenderest tears—when Jim was dead.

—*F. L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.*

The Huskin' Bee.

The huskin' bee wuz over, ez the sun wuz goin' down
In a yaller blaze o' glory jist behind the maples brown,
The gals wuz gittin' ready 'n the boys wuz standin' by,
To hitch on wbar they wanted to, or know the reason why.

Of all the gals wbo set aroun' the pile of corn thet day,
A-twistin' off the rustlin' busks er ef 'twas only play,
The peartest one of all the lot—'n they wuz pooty, too—
Wuz Zury Hess, whose laughin' eyes cud look ye througb and througb.

Now it happened little Zury found a red ear in the pile,
Afore we finished huskin', 'n ye orter seen her smile,
Fur, o' course, she hed the priverlege, ef she wud only dare
To choose the feller she liked best 'n kiss him then 'n there.

My! how we puckered up our lips 'n tried to look our best,
Each feller wished he'd be the one picked out from all the rest,
Till Zury, arter hangin' back a leetle spell or so,
Got up 'n walked right over to the last one in the row.

She jist reached down 'n teched her lips onto the ol' white head
O' Peter Sims, wbo's eighty year ef he's a day, 'tis said;
She looked so sweet ol' Peter tho't an angel cum to say,
As how his harp wuz ready in the land o' tarnal day.

Mad? Wall I should say I was; 'n I tol' her goin' hum,
As how the way she slighted me hed made me sorter glum,
'N that I didn't think she'd shake me right afore the crowd—
I wuzn't goin' ter stand it—'n I said so, pooty loud.

Then Zury drapped her laffin' eyes 'n whispered to me low,
" I didn't kiss ye 'fore the crowd—'cause—cause—I love ye so,
'N I thought ye wudn't mind it ef I kissed ol' Pete instead.
Because the grove is closin' jist above his pore ol' head."

Well—wimmin's ways is queer, sometimes, and we don't allus know
Jist what's a-throbbin' in their hearts when they act thus 'n so—
All I know is, that when I bid good-night to Zury Hess,
I loved her more 'n ever, 'n I'll never love her less.

—*T. P. Ryder in the New York Sun.*

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A party of cultivated people (says the *Congregationalist*) stood before an ancient cathedral admiring its grandeur, which several centuries of existence had failed to dim. The noise of the cars in the immediate vicinage so annoyed one of the ladies of the party that she impulsively said: "I wonder why they built the cathedral so near the railroad!"

The late Professor Couch Adams, one of the discoverers of the planet Neptune, good-naturedly remarked to his old housekeeper at the time of his great achievement: "Janet, with the next planet I discover I will give you a guinea." Years afterward the astronomer said to a friend, in response to an inquiry: "The only result of my rash promise is that now I never can go out at night but she suspects me of discovering planets on the sly."

Mrs. Sarah Blumfield, an Ohio woman who has recently taken up a Dakota claim, and incidentally interested a large number of Dakota bachelors, rashly tells a friend of her first Western proposal. It was an elderly, wealthy, and influential citizen who stalked into the lady's little kitchen one morning, without the formality of an introduction, and blurted: "Say, miss, you don't want to git married, do you?" "No, sir, I don't"—emphatically. "No 'fense, I hope, mum." "None at all, sir. Good-morning." That is the way they do things in South Dakota.

A good story of Henry Ward Beecher is told by Whitelaw Reid: "When Mr. Beecher had avowed his faith in the advantages of having women speak in church, and at the next prayer-meeting a prosy sister had taken up all the time to no purpose, and at the next had done the same, and at the next the same, and at the fourth had been, if possible, more tedious and oppressive than ever before, Mr. Beecher rose, with solemn air, as she took her seat, and observed, in argumentative tone: 'Nevertheless, brethren and sisters, I believe in women speaking in prayer-meeting.'"

Major D'Arlandes, like many another French soldier, was tired of waiting for promotion and opportunities to distinguish himself. He seized an opportunity to enjoy a little excitement, and at the same time to remind Louis the Sixteenth of his baffled ambitions. He made a balloon ascension, which at that time was thought to be a very risky affair. The king promptly reproved him for his rashness. "Your majesty will pardon me, I hope," said the officer; "but the fact is, the minister of war has made me so many promises in the air, that I went up to look for some of them."

A woman, having heard that it was impolite to press a guest to have more of a dish at table, thereby calling attention to the second serving, so instructed her daughter previous to a dinner she was giving, charging her to act accordingly. At the table she heard her say: "Mr. ———, will you have some oysters?" and immediately the mother exclaimed, in a horrified tone: "Why, hasn't Mr. ——— been served to oysters yet?" Whereupon the daughter responded that he had been helped three times, which contributed to the happiness of neither mamma nor Mr. ———.

A lady who prides herself upon always remembering the name of a person whom she has once met, had a droll experience the other day. At a railway-station she encountered a man whose face was familiar to her, and whom she soon remembered having seen at the house of a friend some months before. With the utmost graciousness of manner, she turned to the stranger, and said: "Isn't this Mr. Tombstone, whom I met at Mrs. Lyman's?" The stranger looked at her with a baffling expression of countenance. "I may have met you at Mrs. Lyman's," he said, "but you have somewhat twisted my name. I am Mr. Stonegrave."

The French Parliament was not always famous for the excitement and turmoils of its debates. In the old monarchical days before the Revolution, the sessions of the old Parliament were exceedingly dull and prosy affairs. One day, it is related, a noble count was trying to make a speech, and a very prosy speech it was, while all the other members were either chatting or resting. Presently the president of the body rapped slightly with his baton. "If those gentlemen who are talking to each other," said he, "would kindly make no more noise than those gentlemen who are snoring, it would be much appreciated by those gentlemen who are trying to listen!"

At the loot of the Summer Palace, during the Chinese war, an enterprising officer secured a good many little memorials of the "Son of the Moon and First Cousin of the Stars"; but what always filled him with regret was the information he afterwards received from a native official: "You barbarians took a good many things away, but you left the lions upon the entrance-gates, which surprised us very much." "We didn't think so much of them as you do, from an artistic point of view," replied the officer, indifferently, "and it was no time to incumber ourselves with brass things." "My good sir, they were solid gold." The officer took to his bed, and had a serious illness from mere remorse for his want of sagacity.

The pious Philip Neri was once visited by a lady who accused herself of slander. He bade her go to the market, buy a chicken just killed and still covered with feathers, and walk a certain distance, plucking the bird as she went. The woman did as she was directed, and returned, anxious to know the meaning of the injunction. "Retrace your steps," said Philip, "and gather up, one by one, all the feathers you have scattered." "I cast the feathers carelessly away," said the woman, "and the wind carried them in all directions." "Well, my child," replied Philip, "so it is with slanders. Like the feathers which the wind has scattered, they have been wafted in many directions. Call them back now, if you can."

Edmund Burke once delivered a speech wherein he handled the policy of the government rather severely; nor had he spared the king. One of his majesty's ministers of finance arose to take him to task for having cast contempt upon the king. Burke listened until the gentleman had concluded, and then said: "Sir, the honorable gentleman has exhibited much ardor, though but very little discrimination. He should know that, however I may reverence the king, I am not at all inclined to extend that reverence to his ministers. I may honor his majesty; but, sir, I can see no possible reason for honoring his majesty's man-servant, his maid-servant, nor his ox" (a particular glance at his opponent), "*nor his ass!*"

An ingenious and successful trick was recently played at a London flat, in broad daylight. A gentleman rang the bell at three o'clock, and inquired whether Mr. Grey was at home. "No, sir," said the janitor; "he rarely, if ever, comes back from the Temple before five o'clock." "That is strange," returned the other, "since I know he has an appointment here with a Mr. Johnson at four o'clock," and went his way. At four o'clock, to the minute, Mr. Johnson called, and, giving his name, was, of course, allowed to wait in Mr. Grey's apartments, which he denuded of everything of "portable value" in ten minutes, and then walked out, observing, as he passed the porter, that he could wait no longer. Except from a moral standpoint, this seems a really admirable stroke of business.

This story of Meissonier's wife and a physician is told: The lady sent in haste for the doctor, who responded promptly, fearing that serious illness had overtaken the famous artist. But it was only a lap-dog for whom his services were required, and he was indignant. Pocketing his pride, however, he ministered to the patient and cured him. At the end of the year, Mme. Meissonier noticed in the doctor's bill no item for this case, and called his attention to it; whereupon the medical man explained that he was not a veterinary surgeon, and could not, therefore, make a charge. He was glad, however, to do the dog a kindness. But the lady insisted. "Well," said the doctor, "the hinges of my garden-gate are rusty; ask M. Meissonier to bring his brush and paint them for me."

An old newspaper man is reported by an exchange as making some remarks which may be of use to readers who aspire to be writers for the press. In his younger days, he says, he was a reporter for the New York *Herald* under the elder Bennett. One day Mr. Bennett sent for him. "Young man," said Mr. Bennett, "I notice that in your efforts to find men whom you have been instructed to interview you never enter a hotel." "Never enter a hotel?" the reporter answered. "No, sir; you invariably write that you 'drifted in,' and when you do drift in you never meet the man." "Never meet him?" "No; I observe that in every case after 'drifting in,' you either 'run against' or 'stumble across' the object of your pursuit. I wish that in future you would simply walk into the hotel and meet people. That's all, sir." The reporter was angry. He prided himself upon his literary style. "Mr. Bennett," he said, "I have been writing now for nine or ten years, and have worked on a number of newspapers as good as the *Herald*. I flatter myself I know something about the English language, and I——" "Young man," interrupted Mr. Bennett, "did you ever read how a man once boasted to Sydney Smith that the stick he carried had been twice round the world, and how Smith took the stick, and after carefully examining it, said, 'And yet—and yet it is only a stick after all?'" The reporter was angrier than before, but this time he said nothing. As he expressed it himself, he "maintained a tumultuous silence," and did not drift, but went somewhat hurriedly out of the room.

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Ed. Venney, Brockville, Ontario, Canada, says:

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Steamer.	From San Francisco for Hongkong. 1892.
Belgic	Tuesday, March 1
Oceanic	Thursday, March 24
Gaelic	Saturday, April 16
Belgic	Tuesday, May 10

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Steamers will sail at noon on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

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Steamer sails at noon 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—Friday, March 18th, SS. City of Panama.

Where the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the preceding Saturday.

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Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.:

City of Peking.....Saturday, March 12, at 3 P. M.
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China.....Thursday, April 28, at 3 P. M.

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ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From Dec. 6, 1891.	ARRIVE.
7.00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 P
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	* 12.15 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga	6.15 P.
* 8.00 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa	* 6.15 P.
8.00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	Second-class Ogden and East, and first-class locally	10.45 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	4.45 P.
9.00 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	12.15 P.
12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore	7.15 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	* 9.00 P.
3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, & Stockton	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	Benicia, Yacaville, Sacramento	10 45 A.
4.30 P.	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.
5.00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 P.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	7.45 A.
.....	Niles and San José	‡ 6.15 P.
6.00 P.	Ogden Route Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	11.45 A.
‡ 7.00 P.	Vallejo	† .45 P.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	8.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

8.15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
* 2.15 P.	Centreville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	* 10.50 A.
4.15 P.	Centreville, San José, and Los Gatos	9.50 A.
† 1 .45 P.	Hunters' Train to Newark, Alviso, San José, and Los Gatos	‡ 8.05 P.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7.00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations	6.10 P.
10.37 A.	San José and Way Stations	5.10 P
12.15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations	4.00 P.
* 2.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way stations	* 10 48 A.
* 3.30 P.	Menlo Park San José, and principal Way Stations	* 10.03 A.
* 4.15 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.06 A.
5.15 P.	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
† 11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	† 7.30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 29, 1891, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7.40, 9.20, 11.40 A. M.; 3.30, 5.00, 6.20 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1.50 P. M.

Sundays—8, 9.30, 11 A. M.; 2, 5, 6.15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6.25, 7.55, 9.30 A. M.; 12.45, 3.40, 5.05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.30 P. M.

Sundays—8.10, 9.40, A. M.; 12.15, 3.40, 5, 6.25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6.50, 8.20, 9.55 A. M.; 1.10, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.55 P. M.

Sundays—8.35, 10.05 A. M.; 12 40, 4.05, 5.30, 6.50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco	
WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.		SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M. 5.00 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 9.30 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M. 7.25 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7.25 P. M.	6 10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6 10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratog Springs, Blue Lakes, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydesville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays, to Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa, $2.25; to Healdsburg, $3.40; to Cloverdale, $4.50; to Hopland, $5.70; to Ukiah, $6.75; to Sebastopol, $2.70; to Guerneville, $3.75; to Sonoma, $1.50; to Glen Ellen, $1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, $1; to Santa Rosa, $1.50; to Healdsburg, $2.25; to Cloverdale, $3; to Ukiah, $4.50; to Hopland, $3.80; to Sebastopol, $1.80; to Guerneville, $2.50; to Sonoma, $1; to Glen Ellen, $1.20.

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PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., March 11, 25, April 9, 24, May 9, 24.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M. every Friday. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, the 1st of each month. Ticket office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents,
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

It is always a good idea to revive "She Stoops to Conquer." For it presents a vivid picture of life and humor in England a hundred and twenty years ago—at the period when Dr. Johnson swaggered through Fleet Street, striking each lamp-post with his cane; when Pamela mewled and Tom Jones roystered among the maids; when Roderick Random and Peregrine Pickle thrashed watchmen; when gentlemen adjourned from dinner to settle questions of honor, with small swords, in the back garden; when Beatrix fascinated the Pretender with her red stockings and Colonel My Lord Mohun stood by while his henchman stabbed his fallen antagonist; when Dick Turpin stopped travelers on Hounslow Heath, and the police magistrate of London took the chief highwayman into his pay; when a nobleman's chaplain naturally married the lady's maid, and a peasant who could read and write was an uncanny phenomenon. With these old times, Thackeray has made us somewhat familiar—but not so familiar that pictures by others are unwelcome. At the time that Goldsmith began to write for the theatre, the English stage was passing through a barren period. A hundred years had passed since Wycherley produced his "Plain Dealer"; Congreve's masterpiece, "The Way of the World," was first played in 1700. The playwrights who succeeded them — Colman, Cibber, Fielding, etc.—wrote nothing which held the stage. Addison wrote a tragedy and Steele some sentimental comedies; Garrick was one of the authors of "The Clandestine Marriage"; but they all wrote for the hour, not for posterity. It was not till two years after the first performance of "She Stoops to Conquer" that Sheridan produced "The Rivals" and, two years after that, "The School for Scandal."

Yet the theatre was well patronized, and there were good actors on the boards. Managers had succeeded in inducing noblemen to forego their privilege of sitting on the stage; and, to make the pit happy, programmes sometimes contained a line at the bottom—"Fighting allowed." Garrick was manager as well as actor; Mrs. Abington was in her prime; Foote was the delight of audiences; Woodward was achieving popularity; Colman's troupe, at Drury Lane, contained as many good artists as Garrick's.

Just then, a new candidate for theatrical fame appeared in the person of a man of thirty-five or so, who was regarded by those who knew him as an Irish witling, with flushes of genius—a genial, good-humored, big-hearted simpleton, who was as utterly incapable of taking care of himself as a ward in chancery. His name was Oliver Goldsmith. His life had been a succession of extraordinary and pitiful vicissitudes. He had lived by playing the flute in the streets. He had wandered over Europe, subsisting mainly by begging. He had been proof-reader and printer's devil. He had mixed drugs for an apothecary. He had been usher in a school. He had slept with thieves and beggars, and had often gone hungry and half-naked. But one day a flash of good luck gave him a few pounds a month—enough to feed and clothe his body, and the unusual comfort warmed the genial current of his soul to life. He wrote "The Traveler" and "The Vicar of Wakefield." Then he tried his hand at play-writing, and produced "The Good-Natured Man," for which Garrick in part paid before he had accepted it. Goldsmith was still so desperately poor that he restricted himself to a shilling for his meals, and deemed himself extravagant when he spent half a crown for a day's outing.

But his courage was rising, and in 1772 he finished "She Stoops to Conquer." Nine months after he had offered it to Colman it was neither accepted nor rejected. In his dire straits he wrote to the manager:

"Dear Sir: I entreat you will deliver me from the state of suspense in which I have been kept for a long time. Whatever objections you have made or shall make to my play, I will endeavor to remove and not argue about them. . . . I have as you know, a large sum of money to make up shortly; by accepting my play, you will enable me to satisfy my creditor. For God's sake, take the play, and let me have the same measure, at least, which you have given as bad plays as mine."

Colman still hesitating, Dr. Johnson took his friend Goldsmith's case in hand. It was just at that period of the doctor's life when, if a man offended him, he was prone to send a boy to buy a sixpenny ashen stick, and to bid the boy pay a shilling for it, for "I design it, sir, to do good work." Colman yielded to the doctor, and announced the play. But he was baffled, not beaten. He told every one the play was certain to be damned. He refused to spend a shilling for costumes or scenery. He absented the three leading actors in throwing up their parts. When inferior actors were substituted, friends advised Goldsmith to withdraw the play, but he refused, saying: "I would rather my play were damned by bad actors than merely saved by good acting."

When the day for the first performance came, Goldsmith dined with friends, among whom were Johnson, Edmund Burke, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. The author was in such an agony of suspense that he could neither eat nor drink, and left his friends to pace up and down in St. James's Park. At six o'clock the curtain rose. There was a bumper house. Stories of Colman's unfairness to Goldsmith had got wind, and there was quite a party in the audience who were determined that the little Irishman should have fair play. Johnson sat in the front row, and set an example of roaring like a bull of Bashan at the jokes. The audience caught the contagion, and by the second act the success of the play was assured, and Goldsmith's place among the great dramatists of England was established. He did not live to enjoy his triumph; twelve months afterward he was dead.

His play has never lost the hold of the public it took on the first night. It is brimful of honest, clean humor, at which a spectator can laugh without feeling ashamed of himself. There are three parts in it which have been played as star parts—Tony Lumpkin, which was taken by the star on this occasion; Squire Hardcastle, which affords fine opportunities for comic acting and facial expression, and which, on this occasion, was played by Mr. Woodward; and Miss Hardcastle, which was lately played in this city by an ambitious aspirant for fame as the leading part in the piece, and was taken on Monday by Mrs. Robson, better known here as May Waldron. The other parts are not satisfactory. The two young men who mistake the squire's house for an inn, and order its owner about, are neither gentlemen nor persons of ordinary common sense. Diggory is a gross exaggeration, and Miss Neville, who was personated by Miss Amy Busby, would have difficulty in accounting for her existence. Mrs. Hardcastle is a good part, and was well played by Mrs. McKean.

But the whole weight of the piece, on Monday, rested on Stuart Robson's shoulders. He has evidently mastered the character of an English squire's neglected son, who has grown up to be a lout like the peasants with whom he associates, but who retains a fund of native humor and is capable of excellent fooling. Robson is so good an actor that his ordinary tones provoke mirth; he could ask a neighbor to pass the salt in accents which would set the company in a roar. It used to be said of Arnal that when he appeared on the stage and asked a bystander how he was, the whole parterre would explode in a guffaw, as though they had heard some capital *bon mot*. Robson, as Tony Lumpkin, is equally funny. When he opens his mouth, the audience take for granted he is going to say something laughable, and they do not wait for his utterance to set their risible machinery in action. He might say the stupidest thing in the world, people would still laugh, and would ascribe their failure to see the point to their want of appreciation. This key to his audience's sense of fun is partly a trick of facial muscles and partly a dexterous management of his voice. He manages to inject a dry humor into his tones which provokes merriment independently of the words which are spoken.

It would be a pleasure to commend Mrs. Robson's Miss Hardcastle; but that lady's position on the stage and her reputation as an actress are so well established that she can afford to bear that the part is not suited for her. There is a normal absurdity in the play itself, in making her disguise herself as a bar-maid so skillfully as to deceive the young man she has just been flirting with in her own proper person, and Mrs. Robson does not diminish the incongruity. It may fairly be questioned whether Goldsmith did not undertake more than he could accomplish, when he drew the frolicsome squire's daughter, who was to personate two entirely distinct creations within a few hours of each other, without change of costume or surroundings; at any rate, the part is one which, while it naturally appeals to the ambition of an aspiring actress, can only be played successfully by an artist of commanding genius. The transition from the dashing squire's daughter to the still more broadly dashing bar-maid is so delicate that it requires no common ability to keep the dividing line between the two clear and distinct. On Monday, the audience were puzzled to make out where the squiress ended and the bar-maid began.

Why does Mr. Robson play the obsolete first act? It has no connection with the rest of the play, and has been retained in England merely as a picture of peasants of the last century, rollicking at the alehouse, in their smock-frocks and with their churchwardens in their mouths. It possesses no interest for Americans, and the attempt of American audiences to understand the English peasant dialect causes a painful strain. It would be far better to omit the act, and to devote the time it takes to a continuation of the potpourri of old English airs which the orchestra so well renders.

At the theatres during the week commencing February 22d: the Conreid Company in "Poor Jonathan"; the Tivoli Company in "The Merry War"; Stuart Robson in "She Stoops to Conquer" and "Married Life"; the Haulons in "Superba"; Loraine Hollis in "The Clemenceau Case"; and reappearance of McKee Rankin.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Joseph Jefferson and his comedy company are soon to play an engagement in this city.

The Bostonians will soon appear here in a season of light opera. "Robin Hood" and "The Knickerbockers" will be their chief operas.

Lorraine Hollis is still holding the fort at her little theatre, but the announcement of "The Clemenceau Case" for next week seems to be in the nature of a last resort.

"Rose, the Beautiful Type-Writer," produced in St. Louis a fortnight ago, indicates a desire on the part of American playwrights to keep up with the procession.

Richard Mansfield has changed the title of "Don Juan" to "The Weather-Vane," so that minors and others may see the play without knowingly compromising themselves.

Next week Stuart Robson will play "She Stoops to Conquer" the first half of the week, and the second half will be devoted to a revival of the old comedy, "Married Life."

Strauss's popular opera, "The Merry War," which had not been heard before in San Francisco for some years, has made a decided success at the Tivoli, and is to be continued another week.

Hugo Toland, a young actor who graduated from San Francisco amateurdom two or three years ago, is now playing the titular rôle in "Mr. Barnes of New York" in a New York theatre. He is spoken of as "a robust and rather promising young man."

Augustin Daly's company and Charles Frohman's stock company are to play engagements in this city in the summer—simultaneously, according to report, which would be a most unpleasant *embarras de richesses*. They both go to London next season, possibly at the same time there, too.

The annual report of the Comédie Française shows a profit of seventy thousand dollars. This will give three thousand two hundred dollars to each sociétaire. In the course of the year 1891, eleven new pieces, including Sardou's "Thermidor," were produced, and twelve plays of its old repertoire revived.

Frank Daniels will not have gone far, in name, at least, when he drops "Little Puck" and appears in his new play in May, for it is called "Dr. Cupid." It is an adaptation from the French, done by Paul M. Potter, who was at one time editor of *Town Topics* but has been devoting himself to play-writing since the success of his first production, "The City Directory."

Mrs. Bernard-Beere, the English actress, has gone to Australia. But that simple statement does not exhaust the interest attaching to the fact. In the first place, her leading lady and chief under-study is Isabelle Urquhart, who was never suspected of being an actress while in this country. Then there is her leading man, Marius, who did not get a divorce from his wife, Florence St. John. And, finally, another member of the company is Herbert Standing, who had been "taken to the County Jail" and was with difficulty got out in time to catch his steamer.

Conreid's Opera Company, which is to sing Millöcker's "Poor Jonathan" next week, is under the same management that produced "The Gypsy Baron" at the Baldwin, some four or five years ago, and, later, sang "The King's Fool" at the Grand Opera House. Both productions were notable rather for handsome stage pictures than for fine voices, and much the same character may safely be predicted for the performance of "Poor Jonathan." The principals in the company are Myra Mirella, Fanny D. Hall, Louise Hilliard, J. Aldrich Libby, A. W. F. MacCollin, George M. Herbert, and Frank W. Miller.

Clay M. Greene watched his latest play, "For Money"—written in collaboration with Augustus Thomas—long enough to be sure it is a success and then came across the continent to his old home in San Francisco, where he intends to rest for a month or so. "For Money," which is being acted by William H. Crane, is so well received that theatrical prophets predict that it will run a full year at least, in which case it will give Mr. Greene a very comfortable income. Mr. Greene has been very successful as a dramatist, and now ranks among the half-dozen best-paid men who write for the stage in the United States.

The season of light opera at the Orpheum has come to an end. The reason, according to the most reliable information, is that Charles Drew has been growing more and more dissatisfied every week at the small sum which he has been receiving as his share of the profits, and that, to bring matters to a crisis, he refused to take the rôle of Beppo, in "Fra Diavolo," and so gave the organization its *coup de grace*. The company was quite a good one, and they gave a good show; but San Francisco is not large enough to support two permanent organizations of that kind, and the Tivoli is too firmly intrenched in the public's affection to be ousted by anything less than an extraordinary attraction.

The following note is characteristic of Augustin Daly, and is also of interest for the grace with which it denies everything and admits nothing:

To the Editor of the Sun—*Dear Sir*: I find the following in your issue of January 31st:

"In making an Americanized version of 'L'Amoureuse,' the French piece to succeed 'Nancy and Company,' Augustin Daly has adopted the novel and promising plan of having four translations made by four men, and his own version will embody the best points in these transfers, with plenty of original additions by his own pen."

May I correct a few of the misstatements in the above? I have not had four translations made of "L'Amoureuse," nor of any play, by four different men nor by one man. I have not, therefore, made plenty of original additions of my own to any translation of "L'Amoureuse." The play to succeed "Nancy and Company" is not an Americanized version of "L'Amoureuse," nor is it "L'Amoureuse" in any shape whatever. Very truly,

February 1st. Augustin Daly.

Reason? Beecham's Pills act like magic.

— J. W. Harbourne, formerly Billings, Harbourne & Co., has reopened at the old stand, No. 5 Montgomery Street. Latest novelties in wedding and social stationery.

— Go to Swain's New Dining-room, Sutter Street, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

— Arthur B. Pierson is now located at 225 Kearny Street. Books and stationery.

— H. C. Massie,
Dentist. Painless filling.
114 Geary Street, San Francisco.

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Kreling Bros.....Proprietors and Managers

Saturday and Sunday Evenings, and Until Further Notice,
A Great Production of Strauss's Lovely Opera,
THE MERRY WAR!
Popular Prices.....25 and 50 cents.

HAVE A SKIN LIKE A LILY
WATT'S GLYCERINE JELLY OF VIOLETS
Positively cures Chapped Skin, Lips, and all roughness caused by using Impure Soaps, Cold Wind or Sunburn. Lillie Langtry, Mrs. Potter, Ellen Terry and Marion Harland use and recommend it. On sale at all druggists or by mail, 25 cts. 10 N. Broad St., Phila.
Watt's Peptonized Soda Mint Pellets cures Dyspepsia

RAMBLER BICYCLES
BEST AND MOST LUXURIOUS.
Handsome 48 page catalogue on application.
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174 Columbus Ave. BOSTON. 1325 14th St., N. W. WASHINGTON. 1755 Broadway, NEW YORK.

Sanford's Perfect Heel Protector
is the only device that prevents lop-sided Boot-Heels. Guaranteed to add 50 per cent. to the wearing quality of any pair of shoes. Made of Silver Steel, chilled, very durable. Easily applied by any one. We mail a sample pair, with nails, for 10c., or a box containing six pairs protectors, with nails, a steel chisel, tin gauge, and full instructions for applying, for 50 cts. *Agents wanted.* Address, Woodman Co., Box 2872, Boston, Mass.

MY WIFE SAYS SHE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT FOR THE MONEY.
$12 Buys a $65.00 Improved Uxford Singer Sewing Machine; perfect working, reliable, finely polished, adapted to light and heavy work, with a complete set of the latest improved attachments free. Each machine guaranteed for 5 years. Buy direct from our factory, and save dealers and agents profits. Send for FREE CATALOGUE. OXFORD MFG. COMPANY, DEPT X 37 CHICAGO, ILL.

I CURE FITS!
When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.
H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

London Assurance Company
Of London. Established by Royal Charter, 1720.
Northern Assurance Company
Of London. Established 1836.
GEORGE F. GRANT, Manager,
N. W. cor. Sacramento and Montgomery, San Francisco.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.,
SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS
Union Block, cor. Pine and Market Sts.
Agents for the Cunard Royal Mail Steamship Co.; the Califor.a Line of Packets from New York; the Hawaiian Line of Packets to and from Honolulu; the China Traders' Insurance Co. (Limited); Baldwin Locomotive Works; A. Whitney & Sons' Car-Wheels; Vivian & Sons' Yellow Metal Sheathing; Steel Rails and Track Material; Hartmann's Rahtjen's Composition.

Made with Boiling Water.
EPPS'S COCOA.
Made with Boiling Milk.

THE INNER MAN.

The banana goes back to the earliest days. Alexander's soldiers, as Pliny says, joined the sages of India seated in its shade and partaking of its delicious fruits. Hence the name *sapientum*, given the plant, which likewise bears the name of Jupiter's fair daughter Musa. Now it has been shown that the banana is of Malayan origin. How did it get to India, and South America, and Mexico? The feet of birds have borne seed a full ten thousand miles while the cocoanut has floated well-nigh the world around in the great ocean currents. But the cultivated banana has no seeds, nor has it a casing, like the globular cocoanut, to float it around over the waters. Then it must have been carried by man. It is significant that the Aztecs had traditions of visits by people from over the seas, while there was, as if to confirm these traditions, an admixture of the religion of the Brahmins in their own theology. How unlikely it would have seemed that the humble banana should step forward to prove that, before Columbus or Leif Ericson had an existence, some swarthy denizens of the Old World had made their way across the waters! Wild varieties of bananas have been found in Ceylon, Cochin China, and the Philippines. These, of course, have seeds, but they are inferior to the long-cultivated varieties. The banana is cultivated by suckers, and it is in this way that the plant is perpetuated indefinitely. The banana belongs to the lily family, and is a developed tropical lily, from which by ages of cultivation the seeds have been eliminated, while the fruit, for which it has been cultivated, has greatly expanded. In relation to the bearing qualities of this fruit, Humboldt, who early saw the wonders of the plant, said that the ground that would grow ninety-nine pounds of potatoes would grow thirty-three pounds of wheat, but that the same ground would grow four thousand pounds of bananas. The banana possesses all the essentials to the sustenance of life. Of wheat alone, or potatoes alone, this can not be said. When taken as a steady diet, the banana is cooked—baked dry in the green state, pulped and boiled in water as a soup, or cut in slices and fried. The leaves of the banana, often six feet long and two feet wide, are tender, and the strong winds of the tropics soon tear them in strips, thereby adding to their grace and beauty. The banana is a fruit that beast and bird, as well as man, are fond of, and the owner, when he lives in a sparsely settled country, must protect his plantation by a fence of some thorny plant.

In Vienna the hour for dining is between three and four o'clock, and does not conform to the custom in other cities. In some hotels an attempt has been made to domesticate the *table d'hôte*, but the prejudice of the Viennese in this particular is not to be overcome. His independence in the choice of his viands, and his predilections in reference to the composition of his prandial circle, amount to obstinacy. He clings to his fixed habitual table-companions as he clings to his religion. There are hotels and taverns where for a long series of years the same people have dined daily at the same tables. Each has his own glass, his own pipe, and his tastes and habits are known and respected both by landlord and waiters. These "fixed guests" (*Stammgaste*) get always the best portions; they are most attentively waited upon, and constitute a kind of hereditary bibulous aristocracy. It is almost impossible for a stranger to be admitted to any of the so-called *Stammtische* without the permission of the company. The fixed or habitual guests are mostly married citizens of Vienna who like to spend their evenings at a tavern. As slender and modest youths these freemasons of the eating and drinking fraternity first took their seats at these tables; but with the lapse of years they have grown stout, and gray, and highly respectable, and there they now sit, listening to all sorts of anecdotes, even the hoariest, and relating the same kind.

In "The Complete Dutch Kitchen-Maid: a Picture of Holland a Century and a Half Ago," Cornelia J. Chadwick gives the rules about drinking healths among the burghers, as follows: "If the company consists of only ten or twelve, one can drink their health in turn, but it is useless to do it all at once, as all may not have such thirst at the same time. When you wish to drink, ask for a glass of wine of the man or maid who is serving. If the company is large, and there are, perhaps, thirty at table, it would be useless to drink every one's health separately, as one would then take more wine than one cares to drink. If you please you may include two, four, or six in one salutation of your glass, beginning with those furthest off and then continuing, first on the right hand and then on the left. The dispute still exists as to the propriety of kissing the lady who sits next you as you drink her health, or thanking her with a kiss when she drinks yours. Still more unmannerly is it to leave your chair to kiss the young ladies who sit at a distance from you. It is not proper to kiss a lady without washing your lips, and besides it creates confusion at table."

For Coughs and Throat Disorders use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. "Have never changed my mind respecting them, except I think better of that which I began by thinking well of."—*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.* Sold only in boxes.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Excuse me; but do you come from Boston?" "Well, yes; that is, as often as I can."—*Life.*

His honor (to vagrant)—"What is your business?" *Vagrant*—"Looking for a job."—*Puck.*

Tom—"Know Wilson?" *Jack*—"Yes." *Tom*—"Very well?" *Jack*—"Yes. Fifty dollars."—*Ex.*

"Baby growing right along?" "Oh, yes; I think he will catch up with his voice in a year or so."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"But why did they break off the match at the last moment?" "Oh, the color of his hair killed everything in her trousseau."—*Life.*

Mrs. Bunting—"I wonder how that poor man feels who lost both his hands to-day?" *Bunting*—"I don't suppose he can feel at all."—*Ex.*

Mr. Richfellow—"Do you notice what a beautiful pearly, satiny complexion Miss Beauti has?" *Rival belle*—"Yes; I don't see how she does it."—*Good News.*

Maude—"Congratulate me, Clara; I'm engaged." *Clara*—"Well, you've been mighty quick about it. Here it is only the second week of leap-year."—*New York Press.*

"That's a beautiful stained-glass window." "Yes; it was given by Mrs. de Riche, whose pew is just below. She wanted something to suit her complexion."—*Puck.*

She—"You shouldn't squeeze my hand, going out of the theatre. When I squeezed back, I meant you to stop. *He*—"Me—I—why I—I—didn't touch your hand!"—*Life.*

Cleverton—"You know, it's a funny thing, but every time I've called on Miss Pinkerly lately, she has been out." *Dashaway* (brightly)—"Well, never mind, old man. Come around with me some time."—*Life.*

A crusty old bachelor, not liking the way his landlady's daughter had of appropriating his hair-oil, filled his bottle with liquid glue the day before the ball to which the girl was invited. She stayed at home.—*Ex.*

"Poor man!" said the sympathetic young woman; "I suppose you are not equal to hard work." "Equal to hard work?" responded Mr. Weary Watkins, "I am superior to it."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"I never withhold anything from my wife. I tell her every night all that I have done during the day." "And do you tell her every day what you have done during the night?" "Well, that's different."—*New York Sun.*

Beggar—"Sir, I am starving." *Cræsus*—"Here, take this cent and tell me how you became so miserably poor." *Beggar*—"Ah, sir, I was like you; I was too fond of giving away large sums of money to the poor."—*Epoch.*

Hotel clerk—"Is this thousand-dollar bill the smallest thing you have about you?" *Departing guest*—"I am afraid it is." *Clerk* (to bell-boy)—"Here, take this bill out to one of the waiters and ask him to change it."—*Life.*

His rival (sarcastically, as Adams gives his chair to the lady)—"You ought to have had that chair decorated, Adams." *Adams*—"It *is* decorated." *His rival*—"I mean you ought to have distinguished it in some way." *Adams*—"It *is* distinguished."—*Truth.*

One of our most exclusive citizens fell out of his third-story window, the other day, but broke his fall by lighting on a man who was putting in coal. "I am not usually desirous of cultivating the acquaintance of the lower class," he said as he got up; "but I am pleased to have met you."—*Texas Siftings.*

"Here's a letter from poor Carrie. She and her husband both want a divorce and neither can get it." "What's the matter?" "He, unknown to her, was about to elope with the governess, just as she, unknown to him, was about to elope with his secretary; they met in the dark and eloped with each other."—*Life.*

Photographer—"But why do you wish to be taken with your watch in one hand and your pocket-book in the other?" *Mr. Bascom*—"I'm a-goin' to send this picter to my wife, young man; when I left home, she said she'd bet I'd be buncoed out o' everythin' I had before I'd be'n in the city two hours."—*Puck.*

Eminent specialist—"Yes, madame, your husband is suffering from temporary aberration, due to overwork. The form of his mania is quite common." *Wife*—"Yes; he insists that he is a millionaire." *Eminent specialist*—"And wants to pay me five hundred dollars for my advice. We'll have to humor him, you know."—*Bazar.*

DCLVI.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, February 21, 1892.

Creole Soup.
Fried Perch. Fried New Potatoes.
Broiled Squabs on Toast.
Green Peas. Salsify.
Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce.
French Artichokes.
Charlotte Russe. Orange Jelly.

CREOLE SOUP.—Soften half a cup of rice, cut up one pound or half a can of shrimps and one stalk of yellow celery; pour over this three pints of best soup stock; simmer until done.

— KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made; makes delicious desserts. Just received gold medal American Institute Fair, New York city. Superior to all brands.

The recent report of President Eliot, of Harvard University, for the academic year 1890–1 shows that over one hundred thousand dollars has been received to form new funds or increase old ones, and, in addition to this, sundry gifts for immediate uses have been made to the amount of $64 928 75. A general summary of the report shows that the expenses have amounted to nearly one million dollars, while the receipts have exceeded them by more than seventy-five thousand dollars.

Sickness Among Children,
Especially infants, is prevalent more or less at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

— WANTED. LADY CANVASSERS FOR A POPULAR and rapid-selling toilet article. Prize for best sales. Address, Frostilla, Elmira, N. Y.

— DR. H. G. YOUNG,
Dentist. Painless extraction.
1841 Polk Street, San Francisco.

— DELICIOUS FOR BREAKFAST—S. FOSTER & Co.'s fat bloater mackerel, 26 California Street.

—MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

—WRITE TO US if you are going to BUILD.
Sample designs of Model Homes sent on application.
Our New Book—"Cottage Souvenir" No. 2, with over 200 illustrations, is A GEM for all who want to build.
Price $2. Send for prospectus and sample pages—*free.*
GEO. F. BARBER & CO., Architects, Knoxville, Tenn.

Printer's Ink has so thoroughly covered the subject of advertising in its every phase during the past two or three years that it is difficult to say anything new that would prove of service to the thousands of business men throughout this country who are particularly interested in pushing their business through the columns of the press.

As an advertiser and publisher, I occupy, in a certain sense, a peculiar position, and have, perhaps, the advantage of hearing the subject of advertising discussed from both sides of the question. As a publisher, I naturally preach advertising and its advantages as witnessed through my own experience, as well as that of my customers, and think I prove the faith I have in my preaching by my practice, having expended in a single year as much as $240,000 in newspaper advertising.

As an advertiser, my experience has been that large advertising pays far better, in proportion for the capital expended, than small-sized announcements. I thoroughly believe in "keeping everlastingly at it," but not with small shot. Occasionally a broadside should be interspersed with small shot, if the capital is limited; but I prefer the broadside all the time. If the capital is limited, the field should be contracted; but whatever the size of the field, it should be thoroughly cultivated. A weak and timid advertiser can not hope for success; it takes a certain amount of nerve to face an apparent loss at the first outlay, but a determination to see the campaign through to the end is absolutely necessary for success. If an advertiser can not make up his mind to this plan, he might as well keep out of the battle altogether.—*Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Publisher of the Ladies' Home Journal.*

TRY DREER'S GARDEN SEEDS,
PLANTS, BULBS, and Requisites.
They are THE BEST at THE LOWEST PRICES.
DREER'S GARDEN CALENDAR for 1892 full of garden topics, colored plates from nature, mailed for 6c. postage.
HENRY A DREER, 714 Chestnut Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE SUNDAY EXAMINER

The Paper of the People

The greatest daily in the West. Twelve pages of all the news of the day from the four quarters of the globe, and an additional twelve-page magazine containing more sensational features, thrilling stories by famous authors, and interesting and timely articles on the topics of the day, than any of the big weeklies and monthlies. A daily paper and a magazine for five cents.

AMPHIBIOUS RACE HORSES.
Training Trotters in Tanks.

Horsemen astounded. A novel and wonderful departure in developing record-breakers. The successful experiment of a well-known horse-trainer in this State.

XIX CENTURY MIRACLES
In a Hypnotic Hospital.

A most graphic and curious description of a private sanitarium, where the strangest medical and surgical marvels are accomplished simply by the power of one mind over another.

BRITAIN'S FLAG INSULTED.
The Eventful Voyage of Vancouver.

Being ye Strange Adventures of ye Famous Old English Mariner upon thys Coast, and hys outrageous and ignominious treatment in San Francisco Bay by ye Authorities, in ye Year of Our Lord 1792.

WASHINGTON WARRIORS.
The Army and Navy at the Capitol.

Good Indians when they die go to the happy hunting-ground, good soldiers and sailors when they have luck or a "pull" go to Washington. An entertaining and spicy description of Army and Navy life in the warrior's Mecca, the National Capitol.

THE "LIGHTS" OF ASIA.
Sir Edwin Arnold on Indian Potentates.

A splendid description of the home life of the princes of India by the man who, together with Rudyard Kipling, knows more about that strange country than any man living. An article full of the gorgeous color of the Orient, by one of the greatest of modern poets.

LOST: A MOUNTAIN OF GOLD.
The Search for the "Peg Leg" Mine.

The latest expedition to find the famous missing bonanza, whose fabled wealth has lured so many men to their death, and the true history of this most remarkable "lost mine" of the entire West.

"THE SPECKLED BAND."
A Startling Story by Conan Doyle.

The further adventures of that most ingenious of detectives, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and his strange experiences in unraveling the mysteries of an English country-house.

A ONE-HUNDRED-YEAR LAWSUIT.
Fifteen Millions Waiting an Owner.

Litigation that began a century ago and is still in progress. The basis of Charles Dickens's case of "Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce." A thrilling tale of the fraud, forgery, and crime in the renowned Jennens lawsuit.

SHIRLEY DARE,
PANDORA,
MARK TWAIN,
and BILL NYE,

All have contributed in their special lines. The first two on subjects feminine, the last two on matters humorous. Making most interesting and readable articles.

THE SUBURBAN EXAMINER.
Fullest Details of News in the Neighboring Cities.

These are only a part, and a small part, too, of the many and varied features to be found in

The Paper of the People

THE SUNDAY EXAMINER

HAVE YOU SEEN THE

LOOPER

On the Light-Running

DOMESTIC?

OFFICE:

29 POST STREET.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co.
Of Hartford, Conn.

Queen Insurance Company
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

Royal Exchange Assurance
Of London. Established 1720.

ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.
General Offices, N.W. cor. California and Montgomery Sts.
City Department, N.W. cor. Sacramento and Montgomery Sts.

28th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1892

Home Mutual Insurance Co.
N.E. cor. California and Sansome Streets.

Capital (Paid up in Gold) $300,000 00
Assets, January 1, 1892..... $78,137 01

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON
VICE-PRESIDENT.....H. L. DODGE
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY
GENERAL AGENT.....ROBERT H. MAGILL

PALACE HOTEL.

The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. Fire and Earthquake-proof. Has Nine Elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by electric light, its immense glass roof, broad balconies, carriage-way, and tropical plants, are features hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the finest in the city. Secure accommodations in advance by telegraphing.
THE PALACE HOTEL,
San Francisco, Cal.

-:- HOTEL PLEASANTON -:-
SUTTER ST., corner Jones,
San Francisco, Cal.
The largest, best appointed, and most liberally managed family and tourist hotel in San Francisco. Lighted by electricity throughout. Elegantly furnished dining-rooms and parlors for banquets, private dinners, parties, weddings, etc. *The cuisine a special feature.*
MRS. M. E. PENDLETON,
Proprietor and Manager.

-:- THE COLONIAL -:-
PINE AND JONES STS.
New, elegantly furnished Family Hotel.
STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.
Central to all lines of cars.

— FOR —
WALL PAPER,
WINDOW SHADES,
and CORNICE POLES
— GO TO —
C. W. CLARK & CO.
653 and 655 Market Street.

PASTRY AND DELICACIES OF ALL KINDS UNSURPASSED

BOSTON BROWN BREAD AND BAKED BEANS UNEQUALED.

BREAD!

— BUY OF THE —
LOG CABIN BAKERY!
Largest Bakers of Home-Made Goods on the Pacific Coast.
San Francisco—400 Hayes Street.
Oakland—475 Eleventh Street.
Goods delivered in San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, Fruitvale, and Berkeley. An Agent wanted in every town.

ANDREWS' UPRIGHT
FOLDING BEDS
Office and School
FURNITURE,
OPERA AND CHURCH CHAIRS.
C. F. WEBER & CO.
Post and Stockton Sts., S. F.

The Argonaut

.·. CLUBBING LIST FOR 1892 .·.

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office; it must be understood, however, that by this arrangement a subscriber may not obtain more than one of these periodicals without an additional subscription to the Argonaut for each additional periodical.

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail	$7.00
The Argonaut and the Independent for One Year, by Mail	6.00
The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail	6.00
The Argonaut and St. Nicholas for One Year, by Mail	6.00
The Argonaut and the Magazine of Art for One Year, by Mail	6.30
The Argonaut and Harper's Magazine for One Year, by Mail	6.50
The Argonaut and Harper's Weekly for One Year, by Mail	6.70
The Argonaut and Harper's Bazar for One Year, by Mail	6.70
The Argonaut and Harper's Young People for One Year, by Mail	5.00
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) for One Year, by Mail	4.50
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York World (Democratic) for One Year, by Mail	4.50
The Argonaut, the Weekly Tribune, and the Weekly World for One Year, by Mail	5.50
The Argonaut and Wide-Awake for One Year, by Mail	5.50
The Argonaut and the English Illustrated Magazine, for One Year, by Mail	4.85
The Argonaut and the Atlantic Monthly for One Year, by Mail	6.70
The Argonaut and Outing for One Year, by Mail	5.75
The Argonaut and Judge for One Year, by Mail	7.25
The Argonaut and the New York Spirit of the Times for One Year, by Mail	8.00
The Argonaut and the Nineteenth Century (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	7.25
The Argonaut and the Contemporary Review (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	7.25
The Argonaut and the Fortnightly Review (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	7.25
The Argonaut and the Westminster Review (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	7.00
The Argonaut and the Edinburgh Review (quarterly) for One Year, by Mail	6.20
The Argonaut and the Quarterly Review (quarterly) for One Year, by Mail	6.20
The Argonaut and the Scottish Review (quarterly) for One Year, by Mail	6.20
The Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	6.20
The Argonaut and the Critic for One Year, by Mail	6.10
The Argonaut and Life for One Year, by Mail	7.75
The Argonaut and Puck for One Year, by Mail	7.50
The Argonaut and Demorest's Family Magazine for One Year, by Mail	5.00
The Argonaut and Current Literature for One Year, by Mail	5.50
The Argonaut and the Argosy for One Year, by Mail	5.25
The Argonaut and the Overland Monthly for One Year, by Mail	5.75
The Argonaut and the Review of Reviews for One Year, by Mail	5.60
The Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine for One Year, by Mail	5.50
The Argonaut and the North American Review for One Year, by Mail	7.50
The Argonaut and the Home Magazine for One Year, by Mail	4.00

This offer is not open to residents of San Francisco and Oakland. In those cities the Argonaut is not delivered by mail, but is entirely in the hands of our carriers, with whom we do not wish to interfere.

THE CALIGRAPH The Standard Type-Writer
ALL OVER CREATION.
Try it before you buy.
Office Supply Co., 4 Sutter Street

KIMBALL'S
FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR & SATIN STRAIGHT-CUT CIGARETTES
Unsurpassed in quality. Used by people of refined taste.
10 First Prize Medals. Our Vanity Fair and Various Smoking Mixtures are the finest for the pipe.
WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.

The Best Work
by the
Simplest Means
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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supplying; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

Democrats who are Democrats not "for what there is in it," but because they believe in Democratic doctrine, view the course of their party in Congress with a mingled feeling of disgust and despair. It is not merely wonderful, but miraculous, how the Democracy is muddling its chances away, in and out of Congress. The people dismissed a Republican House with twenty-eight majority and replaced it with one having a Democratic majority of one hundred and forty-eight—the largest ever known, even in war-times, when the Republicans were supposed to have everything their own way. Had the Republicans come into possession of such a House in December last, and a Democratic Senate and President had confronted them, they would, long ere this, have had the opposition in a state of frantic accusation or defense. But the Democratic party is not built that way. It is a coward. It can see only the dangers of aggressive action, none of the advantages; and instead of exultantly pressing forward with a positive policy, its soul is sick with fear, and it halts and skulks. Congress has been in session for more than two months and a half, yet the House has dared to do nothing. It has not even had the pluck to hit the tariff between the eyes, but has gone dodging around endeavoring to stick a pin in its leg. The silver question has scared it so violently as to provoke the country's contemptuous laughter. Two-thirds of the Democratic congressmen are in favor of free silver, and were elected by free-silver constituencies, but the only care of most of them is to postpone action until after the Presidential election, lest action should "hurt the party." And a pretty mess of things they are making for their party. Their constituents pushed them on the stage to fight, and now that the curtain has been rung up, these redoubtable champions have the heart for nothing more perilous than parleying for postponement. Were the Republicans in their place and with their coinage craze, there would have been a free-silver bill—or a free-nickel bill, for that matter—passed long ago. Which is to say that, with the people behind them, the Republican leaders in Congress always have both the sense and pluck to do things, and stand prepared to face the consequences.

Outside of Congress the same cravenness and stupidity mark the conduct of the Democracy. There are two men to the fore for its Presidential favor—Grover Cleveland and David B. Hill. Of the first, the *Argonaut* is forced to say that however amusing his solemn egotism and fondness for ponderous phraseology may be, he is a man of ability and character, who, besides giving dignity to his party, supplied American politics with an issue over which intelligent men could differ rationally. Of the other, it can be said that he knows how to carry New York—that he possesses the secret of ingratiating himself with the hordes of ignorant and vicious creatures that inhabit the tenement-houses of New York city. This chimpanzee vote, mostly Irish, Mr. Hill carries in his political valise, and, on the strength of that fact, he asks for the Presidential nomination. He stands for the extension of ward politics to the national field, and nothing more. It is already apparent that he is master of the situation, and that if he himself does not get the prize, he will be able to control its bestowal. The intelligence, the character, the principle, the enthusiasm, of the Democratic party are all against Hill and in favor of Cleveland, but the party gives every sign of being so timid and base as to permit its one leader to be sacrificed at the behest of this disreputable Hill, this master of the metropolitan slums, this New York Buckley.

Nothing can now save the Democracy from another Presidential defeat. The people are ready enough to forgive mistakes honestly made, or rashness prompted by zeal in a cause believed in; but the people have only distrust and contempt for poltroonery. The Democratic leaders who have led the party into this dismal swamp of indecision—who with the opportunity to make a brilliant charge have, like Halleck when he superseded Grant before Corinth, given all their minds to throwing up intrenchments and keeping open the line of retreat—who have followed, and are still following, the tactics suited to a timorous, beaten minority rather than of an unprecedented majority—shrink from honest advocacy of anything, even of the single issue which furnishes their party with a reason for independent existence. They dare not be logical in assailing the protective tariff, for, while they use all the arguments of free-traders, they protest that they abhor free trade. Their first care is to blunt their swords before striking. A party whose solitary hope rests on the sins of its adversary will gain no triumphs, because it deserves none. "The Democratic party," said that wise old politician, Samuel J. Tilden, "will win victories when it has the courage to be Democratic." That period, evidently, has not yet arrived. Every Democrat whose intelligence is high enough to enable him to survey the nation, and who is sufficiently candid to allow his judgment rather than his wishes to prompt his speech, confesses thus early that his party has already foredoomed itself to a defeat in November that will be as merited as humiliating.

The meeting of the Board of Manufacturers and Employers of California, which was held last week, is the most encouraging sign for industry that has been witnessed. The board was organized in August, 1891, with the express purpose of antagonizing the Council of Federated Trades, and asserting the right of employers to control their own business. It was the first attempt made, not only in this State, but in Christendom generally, to regain for capital that participation in the control of industry of which it has been deprived by the organization of labor. It was intended to be distinctively an aggressive body, prepared to meet blow with blow, boycott with black-list, strike with lock-out; to repel with action the impudent attempts of labor-unions to control businesses in which they had no risk, and to teach the demagogues of the coast that if they insisted on fighting, they must be prepared to take as well to give hard knocks. It proposed to carry into Africa the war which the unions have waged against employers, and in the course of which they have crippled the industries of the coast.

The organization of the board marks the third stage in the contest between capital and labor on the coast. In the first stage, capital had everything and labor nothing to say about wages, hours of labor, and conditions of work. The employer stated what he proposed to pay, how long his hands must work, and under what conditions; the workman had to acquiesce or go hungry. There was manifest injustice in this, and impartial observers commended the efforts of the workmen to assert rights to which they were clearly entitled, through the organization of unions.

The next stage was the era of union supremacy. Not only were the men allowed a voice in determining current rates of wages and hours of labor, but they asserted and exacted that theirs should be the only voice heard on the subject. The employer was denied the right of fixing the cost of his labor, on which his profit or loss might depend. He was not allowed to determine the regulations on which his industry was to be conducted, though the success of his business might depend on the form and shape of those regulations. All three — wages, hours, and regulations — were settled by a central union, which established a uniform rule for all shops.

It would have been impossible for the labor unions to establish their monopoly of labor if employers had been free to employ non-union labor. Therefore the unions laid down a rule that union men should not work in a shop where non-union men were employed. This denied to employers the right of choosing their own employees and denied to worthy workmen, who did not choose to become members of unions, the means of earning a living. In line with this rule was another forbidding union men to work in shops where more than a certain number of apprentices—fixed by the unions—were employed; this rule had the effect of still further curtailing the right of employers to choose their own workmen and of depriving young men of an opportunity of earning a living.

There only remained for workmen to enlist all the various unions in a federation, or offensive and defensive league, to complete the establishment of the wage-earner's monopoly of industry. This was done when the Federated Trades was founded. It then seemed as though the monopoly was impregnable, and there was nothing for employers to do but to pull up stakes and try fortune elsewhere.

But the very completeness of the plans of the labor organizers was sure to entail their failure. The despotism at which they arrived was too sweeping to endure. It was certain that capital would not submit to destruction without a struggle, and the opening of that struggle marks the begin-

ning of the third stage of the conflict. Employers have borrowed a leaf from their employees' book. In each trade a union of employers has been formed, and these unions have combined together in a Board of Employers and Manufacturers. As wage-earners have hitherto been able to dictate terms through the power of combination, so now the same power of combination will enable wage-payers to resume some small share in the conduct of their own business.

The result of the present campaign will depend on the sagacity with which it is conducted. Our labor unions are far smarter than those of Australia. In the latter country, when the seamen's union ordered a strike in 1890, the trades council ordered all other trades to strike in sympathy, and the consequence was that all classes of workmen had to live on the reserves in the treasuries of the unions, and in time they were reduced by famine. In this city, when a union orders a strike, the Council of Federated Trades forbids other unions to strike, but requires each to contribute to the support of the men on strike. Thus the strikers are fed out of the treasuries of unions whose members are steadily at work. It was from this source that the iron-molders obtained means to protract their strike for twenty months. Our employers could not do better than follow the example of the labor unions. When the brewery men, or the furniture men, go on strike for alleged grievances, the step should be followed by a lock-out of the men employed in trades which have not struck, but whose unions are supporting the strikers. That is the way to carry on war—if victory is to be won.

So with boycotts. It is child's business trying to rouse sympathy for the victim of a boycott. Sympathy cools, and people have something else to do besides befriending sufferers from injustice. The *lex talionis* should come into play. Let the Employers' Union boycott the boycotters and discharge every man who is responsible for the boycott. If the labor agitators are to be believed, there is plenty of idle labor ready to fill vacancies.

Labor organization has been carried to more perfection in this State than anywhere else in the world, and the wages of labor—considered in the light of the cost of living—are higher here than anywhere. But extreme always follows extreme. It is quite on the cards that the collapse of labor organizations—which now seems to be impending—may be more thorough than was ever before witnessed in their history, and that its effect on wages may be surprising. If so, the labor unions will have only themselves to blame.

Although this is only the end of February and the nominating conventions of the two great parties do not meet until summer, the political pot is already boiling and bubbling, and schemes and combinations are being planned and arranged by means of which the success of candidates may be assured. So far from Cleveland being out of the fight, he is planning to secure the nomination at Chicago in spite of the Hill delegation from New York, and has announced a system by which he believes he can win in spite of New York, and even though it be conceded to the Republicans.

Ex-Governor Campbell, of Ohio, has espoused Cleveland's cause very warmly, and the programme decided on between them is to make the fight on the tariff issue alone. Mr. Cleveland has expressed the opinion that on the tariff issue he can be elected without the vote of New York, as he can carry Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, Montana, Oregon, and California, as well as Indiana, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire. The vote of these States, with that of the Solid South, would insure a majority in the electoral college. Senator Hill, on this basis, could have the solid vote of New York without its helping him any; and it is to be presumed that Cleveland figures that he could carry the States named and that Hill could not. If Cleveland is right, we might as well consider the matter settled now, and not go through the useless formality of naming a Republican candidate.

We suspect, however, that a review of the probabilities will show that Cleveland is entirely too liberal to himself in claiming all the States he has named. Certainly it is a piece of presumption for him to claim California and Oregon, which have been freely conceded of late to belong in the solid Republican column. Why Grover Cleveland should think himself any stronger in this State and Oregon than he was in 1888, it is difficult to comprehend, yet in that year California went Republican by a plurality of 7,087 and Oregon by 6,769. If Cleveland has allowed himself to be carried away by the notion that the McKinley Bill is unpopular in these two States, he must be a very careless observer of the signs of the times.

It may be of interest to see what the pluralities were, in 1888, in the States on which Cleveland counts so confidently now. Of course what he figures on is the vote at State elections since that time; but he ought to know that Presidential elections and State elections are two very different propositions. The following is a table of pluralities for Harrison in the election of 1888:

California	7,087
Illinois	22,104
Indiana	2,392
Iowa	31,721
Massachusetts	32,037
Michigan	22,923
New Hampshire	2,272
Oregon	6,769
Wisconsin	21,321

This covers all the States in his new list except Connecticut, which gave him a plurality of 336 in 1888, and New Jersey, which went Democratic by 7,149, and Montana, which did not vote in 1888. In view of these figures, and bearing in mind that the new tariff has been favorably received in all these States, it is a remarkable exhibition of egotism for Cleveland to credit himself with the ability to carry them. Indiana is, of course, debatable ground in any general election, and Michigan has been gerrymandered so that her electoral vote may be divided.

This, then, reduces the Democratic situation to just what it was before—that is, to the proposition that the party can not win without New York. Hill has secured the New York delegation to the national convention, and that delegation, in spite of ex-President Cleveland and ex-Governor Campbell, will come very near to naming the Democratic candidate for President, and it is certain that David Bennett Hill will not consent that the candidate shall be Stephen Grover Cleveland.

The Republican party is to hold a convention in Minneapolis in June for the purpose of nominating candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, and its nominee will probably be the next President of the United States. The declaration of Mr. Blaine is undoubtedly final, and this leaves the way clear for the re-nomination of President Harrison, not because there will be any lack of candidates, but because his administration has been one to entitle him to a second term and to strengthen him with the people.

It is the prevailing sentiment all over the country, as expressed by the leading journals of each political party, that President Harrison will be the nominee, virtually without opposition, and that any State which stands out obstinately against him will be acting in defiance of her own best interests. Among other expressions of opinion, the leading organ of the Mugwumps, the New York *Times*, says:

"Mr. Blaine's letter makes Mr. Harrison's renomination as certain as anything in politics can be. And it is only just to Mr. Harrison to say that there are few other men in his party who deserve it so well."

In the same strain the Democratic Cincinnati *Enquirer* says:

"Mr. Harrison will be renominated. He was Blaine's choice in 1888, and the Blaine people will move for him again. His own strength in the party is also great. There will probably be no opposition worth mentioning."

We may add to this the opinion of the Springfield, Mass., *Republican*, an independent journal, with Mugwump leanings and Cleveland tendencies, which said, recently:

"General Harrison was put forward in 1888 as the first choice of his party after Mr. Blaine, and if he was desirable then, he is doubly so now, with the experience of four years in office, and a record of unflinching loyalty to the extreme doctrines set forth in the declaration of faith adopted by the national convention which nominated him. It must be remembered that he and the party are one in their views about the tariff. . . . There can be no mistake about the simple partisan honesty of President Harrison, and if he lacks in personal magnetism and the tact which counts for so much, he represents better than Mr. Blaine the declared policy of his party, and the people know where to find him. It will be best for the country if both the great parties place in nomination candidates who are known for what they are and who represent the views at issue before the people."

We have chosen to present Democratic and Mugwump views of the situation rather than Republican, for there is really no difference of opinion in the Republican party. As the *Argonaut* pointed out some time ago, President Harrison held the reversion of the nomination subject only to Blaine's acceptance of it, and this is conceded generally by the party. There will be the usual amount of ante-convention talk about favorite sons and about the ability of this candidate or that to perform wonderful feats in the way of vote-catching, but we think it safe to prophesy that President Harrison will go into the Minneapolis convention without any real opposition, and will be nominated at once. That he will be reëlected there can be little doubt. If the Democratic party passes a free-silver bill, there will be no doubt at all.

Before the recent tragedy at Cannes, the disgraced wife stood very high among the "colonists," that peculiar class of Americans who have expatriated themselves and become permanent residents of Europe. She, like her husband, had the advantage of honorable lineage, and like him, also, inherited riches. She had beauty, and all the cleverness that is needed to shine in drawing-rooms. Her toilets were as costly as those of any other woman on the continent, and with her husband she lived in luxury. Her social position was as good as that of any American "colonist" can be abroad. There are about eight thousand of these denationalized countrymen and countrywomen of ours domiciled in Paris, and she stood among the best. But whatever surprise may be felt on this side of the Atlantic that a daughter of an honored family, a woman blessed with every gift of fortune, a wife, and the mother of four children, has been unfaithful to her husband, no Frenchman or other European who is a man of the world will share our simple feeling of astonishment or participate in our pained shock. He expects just such conduct from "les belles Americaines." This is an unflattering fact, which Americans long on money and short on sense, who are ambitious of social distinction in the old world, overlook, of course. But the French, the Germans, the Italians, do not understand the American who deserts his own country in favor of theirs. The Continental European does not do that sort of thing himself. The tourist, the student, the invalid, are comprehensible; but the "colonists"—those fashionable people who live permanently abroad—are looked upon with different eyes. The man has, they say, perhaps fled from justice in the native land from which he has cut himself off, or he was not respected by his neighbors, or, for some other ignoble reason, found it uncomfortable to live at home. If madame is abroad alone, the case is still worse. Either the husband must be witless or complaisant. As for her—well, her money is as good as another's for the tradesmen, and, for the rest, her dinners and entertainments are amusing. In Europe, the sense of remoteness induces even the best of American women to have less regard for small restraints than if they were at home, with the familiar standards of conduct ever confronting them; whereas, if they would escape misconstruction, they should doubly guard their smallest actions. For European men—gentlemen—look at women with eyes wholly different from our own. We in America are still primitive, like the Romans of the early republic, and therefore chivalrous toward women. The masculine instinct to protect the weaker sex, even against itself, is not yet noticeably impaired, even among our upper classes. American women do not know or appreciate the fine chivalry of American men. But on the continent, and in England in the "smart set" headed by the Prince of Wales, the attitude of man toward woman is merciless. In social life the principle of the hunt obtains, and woman is the quarry. The American husband who gives his wife and daughters in Europe the freedom to which they are accustomed at home—and to deprive them of which at home would be insulting—is deemed either a simpleton or something infinitely worse. Note how quick the Paris *Matin* was to insinuate that the husband's murderous fury was aroused not because the paramour had shared his wife with him, but because he feared a divorce was impending that would deprive him of a share of his victim's check-book. The adulterous wife whom the husband spared is evidently familiar with European opinion and prejudice, for, in revenge for the death of her paramour, she intimates that her husband was cognizant of her *liaison*. And many, very many, of her foreign friends will not alone believe her, but hold that his consent absolved her. That is the pleasant moral atmosphere which envelops those ex-Americans who have departed this life for the heaven of Paris. It is an atmosphere which rots them through and through. The male colonists pass their useless days gambling at the Washington Club, or pursuing those recondite pleasures of refined debauchery in which every true Frenchman is able to instruct them. For the women there is nothing but dress, the theatre, society—nothing but frivolity. Ennui follows upon satiety, and when a woman, worn of heart and empty of head, has wearied of the petty social triumphs and mild excitements of her little exotic world, the environing circle of smirking Frenchmen are often justified in giving to their mustaches the twirl of anticipated success.

This ugly scandal may possibly yield some beneficial consequences. The shame of it affects American "society" everywhere. The woman, unlike many of her sisters who cross the Atlantic for social campaigning, had an assured position in her own country. She was, to all appearances, rather superior in intelligence to most of those who trot at Ward McAllister's heels. Poor, she might have made a faithful wife and a good mother; but no woman can lead a life devoid of responsibility, with display and pleasure as the sole aims of her being, without running the risk of her sense of duty becoming atrophied and her heart ossified. There are other things worthy the thought of honest women in this world than dressing, and dancing, and play-going, and flirting. The woman who does not think so has need of watching. The lesson of Cannes reaches far. It bridges an ocean and spans a continent.

Malignant typhus fever is ravaging localities in the city of New York and in the interior of the State; likewise in the neighboring States of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts, and there is dread of it in Ohio, Illinois, and States further west and north. The contagion was brought by steamships from ports of Europe, with immigrant passengers, mostly Italians and Russian Jews. Five steamships engaged in the traffic are in quarantine, but in two or three cases this essential precaution was neglected, and hundreds of the immi-

grants were allowed to land in New York, and from there they scattered to the adjacent States and to the West and North-West, spreading the infection as they journeyed. An eminent New York physician publicly cautions the community against it, as being the most frightful plague that has made its appearance in that city for years—highly infectious, most dangerous, contagious upon the slightest touch or a breath, and liable to become epidemic. This terrible contagion was brought into the country through the indifference of high officers of the government, gross neglect of duty on the part of officials in charge, and the criminal violation of the law by the surgeons and officers of the vessels, in neglecting to report the condition of the steerage passengers to the officers of the immigration bureau. From one of these steamers seven hundred steerage passengers were landed, brought from Naples, mostly consisting of Russians and Italians, of whom nearly two hundred started by trains for adjacent States and the West. It was not until all had been landed and secured lodgings and shelter that they were subjected to quarantine regulations. Meantime, the infection had opportunity to spread in the different neighborhoods in the city, and likewise on the trains and in the distant localities in which the immigrants made resting-place; thus endangering health and life as they traveled and tarried.

These facts should impel Congress to urgency in amending the immigration law, to make it more stringent in the admission of immigrants, and absolutely forbidding the landing of any until thorough quarantine and certainty as to their eligibility otherwise. But the law needs amendment in other respects, particularly in those relating to the conduct of government officials and the administrative officers. Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, has devoted personal service and patient study to the evil and its correction. He lately made remonstrance to the Treasury Department against the landing of obnoxious immigrants, instancing the palpable violation of the plain letter and spirit of the law. To this, in the absence of the Secretary of the Treasury, the assistant-secretary replied, admitting the stated violation, but palliating it on the ground that the admission of the objectionable immigrants "did not amount to a practice." It was, nevertheless, the tacit permission of the department to allow the landing, the virtual authorization by the assistant-secretary to the subordinate officials to tolerate the violation of a positive law. Thus permitted in one case, there can be no safe guaranty that the law will be observed or enforced in any case. Against the recurrence of this culpable infraction and intentional disobedience of the law, on the part of high officials and subordinates, Congress should make stringent provisions to compel undeviating compliance, without exception in any case. Health and life are involved, besides the general welfare of all. This pestilent and dangerous immigration must be stopped. Prompt remedy is demanded.

The London *Times* makes the frank avowal that, while the free-trade policy of England is to secure the largest amount of wealth for the kingdom, the chief object of the American tariff is to keep up and advance, by whatever means possible, the standard of comfort among the working-classes. Under British free trade, the duty on coffee is imposed of fourteen shillings—about three dollars and fifty cents—per hundred-weight; of four pence—eight cents—per pound on tea. Under the tariff of the United States, tea is admitted free of duty, and likewise is coffee duty free from the countries which have entered into the reciprocity league. Tea and coffee are in common use among the people of the United States, and the remission of customs duties upon each is a great saving, in the annual aggregate, to the millions with whom household economy is of first importance. A large number of the working-classes of England use beer in place of coffee and tea, and the excise duties are proportionately heavy, so that use which they will the English toiler must contribute to the support of the government an onerous annual levy of duties from which the same classes and all in the United States are exempted. Tobacco, which is so commonly used by every class in the United Kingdom and the United States, is there subjected to an enormous duty and its home production is prohibited, while in this country the home product is encouraged and protected by the imposition of adequate duties upon importations. The working-classes in the United States are enabled to buy clothing, adapted to the changes of temperature and the seasons, as cheaply as, or cheaper than, the toilers of any country of Europe, and clothing of this quality is now cheaper than ever before. The average American wage-worker is accustomed in his home to comforts of which the workers of England have no expectation—comforts of the table and of the household: meats, fruits, and occasional luxuries; articles of furniture, carpets, and neat adornments. In England, the enormous sum of profits is aggrandized by the manufacturing proprietors, and the wages of the worker are scaled to assure this paramount condition. In the United States, the workers are paid the highest rates of wages, and the active competition of rival establishments prevents the large accumulations which make the English manufacturers the richest in the world.

The following communication on "cheap steamship freights" has been sent us. It is by Captain W. L. Merry, a well-known merchant of San Francisco. In a note accompanying it, he says: "I have been pleased to read what you have published on the question of steam service via the Straits to the Atlantic. The position taken by the *Argonaut* is the correct one, and you have printed only the truth." Captain Merry has had many years of experience in shipping and mercantile business, and hence his views on this question carry great weight. The communication is as follows:

Editors Argonaut: I have read with interest your articles on the necessity for a steamship line hence to the Atlantic, via the Straits of Magellan. Although well aware of the economy of water transportation, I was disposed to doubt the practical results of such a service, while admitting its desirability. The distance of 13,560 miles appeared so great for the profitable transportation of freight by steam, that I could not imagine a successful financial result. The evidence, however, that profitable steam service is being performed between England, New Zealand, and Australia, via Cape of Good Hope, and that, even on this long route, modern freight-steamships are successfully competing with sailing vessels, induced me to study the question carefully, with results that surprised me at first.

The fact is that the most modern freight-steamer develops an economy which, under most conditions, makes it the cheapest freight-carrier in the world. High-pressure steam, used three or four times, improved condensers, and compact machinery, applied to superior models in iron or steel, propelled at what is now considered a moderate speed (ten to eleven knots per hour), produce wonderful results.

Gentlemen interested in the subject have prepared a formula predicated on actual practice, applied to such a service, and have submitted it to experts for criticism, with the general result that, while some few items have been increased, these expert opinions are entirely favorable, financially and practically.

The influences which are generally presumed to be antagonistic to such a service are probably exaggerated and would even benefit by it, for the development of the ocean commerce of San Francisco can not fail to aid every carrier by land with a terminal at this sea-port.

There should be, and it is believed there is, sufficient energy, enterprise, and money in San Francisco to establish such a line of freight-steamships, which will largely aid in restoring to our city its advantage in distributive commerce, of which the conditions of land transportation have largely deprived it.

Capitalists, real-estate owners, and merchants are alike interested in the establishment of a line of cheap freight-carriers connecting our sea-port with the Atlantic Coast of the United States, and developing such commerce as way ports may offer.

Such ships can not be chartered. The world is full of second and third-class steam ocean carriers, which can not compete with such ships as I allude to. They must be built to order, with special adaptation to the service. A line of such steamships, preferentially constructed here, manned, operated, and equipped in San Francisco, would prove a great advantage to every interest in our city. I respectfully invite examination of the facts, and shall be pleased to learn of any unbiased arguments which can be used against the success of an enterprise which offers the most speedy solution of cheap freights to and from the Atlantic.

I respectfully suggest to our capitalists, real-estate owners, and merchants that they investigate this question closely—it will bear rigid inquiry. If my conclusions can not be controverted, and thus far they have not been, the time has arrived when self-interest demands prompt action—our rich citizens who have interests in this sea-port can not afford to be indifferent. They must act, or suffer the consequences.

Such a line of steamships would infuse new spirit into San Francisco commerce. In a few years the canal will be available, and San Francisco will then have a steamship line of her own to open the gateway to the Atlantic. It is not a very heavy financial proposition. Two millions in stock and bonds will do it. With success proved by practice, it can be further developed ultimately. Certainly we have the financial ability in San Francisco. Have we the enterprise or are we dormant? That is the question upon which depends the future of our city. Respectfully yours, William L. Merry.

The Chinese question ought to be pretty well understood in Congress by this time, and by men of the two great parties. It is fair to presume, however, that representatives from the Pacific States are better conversant with the subject than any from the Atlantic States; and, of these Pacific States, California, as the oldest, has had longer experience than the others, and her people and representatives more clearly comprehend the situation. In this State, there is no difference of sentiment on the subject, coming from party lines, as the vote upon it, in 1879, sufficiently demonstrated. Republicans and Democrats alike agree in this sentiment. It was a Republican Congress that passed the present restriction law against Chinese, and a Republican President approved the bill to make it the law, May 6, 1882. A bill to continue this law in force during the following ten years, introduced by Dolph, of Oregon, a Republican senator, has already passed the Senate. In the House, bills have been introduced by Geary, of California, and Stump, of Maryland, both Democrats, providing for the absolute exclusion of Chinese, quite similar to the bill introduced in the Senate years ago by Mitchell, of Oregon, Republican. There is a clash between the two representatives, and neither is disposed to give way to the other. Stump is chairman of the committee on immigration and naturalization, on which Geary has no place. It is to be inferred, however, from his more intimate knowledge on the special subject, that Geary's bill is better adapted to the purpose. Stump is an agriculturist and has had little experience in the matter, while Geary, from long residence in California, fully comprehends it. But Stump's position as chairman of the committee gives him better advantage in the preparation of the bill and upon the floor. Under the circumstances, perhaps the best the House can do will be to concur in Dolph's Senate Bill, which will insure another period of ten years of the law now in force. It is to be considered, also, that neither of the bills of the discordant congressmen will be likely to pass the Senate, in the event of favorable action by the House, and that Dolph's bill is certain security against the evil of unrestricted Chinese immigration. Besides, it is now generally appreciated in every portion of the United States that legislation is as much needed to restrict, or absolutely exclude, the pestilential and incendiary immigration from Europe as is that of the Chinese. The Chinaman is excluded from naturalization and suffrage. The larger proportion of immigrants who swarm to the country from the Mediterranean and the Baltic, from Russia and Poland, from Hungary and Armenia, subsist at lower cost than the Chinese, and labor for lower wages. They bring their families with them, and squalor and filth mark their locations in whatever community they dwell. They are admitted to naturalization and are allowed to vote, and thus become an evil and dangerous to the public weal. They are more burdensome upon the public charge than the Chinese, in hospitals and prisons, and create greater disturbance and cause more trouble than the non-voting Chinese. The absolute exclusion of both, and of all of the kind, is the consummation of legislation devoutly to be wished by the American people.

Some few weeks ago a friend of Senator Felton's, living in Arizona, wrote the senator a letter asking him to do what he could for the free coinage of silver. To this letter Mr. Felton replied:

"I carefully note what you have to say in regard to the silver question. I know that it is popular in your part of the country, and measurably so upon the Pacific Coast, but I beg to assure you that I have given the matter very serious attention and can not see my way to support free coinage, because I am clearly of the opinion that it is not for the best interests of the country, and especially so in regard to the producing and laboring population."

Senator Felton is a man of affairs, and a close, shrewd, and long-headed business man. His assertion that free coinage is "measurably popular upon the Pacific Coast" states the situation, for it is the most that can be said about it. Nevada is a free-silver State because her chief if not her only industry is silver mining, and she believes that free coinage would enhance the value of the product of her mines. Arizona stands on the same platform.

California, however, is not a free-silver State, and never has been, and this fact causes much wonder at the course of the *Chronicle*, which is unquestionably the leading daily newspaper organ of the Republican party in the State. At no time in the history of California has there been any general expression of opinion in favor of the white metal. During the war, California was a gold State through thick and thin; the specific contract law, which, by the way, has never been repealed, favored gold to the exclusion of any other metal or currency.

Nor can the *Chronicle* have forgotten the experience of this State with silver coin during a number of years, when there was a varying and heavy discount on silver in spite of its legal-tender quality; when manufacturers and employers of labor used to buy silver with which to pay wages, thus compelling the working-men of California to pay an enhanced price for articles of necessity, since the retail tradesmen made up for the discount on silver by raising the selling price of their goods. In those days, every man tried to pay his bills in silver and collect them in gold. The result was, as always, that the final loss came on the working-man, who paid silver to the retailer. The retailer had to pay in gold to the wholesaler, so he charged the working-man gold prices. The working-man who got twenty dollars a week in silver lost two dollars of his wages before they were put into his hand.

Here is another chapter of California's experience with silver. The trade-dollar was worth one hundred cents; two half-dollars were worth eighty-three cents. The trade-dollar, however, was not legal tender—it was only minted bullion. But the working-man was not up in these subtleties of finance—he took the trade-dollar in payment of his wages, because it was worth more than two half-dollars, and he thought it was as good. In a few months retailers refused to receive trade-dollars for more than ninety cents; they disappeared from circulation; but the last to take them were the working-men, and millions of dollars were made out of the wage-earners in this silver swindle.

In the light of these object-lessons, why, in these later years, does the *Chronicle* seek to commit the Republican party of California to a policy which the people of the State do not approve? Senator Felton is more nearly right on this question than the *Chronicle*. California does not favor free coinage of silver, Oregon does not favor it, Washington does not favor it, the Republican party does not favor it. What is the matter with the *Chronicle*? Is there a silver s

IN HIS STEAD.

How an Accident Made a Husband the Instrument of Justice.

Holt's name was synonymous with success. He was a man of boundless resource and commanding intellect. In his early years he had worked with unwearied perseverance, giving himself no rest until, through his law practice, he had amassed a fortune, the very mention of which commanded men's respect. He was never hampered or retarded by haste; each move he made was sure and advantageous; and if he had gained the reputation of possessing a heart that was in a constant state of repose, in the face of his success men thought none the less of him. They knew that worthier men had failed, while he had gone triumphantly on to the alluring goal.

A half-hour of his company was as beneficial as a cold shower. The most loquacious curtailed his words and made them to the point under Holt's coldly critical eyes.

His office was considered the best law school in the city. His clerks disliked him thoroughly, but accorded him a meed of respect they gave no other man. He was impervious to their want of good-will: he did not care for their esteem, he exacted only the unconditional obedience he obtained.

No man came to the office late more than once. Holt's urbane hope that the late-comer's health was improving, and that he would soon be entirely recovered, did not pass current as genuine solicitude. But, again, he never demanded a moment of their time after office hours; he was essentially a just man. There was no one ready or adroit enough to retort to his stinging satire, but the men were willing to bear it, for in his monetary dealings he was extremely liberal.

It was only after Holt's marriage, when he was nearing forty, that men drew nearer to him. They were glad to discover that he was not so invulnerable as they had supposed.

The world knew nothing of her until she came to them as Holt's wife, but soon after, reports originated that her parentage had been enveloped in mystery, and that Holt had rescued her from the temptations that come to bitter poverty, and educated her at his own expense. Her faultless face and manner seemed to give the lie direct to the rumor that had gained ground, and she took her place with unquestioned supremacy.

Holt lavished upon her a fund of love that most men would have found sufficient for a large family. It was almost pitiful to watch him while with her. For her sake, he forced himself to go into society, which, hitherto, he had considered unrelieved martyrdom. He threw open his house to their acquaintances because she was a young woman, and he was determined not to weary her, but he deemed it his home only on those evenings when they were alone. He chafed under the yoke he put around his neck, but she was never allowed to become aware of it.

She was, perhaps, the only person who did not fear Holt. Those who thought she had married him from a feeling of gratitude were compelled to change their belief on seeing her sweet graciousness to him. She bewildered the world, as well as Holt, by her smile.

She insisted upon his taking care of his health, and walked to the office with him nearly every morning, saying that if left to himself he would ride, and so have no exercise. She would call for him in her coupé at five, and sometimes alight and admonish King, the junior partner, for not relieving Holt of more of the routine work. Holt gave himself over to the luxury of being taken care of without complaint.

Holt was seated alone in his private office, having ended the last audience he intended to grant that afternoon. It had been a most trying and fatiguing day, but his face showed no sign of weariness. A knock came at the door, and Holt, recognizing his wife's form outlined against the glass, arose and opened the door for her. At that moment his face was almost redeemed from plainness by his smile.

"I am about to disappoint you," he observed, motioning her to be seated; "I am called across the bay on important business, and shall not be able to take you out as arranged. You know how much I regret this, but it is imperative that I go."

"Why can not Mr. King go in your stead?" she demanded, with evident displeasure at his default. "I am sure you could save yourself many a task by using him in your stead. You are too unsparing of your own time and self."

Holt looked at her in amusement. "Do you not know you are the only one who thinks me thoughtful of others? They would tell you, and truthfully, that I am going because I know I can provide against accidents and defeats more surely than can King. Perhaps, in time, I may lose, through your influence, some of my hardness. Besides, King has work that will keep him here until close on to midnight. If it were not so, I should appoint him my substitute, that you need not stay home."

"Will he stay here all alone?" she asked, feigning an interest in the affairs of the law firm.

"All alone. Perhaps the only one in the building. There is no need to shiver for King; there is no danger."

"But there must be danger, all alone in this immense building. I am glad you are not to stay," she laughed, looking up at him tenderly. "I think I shall tell Mr. King he had better bring some one along for company."

"He is out, at present. I must send you home now, for I have some few instructions to leave. You well know how much I dislike to disappoint you."

"I am disappointed," she murmured, "for I thought we should enjoy the evening together, but I am going to bear it bravely. Shall you be late?"

"It is possible I may be home by twelve, certainly not before."

Holt saw her to the carriage, and watched her drive away. On reëntering the building, he turned his ankle, and found it difficult to mount the stairs. He made no mention of it in the outer office, but directed them to tell Mr. King he wished to see him at once.

It was some ten minutes later that King entered. Holt was an intellectual giant; King, a physical giant. Beside Holt, who was gaunt and yellow, his health and good-looks were so evident as to seem almost an impertinence.

"You will have to go to Mr. Rodney's, King. I have again turned my ankle. Make haste, and you will be able to make the next boat. I shall take your place, and complete those documents this evening."

"Let them go until morning," urged King; "I will manage to get down early enough to finish them before they are needed. I can see the pain you are suffering."

"We have no time for condolences just at present," interrupted Holt, wincing under King's compassionate looks; "I shall finish the papers to-night."

"I met Mrs. Holt as I came back to the office, and she told me of her disappointment. Are you going home?"

"I shall go home to dine and come down later. You might join me here on returning from Rodney's, when we can go into the matter fully."

Again impressing upon him the wisdom of going home to dinner, King left the office hurriedly, scarcely hoping to make the boat.

Holt arose, preparatory to going home. He repressed an exclamation of acute pain as his weight came down on his ankle. If he went home he doubted his being able to come down again. As his wife did not expect him, he decided to stay at the office and commence on King's work.

He walked to the door, telling the chief-clerk, who was then the only one left in the office, that he would stay a time longer, but made no mention of his intention to spend the evening at the office.

He waited in his own office until he heard the man leave. Then he locked the outer doors and went to King's office, which was a small room, seldom used because it did not connect with the others; to enter, it was necessary to go out into the passage-way.

Holt lit the student's lamp that stood on the table, and began his work.

The bells sounded for six, and Holt remembered he had been too busy that morning to interrupt his labors for luncheon. He wondered what his wife would say if she knew he was still at work, without thought of eating. It is not altogether unpleasant to have somebody interested in one's welfare.

At half-past seven, he neatly folded the last document and pushed them to one side. He knew that what he had accomplished in the two hours would have taken King double the time.

Thinking of the three hours that still remained before King's possible return, he almost regretted having directed him to meet him at the office.

He took from his pocket a jeweler's box containing a string of rubies; it had caught his eye that morning, and he had found time to purchase it, though not for luncheon. He turned the lamp low and leaned back in his chair, holding the rubies against his face. No sound broke the stillness, except, now and then, the gnawing of some rat in the wainscoting.

Suddenly he leaned forward in his chair, intently listening. He detected a soft foot-fall in the corridor—it was the step of one who was moving carefully, so as to conceal all noise. He heard a key inserted in the lock of the door leading to the office, then it was withdrawn. He turned the lamp so low it emitted only a mere spark, and, pulling open the drawer of the table, drew out King's revolver.

The person in the hall came with but one object, and it is fair to suppose that the man who purposes committing burglary is desperate enough to shoot to save himself or his plunder. Holt was prepared for his entrance, and determined to act at once without parley, for his accident, to some degree, crippled him, and he did not propose to let go his hold on life of his own volition.

He had not long to wait. The steps paused at his door; then the key turned in the lock, and the door swung open. Holt saw the man's face was masked by some dark stuff, and pulled the trigger. The man fell forward, and Holt turned up the light. The burglar had fallen on the other side of the table, and Holt walked toward him. He moved slowly, remembering his injured foot; he was in no hurry to view his victim.

And then he saw it was his wife!—the black lace scarf had fallen away, exposing her perfect face.

She had grown nervous because he had not come home to dinner, and had come down for him, and he had shot her. He carried her over to the couch that stood in one corner of the room. As her head touched the pillow, she raised her hand to his face, murmuring, "Rob, Rob, why did you hurt me?"

Holt stepped back in paralyzed fear—she was calling him by King's name.

She was here in King's office, and, because of the sudden change of plans, he had discovered her. He staggered blindly to a chair. The last few months unrolled themselves before him, and he cursed his own lack of penetration. He brought his hand down on the table with such force the rubies danced madly on their slender thread of gold, throwing off their dazzling lights. He wished dully they were diamonds; their pigeon-blood red hurt his eyes. He took them up fiercely, as if to crush them, and they cut his hand.

He looked up at her cry. She was leaning forward, watching him with dilated eyes.

"Why are you here?" she cried; "you must not kill him. You must be satisfied with my death. Promise me, you will not kill him."

He had had no thought of King, but, on the instant, seeing her anxiety for him, he decided on his mode of action.

"No, I shall not kill him," he responded, coldly.

"You frighten me," she whispered. "If you only would not sit there smiling to yourself. You have no right to complain—I made you happy for a year."

"So you did," agreed Holt; "it was very good of you. I would have laid down my life for you. Would King?"

She did not know what course to pursue. Finally she said, "Yes." Still he sat, holding the rubies, calmly smiling. "Take me home."

"Your home is with King; and, as you know, this is his office."

"You can not mean to leave me here!" she exclaimed.

"Why not? You are nothing to me, and King will be here in the course of two or three hours. He was very urgent in pressing me to go home to dine; I see the reason now. Unfortunately, however, I had turned my ankle, and, as it was rather painful, concluded to stay here."

"You regret it now?" she breathed. "You are sorry the veil is torn from your eyes?"

He caught his lip in his teeth. What she said was true—he regretted being turned out of his fool's paradise.

He caught up his gloves and top-coat.

"What are you doing?" she questioned. "You are not going to leave me here alone."

"If you are afraid, I can stay with you for a time longer—I have no very pressing engagement. I can stay with you until the end, if you prefer it, and shortly after, King will probably be here."

"Are you going to let him find me here?" she asked, waiting for his answer with suspended breath.

"Of course. You said he would be willing to die for you—he shall have the chance. The bullet lodged in your breast is from King's revolver, and you are in King's office. He will come in and fall down beside you and try to warm you to life by his caresses, and, perhaps, his clothes will not be quite spotless when he arises. Knowing the extent of his guilt, he will not be as collected and rational as I, and will stay with you, futilely searching for some plausible excuse to give the world for your presence. No one is aware I am here, and it will be a very clear case against him."

She drew a shuddering sigh. "I will not die yet. I shall call for help."

"No one heard the shot," he reminded. "Don't move; you will only hasten the end," he cautioned, as she fell on her knees beside him. "You must not come nearer me. My apparel must not be disordered when I reach the club."

"You might save me yet," she pleaded, her hand on his knee; "save me, and I will make you forget this night. You can not wish your name to be dishonored. Men will laugh derisively when they know the one woman you loved played you false. You will know no peace if you let me die. Even suppose he is accused and found guilty, it will not bring me back to you. You will be afraid of the night, sitting there in the house, haunted by my presence. Before I came, you were employed in making your name and fortune, but, without me, your triumphs will be only Dead Sea fruit. Take me home," she implored, in the suasive voice that had never before been denied aught.

Holt drew back with distaste from her touch. When she had finished, he observed: "Your position must be uncomfortable. Had you not better go back to the couch? It is King's favorite lounging-place."

Looking at him, she foresaw her ultimate defeat, but did not desist from begging him to take her away.

Once he laughed low, showing her the rubies, saying she deserved great credit for the cleverness with which she had deceived him, but otherwise he made no response. She cried for help once, but was answered only by the echo of her own voice as it rang through the lofty building.

Her voice died away from sheer exhaustion. The pool of blood on the floor grew larger, and one tiny stream slowly wended its way to Holt's chair, and he watched it with unconcerned interest.

An hour passed; then she ceased to plead for King or for a drink of water. When Holt looked up at last, she lay back on the couch—dead.

Carefully picking his steps, he walked over to the table, and took up the papers which he intended to put in his own desk, and destroyed all trace of his presence. He looked searchingly at himself, but he could find no sign of the struggle through which he had passed.

He drew out his watch. It was shortly after nine—it was time he reached the club. He turned the light low, and, as he did so, glanced over at her. She seemed to be watching him. How he hated her. He had shown it by the torment he had made her endure.

But she had made his happiness—the only happiness he had ever known. Now he would go home to the lonely house, bereft of even the memories of that time.

Surely she moved. He walked toward her, and grasped her by the arm, crying: "You are to come home with me——"

He waited for a second in sickening fear, then, thrusting the rubies before her, added: "Don't make believe you don't hear me. I forgive you—see, they are for you."

He released his hold. He saw she was dead.

He must go—he had told her he would go to the club. He passed his hand in front of his eyes, as if he had grown suddenly blind. The lights would glare up there—it was so quiet and dark in the little room.

Some one was coming up the steps, whistling. It was King, the man she had loved. He clutched the revolver, leveling it toward his forehead. No, he would not disfigure himself—there had always been too much contrast between them.

The cheery whistle sounded louder, clearer. Holt aimed at his heart and fired. Of him it had been jestingly said, he had no heart.

The whistle died away. Alice S. Wolf.

San Francisco, February, 1892.

It is impossible to conceive anything more grewsome than the death of the beautiful wife of General Algin at Bucharest. She was believed to be dying, and, according to the rites of the church, a lighted taper was forced into her hand. Somehow or other, the taper set fire to the bed, and the unfortunate lady was literally burned to death. The fire spread so rapidly that it consumed not only her own residence, but the houses adjoining.

PARISIAN NOTES.

"Parisina's" Budget of Gossip from Lutetia.

Paris is one of the European capitals in which influenza has wreaked less evil than elsewhere, but we have felt the sword suspended over our heads all the same. I was amused to note the flutter of dismay that rippled through a room full of people at a few idle words let fall by a young medical student of the Bob Sawyer type: he perceived immediately the effect he had produced, and then and there added a few picturesque and highly colored accounts of the crowded hospitals that sent his hearers away shivering and caused them to gather their furs around them or turn up the collars of their coats as they sallied forth. The malady is no respecter of persons; it will attack the fine lady as frequently as the poverty-stricken and ill-clad; it has a marked predilection for palaces and luxurious mansions, and snaps its fingers at sanitary measures in the most subversive and provoking fashion. The delicately nurtured women of New England fall easy victims to it. The other day, the principal members of the American colony here were called upon to attend the funeral of Mme. Reubell—who was a Miss Post, and who, since her marriage, has played a brilliant part in Parisian society. Shortly after, Miss Mattie Mitchell—the bride-elect of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld—was reported to be dangerously ill, influenza having degenerated into pneumonia. The news produced a most painful impression. Naturally the tragic ending to the royal marriage in England recurred to our minds, and for some days it seemed only too likely that the virginal flowers would be needed to deck a coffin instead of a bride. Fortunately, however, youth has prevailed—the young lady is now convalescent, and, if all goes well, will soon be converted into a charming little duchess. The bridegroom is no titled gray-beard, chosen for his coronet and the splendid position he can offer his wife, but a man young and handsome; not rich as you count riches in the States, but sufficiently well-off to keep up his title becomingly; and Miss Mattie does not come to him empty-handed, you may be sure. They do not marry for love alone in the noble Faubourg. François Albert Gaston, Duc de la Rochefoucauld and Duc de Liancourt, is the chief of the house of La Rochefoucauld. So numerous are its ramifications that it is by no means easy to trace them and their relationships one with another. The Duc Doudeauville and the Duc d'Estissac represent two of the younger branches; though by their alliances with other families—richer and with blood bluer than their own—they have acquired increased importance. The present Duc Doudeauville inherited the greater part of his immense fortune from his maternal grandmother, the Duchesse de Montmorency. The young duke, who is so soon to lead to the altar the daughter of the American senator, is captain of the Sixteenth Chasseurs, a regiment in which all the officers are men of family, who wear their pale-blue uniforms most jauntily, and are all more or less renowned for their excellent horsemanship and *chic* generally. He is, also, one of the stars of the Molier Company, who are wont to disport themselves in tights before admiring audiences in the private circus built by M. Molier. Of course the Rochefoucauld marriage is to be one of the events of the season.

There has been much marrying and giving in marriage lately. The other day the eldest son of the Duc de la Tremoïlle, who bears the title of Prince de Tarente, took for wife a daughter of the banker Pillet-Will—a man who played a very important part in the financial affairs of the Second Empire. This union was something of a surprise to the good people of Paris; the Tremoïlles are known to be excessively proud of their splendid lineage, and the prince might have chosen a bride from the most illustrious families of France. Well, instead, he chose a nice little girl, with a pretty plum to her fortune, it is true, but he did not need money, and the banker lost heavily some years ago, else her million might have been a dozen. At the wedding, the Pillet-Will element was kept as much out of sight as possible. The *soirée de contrat* which preceded it was held at the Tremoille mansion, and a very magnificent affair it was, honored, in the person of the Duc de Chartres, by royalty—the duchess had a cold and did not put in an appearance. The hostess, attired in a magnificent toilet of moss-green velvet, bad her future daughter-in-law by her side, a natty little figure in pink. More than fifteen hundred guests passed through the big hall and gathered in the vast suite of reception-rooms; in one of them the wedding presents were exhibited, and the *corbeille*—such a *corbeille!* Two hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds and emeralds alone, besides rare old point, Russian sables, and pieces of ancient brocade—the whole worth a king's ransom.

Some agitation has been evinced among our American friends here. Did Mr. Whitelaw Reid really mean to retire, or was it only a report? At the legation they decline to be communicative, and give evasive answers. Probably it depends on the result of the negotiation now on foot with respect to the commercial treaties. For the rest, several changes are imminent in the diplomatic corps. Toward the middle of the month, Lord Dufferin comes into residence, and, about the same time, General Menaleria retires from office. The reasons of this are somewhat curious; the representative of King Humbert has to go back home because his son has chosen to take out letters of naturalization here. Menaleria Junior's reason for wanting to become a Frenchman are strictly personal; the fact is, during his father's embassy in London, he fell in love with a beautiful widow and married her, much against the wishes of his people. It proved a most unhappy match; the lady met some one she fancied infinitely better than her husband, which led to a very pretty bit of scandal one day at Geneva. Having made a very bad bargain, he wants to be rid of it, and as, unfortunately, Italy never had a Naquet, the only way was to become naturalized in a country where a divorce could be obtained.

We have all heard of love that was "stronger than death," that continued to worship though its object was no more; but it is not very often that men love women they have never seen, nor could see—women who reigned triumphant a century before. Yet such men were M. de Thiac and some others, too. The late M. de Thiac entertained an absolute adoration for the unhappy wife of Louis the Sixteenth. He spent his time collecting souvenirs of Marie Antoinette and keeping them as if they were those of his lady-love; but, sad to say, was he somewhat sparing of his money even in her cause. Others have been more generous, as Lord Ronald Gower, who bought up all the portraits he could find of the luckless queen and sculptured two busts of her—one bright and happy, the other sad, to personify the vicissitudes of her life. Women, too, have built a shrine to Marie Antoinette—like that old lady of Châlons who possesses the prayer-book the queen used before going to the scaffold and in which she wrote a few agonized words of adieu to her children, dated "the sixteenth of October, four o'clock in the morning"—half an hour before she was guillotined. The worship shown by Empress Eugénie for the memory of the queen, whose lot she fancied resembled her own, is well known. Other less worthy ladies of old have had their posthumous lovers: Mme. Duharry and Mlle. de la Vallière are especially favored by M. Lafitte and Abbé Duclos (a curious choice for a churchman; let us hope it was Sister Louise of the Carmelite Convent to whom he burned incense, not the king's mistress at Versailles); the Marquise de Pompadour could claim as admirers Lord Gosford; Joan of Arc, respectful worshipers in M. Fabre and Abbé Desnoyers; and countless are those who have striven to clear the memory of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots.

Talking of lovers, Gérôme—who of late years has preferred to depict dreary African deserts from memory, peopling them with the denizens of the wild-beast cages in the Jardin des Plantes—has now on exhibition at the "Epatant" a "Pygmalion and Galatea," in which he shows us that his brush has lost none of its cunning, and that he can paint the nude as well as ever. The picture attracts an immense amount of attention. The artist has seized the moment when the statue is becoming endowed with life under the ardent embrace of its author; the warm red blood is coursing through the veins of the torso, the arms are uplifted to return the caress, the beautiful head is bent to the kiss, while the lower limbs are still white and cold as marble.

The average Frenchman, though he will talk with contempt of the "beery German," is as fond of the amber beverage as his neighbor, and resents quite as indignantly as he—or even as the English laborer—any meddling with the "bock" he sips at all hours of leisure in the numerous Parisian cafés and *brasseries*. In the last tariff bill passed by the Chamber, which is ultra-protectionist, the detail that has attracted the most attention is the raising of the customs duty on hops. A rise of a dollar per head in the duties on live mutton and beeves is as nothing in comparison to two centimes on each pot of ale. For on the strength of the new measure the café-keepers are going, it is said, to charge seven cents for the famous "bock," which has from time immemorial cost only six in the majority of cafés! A cent more per head and per glass is something when you treat a half-dozen friends, and the pile of saucers before each one—relics of departed "bocks," the presence of which marks the score—grows gradually taller. It is true that in the big cafés, along the Opéra end of the boulevards, the measure of beer always costs eight—sometimes ten—sous, but then none but swells or *bourgeois* with well-lined pockets frequent these grand establishments. In the others—those of the Latin Quarter and everywhere out of the beat of the *boulevardier*—the rise has created quite a revolution. Jokes are rife: the "bock" is now an unheard-of extravagance, we are told, and if some millionaire or foreign prince goes so far as to order one, the "boss" of the place comes out in person to pour out the delicious seven-sous nectar, while the humble drinkers of cheap refreshments look on in wonder and envy the happy lot of the wealthy. The humor of the pleasantry is somewhat cumbersome, it is true, but if it serves to make the barkeepers give up their project of charging an extra copper, will it not be a good result?—all the more so that they are but putting forward an excuse to pocket more profit at the expense of the guileless customer.

PARISINA.

PARIS, February 5, 1892.

Another romance of the peerage has commenced in the Dublin law courts in the form of an action brought by one William George Howard, who claims that he is entitled to the estates and title of the Earldom of Wicklow. Mr. Howard had long been resident in Paris, where he earned a modest wage of a hundred francs monthly by doing odd jobs for accountants. He married a Parisian milliner, and presumably has since lived upon the profits of his wife's plebeian business. The trustees of the present Earl of Wicklow, who is a lad of fifteen years, called upon Mr. Howard to show his *bona fides* by giving security for the costs, and against the judicial order to that effect he appealed on the ground that he intended to reside permanently in Ireland, in proof whereof he had sacrificed his hundred francs a month, and his wife was preparing to sell out her business.

An editor of the *Bacteriological World*, Dr. J. H. Kellogg, of Battle Creek, Mich., says civilized women have quite as great a fondness for deforming themselves as even the savages who put bone pendants through their lips and delight in the nose-ring. That interesting deformity—the small, corset-compressed waist—is Dr. Kellogg's special detestation, and he even goes so far as to say that Mrs. Langtry, whose height ought to inspire women to emulate her proportions, has a waist so out of proportion that the Venus of Milo would turn up her nose at it.

General Francis A. Walker would have the government levy a tax of one hundred dollars a head upon every immigrant coming to us after July 1st. Then he would notify the world that, having received in ten years 5,250,000 foreigners, we had concluded to take a rest for the next ten. General Walker's head is generally pretty level.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Russell Sage's income is fifteen dollars a minute, and the additional day of leap-year enables him to rake down twenty-one thousand six hundred dollars.

Senator Sherman was asked by a reporter in Washington, after the appearance of Blaine's letter: "May I say that you may be a candidate?" The senator reflected a moment. "You may say," he answered, "that I will not be a candidate. I have had all I want of seeking the Presidency. I shall not try for it again. I have been bought and sold out too often. No, I shall not be a candidate."

Louis Diehler, "Monsieur de Paris," who has just relinquished his office because of old age, has been for forty years the chief executioner of France, and in that time he has decapitated not fewer than two hundred murderers. His trade has made him detested by his acquaintances, but he has had the practical consolation of a fortune of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars amassed by it, and for the rest of his life a pension will be paid him.

John M. Mundy, the Tarrytown sculptor, who recently executed a remarkably good statue of Washington Irving, is almost blind. He is forced to use powerful opera-glasses in the prosecution of his work, for only by their aid, it is said, can he distinguish light from darkness or see objects directly before him. He is a kindly and cheerful man of sixty, whose ceaseless struggle against the disadvantages of defective vision has in no way soured his temper. His eyesight has been gradually failing since he was a boy of fourteen.

England's favorite artist of the present day, L. Alma-Tadema, is a man of Dutch parentage, for he was born in Friesland and is the son of a notary. It is a fact of additional interest that Hubert Herkomer, another artist of great popularity in England, was born in Germany. Tadema is a man of ruddy complexion, who affects the style of mustache and goatee to which the third Napoleon gave its name. On his head, only partly hidden by the hair, is a noticeable scar, which he received in boyhood. The artist is said to be a man of remarkable industry, working on his canvas as Trollope worked on his books, with unremitting toil, and frequently snatching a little extra time for his easel from his dinner hour.

Sir Morell Mackenzie's household expenses were large. He kept sixteen servants, besides a private coach for himself and another for his wife, and spent every cent of his sixty-thousand-dollar yearly income. Both the doctor and his wife were very fond of society. It was a rare thing for a caller to find them alone in the evening, even then Mrs. Mackenzie blazing with diamonds. The doctor's three daughters are said to be very handsome girls, and all as fond of society as their parents were. At the time of his death, Sir Morell had just completed a series of articles showing people how to live long. Sir Morell was in the early fifties. He was the most noted specialist in the world in throat diseases, yet he died of bronchitis.

The rapidly succeeding deaths of Sir James Bennett, Sir Morell Mackenzie, Sir George Paget, and Sir Oscar Clayton, reduces the number of the titled physicians and surgeons in England to forty-nine. Of these, one—Sir John Tomes—is a dentist; twelve are military surgeons and two belong to the navy. Seven others are public officials, mostly connected with lunacy and botany, both at home and in the colonies. Two—Sir John Kirk and Sir Rutherford Alcock—owe their honors to their diplomatic services. Another—Sir Charles Cameron—is a celebrated analyst and chemist. One veterinary surgeon alone has been so distinguished. He lives at Windsor and doctors the queen's horses. The importance of the profession has developed since *Punch* suggested the title of "Lord Deliverus" for the queen's accoucheur.

The late Duke of Clarence received an annual allowance of fifty thousand dollars from his father. In addition to this, the duke had his pay as a major of the Tenth Hussars, amounting to fifteen shillings a day, with the usual allowance for forage. Not that the regimental pay can be considered as having been of any great help, for it did not even suffice to cover his mess-bill. These mess expenses consisted of fifty cents a day for his breakfast, half a crown, or sixty-five cents, for luncheon, one dollar for dinner and two dollars for wine at the same, besides incidental "pegs" and bottles of bitter beer throughout the day. As a prince of the blood, he was expected to subscribe to all kinds of charities, to keep a first-rate stable, as well as steeple-chasers to run in the military handicaps, and to pay the salaries of at least a couple of gentlemen in waiting. It is creditable to the late duke that he never exceeded his allowance, and has died without leaving any debts behind him. Prince George has hitherto been receiving an allowance from his father of twenty thousand dollars, but the latter will, of course, be increased to the amount enjoyed by the elder brother.

Henri Gervex, the French artist, may be thirty-five. He is tall, well-built, a thorough man of the world, with a quick instinct of Bohemian wit and facile repartee. He makes money easily, and he spends it like a prince. There is no official fête, no diplomatic dinner, no aristocratic ball or wedding, without Gervex; every first-night finds him faithful; and a curious observer might wonder why in the world any one but a reporter would take so many notes. He carries a note-book in his vest-pocket, and upon these tiny fly-sheets he jots down a profile, a hand, a stray curl, or the shadow on the drooping shoulder caused by a reflection of the box-light. When paper fails, Gervex uses his immaculate shirt-cuffs—yet he looks like a London swell. After midnight, he always sups, and he has been doing this for fifteen years. Supper finished, with the continual and continuous cigarette thrown in, Gervex goes home to work. The artist never leaves his brush until dawn. He scorns his *mondain* repute; he goes there to study types. He once created a great sensation by sending to the Salon a picture of a nude woman whose face was covered by a black velvet mask.

THE DEVIL OF THE MARSH.

By H. B. Marriott Watson.

It was nigh upon dusk when I drew close to the Great Marsh, and already the white vapors were about, riding across the sunken levels like ghosts in a church-yard. Though I had set forth in a mood of wild delight, I had sobered in the lonely ride across the moor and was now uneasily alert. As my horse jerked down the grassy slope that fell away to the jaws of the swamp, I could see thin streams of mist rise slowly, hover like wraiths above the long rushes, and then, turning gradually more material, go blowing heavily away across the flat. The appearance of the place at this desolate hour, so remote from human society and so darkly significant of evil presences, struck me with a certain wonder that she should have chosen this spot for our meeting. She was a familiar of the moors, where I had invariably encountered her; but it was like her arrogant caprice to test my devotion by some such dreary assignation. The wide and horrid prospect depressed me beyond reason; but the fact of her neighborhood drew me on, and my spirits mounted at the thought that at last she would put me in possession of herself. Tethering my horse upon the verge of the swamp, I soon discovered the path that crossed it, and, entering, struck out boldly for the heart. The track could have been little used, for the reeds, which stood high above the level of my eyes upon either side, straggled everywhere across in low arches, through which I dodged and broke my way with some inconvenience and much impatience. A full half-hour I was solitary in that wilderness, and when at last a sound other than my own footsteps broke the silence, the dusk had fallen.

I was moving very slowly at the time, with a mind half-disposed to turn from the melancholy expedition, which it seemed to me now must surely be a cruel jest she had played upon me. While some such reluctance held me, I was suddenly arrested by a hoarse croaking, which broke out upon my left, sounding somewhere from the reeds in the black mire. A little further it came again from close at hand, and when I had passed on a few more steps in wonder and perplexity, I heard it for the third time. I stopped and listened, but the marsh was as a grave, and so, taking the noise for the signal of some raucous frog, I resumed my way. But in a little the croaking was repeated, and, coming quickly to a stand, I pushed the reeds aside and peered into the darkness. I could see nothing, but at the immediate moment of my pause I thought I detected the sound of some trailing body through the rushes. My distaste for the adventure grew with this suspicion, and had it not been for my delirious infatuation, I had assuredly turned back to my horse and ridden home. The ghastly sound pursued me at intervals along the track, until at last, irritated beyond endurance by the sense of this persistent and invisible company, I broke into a sort of run. This, it seemed, the creature (whatever it was) could not achieve, for I heard no more of it, and continued upon my way in peace.

My path at length ran out from among the reeds upon the smooth flat of which she had spoken, and here my heart quickened and the gloom of the dreadful place lifted. The flat lay in the very center of the marsh, and here and there in it a gaunt bush or withered tree rose like a specter against the white mists. At the further end I fancied some fashion of building loomed up; but the fog, which had been gathering ever since my entrance upon the passage, sailed down upon me at that moment, and the prospect went out with suddenness. As I stood waiting for the cloud to pass, a voice cried to me out of its center, and I saw her next, with hands of mist swirling about her body, come rushing to me from the darkness. She put her long arms about me, and, drawing her close, I looked into her deep eyes. Far down in them, it seemed to me, I could discern a mystic laughter dancing in the wells of light, and I had that ecstatic sense of nearness to a marvelous soul which was wont to possess me at her contact.

"At last," she said, "at last, my beloved!"

I caressed her.

"Why," said I, tingling at the nerves, "why have you put this dolorous journey between us? And what mad freak is your presence in this swamp?" She uttered her silvery laugh, and nestled to me again.

"I am the creature of this place," she answered. "This is my home. I had sworn you should behold me in my native sin ere you ravished me away."

"Come, then," said I; "I have seen; let there be an end of this. I know you, what you are. This marsh chokes up my heart. God forbid you should spend more of your days here. Come."

"You are in haste," she cried. "There is yet much to learn. Look, my friend," she said, "you who know me, what I am. This is my prison, and I have inherited its properties. Have you no fear?"

For answer, I swept her to me, and her warm lips drove out the horrid humors of the night; but the swift passage of a distant mockery over her eyes struck me back as a flash of lightning, and I grew chill again.

"I have the marsh in my blood," she whispered; "the marsh and the fog of it. Think ere you vow to me, for I am the cloud in a starry night."

A lithe and lovely creature, palpable of warm flesh, she lifted her magic face to mine and besought me plaintively with these words. The dews of the nightfall hung on her lashes, and seemed to plead with me for her forlorn and solitary plight.

"Behold!" I cried, "witch or devil of the marsh, you shall come with me! I have known you on the moors, a roving apparition of beauty; nothing more I know, nothing more I ask. I care not what means this dismal haunt, nor what these strange and mystic eyes. You have powers and senses above me; your sphere and habits are as mysterious and incomprehensible as your beauty. But that," I said, "is mine, and the world that is mine shall be yours also."

She moved her head nearer to me, with an antic gesture, and her gleaming eyes glanced up at me with a sudden flash, the similitude (great heavens!) of a hooded snake. Starting, I fell away, but at that moment she turned her face, and set it fast toward the fog that came rolling in thick volumes over the flat. Noiselessly the great cloud crept down upon us, and, all dazed and troubled, I watched her watching it in silence. It was as if she awaited some omen of horror, and I, too, trembled in the fear of its coming.

Then suddenly out of the night issued the hoarse and hideous croaking I had heard upon my passage. I reached out my arm to take her hand, but in an instant the mists broke over us, and I was groping in the vacancy. Something like panic took hold of me, and, beating through the blind darkness, I rushed over the flat, calling upon her. In a little the swirl went by, and I perceived her upon the margin of the swamp, her arm raised as in imperious command. I ran to her, but stopped, amazed and shaken by a fearful sight. Low by the dripping reeds crouched a small, squat thing, in the likeness of a monstrous frog, coughing and choking gutturally. As I stared, the creature rose upon its legs and disclosed a horrid human resemblance. Its face was white and thin, with long black hair; its body gnarled and twisted as with the ague of a thousand years. Shaking, it whined in a breathless voice, pointing a skeleton finger at the woman by my side:

"Your eyes were my guide," it quavered; "do you think, after all those years, I have no knowledge of your eyes? Lo, is there aught of evil in you I am not instructed in? This is the hell you designed for me, and now you would leave me to a greater."

The wretch paused, and panting leaned upon a bush, while she stood silent, mocking him with her eyes and soothing my terror with her soft touch.

"Hear!" he cried, turning to me, "hear the tale of this woman, that you may know her as she is. She is the presence of the marshes. Woman or devil, I know not, but only that the damned marsh has crept into her soul and she herself is become its evil spirit; she herself that lives and grows young and beautiful by it, has its full power to blight, and chill, and slay. I, who was once as you are, have this knowledge. What bones lie deep in this black swamp, who can say but she? She has drained of health; she has drained of mind and of soul; what is between her and her end that she should not drain also of life? She has made me a devil in her hell, and now she would leave me to my solitary pain, and go search for another victim. But she shall not!" he screamed through his chattering teeth; "she shall not! My hell is also hers! She shall not!"

Her smiling, untroubled eyes left his face and turned to me; she put out her arms, swaying toward me, and so fervid and so great a light glowed in her face that, as one distraught of superhuman means, I took her into my embrace. And then the madness seized me.

"Woman or devil," I said, "I will go with you! Of what account this pitiful past? Blight me even as that wretch, so he you are only with me."

She laughed, and disengaging herself leaned, half-clinging to me, toward the coughing creature by the mire.

"Come!" I cried, catching her by the waist. "Come!" She laughed again, a silvery, ringing laugh. She moved with me slowly across the flat to where the tracks started for the portals of the marsh. She laughed and clung to me.

But at the edge of the track I was startled by a shrill, hoarse screaming; and, behold, from my very feet, that loathsome creature rose up and wound his long, black arms about her, shrieking and crying in his pain. Stooping, I pushed him from her skirts, and, with one sweep of my arm, swung her across the pathway; as her face pressed mine, her eyes were wide and smiling. Then, of a sudden, the still mist enveloped us once more; but ere it descended I had a glimpse of that contorted figure trembling on the margin, the white face drawn and full of desolate pain. The sight ran through me with an icy shiver. And then, through the yellow gloom, the shadow of her flashed past me to the further side. I heard the hoarse cough, the dim noise of a struggle, a swishing sound, a thin cry, and then the sucking of the slime over something in the rushes. I leaped forward, and once again the fog thinned, and I beheld her, woman or devil, standing upon the verge and peering, with smiling eyes, into the foul and sickly bog. With a wild cry, wrung from my nerveless soul, I turned and fled down the narrow way from that accursed spot; and, as I ran, the thickening fog closed round me, and I heard far off and lessening still the silvery sound of her mocking laughter.

SAN FRANCISCO RUSSIAN RELIEF FUND.

The following is a list of the subscriptions received and deposited in the Nevada Bank up to date:

Cash	$10 00
The Carlson-Currier Silk Manufacturing Co., 2 Sutter Street	10 00
L. A. Berteling, 427 Kearny Street	20 00
S. B. Dinkelspiel & Co., 120 Sutter Street	5 00
John Dolbeer, 10 California Street	25 00
Alfred Borel & Co., 311 Montgomery Street	100 00
William H. Crocker, 322 Pine Street	10 00
J. M. L., 12 Post Street	2 50
Cash	5 00
C. Hermann & Co., 322 Kearny Street	2 50
Ella A. Callaner, Pacific Grove	2 50
John Muller, 13 California Market	2 50
Morris & Kennedy, 19 Post Street	2 50
D. Ghirardelli & Sons, 511 Jackson Street	25 00
Charles A. Laton, 439 California Street	5 00
James Kitterman, 1313 Stockton Street	5 00
P. A. McDonald, 809 Folsom Street	2 50
Martin Hoover, Riverside	25 00
Caspar Dix, Fillmore and Filbert Streets	5 00
Rolla V. Watt, 317 California Street	5 00

MATTHIAS GRAY CO.,
F. W. Ludovici, Vice-President.

February, 23, 1891.

A striking sign of revolution in Mohammedanism is that the Sultan, besides allowing printed copies of the Koran, has sent a number of them to the holy land of Arabia and to the island of Kamaran. Not long ago no Frank was allowed to touch a written Koran in Constantinople, either in a mosque or a Mussulman bookseller's shop.

OLD FAVORITES.

Tubal Cain.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when the earth was young,
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well!
For he shall be king and lord."

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade,
As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud in glee,
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
And spoils of forest tree.
And they sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith! hurrah for the fire!
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done.
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind;
That the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said: "Alas, that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword, for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoldered low;
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright, courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high;
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air—
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,"
And he fashioned the first plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands;
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plowed the willing lands;
And sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our stanch good friend is he;
And, for the plowshare and the plow,
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plow,
We'll not forget the sword."—*Charles Mackay.*

The Jolly Old Pedagogue.

'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall and slender, and sallow and dry;
His form was bent, and his gait was slow;
His long, thin hair was as white as snow;
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye,
And he sung every night as he went to bed:
"Let us be happy down here below;
The living should live, though the dead be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.
He taught his scholars the rule of three,
Writing and reading, and history, too;
He took the little ones on his knee,
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,
And the wants of the littlest child he knew;
"Learn while you're young," he often said,
"There's much to enjoy down here below;
Life for the living, and rest for the dead!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.
With stupidest boys he was kind and cool,
Speaking only in gentlest tones;
The rod was hardly known in his school;
Whipping to him was a barbarous rule,
And too hard work for his poor old bones.
Besides, it was painful, he sometimes said,
"We should make life pleasant down here below;
The living need charity more than the dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.
He lived in the house by the hawthorne lane,
With roses and woodbine over the door;
His rooms were quiet, and neat, and plain,
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
And made him forget he was old and poor.
"I need so little," he often said,
"And my friends and relatives here below
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.
But the pleasantest times that he had, of all,
Were the sociable hours he used to pass
With his chair tipped back to a neighbor's wall,
Making an unceremonious call,
Over a pipe and a friendly glass.
This was the finest pleasure, he said,
Of the many he tasted here below;
"Who has no cronies had better be dead!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.
Then the jolly old pedagogue's wrinkled face
Melted all over in sunshiny smiles;
He stirred his glass with an old-school grace,
Chuckled, and sipped, and prattled apace,
Till the house grew merry from cellar to tiles.
"I'm a pretty old man," he gently said,
"I have lingered long while here below;
But my heart is fresh, if my youth is fled!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.
He smoked his pipe in the balmy air
Every night when the sun went down,
While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,
Leaving its tender kisses there,
On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown;
And feeling the kisses, he smiled, and said:
"'Twas a glorious world down here below!
Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.
He sat at the door, one midsummer night,
After the sun had sunk in the west,
And the lingering beams of golden light
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,
While the odorous night-wind whispered "Rest!"
Gently, gently, he bowed his head.
There were angels waiting for him, I know;
He was sure of happiness, living or dead,
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago!

—*George Arnold.*

WHY THEY DO NOT MARRY.

"Van Gryse" on the Luxuries that are Necessities in Gotham.

It is an oft-repeated remark that New York is the finest place in the republic to live in—if you are rich. But it is worse than the meanest suburb, the dreariest of Western "boom towns," the dullest country village, if you are poor.

This is the criticism of the person who does not contemplate life as a possibility—or an agreeable possibility—without society, in the narrow sense of the word, without the pleasures that come from money, without the social standing that a good bank account gives, without being able "to keep up with the procession" of those who are well-dressed, well-fed, well-situated, and well-off.

To these, life becomes existence when the spending of a dollar has to be considered. What are necessities to them are luxuries to others of us. They would not like to contemplate an existence where they had to live in cheap byways or in second-class lodgings. They would shrink at the thought of wearing last season's clothes. It would be painful to them ever to have to reach that stage where one could not go to every new play, because it cost too much, and had to hear the operas from the upper galleries. Comfort would not mean to them decent clothes, a small flat, one servant, and a very slim margin for squandering on pleasure. This would be pure and simple wretchedness. Comfort would mean good rooms in a hotel on the avenue, or an apartment in one of the two-flat houses that look out on the park, a carriage for wet days and shopping-tours, three servants, at least, good tailors and dressmakers, big bills, at which one did not pause to swear or groan, dinners, suppers, parties of well-dressed friends, champagne, canvas-backs, diamonds at Christmas, and silk stockings every day.

Singularly enough, those who demand these things—who will not accept married life without them—are generally not well supplied with this world's goods. People who have been rich all their lives do not realize what it means to go without their luxuries. But people who have been poor, know just the wretchedness of having to wear patched boots and go without lunch; of having to walk long distances, because car-fare "mounts up"; of having to refuse nice invitations, because they have no clothes or no means of returning proffered civilities. To these, poverty is a bitter thing, and they loathe it. Marriage, unless it means escape from carping cares of this kind, they eschew as a hopeless evil. Better endure those trials that we have than fly to others that we know not of, they say.

These, too, are men and women of the conventional, ordinary, every-day type that one stumbles up against on every side in moderately refined and intelligent society. Life to them means a well-ordered walk through this world, a walk always in just the same path, amid just the same surroundings. They do not expect to dive down or to soar up. They do not ever contemplate doing anything dreadful, disreputable, or shocking, and neither will they ever do anything brilliant, or remarkable, or dazzling. They would not want to. Extremes are neither comfortable nor conventional. People who do things out of the common are not the sort of people with whom one would care to have a visiting acquaintance. They are all very well to read about in the papers, but as members of the domestic ménage, they would be altogether too much of a good thing.

So thinks the every-day, gentlemanly, good-looking, entirely personable young man of thirty, who draws an income of from two to four thousand a year, and is asked out all over because he dances admirably, and is good to look at, and never does anything *gauche*. So, also, thinks the pretty, well-bred, well-dressed, moderately bright girl of twenty-five, whose father spends six thousand a year and has five children. Both these two know just the way they want their lives to go. Ever since childhood they have associated with companions who have had more money than they have, and they know how nice it is to be well-off. To be rich or to remain as we are, that is their motto. "When we make the great move," they both think, "we make it to better ourselves materially, or we don't make it at all."

They do not want to be millionaires, but they do not want to be really pinched anywhere. Their house must be large enough and be comfortable. It must be well-fitted up—no "sheet by night and table-cloth by day" for them. There must be servants enough to run it. This girl—who has always been comfortably placed, but never luxuriously—has no intention of binding herself down to domestic cares, of dusting her own drawing-room, or turning up hems in her own table-linen. No; all that must be done for her. She has made her own dresses and trimmed her own hats all her girlhood, and she wants, when she marries, to change all that. Better to go on doing it in your own home, where it is all you have to worry over, than to do it in your husband's, where you have to keep the house and take care of children as well.

Thus the young lady reasons, and rejects her suitors with a peculiar and good-humored indifference. She has made up her mind that she will not marry a man who has a cent under five thousand a year, and is not above telling this to the *soupirants*, who take the hint and strive to realize the ideal. The young lady is quite frank. She is not in the least ashamed of her worldliness or desirous of hiding it under a veil of attractive coyness. She is not mercenary. It is not riches that she demands—comfort, that is all. If she is comfortable she will continue to be a very nice, attractive person; but if she has to scrimp, and struggle, and fight over ten-cent pieces, and turn her old clothes, and have her shoes patched, she will not be responsible for her temper. She is a *fin-de-siècle* to her finger-tips; sensible where she might be romantic, practical where she once would have been impassioned—a person who is bound to make a success of her life, and keep it on the lines that she regards as the best.

The young man of her kind holds precisely the same views. Life with a beloved object sounds very charming, but it is not to be indulged in unless the incomes of himself and the beloved object foot up to from five to six thousand per annum. The beloved object on three thousand a year is too expensive a luxury. He can not afford it. What might have been a courtship, dwindles to a mild friendship. Not infrequently he tells the lady of his sad predicament, and how impossible a matrimonial alliance would be on his salary. She condoles with him and they become friends, for no violent fires burn in their hearts and friendship comes quite easily to them.

Marriage would mean a series of sacrifices that neither is willing to make. They would have to live in a flat in Harlem—and no one knows who has not lived in Gotham the horror in which Harlem is held—or a second-rate boarding-house beyond Fourth Avenue. Or, if they could squeeze out enough money to pay the rent of three rooms in a good apartment-house looking on the park and with a café on the ground floor, they would only be able to afford the ninth or tenth story. This is rather high up, and, though the air is pure, the view charming, and the building fire-proof, such an elevated perch is somewhat too exalted. Even for this and the meals at the café, the price is in the vicinity of one hundred and fifty a month, and the nearer the ground you get the higher the damage grows. Then come clothes and theatres. A New York woman spends money like water on her clothes. She would much rather be well-dressed than well-fed. She must be well-dressed to be up with anything. The moment she grows shabby she is no longer of any importance. Then she may as well give up all the fun, and consent to be relegated to dreary insignificance, like the old wives of the Pashas.

Both he and she must have their accustomed state or nothing. Their great passion is to stand well in the eyes of their world. They would not for all the gold of Indies do anything that would make *notre monde* raise its brows and stare. To take rooms in a boarding-house would not be the thing, so no one of "standing" does it. They may get a charming suite of rooms on the second floor for one-third less than the price they pay for their three sky-parlors on the tenth, but as no one but "people you never heard of" go to boarding-houses now, and as every one patronizes the towering apartment-houses that front on the park, the latter have it, and the ten stories are filled to the sky-lights.

And then the little ménage is conducted with elegance that is on a small scale but extremely costly. The people of this sort are the people who never buy but at the most expensive places. The lady furnishes her tiny parlor and bedroom with the most *recherché* trifles, which she buys at the antique places on Fifth Avenue or the large shops on Broadway, above Union Square. Her little bits of glass and china standing about are all genuine. If you know the china marks, you will see that this gimcrack is Dresden, and that Sèvres, and that French enamel, and so on through the whole collection. The few pictures are water-colors—mere light sketches, but by well-known artists—and the etchings are of the finest. She never buys those bits of gold-work and wonderful embroideries of rich dyes that the curious may see in the windows of Sixth Avenue emporiums. For such things as this she goes to places where the richest women in New York have all sorts of strange, beautiful embroidered work done to order by impoverished ladies.

As to herself, she is always exquisite in make-up and style. She dresses perfectly and modestly. The unsuspecting would never imagine that this lady has spent what are really large sums of money on her admirably quiet costume. But she is thorough and complete. You will never see her wear a thing that is out of style, or shabby, or *passé*. When you come to know her better, you will see that, meet her wherever you may, she is always dressed to the exact point of elegance that the occasion requires. She is always in keeping and always perfect to the little coils of her hair and the toe of her shoe. She lacks nothing, and all this careful splendor has been purchased at the most expensive places in town—not to be bragged about, she herself is too well appointed for that sort of cheap glory, but simply because she knows that it is the correct thing among her set.

Among that set her life has been and will always be spent. Its views are her views. Its opinions have formed hers. Nature might have intended her to be a social reformer, but the set has claimed her for its own and marked her with its mark. She sees not an inch beyond its horizon, not an ell below its ground-work. To belong to it is her life, to fall out of it is absolute extinction forever. To do things that its members do not do would be to her as ghastly as a great moral backsliding would be to a person of a high standard. To defy its prejudices and challenge its traditions would seem to her an actual madness, if not a positive crime. It is not her fault that she has grown up inside the set which has bound her down to its own shape, bent her to its prescribed form. If you meet her casually and her immovable narrowness maddens you, just think of the set, and forgive. The only men that she could possibly attract are the men in the set, and these are the only men she cares to know. She would as soon think of marrying a merman as marrying a man who held views not generally accepted in the set. Fortunately for all parties, she rarely meets any such, and when she does, they are as little in sympathy with her as she is with them.

VAN GRYSE.

NEW YORK, February 17, 1892.

An English journal gives some curious statistics, in illustration of the evils of drunkenness, concerning the overlaying of infants. Out of 1,000 deaths caused by overlaying, 280 occur on Saturday nights, when dissipation is at its height, 170 on "Saint" Monday, when it is still high, and then a gradually decreasing number, till the fatal Saturday comes round again.

Baillie MacPherson, of Edinburgh, lately pronounced a verdict parallel to the famous "not guilty, but don't do it again." He said in a case of theft: "I find the charge not proven, but remember, if you are brought back, this will stand against you as a conviction."

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

The Queen-Regent of Holland uses the purest white writing-paper, very thick, with crown and armorial bearings of gold, scarlet, and blue. For every-day letters, the paper has only her name, Emma, surmounted by a crown.

Miss Jean Ingelow says she does not approve of the women's rights theory, and adds: "We can not have rights and privileges, and I prefer privileges." This is a very modest and frank conclusion, and if married ladies could only be persuaded to indorse it, it would rub a great many thorns from the rose of matrimony.

Another member of the Scotch nobility has taken a husband from among the masses. Miss Anstruther, who is a niece of the baronet of that name and a granddaughter of the late Lord Seaforth, has just conferred her hand upon a Scotch crofter. She is by no means the first lady of rank to marry thus, Lady Gertrude Douglass, the sister of the Marquis of Queensberry, having married a journeyman baker.

English people want the body of Mrs. Livingstone, wife of the explorer, brought back to their country. For more than thirty years it has lain in a lonely grave in the African wilderness. The body of the doctor rests among the greatest of the great in old Westminster Abbey. The two should be together, and it is very probable that the ashes of "Poor Mary" will be brought from the African jungles and placed beside those of her husband.

It is in this unkind manner that Kate Field pays her compliments to the brute man: "My old friend Harriet Hosmer claims to have discovered perpetual motion, and will next be squaring the circle. I'm glad of it, for we women are accused of never inventing or discovering anything, just as though we didn't discover more in men than ever existed, and invent more lies to soothe their *amour propre* than even the father of them—I mean the Father of Lies, of course."

Aimée Tessandier, who has become Mme. Bernhardt's successor in the Comédie-Française in Paris, is the daughter of a Bordeaux laborer, and her childhood was one of great poverty and wretchedness. She was a mature woman before she was attracted to the footlights, and her first appearance on the stage was an absolute failure. Her subsequent success, which finally brought her a pronounced triumph as the greatest Lady Macbeth of the day, was won against the severest obstacles.

Clara Louise Kellogg tells a story in which her mother, herself, and the Dowager-Duchess of Somerset figure. The singer and her mother were dining with that august lady, when the duchess calmly poured her tea into her saucer, sipped it with great enjoyment, and remarked: "Now, ladies, do not think this is rude, for I have just come from the queen, and I saw her do it. Let us emulate the queen." Whereupon they all drank their tea from their saucers. Clara says her opinion of Victoria's table-manners has never been high since that occasion.

Little Queen Wilhelmina is not without a certain sense of humor. Her English governess, Miss Winter, had set her to draw a map of Europe as a punishment for some misbehavior. The little lady drew the map very neatly; but when she handed it to Miss Winter the latter perceived, greatly to her amusement, that the British Islands had been put in on a very much reduced scale, so much so that they appeared to be about one-quarter the size of the Netherlands. This was the little queen's revenge on her English instructress. Queen Wilhelmina has just received from the Sultan the Grand Cross and Star, in diamonds, of the Order of the Chefkat. It was presented to her by the Sultan's envoy at The Hague—who happens to be an Armenian—Prince Karadja. Princess Karadja is a Swede by birth.

The marriage is impending of the young Countess Banuelos, daughter of the Spanish Embassador at Berlin, to Queen Isabella's grandnephew, the Marquis Alcedo, son of the Marquis San Carlos and grandson of Princess Josepha Bourbon. The mother of the bride, who is the most popular embassadress that ever helped to represent Spain at Berlin, was formerly a Miss Thorndyke, of Boston, and her sister is the wife of the Count de Sartiges, who for so many years figured as French Embassador to the Holy See. At Madrid, the wife of the German Embassador, Baron von Stumm, is an American, and has recently been distinguished by the queen-regent with the star, badge, and ribbon of the Ladies' Order of Louise. At St. Petersburg, the wives of the German Embassador, of the Wurtemberg Minister Plenipotentiary, and of the British Chargé d'Affaires, are all three American girls. So, too, is the better though smaller half of Sir Francis Plunkett, the British Minister at The Hague. At Constantinople, the wife of the Italian Embassador, Baron Blanc, who has just presented his letters of recall to the Sultan, is a native of the United States, and the same may be said of the Countess John Bernstorff, whose husband is attached to the German Embassy accredited to the Sublime Porte. At Rome, the wives of both the Dutch and the Danish Ministers are Americans, while at Paris there are the Countess Moltke, the Embassadress of Denmark, and also the partly divorced spouse of the Dutch Envoy, M. de Stuers, who both hail from this country. The American girl is fairly well represented in the diplomatic corps of the Old World.

The demand for platinum for use in science has raised its value to three-quarters that of gold. Three years ago it was worth eighty dollars a pound. It now costs one hundred and sixty dollars, or eleven times more than silver. It is found in small quantities in Peru, Colombia, Brazil, the Ural Mountains, California, Oregon, and Borneo. The yearly output has never been more than four tons and is now three.

The Shah of Persia has a pipe worth four hundred thousand dollars. It is over-jeweled and the smoke passes between gems of the first water.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The *Nineteenth Century*, in which was printed Lord Tennyson's lines on the death of the Duke of Clarence, contained a request that not more than "two or three lines of quotation" be reprinted by the newspapers. *Truth* makes on this the comment that Lord Tennyson's official work "belongs to the nation, and that he had no business to make a market out of it. He receives an annual salary of two hundred pounds a year, and his sole duty is to write something that commemorates such occasions as these. If he can get a higher price for his compositions from 'enterprising editors,' and if he prefers thus to sell them, the sooner he resigns his office the better." For these lines the review, "of course, paid a very handsome sum." Few of the English papers reprinted the same lines, so that it is believed that an ingenious person, having before him the leading papers, could put the whole poem together.

Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Spenser Wilkinson have completed a small volume on "Imperial Defense," to be published immediately by Macmillan & Co. The same firm will shortly issue a small volume dealing with the several problems involved in what is commonly known as Imperial Federation. The author is Mr. G. R. Parkin.

It is said that the French periodicals of the highest class have more subscribers abroad than at home. Of all living French authors, Daudet is the chief favorite in England.

Hamlin Garland contributes the first installment of a three-part story of Dakota life to the March *Century*, and Mrs. Burton Harrison is one of the three contributors of complete stories in the same magazine.

M. Zola maintains a very pretty scorn for the English novel. Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, all together, are not worth Balzac, he thinks. "Scott," he exclaims, with an impatient wave of the hand, "littérature de pensionnat!" — which, of course, effectually takes Scott out of the category of great writers.

Recent issues of the Macmillans' series of dollar novels are "A Strange Elopement," by W. Clark Russell; "Mariam: or, Twenty-One Days," by Horace Victor; and "Denzil Quarrier," by George Gissing.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood's *Anti-Jacobin* has died of the influenza. This is the official account, which adds, however, that the editor "had already made up his mind to discontinue an undertaking that extorted a vast deal of labor and a certain expenditure of means with reward at a distance that made neither worth while." Well, papers, like books, have a fate of their own.

Edmund Clarence Stedman's first article in the series of essays on "The Nature and Elements of Poetry," which he has written for the *Century*, appears in the March number, under the title "Oracles Old and New."

A curious question has come up through the publication of General Butler's book. It may be thus summarized:

The library trustees in Butler's city, Lowell, desired to secure a copy for public circulation, but the publishers immediately forbade their using the work, and, moreover, threatened them with legal prosecution if they disobeyed the command. Thereat a clergyman of Lowell presented his copy of "Butler's Book" to the library and said: "Do with it as you choose." Now the question arises: What can they do under the law? By the terms of sale in the publishers' preface, subscribers are forbidden to re-sell the book or to allow its use outside of their household, the ownership reverting to the publishers if this agreement is broken. In the same agreement, the publishers guarantee subscribers that if the book is ever sold at cut-rates by any one, they will refund subscribers the difference in price. General Butler has written a letter to the publishers, and declares that he will stand by them in this matter, but several members of other book-dealing firms have intimated that they are not at all scared by these new rules and stipulations. They maintain that a man has a perfect right to sell whatever he buys. The Grant subscription book, it may be added, was placed in the Lowell Library and publicly used.

The initial volume of the series of novels translated from the Dutch, which D. Appleton & Co. have just published, is "Eline Vere," by Louis Couperus.

Rudyard Kipling has written a new story called "The Lost Legion."

Henry James, of whom we have heard more, recently, as a dramatist than as a novelist, has collected several of the short stories he has contributed to the magazines in the past twelvemonth, and Macmillan & Co. are soon to issue them in a book entitled "The Lesson of the Master and Other Stories."

Are there not in this country more reasonably clever writers to every hundred thousand of the population than in any other land? Mr. H. W. Mabie says:

"Not many months before his death, Mr. Lowell commented, in a private conversation, on the ease with which a magazine editor now fills his pages with well-prepared and scholarly articles. A quarter of a century ago the same editor found a small group of brilliant men ready to cooperate with him, but beyond this circle there was no aid to be had."

Paderewski will be the subject of two papers in the March *Century* and of a poem by the editor. There will be a frontispiece portrait engraved by Johnson and a sketch, by Irving Wiles, of the virtuoso at the piano. One of the papers is a critical study of his method by the well-known musician, Mr. William Mason, and the other a biographical sketch by Miss Fanny Morris Smith, for which M. Paderewski has furnished the material. The article has also the advantage of Mme. Modjeska's suggestions, the distinguished Polish actress having been a friend of Paderewski from his boyhood.

Mr. Harold Godwin, son of Mr. Parke Godwin and formerly the editor of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, has become managing editor of *Current Literature*, and will assist also in the editorial direction of *Short Stories*.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for March contains the following articles:

"New Chapters in the Warfare of Science, XV.—Astronomy," by Andrew D. White; "Domestic Animals in India," by John L. Kipling; "Social Statistics of Cities," by Hon. Carroll D. Wright: Lessons from the Census—V.; "Wayside Optics," by Casey A. Wood, M. D.; "Musical Instruments—The Organ," by Daniel Spillane: The Development of American Industries since Columbus—XIII.; "Moral Educability," by Edward Payson Jackson; "The Australian Marsupial Mole," by Dr. E. Trouessart; "Justus von Liebig: an Autobiographical Sketch"; "The Cotton Industry in Brazil," by John C. Branner; "Darwinism in the Nursery," by Louis Robinson; "Sketch of William Ferrel," by Professor W. M. Davis; correspondence: "Intelligence and the Belief in Evolution," "The Earthquake of October, 1891, in Japan," "Colors of Letters," and other matters of interest.

Mrs. Burton Harrison has written a new story. It is called "Gay's Romance," and is a tale of life in the neighborhood of Washington thirty years ago.

A volume soon to be issued by the Messrs. Longmans is "A Pilgrimage to the Holy Coat of Treves, with an Account of Its History and Authenticity," by Richard F. Clark. It will contain several illustrations.

"The History of David Grieve," Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, is already much discussed, and the critics rate it above "Robert Elsmere." The publishers, Macmillan & Co., are bringing out an edition in larger type and in two volumes.

New Publications.

"A Woman's Revenge," by Mrs. J. F. Reichbard, has been issued in the Sunnyside Series published by J. S. Ogilvie, New York; price, 25 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"A Sinner's Sentence," a novel by Alfred Larder, has been issued in the Vanity Fair Series published by Edward Brandus & Co., New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Into Morocco," a translation of one of Pierre Loti's charming books of travel, has been issued in paper covers by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Shorthand and Typewriting," by D. McKillop, has been issued as the initial number of the Self-Culture Library published by the Fowler & Wells Company, New York; price, 40 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Only Human," by John Strange Winter, a modern society story, has been issued in the Series of Select Novels issued by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Dreams of the Dead," by Edward Stanton, a story dealing with mysticism, religion, and like topics, has been issued in the Good Company Series published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Evolution of Music," by Z. Sidney Sampson; "Life as a Fine Art," by Lewis G. Janes; and "The Doctrine of Evolution: Its Scope and Influence," by Professor John Fiske, have been issued in the Evolution Series published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 10 cents each; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

The popular writer of boys' books, W. T. Adams ("Oliver Optic"), has started off on a new tack in his latest series, the All-Over-the-World Series. He is going to send his new hero a-traveling, and, to provide him with the sinews of war, he makes him a millionaire at sixteen in the first book of the set, "A Missing Million." Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, $1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Imitation may be sincere flattery, but the kind of imitation that leads "Jennie Wren" to dub her collection of silly essays "Lazy Thoughts of a Lazy Girl" does not inspire respect for the author or confidence in the essays. Much the same trick is tried with another book from the same publishers, Fergus Hume's story of "The Man who Vanished," which is designated on the cover as "The New Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Published by the Waverly Company, New York; price, 25 cents each; for sale by the booksellers.

Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller, who has sold out her dress-reform establishment in New York, seems to have broadened the scope of her cult for the beautiful, for she has lately written a book on "Physical Beauty: How to Obtain It and How to Preserve It." It is a sensible and practical book, full of good advice as to food, ventilation, clothing, "the science of bodily expression," the care of the eyes, teeth, skin, hair, hands, and feet, the cultivation of individuality, and similar topics, with a final chapter on "Man's Sphere." The book is handsomely printed, and is illustrated by May R. Kern. Published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

A clever little book on the dramatic art is Percy Fitzgerald's "The Art of Acting," not presenting anything startlingly original but clearly summarizing what we already know and emphasizing many points with little anecdotes of famous lights of the stage. Its compass is brief, but it fairly well covers the subjects of the study of character, the spirit of comedy, and stage illusion. A good portrait of Frederic Lemaitre, reproduced from a photograph, serves as a frontispiece. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 90 cents; for sale by William Doxey.

The Rev. A. J. Church is prolific of books that present the life and doings of ancient times in such form that young readers will learn from them nothing of the coarseness that, to modern eyes, is so prominent in the Greek and Roman classics. His latest productions are "The Story of the Iliad" and "The Story of the Odyssey," both of which are cleanly and interestingly set forth and are provided with illustrations after Flaxman in the manner of ancient bas-reliefs. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, $1.00 each; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"The Horse," by W. H. Flower, director of the British Natural History Museum, is the second number in the Modern Science Series, which is now appearing under the editorial charge of Sir John Lubbock. Its scope is apparent from the chapter-heads: "The Horse's Place in Nature—Its Ancestors and Relations," "The Horse and Its Nearest Existing Relations," and "The Structure of the Horse, as bearing upon its Mode of Life, its Evolution, and its Relation to Other Animal Forms." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, $1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The eighth volume of the new edition of "Chambers's Encyclopedia," just issued, includes entries from *peasant* to *Roumelia*. There are eighteen articles copyrighted in the United States: "Pennsylvania," "Peru," "Petroleum," "Philadelphia," "Phœnicia," "Phonograph," "William Pitt," "Pittsburgh," "Edgar Allen Poe," "Poetry," "Prisons," "Protection," "Rabelais," "Railways," "Rhode Island," "Rifles," "Rocky Mountains," and "Roman Catholic Church." The double-page colored maps are of Pennsylvania, Queensland, Rhode Island, and the Roman Empire, and there are several smaller maps, as well as many excellent illustrations. Some idea of the character of the articles may be derived from this glance at some of them and their authors: "Pluto," by Professor Jevons; "Periodicals," by W. T. Stead; "Peterborough," by H. D. Thraill; "Phonograph," by Thomas A. Edison; "Poker," by Henry Jones ("Cavendish"); "Pitt," by W. E. H. Lecky; "Poetry," by Edmund Gosse; "Pre-Raphaelitism," by Holman Hunt; "Praed," by Austin Dobson; "Rabelais," by Walter Besant; "Rembrandt," by P. G. Hamerton; and "Rose," by R. D. Blackmore. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, $3.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

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VANITY FAIR.

When hoops were worn by woman fair,
A nuisance they were found;
One ran against them everywhere,
The hoops were always round.

And they retarded, it was clear,
The rise of womankind,
For by the fashion to her sphere
Each woman was confined.

When hoops went out, by some cracked brain
The bustle was designed,
And woman's fashions, it was plain,
Were getting quite behind.

The bustle also saw its day,
Though to it they adhered
For years, and when it passed away
The clinging dress appeared.

And as it suited old and young,
'Twas worn without demur;
To fashion woman long had clung,
Now fashion clung to her.

In time the train became the style,
And every woman wore it,
In fact the fashion for a while
Swept everything before it.

And thus the years new fashions bring
Which flourish and decay;
The corset is the only thing
That ever came to stay.—*Ex.*

To the question "Are Women Inconstant?" Junius Henri Browne thus replies in the *Ladies' Home Journal:* Woman owes her reputation for inconstancy to men who, when such reputation was made, were exclusively the molders and controllers of public opinion. They were the sayers as well as the doers, and from their continual saying, both by pen and tongue, they forged a falsehood into the semblance of truth. Knowing themselves to be the embodiment of inconstancy, they thought—and their thought was correct—that they might elude their desert by ascribing their temperamental and notorious weakness to the other sex. The character of woman, before she had become as prominent as she is to day, depended for portrayal on the tender mercies of man. She can and does describe and analyze herself voluminously nowadays; but much of the early interpretation of her—so hard is it to dislodge old ideas—is still accepted, and men use every effort to have it so. Every spoken language, not to speak of the dead languages, contains phrases reflecting on her steadfastness. For instance:

Women and weather are not to be trusted.
Women change like the sea.
Woman's moods differ like day and night.
Beware of a sleeping dog and a smiling woman.
Who confides in a woman builds on the sand.
The one constant woman died yesterday.
No season is so brief as a woman's love.
A woman may be loyal to love, but never to lovers.
It is the old story: be trusted a woman and was betrayed.
Women's vows are false as gamblers' oaths.
Woman is true as the wind.
Women shed tears the better to deceive.
More than half of men's woes come from the instability of women.
The inconstancy of woman causes the great tragedies of life.
The most fascinating women are the most deceptive.
A woman has only one tongue, but she can tell a million lies.
Woman is a trap in which every man is caught soon or late.
Woman's promises are as uncertain as next year's blossoms.
When you can make a woman constant, you can tame a hyena.
Woman is constant only to inconstancy.

There is no end to such expressions. They abound in Persian, Syriac, Arabian, Armenian, as well as in German, Italian, French, and Spanish, showing age, if not pertinency. Cultured men have, in all ages, exercised their wit on women, pretending to emphasize her defects. In charging inconstancy upon her, they have the additional inducement of screening themselves.

That woman is a model of constancy, no one acquainted with human nature would pretend. She is human, and therefore liable to err. But that she is fickle, changeable, capricious in her affections, as compared with man, and that he has any good reason so to accuse her, is an overstrain on credulity. Women may be untrustworthy as to love in poems and romances; their untrustworthiness may be an effective factor in art; but in reality, in nature, they are, in the main, stanch and faithful to the core. No doubt the human race has been steadily meliorating with time, having made rapid strides, especially in the last hundred years. Men have grown better, as well as women; but they are yet far behind women in morals, in all the sweet humanities, in whatever belongs to delicacy, conscience, tenderness. They have improved in constancy, though they never can hope, and they never, as a body, will try, to reach the feminine standard. Woman is constant on instinct, on principle, by enlightened policy, by mere self-interest. Man is differently constituted. Principle alone must, as a rule, hold him steady; and comparatively few of his sex, it must be admitted, act on principle in this regard. Woman is monogamous; man and, in fact, male animals generally, are polygamous. Monogamy is but another name for constancy, as polygamy is for inconstancy. Whatever man may assume, he does not believe that women, generally, are unstable. His attitude and entire conduct toward them demonstrate this. If such was his conviction, he would not marry; he would not jeopardize his honor, his peace of mind, his precious self-love. Marriage would, in time, cease to be a custom; for marriage, society, civilization, depend absolutely on woman's fidelity to the matrimonial bond, not as a theory alone, but as a sacred truth. Man thinks, with reason, that some, perhaps many, women are disloyal; indeed, it is easy to ascertain the fact. But it always seems to surprise him; it is different from his expectation, otherwise he would not raise such a clamor about it. The inconstancy of women generally is a conscious and shallow pretext, more so to-day than ever. Nature, society, science, law, men, all demand the exact contrary, and their demand is fully met.

To an American lady, the wife of a distinguished diplomat, who was on a visit to Washington, the Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune* put this question: "After your long absence, do our manners and customs strike you as different from those in Europe?" "Yes, in some respects," she replied; "for instance, in the forms of invitation. I have received many cards from people of unexceptionable position asking me 'to meet' Miss Smith or Miss Jones. Now the idea of asking married people to meet young girls would not be tolerated in Europe, and, if an American should do it there, the invitation would probably be refused. I am told that during the last administration a member of the Cabinet invited a foreign minister 'to meet' his own secretary. The first impulse of the minister was to refuse, but he finally shrugged his shoulders and decided that, as no offense could have been intended, the mistake must have arisen through ignorance, so he accepted and went, and saw his secretary, covered with confusion, give his arm to the lady of the house and take the place at her right hand. In Europe one is never invited 'to meet' any one but royalty or a person of very high rank. I understand here that Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Morton and all the foreign ministers have been invited 'to meet' young girls." "But how," was asked, "would you have it known that a ball or reception was given for a young girl?" "Such a fact never fails to be known," was the answer. "I was at a beautiful ball this winter, in Washington, given by a lady to introduce her daughter. There was no indication on the card for whom it was given, yet every one knew the object of the ball—and this would apply to receptions and all other entertainments."

In 1792, sitting by the side of her lynx-eyed mother, sweet Mistress Dorothy dreamed of the love she as yet did not know, and wondered what the liberties of marriage and maturity would be like (writes Mrs. Lynn Linton in an English paper). Something of the old Puritan spirit of self repression still lingered in the home a hundred years ago, as something of the old seignorial sentiment animated society; and under the chastening influence of this spirit, sweet Mistress Dorothy found her restricted life both pleasant and sufficing, and was content to wait in patience for the day of her social emancipation. Meanwhile, her thoughts were free to wander where they would; and if they chose to idealize some pretty fellow in a cocked hat and periwig, who stapped his vitals by way of emphasis and interlarded his conversation with oaths minced down to mere harmless figures of speech, there was no one to prevent her. And the secret little poem did her no mischief. Pure, fair, and innocent, sweet Mistress Dorothy understood, like her mother, the uses of time and the fitness of knowledge to age. She knew that her life's business was to be a good housekeeper, an amiable wife, a devoted mother, a just and well-ordering mistress. Hence she learned betimes the mysteries of the still-room and the right care of the linen-closet; she understood the management of the dairy and the poultry-yard, was well versed in the methods of making brawn and collared head, could toss up a pancake with the best, could make pastry and jellies, custards and cheese-cakes; and that cook would have been a cleverer wench than most who could have cheated her in the commissariat. Thus far for the housekeeping. For the pleasantness of her wifehood she could play simple airs on the harpsichord, perhaps she could play on the harp or lute. She could sing in a fresh and artless way, but she could not recite, nor "attack" bravura songs, nor accomplish vocal gymnastics anyhow. She could dance with grace, precision, and spirit, but she would have died rather than have danced on a stage or in any place more public than a county ball. She read grave books as well as such fiction as was abroad, her talk was intelligent if not learned, and her manner was animated if not bold. She had a certain fear and a pronounced respect for her husband, and she thought his will should be her will. When she had children she attended to them herself, and she soon became an adept in treating their little ailments. The respect and obedience she had paid her parents she demanded from her own children; and she did not find that they loved her less, or she them, because they were obedient and respectful and not familiar. She governed her maids and they did not govern her; and she lived a life of blameless purity and active well-doing, as well as of quiet domesticity and gentle self-restraint.

In 1892 (the same writer continues), her great-great-granddaughter, Miss Dolly, with her friend Madge, is quite another person. Dolly is a girl with no nonsense about her and no prejudices. Home duties she has discarded as degrading to an educated woman, wifely respect she despises as the sign of craven submission to an inferior, children she dislikes as hindrances and nuisances, love is a dream fit only for lunatics and idiots. What she wants is freedom to do as she likes—the key of all the fields of life, not barring one. She does not want to do anything immoral, but she wants to show that she can if she chooses. She likes to feel her own mistress, free to come and go, no one knowing when she comes or where she goes. She likes to imitate the men she professes to despise as moral cowards when they are not brutes, as "duffers" when they are not "prigs." She cultivates her nerves and her biceps, rows, rides, fishes, and shoots, and drives a cart in the park. She shows neither fear nor bashfulness, neither nervous tremor nor maidenly hesitation. She knows that she is beautiful, and she is quite content that all the world shall know it, too. She would laugh to scorn the silly notion that only one man, and that her husband, should rejoice in her loveliness. In a crowded theatre she bares her neck and arms, her shoulders, her bust, for the delectation of those around her. If she has a gift that way, she will dance a break-down at semi-public theatricals, and she is generally mad about drawing-room recitations or the theatre. She makes a book on the races, and besieges her "dear boys" for straight tips. Possibly she breeds dogs, and she knows more about foals and fillies than she does about babes and children. If she is "earnest," she visits hospitals and the slums. Maiden as she is, she knows to the last line all the hideous vice which abounds in large cities. She has her favorites among the unfortunates, whom she visits in their homes as well as in their hospitals; and she receives their confidences with sympathy and without horror. If to earnestness she adds energy and consequent dissatisfaction with her home life, she makes herself a doctor, a hospital nurse, or a missionary. Any place rather than home, anything rather than the home life, any exercise of virtue rather than that respect for authority, that attention to duty, that modesty of habit, and that patient, sweet, and tranquil unselfishness which used to be the distinctive characteristics of the sex. She has thrown off all these restraints of sex, and is now the close copy of the brother she dominates; of the lover she accepts or rejects on the basis of his fortune only; of the dudes at whom she laughs; of those with whom she walks. Her ambition is to be as much like a man as it is possible for a woman to make herself. Between Emancipated Dolly and sweet Mistress Dorothy, which is the more beautiful? and which best fulfills her natural destiny?

How many who use the term "average woman" (asks the Chicago *Times*) know what it implies? Physically, it means that she weighs about 117 pounds, and that, if an American, she is somewhat taller than five feet one inch. Observations taken by the French Academy relative to the average height of 1,107 Frenchwomen, without shoes, show it to be that much. Dr. Sargeant, from 1,835 observations, concludes that the American woman is nearly two inches taller than the average daughter of France; and Dr. Galton, an Englishman, in 770 measurements, found that the women of Great Britain are the tallest of the three, they exceeding Miss Columbia by fully half an inch. In the matter of weight, though, American femininity is slightly ahead, though the figures are not given.

Pretty and becoming as the shoulder-cape is, it is a dangerous garment. Keeping the neck and upper arms very warm, it leaves the lower lungs and the stomach entirely exposed to wind and cold, and these are woman's most vulnerable parts. She never contracts pleurisy, pneumonia, and peritonitis up around her neck, and yet it is her neck that is most protected by these dear little wraps that they all prize so highly.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss May E. Norton and Mr. J. B. Nevin will take place next Tuesday at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hobbs, 1708 Geary Street. Only relatives and a few intimate friends will be present.

The wedding of Miss Hattie Hall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William P. Hall, and Mr. Harry McCurdy Weston, son of Hon. H. L. Weston, will take place at the residence of the bride's parents, in Petaluma, on Thursday, March 10th. Only relatives will be present.

The Misses Mae and Eleanor Dimond will give a dancing-party next Tuesday evening at the residence of their father, General W. H. Dimond, 2224 Washington Street.

Three matinée teas will be given to-day (Saturday), the hostesses being Mrs. William S. Tevis, at 2548 Jackson Street, Mrs. Robert D. Fry, at 2510 Pacific Avenue, and Mrs. Edward Barron, at 719 Geary Street.

A kettledrum will be given to-day (Saturday) by Mrs. M. H. de Young, at her residence, 1919 California Street, in aid of the hospital fund of the San Francisco Polyclinic. The price of admission will be one dollar, including refreshments, which will be served in the Japanese room. There will be nothing for sale. Mrs. de Young has secured the services of some of our best musicians, who will give an interesting entertainment in the afternoon. In the evening the young ladies of the Saturday Morning Orchestra will play, and the members of the "Bluff King Hal" company will sing. These attractions should certainly draw a large attendance.

The Crocker Auxiliary and lady friends will give a leap-year party on Monday evening, February 29th, at the residence of Mrs. A. W. Scott, 305 Buchanan Street.

Miss Adèle Perrin gave a delightful dinner-party at her home, on Clay Street, last Tuesday evening, at which she entertained Mrs. Belle Donahue, Miss Marguerite Wallace, Miss Edith Findley, Mr. Herbert E. Carolan, Mr. Fred H. Coon, and Mr. Timlaw.

Mrs. Austin C. Tubbs gave an enjoyable matinée tea on Friday at her residence, 1300 Hyde Street, and very pleasantly entertained many of her friends.

The hop given by Mrs. M. E. Pendleton and the guests at the Hotel Pleasanton last Wednesday evening was a pleasant affair in every particular.

A very enjoyable hop was given by Mrs. Johnson last Monday evening to the guests at The Colonial.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Among the San Franciscans who passed Washington's Birthday at Monterey were: Mr. and Mrs. Winsor L. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Miss Cunningham, Miss Florence Lockwood, Miss Kate Voorhies, Miss Maud Hopkins, Miss May Hoffman, Miss Emelie Hager, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Lansing O. Kellogg, Mr. Charles E. Wilson, Mr. E. Y. Judd, and Mr. A. B. Williamson.

Mr. Fred. M. Somers sails for Japan March 2d on the *Belgic*.

Mrs. A. E. Head and Miss Anna Head will leave New York to-day on the steamer *La Gascogne* for France. They will remain in Paris a short time, and then go to Cannes for a prolonged visit.

Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet, of Sacramento, has been here during the week on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Clark W. Crocker.

Mrs. James H. Pierce, of San José, has been in the city during the week on a visit to Mr. and and Mrs. George P. Thurston at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Miss Jennie Sanderson will leave here about the middle of April to join her mother, Mrs. S. W. Sanderson, in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Stevens, Mrs. M. E. Smith and Mr. R. S. Smith have taken rooms at The Colonial.

Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Murphy have returned to their home in San José after a long visit at Paso Robles.

Mrs. Frances Edgerton is visiting her uncle, Representative Lapham, at the Hotel Cochran, in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn and family are at Nice, France.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kohl and Miss Mamie Kohl, of San Mateo, have been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall are visiting friends in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar B. Carroll have returned to Sacramento after making a tour of the southern part of the State.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, Mrs. E. Dore, Mrs. Fred L. Wooster, and Miss Dore returned from Monterey last Tuesday.

Mrs. W. W. Williams, of San Rafael, is passing a few weeks at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg and Miss Nellie Smedberg left last Tuesday to visit Los Angeles and other southern points.

Mrs. E. B. Coleman and Miss Lena Blanding are enjoying the climate of Santa Barbara, and will remain there for about two months.

Mrs. Robert Barton is in the city from Fresno and is stopping at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. Theodore Deming, of Sacramento, has gone East to visit her mother who is very ill.

Mr. Lansing O. Kellogg has returned from Southern California, and is stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs Sidney B. Cushing, who have been passing the season here, are now occupying their cottage in San Rafael.

Mrs. William M. Gwin, Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, and Miss Gwin will pass the summer in Monterey.

Mr. Witcher Jones, of Salt Lake City, is here on a visit and is at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Gardner, of New York, are stopping at The Colonial.

Mrs. L. L. Baker is passing a month in the vicinity of San Diego.

Mr. F. Samuels, of Japan, is in the city on a visit and is stopping at The Colonial.

Senator and Mrs. John Boggs will leave the Palace Hotel on March 1st, to occupy a residence on the north-west corner of Jackson and Devisadero Streets that they have leased.

Mr. Lloyd Tevis is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Mrs. Henry McLean Martin is quite ill at her residence on California Street.

Mr. A. P. Brayton, of Oakland, is at the Hotel Imperial in New York city.

Miss Mabel Cluness, of Sacramento, is visiting Mrs. William H. Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett are at the Hotel Brunswick in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Appleton Maguire and Mr. and Mrs. William Van Bergen have taken a cottage in Sausalito, where they will remain until next winter.

Hon. and Mrs. Newton Booth are in New York. They are accompanied by Mrs. J. H Percy.

Colonel A. G. Hawes is stopping at the Hotel Albemarle in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Chretien have returned from a pleasant visit to Monterey.

Miss Cone, of Red Bluff, is visiting friends here.

Miss Susie Tompkins has returned from the East, and is at her home in San Rafael.

Mrs. I. Lawrence Pool and her sister, Mrs. Favre, have returned from their Eastern trip, and are at the residence of the former on Broadway.

Mrs. Valentine Snyder has returned to New York after a pleasant visit to her mother, Mrs. C. J. Torbert.

Mrs. F. G. Sanborn has returned to The Colonial after a visit to the southern part of the State.

Mr. William Alvord has been visiting his brother in San José during the past week.

Mrs. J. W. Gashwiler and the Misses Lottie and Laura Gashwiler have been visiting Miss Morrison in San José during the past week.

Mrs. C. A. Spreckels will leave for the East early in April.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Morse, *née* McKinley, will receive their friends on the second and fourth Thursday of each month at their residence, 1823 Green Street.

Mr. Eugene Meyer and the Misses Meyer, of this city, are in Nice, France.

Colonel and Mrs. Isaac Trumbo are stopping at the Hoffman House, in New York city.

Miss Minnie Cluness, of Sacramento, has been visiting the Misses Castle and Mrs. W. V. Bryan during the past week.

Mr. Russell J. Wilson is at the Hotel Brunswick, in New York city.

Miss Nellie Hillyer visited Miss Lucy Upson in Sacramento several days during the past week.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Captain and Mrs. W. S. Schley, U. S. N., and Lieutenant and Mrs. J. W. Sears, U. S. N., departed for the East last Thursday. During the past fortnight they have been very pleasantly entertained by Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Willey at their residence on California Street and also at Monterey, where they passed several days.

Lieutenant and Mrs. George M. Stoney, U. S. N., are making a prolonged visit to Monterey.

Benicia Barracks was the scene of a delightful festivity on Saturday, February 20th, when a tea was given there by the Misses Casey, daughters of Colonel Casey, the commanding officer of the post. The house was tastefully decorated and refreshments were served bounteously.

The following particulars of the courtship of Miss Mattie Mitchell and the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, who were married in Paris recently, will be read with interest:

When the young folks first began to betray an interest in each other, further intimacy was discouraged by the young lady's parents, Senator and Mrs. Mitchell, who preferred that their daughter should wed an American. She promised that she would wed no one without their consent, and Mrs. and Miss Mitchell returned to the United States. "We kept her here three years," said the senator, "but she and the duke kept up a correspondence all the while, the cable being frequently used when the mails proved too slow. Our opposition to the match had, also, another element—the attitude of the dowager duchess. She had not met my daughter during Mattie's first visit to France and earlier acquaintance with her son. A family alliance between the duke and a cousin had been planned by his mother, and until she should express a desire to have her son wed our daughter, we would not consent to an engagement. Last year Mrs. Mitchell was ordered by her physician to a famous French bath, and Mattie went with her. Soon after her arrival, the duke called and renewed his suit. Mattie wrote a letter, stating the facts, and saying: 'I will be perfectly frank with you. Frank (as she called him) has been to see us, and the old question is before us. As I told you, I will marry no one without your consent. We are old enough to know our own minds, and if Frank and I may not marry each other we have determined that we will never marry at all.' It came then to be a question of my daughter's happiness, and I determined no longer to be a bar thereto, and to give my consent to the marriage. She had already won over her mother if the dowager duchess were satisfied. So I wrote asking what she thought of the matter. In the meantime she had met Mattie and become enthusiastically in favor of the match, urging it upon Mrs. Mitchell and Mattie. This being made known to me, there was no longer any reason for holding out against it, and my consent went over."

Art Notes.

Much interesting news regarding the approaching sale of the Gump Collection was elicited from Mr. Sol. Gump, in response to a recent request for information about it.

"The sale will take place about the middle of March," said Mr. Gump to the interviewer, "the exact date is not settled yet. I shall send out engraved cards of announcement and invitation to the more prominent art-lovers in the city in plenty of time. We are very busy doing our cataloguing just now, and are going to get out very handsome descriptive catalogues—little books that will be well worth having. And I have just completed arrangements for having a first-class art-auctioneer come out from New York to conduct the sale—a man who knows the merits and the value of pictures.

"As to the pictures that are to be sold, I leave that for the public to see for themselves," said Mr. Gump, with a smile. "They are hanging on the walls of my gallery at 581–583 Market Street, and a great many people go in to see them every day. The gallery is always open to the public."

Mr. Gump may safely leave the pictures to speak for themselves; they are splendid specimens from the studios of some of the most eminent rising painters in Paris, Vienna, Munich, Rome, and Madrid, and their combined value represents a very large sum.

It should be remembered that Mr. Gump personally has purchased all his paintings direct from the artists themselves in their own *ateliers*, that they have not passed from hand to hand, thereby adding to their cost, and that the greatest encomium that can be passed on his artistic judgment is the fact that those who have bought paintings at private sale from the Gump Gallery think so much of their purchases that none have been re-offered to the public.

Mr. Gump really deserves great credit for having brought so many fine and valuable works of art to San Francisco; indeed, so well has he kept up the high standard of excellence and number of paintings in his gallery, that a well-known Chicago lover of fine paintings said to him, very recently, that in the city of Chicago to-day they do not possess, in *all* their art-stores combined, so large and so deservedly meritorious a collection as is now to be seen in the Gump Gallery.

—MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

—THE FOOD FOR LENT. THOSE BLOATER mackerel imported by S. Foster & Co., 26 California.

"Bluff King Hal."

Viewed particularly from a social standpoint, "Bluff King Hal" was a decided success. The Grand Opera House that Wednesday evening was simply crowded; every box was taken, every seat occupied, and standing room was almost at a premium. As seen from the proscenium-boxes, the audience was a most brilliant one. Every color known to the artist was displayed in the dainty bonnets and modish gowns that were worn, and every flower of the conservatory was seen in the bouquets that the fair sex wore and carried. A generous array of sparkling jewels, adorning coiffures, necks, and ears, added much to the effect. It was essentially a "dressy" audience, and one that compared favorably in every way with the gala nights of grand opera. If the audience had a pretty scene before them in the second act, when the outlaws were assembled in the picturesque forest, the players had an equally artistic treat to feast their eyes upon as they gazed at the vast assemblage that so liberally appreciated their every effort. Fashionable society was there in full force, the professions were well represented, and clubdom made its presence manifest. The building fund of the San Francisco Art Association received a very substantial financial benefit from the performance. A description of the opera will be found in another department. The cast of characters was as follows:

Phyllis, Mrs. Mary Wiman Williams; Elizabeth, Mrs. Charles J. Dickman; Dorothy, Miss Alvina M. Heuer; Bluff King Hal, Mr. Joseph D. Redding; Leonard, Mr. Donald de V. Graham; Robert, Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr.; Ralph, Mr. Amedée Joullin; Dickon, Mr. E. H. de Pue; Hugo, Mr. E. L. Atkinson; Captain of the Guard, Mr. George W. Nagle.

A Saturday Popular Concert will be given in Irving Hall, at three o'clock, on Saturday, February 27th. Fraulein Otilie Liedelt, of Berlin, will be the vocalist and will sing some of Schumann's songs and an aria from Mozart's "Figaro." Mr. Louis Heine will give a 'cello solo, "Kol Nidrei," by Max Bruch, and Grieg's sonate in C minor will be played by Mrs. Carr and Mr. Beel.

Mr. F. W. Ludovici will give his final Musical Sunday Afternoon of this series, in Steinway Hall, on March 15th.

Hollis—"Don't know who Bellamy is! Don't know the author of 'Looking Backward'!" *Foley*—"Oh, yes; I remember now. Biographer of Lot's wife, wasn't he?"—*Judge.*

A Novel and Agreeable Remedy for Grip, Influenza, and Colds.

A well-known New Yorker, who has successfully evaded the grip throughout the winter, said to a friend the other day: "I have discovered a novel remedy for winter colds and for influenza and grip itself. Whenever I feel the crawling, creeping sensation that precedes a cold or a chill, I hasten home and have a very hot cup of Armour's beef tea prepared. I have the cup itself hot, and the tea boiling and not too strong. I sip this slowly, eating a bit of dry toast or a dry cracker with it if I feel like it. Within half an hour the crawling, creeping sensation is gone, and the cold, influenza, or grip is knocked out. I never go home at night after the theatre or an entertainment when I feel the slightest chill that I do not take a cup of Armour's beef tea. It is the cheapest, most effective, and agreeable remedy that I have in the house. Several of my friends have tried it, and all have had the same delightful experience."

—J. W. HARBOURNE, FORMERLY BILLINGS, Harbourne & Co., has reopened at the old stand, No. 5 Montgomery Street. Latest novelties in wedding and social stationery.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made; makes delicious desserts. Just received gold medal American Institute Fair, New York city. Superior to all brands.

How They Differ.

In make up: Most baking powders contain ammonia or alum. Cleveland's does not; not a particle.

It is made of pure cream of tartar and bi-carbonate of soda, with a little flour to keep the strength, nothing else. Cleveland's is wholesome.

In strength: A *rounded* spoonful of Cleveland's does better work than a *heaping* spoonful of any other.

A large saving on a year's bakings, Cleveland's leavens most.

In results: Cake made with Cleveland's is fine grained, keeps moist and fresh.

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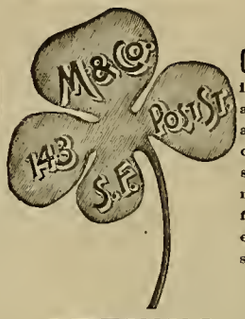

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MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

University of California.

The preliminary COURSE OF LECTURES in the medical department of the University of California will begin Monday, February 29th, at 9 A. M., at the College Building, Stockton Street, near Chestnut.

R. A. McLEAN, M. D., Dean,
603 Merchant Street, cor. Montgomery.

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SOCIETY.

The Parrott Reception.

The ball given by Mrs. A. M. Parrott last Tuesday evening was the most brilliant private affair of the winter season, and it may be most favorably compared with any that has taken place here for several years. Mrs. Parrott is such an accomplished hostess that the fortunate recipients of invitations to her affairs are sure of being almost royally entertained, and the consequence is always a large attendance. Such was the case last Tuesday evening. There were over three hundred guests assembled in her residence on Sutter Street, and the gathering represented the most fashionable element of San Francisco society. The rich furnishings of the residence and its art treasures formed in themselves a fitting setting for the elegantly attired matrons, belles, and buds who graced the rooms by their presence, and added to this was a floral decoration that was beautiful in its combination of colors and its artistic arrangement.

Mrs. Parrott had the assistance in receiving of her four daughters—Mrs. A. H. Payson, Mrs. Robert Y. Hayne, Mrs. Douglas Dick, and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr., and her son and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott. It was ten o'clock before the festivities commenced, and as the string orchestra gave its melody in the waltz, polka, lancers, or *deux temps*, the dancers gave themselves up to the full enjoyment of the affair. At half-past twelve o'clock an elaborate supper was served under the direction of Ludwig, in the large dining and billiard-rooms down-stairs. The arrangements were perfect, and about an hour was pleasantly devoted to feasting. Then the dancing was resumed and it was fully three o'clock before adieux were said. Among the many present were:

Mr. and Mrs. R. Y. Hayne, Captain and Mrs. A. H. Payson, Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin L. Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Ralston, Mr. and Mrs. James P. Langhorne, Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord, Mr. and Mrs. Perry P. Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Gwin, Mr. and Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy, Mr. and Mrs. M. Hall McAllister, Mr. and Mrs. Austin C. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Gaston M. Ashe, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Girvin, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Holman, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. John E. de Ruyter, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lougbborough, Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moore, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Eells, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Kerr, Dr. and Mrs. W. F. McNutt, Captain and Mrs. W. H. Taylor, General and Mrs. W. M. Graham, U. S. A., Captain and Mrs. A. E. Wood, U. S. A., Dr. and Mrs. Leonard Wood, U. S. A., Captain and Mrs. James Parker, U. S. A., Captain and Mrs. Quinan, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. Basil Heathcote, Mrs. Douglas Dick, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, Mrs. Lucy Otis, Mrs. Walsb, Mrs. W. B. Collier, Mrs. J. G. Eastland, Mrs. Gordon Blaoding, Mrs. Lily H. Coit, Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mrs. E. Martin, Mrs. Belle Donahue, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. M. M. Nuttall, Mrs. M. B. M. Toland, Mrs. Charles Page, Miss M. B. West, Miss Marie Zane, Miss Ralston, Miss Mary L. McNutt, Miss Alice Ames, Miss Claire Ralston, Miss Bessie Bowie, Miss Friedlander, Miss Asbe, Miss Elizabeth H. Asbe, Miss Mary Eyre, Miss Gwin, Miss Walsb, Miss Gerald, Miss Helen Otis, Miss May E. Pope, Miss Elliott, Miss Durbrow, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Ruger, Miss Sally Maynard, Miss Alice Decker, Miss Jennie Cbeesman, Miss Marguerite Wallace, Miss Hattie Graham, Miss Meta Graham, Miss May Graham, Miss Alice Simpkins, Miss Eells, Miss Cunningham, Miss Roberta Nuttall, Miss Pringle, Miss Margaret Kittle, Miss Lucia Kittle, Misses Borel, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Edgar Mills, Jr., Mr. Harold Wheeler, Mr. Fred B. Lake, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. W. Ames, Mr. T. Cary Friedlander, Mr. B. A. Hayne, Mr. E. L. Eyre, Mr. J. H. Deering, Mr. Basil Ricketts, Mr. James Otis, Mr. Daniel T. Murphy, Mr. George D. Boyd, Dr. Richardson, Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, Mr. E. H. Sbeldon, Mr. H. P. Bowie, Mr. Edward Donohoe, Mr. John W. Twiggs, Mr. August Taylor, Mr. George A. Pope, Mr. Donald Y. Campbell, Mr. Fred H. Coon, Mr. Jobn Mailliard, Mr. W. S. Jones, Mr. Brooks Jones, Mr. George Loughborough, Mr. A. H. Lougbborough, Mr. Cunningham, Mr. A. B. Williamson, Mr. William Randol, Mr. E. J. Pringle, Jr., Mr. Elliott McAllister, Mr. Milton S. Latham, Mr. Bruce Heathcote, Mr. George Vernon Gray, Mr. Duncan Hayne, Major J. L. Rathbone, General T. H. Ruger, U. S. A., Lieutenant E. M. Blake, U. S. A., Lieutenant Harry Benson, U. S. A., Dr. Robert Bowie, Lieutenant W. H. Coffin, U. S. A., Lieutenant J. W. Carlin, U. S. N., Lieutenant H. C. Poundstone, U. S. N., Dr. F. L. Town, U. S. A., Lieutenant L. A. Lovering, U. S. A., and many others.

The Crocker Lunch-Party.

Miss Fanny Crocker gave a large and elaborate lunch-party last Wednesday at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Clark W. Crocker, 1609 Sutter Street. The guests commenced to arrive about one o'clock and received a most cordial welcome in the drawing-room, where, under the soft glow of gaslight, a pretty scene was revealed to them. Elegant vases were filled with pink-hued pear-blossoms, the first of the season; miniature bark canoes overflowed with star-shaped wild-flowers; cut-glass receptacles held pink and white camelias, both single and double; and other fair blossoms were displayed on mantels, tables, and cabinets, giving a very pretty finish to the room. The gem of the decoration, however, was an immense basket that was filled with long sprays of yellow jonquils, fronded with delicate maiden-hair. Luncheon was announced at half-past one o'clock, and it was served in the suite of rooms across the hall, where several round tables were set. Gaslight illuminated these rooms also, and tall piano-lamps, with colored shades, were used in addition. In the center of each table was a candelabrum, having a colored shade and candles to harmonize. The souvenirs were unique and very handsome. They were bonbon receptacles in the form of books, music-rolls, and jewel-caskets, and were very daintily constructed. Some were pure white, others pink, others, again, green and lavender hued, and they were either encompassed by or had insertions of silk ribbons of the same shade. On the covers of the books the titles of some recent French novels were painted. The menu comprised every delicacy dear to feminine hearts, and it was served by Ludwig. During the luncheon a string orchestra gave concert selections. Miss Crocker's hospitality was enjoyed for several hours, and when departures were made it was quite evident, from the expressions of pleasure, that the affair had been eminently successful. Miss Crocker's guests were:

Mrs. Clark W. Crocker, Mrs. Charles Green, Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle, Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. W. F. Bowers, Mrs. Webster Jones, Mrs. George H. Howard, Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, Mrs. Robert J. Woods, Mrs. F. W. Tallant, Mrs. Alfred D. Holman, Mrs. M. S. Wilson, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Belden, Mrs. J. R. Vail, Mrs Robert Oxnard, Mrs. C. O. Alexander, Mrs. Morton Cheesman, Mrs. C. N. Sbaw, Mrs. Hugh Tevis, Mrs. J. A. Robinson, Mrs. Chauncey Winslow, Miss Durbrow, Miss Alice Scott, Miss Gray, Miss Mamie Holbrook, Miss May Bowen, Miss Jennie Sanderson, Miss Ransom, Miss Maud Younger, Miss Cluness, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Bessie Hooker, Miss Hyde, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Miss Dimond, Miss Ives, Miss Elliott, Miss Ethel Smith, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Lillian O'Connor, Miss Maud O'Connor, Miss Mamie Scott, Miss Lucy Upson, Miss Adelaide Upson, Miss Nellie Smedberg, Miss Laura Bates, Miss Lottie Clarke, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Cunningham, Miss Irwin, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Buckbee, Miss Mabel Cluness, Miss Mary Struve, Miss Yerrington, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Belle Smith, Miss Maud Hopkins, Miss McLaine, Miss Deming, Miss Alice Decker, Miss Beth Sperry, Miss Maud Morrow, Miss Oweo, Miss Merry, Miss May Severance, Miss Etta Birdsall, Miss Bessie Shreve, Miss Eva Castle, Miss Blanche Castle, Miss Marie Voorbies, Miss Kate Voorbies, Miss Florence Reed, Miss Rising, Miss May E. Pope, Miss Grube, Miss Nellie Jolliffe, Miss Carroll, Miss Kittle, Miss Leonide Cook, Miss Lillian Reed, and Miss Addie Mills.

The Friday Night Club.

The sixth and final cotillion of the Friday Night Club was, in its way, as brilliant an affair and as successful as was the *bal poudré*. It was termed the army and navy cotillion, as it was led by an army officer and the decoration of the ball savored of warfare—in times of peace. The floor was canvased, and two string orchestras were in attendance in the gallery, playing dance and concert music alternately. The ladies had paid special attention to their costumes, the beauty of which added much to the effectiveness of the scene when the ball was at its height. There were many officers of the army and navy present, and they all appeared in the attractive full-dress uniform of the services.

Lieutenant W. H. Coffin, U. S. A., of the Presidio, led alone and in an admirable manner. He introduced five figures, and in each of them colored calcium-lights were used. The "Anchor" figure was the most effective, and elicited many favorable remarks. The cotillion commenced at nine o'clock and continued until half-past eleven o'clock, when an elaborate supper was served in excellent style, and after that dancing was resumed until two o'clock. That terminated the cotillion and the very successful series of 1891–2. There were about three hundred and fifty members and guests present, and eighty couples danced. Those in the first set were:

Mrs. A. E. Wood, Mr. A. B. Moulder, Miss Beth Sperry, Lieutenant G. W. S. Stevens, U. S. A., Miss Jennie Hooker, Lieutenant Harry Benson, U. S. A., Miss Dimond, Lieutenant J. E. Nolan, U. S. A., Miss Helen Smith, Lieutenant L. A. Lovering, U. S. A., Miss Mamie Holbrook, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Miss Mary L. McNutt, Mr. N. G. Kittle, Mrs. W. S. Worth, Captain A. E. Wood, U. S. A., Miss Chew, Lieutenant Coffin, U. S. A., Mrs. Leonard Wood, Dr. Leonard Wood, U. S. A., Miss Myra Lord, Lieutenant J. D. Miley, U. S. A., Miss Meta Graham, Lieutenant E. M. Blake, U. S. A., Miss Thompson, Lieutenant W. W. Galbraith, U. S. A., Miss Burton, Lieutenant M. F. Davis, U. S. A.

The Merrill Lunch-Party.

A charming lunch-party was given last Thursday by Mrs. John F. Merrill, at her residence on the corner of Van Ness Avenue and Washington Street, in honor of Mr. Merrill's sister, Mrs. James Atkins, of New York, and her daughter, Miss Atkins, who are here on a visit. It was a very pretty affair, and was characterized by several novelties. Six round tables were prepared, each accommodating six ladies, and each was decorated in a different color. In the center of each table Miss Bates had arranged a may-pole, about three feet high, from the apex of which six long silk ribbons, garlanded with blossoms, radiated to the edge of the table, thus making six divisions. At each cover was a large envelope, torn open and filled with flowers, upon which rested a card bearing the name of the guest in painted letters. At each table the may-pole, ribbons, envelopes, and cards were of the same hue, and the flowers harmonized with them. At Mrs. Merrill's table the color was yellow and the flowers eschscholtzias; at Mrs. Holbrook's old rose was the shade and mignonette the flower; Mrs. De Greayer's table was decorated with aqua-marine green and white violets; Mrs. Dimond's table was adorned with two shades of blue and little forget-me-nots; at Mrs. Stetson's table the color was pale green and the flowers were Parma violets; and Mrs. Sroufe's table was embellished in pink tones and Duchesse de Brabant roses. A string orchestra played during the luncheon, which was served under Ludwig's direction. The ladies present were:

Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mrs. James Atkins, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. Alexander Center, Mrs. A. S. Hallidie, Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. Edward Barron, Mrs. B. A. Dunham, Mrs. William Z. Tiffany, Mrs. J. F. Foster, Mrs. James B. Stetson, Mrs. William J. Dutton, Mrs. Henry E. Bothin, Mrs. Herman Schussler, Mrs. Walter C. Campbell, Miss Susan Sroufe, Mrs. John Sroufe, Mrs. A. A. Louderback, Mrs. L. C. Dodge, Mrs. William Keeley, Mrs. W. B. Harrington, Mrs. James Elder, Mrs. Edwin Dimond, Miss Dunham, Miss Schussler, Miss Hattie Brown, Miss Haste, Miss Georgia Sroufe, Mrs. Josephine A. de Greayer, Miss Atkins, Miss Brown, Miss Beth Sperry, Miss Dimood, and Miss Mamie Holbrook.

The De Young Supper-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young gave a supper at their residence, 1919 California Street, last Wednesday evening to the principals in the cast of "Bluff King Hal" and a few other friends. Supper was served at midnight in the dining-room, which was beautifully decorated. The table was arranged in the style of "ye olden time," with antique lamps and candelabra to furnish illumination. Musical instruments of the time of King Henry the Eighth adorned the festal board, and large loving-cups were also conspicuous. The name-cards were appropriately designed. The menu was quite elaborate, and the time passed at table was made very merry. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mr. and Mrs. W. B Wilshire, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Marks, Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Younger, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Dickman, Mrs. Mary Wiman Williams, Mrs. W. H. Smith, Mrs. M. Deane, Miss Mamie Deane, Miss Alvina Heuer, Miss Belle Smith, Mr. H. J. Stewart, Mr. Daniel O'Connell, Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. Zeile, Dr. Martin Regensburger, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., Mr. Amadée Joullin, and Mr. E. H. de Pue.

The Morrow High Tea.

A thoroughly delightful affair was the high tea given last Thursday by Mrs. William Hulbert Morrow, *née* Hinkle, and Miss Maud Morrow at the residence of the former, 1326 Leavenworth Street. The house was decorated in an exceedingly pretty manner. In receiving and entertaining their guests the young hostesses were ably assisted by Miss Helen Walker, Miss Scott, Miss Ruger, Miss Ransom, Miss Harriet Brown, Miss May Hoffman, Miss Nellie Jolliffe, Miss Hilda Castle, Miss Maud Younger, and Mrs. Frank K. Zook. From four o'clock in the afternoon until nine o'clock in the evening there was a constant stream of callers, all of whom met with a cordial welcome and enjoyed the bounteous hospitality of the household. A pleasant surprise was given to those who were present in the evening, as a number of vocal selections were given by Miss Agnes Burgin, Miss Jennie Winston, and Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan, whose singing won for them many encomiums of praise. It was quite late when the last guests departed from the pleasant scene.

The Smith Matinée Tea.

A most enjoyable affair was the matinée tea given by the Misses Ethel and Helen Smith, at the residence of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney M. Smith, on Broadway, on Saturday, February 20th. The rooms on the main floor were all artistically decorated with flowers that combined harmoniously with the furnishings. Roses, narcissi, jonquils, and St. Joseph's lilies were the flowers used, and they were combined prettily with fine foliage and smilax. The hostesses were assisted in receiving by Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Helen Otis, Miss Alice Scott, Miss Eells, Miss Helen Smedberg, and Miss Mary L. McNutt. About three hundred guests were entertained between the hours of four and seven o'clock, and they all declared the tea a great success.

The Spalding Matinée Tea.

Mrs. Volney Spalding gave a delightful matinée tea on Saturday, February 20th, at which she hospitably entertained several hundred of her friends. She received in the parlors of the hotel, which were decorated beautifully with fragrant violets, and was assisted by Mrs. A. P. Benham, of New York. Light refreshments were served in Mrs. Spalding's private parlor, where Mrs. Hugh Hume, Miss Nellie Jolliffe, Miss Belle Smith, and Miss Emma Huntsman gracefully did the honors. A string orchestra played concert selections at intervals, and Mrs. Louis Brechemin sang some ballads charmingly. The reception ended about six o'clock, and was enjoyable in every way.

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When their tender Skins are literally ON FIRE with Itching and Burning Eczemas and other Itching, Scaly, and Blotchy Skin and Scalp Diseases, with Loss of Hair, none but mothers realize. To know that a single application of the

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WE MAKE THE TABLE OUR SPECIALTY.

It will pay Eastern tourists to spend their winters with us. Trains and boats to San Francisco every two hours. Write or telegraph. HEPBURN & TERRY, Larkspur, Cal.

Enameled Steel Ware

Agent wanted for a large German Manufactory of Enameled Kitchen Utensils, Iron Signs, etc., who is to have the sole agency and sale on his own account.

The works are well renowned all over the world, and will give full facilities to do a large and profitable business, but the agent must necessarily dispose of large capital.

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Universal Exhibition

TUESDAY NEXT, MARCH 1st,

—AT—

ROOS BROS.

Display of the Finest and Best

CHILDREN'S, BOYS, and MEN'S

CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS

LOW PRICES PREVAIL.

27, 29, 31, 33, 35, 37, Kearny Street

All are cordially invited to attend.

AN ARTFUL MAIDEN.

Being a Leaf from the Life of British Bohemia.

There could he no doubt that Miss Kittie Buller ("of the Priocipal Music-Halls, Herself her Only Parallel, Agents Wawkin aod Wyooe, York Road") was a clever and diverting young persoo. Her popularity wherever she appeared was considerable. When at the Folies Bergère she was referred to as "La Funny Englisch Comic." Wheo she convulsed audiences in London the advertisements called her the successful Chanteuse Excentrique. The newspaper opinions were unanimous. The *Sporting Mugwump* said: "Miss Kittie Buller is a fair cough-drop." The *Moon* said: "Miss Kittie Buller is a hewitching young person, aod clearly takes the cake." And the *Bayswater Magpie* remarked, io the course of a long and appreciative notice, that Miss Buller was a perfect furore.

As the furore sat in her rooms in Doughty Street, Bloomshury (economically lodged was Kittie, for she saved money), sippiog her morning cup of chocolate, she seemed a shade less lively thao usual. Under her curly fringe of brown hair there was a temporary hut sufficiently distinct furrow of thought. It looked very much out of place, this temporary furrow of thought; for its present patroness had much to induce her to assume an aspect of joy. In a month's time she would shout her "Swan Song" at the music-halls. A quiet wedding, and then as Mrs. Herbert Easelton she would embark oo a life of dignity and peace. Herbert Easelton was a very decent sort of fellow, as fellows go. Certainly he painted vague, misty landscapes for which nobody craved in the least; hut, as compensation, he himself thought a good deal of them. Kittie, because she was much io love, also considered them triumphs of art, and said they were quite too trottie for words.

For the twentieth time Kittie Buller, leaning back in the chair, with her forehead still wrinkled, kicked her loose slipper in the air, and, for the eighteenth time, on her silken-stockinged toe caught it. A double-knock at the street-door made her jump up. She called over the stairs:

"Is that a telegram for me, Mrs. Munro?"

"No, miss; it's only a advertisement from the draper's!"

Kittie muttered something harsh about the draper and his ways, and then ran into her bedroom. In a few minutes she reappeared, dressed to go out. The disturbing fact that Herbert had not as usual called and that oo explanatory telegram had arrived, did not permit her to forget that she had to rehearse a new song. She kissed the portrait of her sweetheart and went down-stairs.

"Is there——"

"No, miss; not yet," saog out the landlady.

As soon as she reached the hall, Kittie hurried to the office. There, also, was no telegram. With just a suspicion of a tear in her eye, she went to rehearse a new aod merry song:

When you've finished up a glass or two of grog,
Get another, get another.
When your watch and chain get borrowed in a fog,
Get another, get another.
When your wife's mamma is rude and a change will do her good,
Get another, dear chaps, get another.

Thus on the stage, in the murky, mid-day light, did Kitty to a sleepy, uokempt orchestra sing. She sang it three times, danced three times, the band showing at each turn obvious and palpable signs of improvement; and then she tried through her funoy imitations of a *café-chantant* girl, aod made the band laugh like anything.

"Are you sure there isn't one there?" said Kittie, trying to crane her oeck round the half-opened door; "have you looked amoog the B's?"

"'Course I've looked among the B's," said the old commissionaire in charge, with some digoity. "D'ye think I've been a-looking through the applezands?" Kittie turned away.

"Wite a bit, miss"—in an injured tone—"wite a bit. Don't be in a 'urry. Wot's this?"

A small telegraph-boy was sauntering through the corridor. "Nime of Buller?" Kittie clutched at the telegram impatiently and tore it open. "Cao not see you to-day. Have excellent news. Will try to write to-morrow.—HERBERT."

Kittie gave a little sob, crushed the little flimsy pink sheet into her muff, and stood for a moment undecided. Then she took from her purse a dozen pieces of silver and looked at them. They were nearly all heads, and she went out and hailed a hansom. "Burlington Studios, Langham Place."

Kittie knocked at the door of the studio with the handle of her parasol.

"My dear Kittie," said the good-looking young fellow (hair brushed over the forehead a shade too much and a trace of weakness about the chin) who opened the door, "why I wired you and—and——"

"I know, dear Bert, but I couldn't understand."

Then Miss Kittie Buller—*chanteuse excentrique*, fair cough-drop, taker of cake, and furore—did a very silly thing. She fell into Herbert Easelton's arms and fainted. When she recovered, she was in the large worn arm-chair near the well-littered table, and Herbert was standing near.

"How absurd of you, Kittie!" he said testily, and a little awkwardly. "It always gives a chop the hump to see a girl fainting about, don't you know. Such capital news, too, I've got. Perhaps I'd better not tell you if you feel at all off color."

"Tell me," said Kittie.

"You'd never guess. I reckon I've just about hit the bull's-eye this time. It's in all the art columos. Look here." Herbert took up an eveniog paper of the previous day's date, and read:

"'It is sometimes complained that our young artists are not sufficieotly encouraged by those to whom the world has given gold. There are, it seems, exceptions. A young artist, whose merits have not hitherto found appreciation (a disciple of Corot), has through the firm of Tablou & Co., of Old Bond Street, just sold two pictures for fifteen hundred pounds. The titles of the works are "A Cloudy Evening" and "Mist in Hyde Park." The artist's name is Mr. Herbert Easelton.'

"There!" said Herbert, with a kind of nervous joy—"what do you think of that, my little twenty-pounds-a-weeker—eh?"

"I call it good business," said Kittie, with a smile. "Can't we drink the health of the new R. A.?"

Herbert went to a cabinet, brought the liquor-stand, and poured out some brandy. Added to it from a syphon.

"Success to Mr. Herbert Easeltoo," he cried.

"Success to Mrs. Herbert Easelton," cried Kittie.

Herbert stopped. There was a silence broken at last by a nervous little laugh from Kittie.

"Well?"

"Kittie, I think I ought—I ought to be quite frank with you. I hope you—I hope you won't mind what I am going to say. You see, when we arranged to get married, I had oever thought of such a solid success as this. They were saying last night at the Hogarth that there was really no reason why I shouldn't get on splendidly, if I took sufficient pains."

("Yes, you must take sufficient pains," whispered poor Kitty, with her muff to her lips.)

"So I've been thinking that I ought to get you to release me. I must be cleverer even than I thought, don't you know, or I shouldn't be selling pictures for fifteen hundred pounds, and it might do me a lot of harm if it got wind that I was going to marry——"

"Miss Kittie Buller, of the Principal Music-Halls," said the voice behind the muff.

"That's just it, my dear—that's the point. I'm so glad you look at the matter so sensibly. You see, this fifteen-hundred-pouod business is only the beginniog. I'm bound to get oo now. And if you don't mind——"

"Do I understand," said Kitty, very quietly, "that you'd rather not disgrace yourself by marryiog me?"

"My dear, that's rather a hard way of putting it. It's my altered prospects, don't you know, and all that sort of thing, and matters are——"

"Do I understand," repeated Kittie, firmly, "that you'd rather not marry me?"

"Well, dear—well—yes—that's about it."

Miss Kittie Buller rose from the arm-chair. Miss Kittie Buller swept her long-handled parasol across the table, and the tumblers, palettes, and liqueur-stand went down with a crash on the floor. A little twitch and wriggle of the body and she wrested from her pocket a letter. Flattened this same letter out oo the table, took up her muff, strode to the door, and, with a choke in her throat, said: "Read that!" Herbert took it up:

(Private.) OLD BOND STREET, W.

DEAR MADAM: We beg to acknowledge receipt of your cheek for £1,500 (fifteen hundred pounds) for the two paintings by Mr. Herbert Easelton entitled "A Cloudy Evening" and "Mist in Hyde Park." We await the favor of your further orders and beg to assure you that in all transactions your name shall, as you desire, be kept secret.

Your obedient servants.

Miss Katherine Buller. TABLOU & Co.

Mr. Herbert Easelton turned very white and said "Damn!"

* * * * * * *

A moneyed person from Australia read the paragraph in the papers. Moneyed person wanted to buy pictures to take home. Did not mind what sort of pictures, providing they cost a good deal. Went to Tablou & Co., did moneyed person; met there Miss Buller; bought the pictures; married Miss Buller; took her back home to be the popular mayoress of a populous town io New South Wales. Easelton is writing libels on successful artists in a oew sixpenny paper. So that he, too, is doing well.
—*St. James's Gazette.*

To any one interested in gardening and raising small fruits and vegetables, "Dreer's Garden Calendar for 1892" must be a most welcome acquisition. It is a book of more than one hundred and fifty pages, and is a catalogue of the goods kept by Henry A. Dreer, the famous seedsman of 714 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. The contents are conveniootly grouped under "For the Vegetable Garden," "Dreer's Reliable Flower-Seeds," "Best Plants for Garden and Green-House," "Hardy Perennial Plants," "Garden and Farm Implements," "Poultry and Dairy Supplies," etc., and an index makes them easy of access. The descriptions of flowers and plants are elaborate and ore helped by excellent illustrations, and, besides stating the price of each article, the book gives ample directions to buyers. In a State where flowers grow so beautifully as they do in California, every family should have a copy of "Dreer's Garden Calendar."

For Biliousness

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

DR. W. B. GILLIES, Winnipeg, Manitoba, says: "I have used it in a typical case of indigestion with biliousness, and found it to be, without exception, the best thing I ever used in such cases."

ARTESIA OF TULARE.

By Joaquin Miller.

An old Scotch shepherd with a tale
Of crofter strife, heart-broken wife;
A barefoot girl sad-eyed and pale;
A dog, a gun, a buck-horn knife;
With garments torn, with face unshorn
And all his better life outworn.
But then his fond white flock of sheep
Where still Tulare's waters creep:

Fair, level water, willow-lined,
The one loved stream in all that land!
You should have seen it wind and wind
Through unfenced seas of loam and sand
Long years ago, with here and there
A pack of wolves, a wailing bear,
When this stout-hearted, lorn old man
Kept flock as only Scotchmen can!

And how he loved Tulare's bank,
And planned to huy, and build, and rest,
The while his white flock fed and drank.
Aye he had thrift and of the best,
And back, where no rich man laid hands,
Had bought and bought wide desert lands.
But sudden came the rich and strong—
The old, old tale of cruel wrong.

"I'll have his lands," the rich man cried.
"His lands are broad as his Scotch brogue—
That's saying they are broad and wide.
I'll have his lands! He calls me rogue.
Out, out!—away! I will not spare
One drop from that deep river there."

And, banished so, they sadly turned,
The barefoot lass, the bent old man,
To where the barren desert burned—
His dog, his gun, a water-can;
His white flock bleating on before
All loth to leave the watered shore;
His dog with drooping tail and ears;
His barefoot, tattered child in tears.

They found a rounded mound not far,
That rose above the sage and sand,
Where one green willow, like a star
In some dark night, stood lone and grand.
And here the can and gun were swung;
In grief as when lorn Israel hung
Her harp on willow-tree and kept
Sad silence as she sat and wept.

The dog crouched freiful at their feet;
The woolly fold crept close with fear,
And one meek lamb did bleat and bleat,
So piiiful, so sadly drear,
The girl crept from the bowed old man,
Reached up and took the water-can,
And gave it water while he slept,
The while she silent wept and wept.

Then came gaunt wolves—all sudden came—
And sat in circle close below!
The dog sprang up, his eyes aflame,
And all his frame did quiver so!
Then like a shot right down he sped, . . .
Crept back all blood and fell down dead.
She snatched the gun. No more she wept,
But watched, the while the shepherd slept.

Then came the moon. Vast peaks of snow
Flashed silver from Sierra's height,
And lit the lonely scene below
As if with some unearthly light—
A light that only made a gloom
'Mid silence, space, and shoreless room.
Why, all that moonlit scene but seemed
Such as half-maddened men have dreamed.

At last the sun burst like a flame,
And shaggy wolves fled from the light.
Then wide-eyed, wondering rabbits came
And stood in circle left and right.
They stood so graceful, trim, and tall,
You might have guessed this was a ball
Where dainty dancers, slim and neat,
Stood waiting with impatient feet.

The old man wakened. Why, his fold
Had crept so close ere break of morn
That he reached out and there laid hold
Of his huge ram by one curled horn!
But then the dog! Ah, there were tears!
He scarce had wept for years and years,
But now it seemed his heart would break
In sorrow for that dead brute's sake.

He said no word, but silent took
In his broad, heavy, honest hand
His long, strong, steel-shod shepherd's crook,
And digged a deep grave in the sand.
But why so eager now? so wild?
He turns, he catches up his child:
"My bairn, my bairn, my eyes are dim;
But hide ye, bide, and trust in Him!"

Away he sped; and soon he brought
From some old camp a long black rod
On his bent back. Then, as he wrought,
She thought of Moses; prayed to God
That water for the thirsting flock
Might flow as from the smitten rock,
And save her father—save him sane
There in that fearful desert plain.

He forced the black tube through the sod
Beneath the waving willow-tree
With giant's strength. Then, as if God
Decreed, it sank, sank swift and free—
Sank sudden through the slime and sand,
Sank deep, slid swift, slid from his hand!
Then he sprang up, aghast and dazed
And piteous, as if sudden crazed.

He caught his gun; he madly wrenched
The barrels out and thrust them down;
And then he fell, fell drenched, fell drenched
With floods that leaped as if to drown!
And all Tulare came there to drink,
As happy-faced as you can think.
—*St. Nicholas for March.*

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GRAND NATIONAL PRIZE of 16,600 FRANCS.
Used with entire success in Hospitals of Paris for the cure of
ANEMIA, CHLOROSIS, WASTING DISEASES, RETARDED CONVALESCENCE, and POORNESS of the BLOOD.
Prevents INFLUENZA and La GRIPPE.
This invigorating tonic is powerful, but gentle, in its effect, is easily administered, assimilates thoroughly and quickly with the gastric juices, without deranging the action of the stomach.
Iron and Cinchona are the most powerful weapons employed in the art of curing; Iron is the principal of our blood, and forms its force and richness. Cinchona affords life to the organs and activity to their functions.
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An American lady, visiting Paris, was continually interested in the smart little boys, in white caps and aprons, who deliver the wares of the pastry-cooks. One day she said to one of these boys, who had brought her some cakes: "Ah, I suppose you get the benefit of one of these cakes yourself sometimes." "What do you mean, madame?" "You eat a cake now and then?" "Eat them? Oh, no, madame, that wouldn't do. I only lick 'em as I come along!"

W. G. Wills, the English novelist, one night allowed himself to be dragged to the theatre by a friend, when he would far rather have stayed at home. The young man at the door would not admit them, though Wills had a standing invitation to the house, but the proper official was afterward found, and gave the necessary permission. Wills endured the performance with stoical calmness, but, on going out, said pathetically: "I am looking for that kind-hearted young man who was for not letting us in. I should like to give him a shilling."

A private soldier had knocked down his captain, and a court-martial had sentenced him to the Dry Tortugas. His friends bestirred themselves in his behalf, and prevailed upon Judge Schofield, a personal friend of President Lincoln, to intercede in his behalf. Lincoln paid close attention to all that Schofield had to offer, and then said: "I tell you, judge, you go right down to the capitol, and get Congress to pass an act authorizing a private soldier to knock down his captain. Then come back here, and I will pardon your man." The judge saw the point, and withdrew, with a broad smile on his face.

When the railway was first opened in a new part of India, it took a long time and many bitter experiences to convince the natives that a train always started on time. Shortly after the opening of the new line, a deputy-commissioner sent his native servant with his letter-bag to put on board the mail-car. Presently the man returned with the bag, having missed the train. "You had not half a mile to go, and you knew that the train left the station at three o'clock," said the angry commissioner. "Yes, truly," answered the native, in an aggrieved tone; "but, sahib, when it strikes three here, the train goes from there."

An actor in one of the Broadway theatres (says the New York *Press*) not long ago gave the name of one of Dr. Houghton's curates as reference in a business transaction. The merchant made haste to the Little Church Around the Corner and preferred his request for particulars concerning the financial standing and reliability of his proposed customer. "Indeed," said the reverend gentleman, hastily, "I can give you no guaranty, my good sir; I have merely a desultory acquaintance with the gentleman, as he is not a member of our church." "Why, that's very strange," said the merchant, perplexedly; "he told me that he came here regularly." "He does," returned the curate, with a reminiscent smile; "he always gets me to marry him."

Mr. Pyne, an English engineer resident at Cahul in the service of the Ameer, tells a good story about his highness and the Russians. The Russian Governor of Turkestan sent to the Ameer saying that it was proposed to exercise some five hundred artillery and cavalry on the Afghan frontier, and expressing the hope that it would not give rise to apprehensions on the part of his highness. To this his highness replied that he had no objection, because, as it happened, he was about to exercise five thousand cavalry, artillery, and infantry on his side of the frontier at the same place, and there was plenty of room for both. The reply to this, after thanking his highness, was that another more convenient site had been found for the proposed maneuvers.

There is no reason why every person who has the knack of clever and easy expression should "rush into print," and the remarkably bright wife of Friedrich von Schlegel, the German writer and philosopher, evidently realized this fact. She was constantly being urged by her friends and admirers to write, but a smile was her usual reply. She thoroughly appreciated her husband's genius and success; but one day, when asked why she "wasted" so much time knitting, instead of finding some occupation more suited for her brilliant talent, she replied, placidly: "I have never heard that there are too many stockings in the world, but I have often heard it said that there are too many books. So it seems to me it is more praiseworthy for me to knit a stocking than to write a book." And in this opinion her well-cared-for husband fully coincided.

A recent French writer on "The Revolution, the Empire, and the Restoration" cites an amusing instance of what he calls heroic courtesy. Percy, Lord Beverly, invited to dine with him a marquis who was one of the most valiant soldiers of the army of Condé. Wishing to honor his guest and the cause which he served, that of the French king, the English peer ordered his butler to bring him a bottle of fine wine one hundred years old, "a ray of sun shut in crystal." He opened it carefully, and offered a glass to the marquis, saying, "If you deem it worthy the honor, will you drink in this wine the health of the king?" The marquis tasted the wine. "How do you like it?" asked the host. "Exquisite," replied the marquis. "Then," said Lord Beverly, "finish the glass; only in a full glass can one drink the health of so great and so unfortunate a king." Without hesitation the marquis did as he was bidden. Only when the Englishman tasted the wine did he learn that what he had forced on his guest was castor-oil.

L. H. Tudor, who has just returned from an Australian trip, tells this story: "When I landed in Sydney, Australia, I found Sells Brothers' circus quartered in the town. The city was hung in red posters. A prominent feature in the hills was the chariot-race in 'Ben-Hur.' But the circus was in the dumps, because the authorities had seized and shot all the horses, on account of glanders. That night the ring-master came out and announced the great chariot-race. 'It is an undisputed fact,' said he, 'that the chariot-races of old were run with men and not horses. The management has secured the services of four of the fleetest runners in the world, and you will now have the pleasure of witnessing a chariot-race as they were run in olden times.' The doors opened and Ben-Hur and his antagonist dashed into the ring, drawn by eight tent-hands who couldn't run one hundred yards in one hundred seconds. It was the funniest thing I ever saw. The audience laughed till they were hoarse. Instead of ruining their business, it proved a perfect bonanza to Sells Brothers. People flocked to the performances to see the strange sight. The week's stand was lengthened out to three weeks, and the show just coined money."

It was but a very small and even insignificant change of a letter which rather spoiled the impressive eloquence of a preacher who, warning his audience against idolatry, in place of "Bow not thy knee to an idol," made a false step, and said: "Bow not thine eye to a needle." In the same way, a young clergyman, in giving the hymn, "Conquering Kings," startled his congregation with the announcement, "The hymn to-night will be 'Kinquering Congs—Kinquering Congs.'" Much the same was the pitfall into which a reverend gentleman walked when, in place of saying, "Behold the fig-tree, how it withereth away," by a simple transposition of two letters, he asked his audience to "Behold the wig-tree, how it fithereth away." The preacher who, describing conscience, asked his listeners whether there was one there who "had not felt within him the effect of a half-warmed fish." After this the instance of the parson who announced, "He spake the word, and cattlehoppers came and grassipillars innumerable," seems almost commonplace. So, too, does the mistake of the priest, who assured his congregation the other day that "it was easier for a rich man to pass through the eye of a needle than for a camel to enter the kingdom of God."

Army officer (at Washington)—"Yes; I have been in the service nearly ten years." *Young lady*—"I suppose you have had some narrow escapes?" *Army officer* (turning pale at the recollection)—"I had a mighty narrow escape only a short time ago." *Young lady* (breathlessly)—"What was it?" *Army officer*—"I came very near being ordered West."—*Texas Siftings.*

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Steamer sails at noon 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas.
Way line sailing—Friday, March 18th, SS. City of Panama.
Where the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the preceding Saturday

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.:
City of Peking ..... Saturday, March 12, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio de Janeiro ..... Tuesday, April 5, at 3 P. M.
China ..... Thursday, April 28, at 3 P. M.
Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.
ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From Dec. 6, 1891.	ARRIVE.
7.00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 P
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	* 12 15 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga	6 15 P.
* 8.00 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa	* 6.15 P.
8.00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	Second-class Ogden and East, and first-class locally	10.45 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Inne, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	4 45 P.
9.00 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	12.15 P
12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore	7.15 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	* 9.00 P
3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, & Stockton	9 45 A.
4.00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9 45 A
4.30 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10 45 A
4.30 P.	Woodland and Oroville	10 45 A
* 4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8 45 A
.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P
5 00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 P
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	7.45 A
.....	Niles and San José	‡ 6.15 P.
6.00 P.	Ogden Route Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	11.45 A
‡ 7.00 P.	Vallejo	† .45 P.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	8.15 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

8.15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
* 4.15 P.	Centreville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	* 10 50 A
4.15 P.	Centreville, San José, and Los Gatos	9.50 A
† 1 .45 P.	Hunters' Train to Newark, Alviso, San José, and Los Gatos	‡ 8.05 P.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7.00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations	6 10 P.
10.37 A.	San José and Way Stations	5.10 P
12.15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations	4.00 P.
* 2.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way stations	* 10 48 A
* 3.30 P.	Menlo Park San José, and principal Way Stations	* 10.03 A.
* 4 15 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.06 A
5.15 P.	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
† 11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	† 7.30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY
THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 29, 1891, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7.40, 9.20, 11.40 A. M.; 3.30, 5.00, 6.20 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1.50 P. M.
Sundays—8, 9.30, 11 A. M.; 2, 5, 6.15 P. M.
From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6.25, 7.55, 9.30 A. M.; 12.45, 3.40, 5 05 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.30 P. M.
Sundays—8.10, 9.40, A. M.; 12.15, 3.40, 5, 6.25 P. M.
From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6.50, 8.20, 9.55 A. M.; 12.10, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.55 P. M.
Sundays—8.25, 10.05 A. M 12 40, 4.05, 5.30, 6.50 P. M

Leave San Francisco. Week Days.	Leave San Francisco. Sundays.	Destination.	Arrive San Francisco. Sundays.	Arrive San Francisco. Week Days.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M. 5.00 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 9.30 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M. 7.25 P. M.	8.50 A. M 10.30 A. M 6.10 P. M
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7.25 P. M.	6 10 P. M
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M	8.00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M 6 10 P M
7.40 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	8.50 A. M 6.10 P. M
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	10.30 A. M 6.10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydesville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays, to Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa, $2.25; to Healdsburg, $3.40; to Cloverdale, $4.50; to Hopland, $5.70; to Ukiah, $6.75; to Sebastopol, $2.70; to Guerneville, $3.75; to Sonoma, $1.50; to Glen Ellen, $1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, $1; to Santa Rosa, $1.50; to Healdsburg, $2.25; to Cloverdale, $3; to Ukiah, $4.50; to Hopland, $3.80; to Sebastopol, $1.80; to Guerneville $2.50; to Sooooma, $1; to Glen Ellen, $1.20.

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PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., March 11, 25, April 9, 24, May 9, 24.
For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M. every Friday. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, the 1st of each month. Ticket office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.
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It is quite refreshing to find a bright, clean, pleasant piece on the boards at one of the minor theatres, and it is not surprising that "Poor Jonathan"—in which Lillian Russell drew crowds for three-quarters of a year at the Casino in New York—is being played to good business. It bears evidence of a combination between a bright, foreign librettist and a promising disciple of the Viennese school of comic opera. Millöcker works on the same lines as Suppé and the Strausses. He runs less to melodies than Sullivan or the Offenbach school; but his music is sweet all through, with a sensuous flavor, which tickles like a spring breeze blowing over a rose-garden. Spectators are lulled into delicious reverie by the waltz to which the soprano sings an aria in the second act, and the "fatal air" is also very fetching. If Millöcker could have got Cellier or Jabolowski to inject a rattling chorus into the piece, it might have compared with "Dorothy" or "Erminie." As it is, it is a musical trifle from the consumption of which every one arises satisfied and which most people would like to see again.

Such pieces have no plot that conforms to the laws of dramatic art. In the first act, the audience is introduced to a bevy of lady doctors, of which a certain Miss Harriet (Myra Mirella) is the chief. They look so sweet in their square college-hats and their short gray skirts that it is well for the male members of the faculty that they are not types of the female medico. Every man, sick or well, would want to have his pulse felt by such practitioners, and would insist on auscultation, percussion, and all other processes of diagnosis. No board of examiners could refuse a diploma to such bewitching votaries of science; at the first glance of such bright eyes, the most crusty gray-beard on the board would cry:

"Dignae, dignae sunt intrare
In nostro docto corpore."

The chief lady doctor can do more than prescribe—she can sing. Miss Myra Mirella sings to such purpose that an impresario offers her two thousand dollars a night, a special car, all expenses paid for herself and suite, if she will become prima donna of his troupe. She naturally accepts; it is a good deal better fun singing songs than physicking people whose livers are out of order, though, from the proposed terms of the contract, it might look as though it were she who was going to "faire chanter" the impresario, and not he her.

On this the tenor falls into frenzy. It is the nature of tenors to fall into frenzy; there would not be any use for them if they did not. Their business in life is to be crossed in love and to moan over it in melodious chants. In this case, the tenor, who, being an American, bears the extremely common American name of Rubygold, does a good deal of moaning over the prospect that his lady-love is going to sing love-songs with Tom, Dick, and Harry, and to be hugged by them whenever the exigencies of the play require such embraces; and, after casting his horoscope, he resolves to end his heartache and his thousand shocks—not with a bodkin, which Hamlet erroneously assumed to be adequate for the purpose, but with a revolver. Simultaneously, a cook (MacCollin), who, from some occult reason, put castile-soap in his ice-cream, and was naturally discharged in consequence, comes to the same conclusion. The two men meet, revolver in hand, and compare notes. The cook declares that he is going to visit the undiscovered country because he has no money; the tenor remarks that he is undertaking the same journey because he has too much. This, by the way, implies that Dr. Soprano rejected him because he was too well off; which is quite foreign to the habits of either female doctors or sopranos.

The tenor proposes to Cooky to change places with him. Needless to observe that the offer is promptly and gratefully accepted. Cooky marries the kitchen-maid, Molly—a rôle uncommonly well played by Fanny Hall—and off they go to Monte Carlo, where, by an odd coincidence, all the other members of the troupe happen to be lodging. Cooky, of course, plunges into the delightful wickedness of that depraved elysium with the zest of one who for the first time in his life has full pockets. Molly takes the well-known part of the American millionairess, and does it very well; she is dressed to kill, and if she exhibited to the bloods on the Mediterranean one-half the vivacity she showed on the stage, her husband might wish he had stayed with his pots and pans. Enter to them the soprano—who by this time has grown to be a diva and leads her manager the usual dog's life—and the gloomy tenor, who, for a penniless man, seems to go about a good deal and to wear very good clothes. But it would be a violation of the rules of art for him to be happy; so he receives the confidences of his old friend, the cook, who informs him that he is *au mieux* with the soprano, and thinks of a divorce in order to marry her. Cooky sums up the modern philosophy of marriage and divorce in a couple of terse sentences.

"Nowadays, a man and a woman go to a justice, who, after asking each if he or she will have the other, and receiving the reply, 'yes,' pronounces the sentence, 'Then you are married. Two dollars.' Then the same couple go before another justice, who asks them whether they want to be unmarried. When they say 'yes,' he pronounces: 'Then you are divorced. Four dollars.' It's worth the difference."

In a caricature in a recent comic paper, a chappie asks a bud how Cranston came to marry Flora Greene, after being engaged to her sister. The bud replies:

"Oh, Flora eloped with the coachman, and Cranston just transferred his affection to her sister."

"And what became of his successful rival?"

"The Cranstons engaged him as coachman."

In like manner, on their return to the United States, Cooky engages the tenor as head-butler; but, by this time, Cooky is reaping the reward of riches, and encountering so many annoyances that he pines for his former station or death. At the time of the compact between him and the tenor, they had agreed that if either of them sang a certain fatal song, he must carry out his original purpose and blow his brains out. Cooky is just going to sing the song, when the tenor appears; they agree to revoke their bargain, the tenor resumes his fortune, marries the soprano, and engages Cooky and Molly to run his house. So all ends happily. The lady doctors, having mastered the art of healing, resolve to acquire the art of inflicting wounds, and enter themselves as cadets at West Point; and, attractive as they were in college-hats and gray skirts, they are still more fetching in shell-jackets and white trousers. They would be fatal to susceptible youth in any apparel.

If to this brief summary it be added that Myra Mirella has a clear, sweet, and powerful voice, which she handles with intelligent method; that Fanny Hall, whom many will remember at the Tivoli, is a brisk, piquant soubrette; and that MacCollin was capital in comic dialogue, enough will have been said to account for the success of the piece.

It ought to point out to playwrights a path for future successes. The construction of "Poor Jonathan" indicates foreign authorship, supplemented by domestic collaboration. No American would have invented Harriet or Rubygold; but no foreigner could have strewn the play with the local hits in which it abounds. And again, unhappily, unless Mr. De Koven should ripen wonderfully, no American composer could write such pleasant music as "Poor Jonathan" contains. Why should not our playwrights combine with foreign composers to produce a set of new comic operas, based on American themes and enriched with the lively music which is constantly being written at Paris, Vienna, and London? Such a combination would develop a school of American composers and American musical art.

The United States now form the mainstay of the theatre—dramatic and lyric. For a dollar which authors and composers can make in Europe, they can make five here. And yet the plays which we pay to see are almost all foreign. Mr. Bronson Howard, Mr. Gillette, Mr. Clay Greene, and two or three others are elbowing Englishmen and Frenchmen out of the field of comedy. Who will elbow them out of the domain of comic opera? The opportunity is manifest. Americans are sick of seeing comic operas in which English lords and ladies strut and French and Italian counts and countesses warble. They want something racy of the soil. They hunger and thirst to see American men and American women on the stage, holding up the mirror to the foibles of American life and furnishing a vent for American humor. As pretty music can be written on American love, and American coquetry, and American despair, and American passion, and American jealousy, as was ever strung on the thread of domestic dramas among people with whom, after all, our affinity is slight. The fortune which "The Henrietta" is realizing for its author is a beacon-light upon which musicians should keep their eyes steadily set. The composer who will produce an American comic opera, with as good music in it as Sullivan, and Strauss, and Suppé, and Massenet are bubbling over with, will become a rich man and will found a school which will render its creator famous.

At the theatres during the week commencing Monday, February 29th: "The Vice-Admiral" will be sung at the Tivoli Opera House; Stuart Robson in "The Henrietta"; McKee Rankin in "Storm-Beaten"; and repetitions of "Poor Jonathan" and "Superba."

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Homer must have been triplets." "Why?" "He was born in three different places."—*Life.*

"They say Weaknee has been wandering in his mind lately." "Well, he's safe enough; he can't get far."—*Ex.*

Young Dinklebaum—"Fadder, how much is two und two?" *Old Dinklebaum*—"Vat you vant to do, buy or sell?"—*Judge.*

Prisoner (in jail, looking at the sky through the bars of his cell)—"What frightful weather! I think I won't go out to-day!"—*Ex.*

Jangle—"What a braggart Wickle is!" *Tonks*—"Is he? In what way?" *Jangle*—"Why, he says he isn't a fool!"—*Pick-Me-Up.*

Grace—"Is it true that you refused poor Mr. Trotter?" *Rosalie*—"Well, you don't think I'd refuse rich Mr. Trotter, do you?"—*Judge.*

Sheriff—"Gimme one ticket for Sing Sing." *Ticket-agent*—"Return?" *Sheriff*—"Nope; I have a pass, and the other gent's in for life."—*Ex.*

He—"I am in love. Will you be my confidant?" *She*—"Certainly; I am at your service." *He*—"Well, would you advise me to propose to you?"—*Life.*

Brown (who likes to be thought a swell and who has been intrusted with a friend's brougham for the night)—"Home, John." *John*—"Where's that, sir?"—*Judge.*

Yabsley—"Wonder what is their idea in making this Schweitzer cheese so full of holes?" *Mudge*—"Guess they thought it needed a little fresh air."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"What's the charge against this man, officer?" "No visible means of support," returned Number 5070. "I can't afford to take me wife wid me everywhere," growled the prisoner.—*Epoch.*

Justice—"What's your age?" *Prisoner*—"Air ye good at figgers?" *Justice*—"Yes; but what has that got to do with your age?" *Prisoner*—"Wall, I was forty-nine in '65; you kin figger it out to suit yourself."—*Puck.*

He took her hand tenderly. "A ring would look sweet on that little finger," he said—"an engagement ring." "It isn't the fashion to wear engagement rings on the little finger," she replied, drawing her hand away.—*Life.*

Missed fire: *Miss Budd* (wishing to impress her youthfulness upon her listener)—"Mother looks young for fifty, does she not? She married at thirty." *Her listener*—"Er—was that her—er—second marriage?"—*Puck.*

He—"Maud—I—I should like to walk home with you, if you will let me." *She* (coldly)—"You may, if papa gives his permission." *He*—"All right. I'll ask him. Where is he?" *She*—"He went to Chicago last night."—*Bazar.*

Visitor (at the jail)—"Poor, poor man! May I offer you this bunch of flowers?" *Man behind the bars*—"You've made a mistake, miss. The feller that killed his wife and children is in the next cell. I'm yere for stealin' a cow."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Neighbor—"I wuz s'prised to hear lately, Brudder Wampus, dat you's drinkin' hard." *Mr. Wampus*—"Yassir. Dey's a man out West says de worl' am gwine to come to an end in 'bout two weeks, an' I's bound I won't let dis yere bar'l o' cider go to waste!"—*Puck.*

Teacher—"Now, Mamie, tell me how many bones you have in your body." *Mamie*—"Two hundred and eight." *Teacher*—"Wrong; you have only two hundred and seven." *Mamie* (triumphantly)—"Yes, but I swallowed a fish-bone at breakfast this morning."—*Bazar.*

Sir Edwin Arnold will give only one reading during his present stay in San Francisco. It will take place, under the management of Mr. John F. Bragg, at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening, February 29th, and Sir Edwin will sail for Japan on Tuesday. The reading will be a very interesting one, including extracts from many of his best poems, with brief introductory remarks.

"The Heroine of '49," a story by Mary P. Sawtelle, M. D., has met with a large sale, and already a new edition is called for. It will be revised, beautifully illustrated, and richly bound. The story is full of interesting incidents, the characters being a young prospector seeking for gold, an Indian maiden, and the usual sturdy persons of a mining-camp.

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A Modern Miracle.
It may be impossible to "make a silk purse out of a sow's ear," but some of the daintiest, most *chic* little purses that a pretty woman ever wanted to carry are made of other kinds of leather, and there are whole show-cases full of them in Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s new store on Market Street, just opposite Grant Avenue. There seems to be no end to the variety of them, and there are quite as many kinds of card-cases, memorandum-books, calling-lists, and other little conveniences for ladies, besides wallets, pocket-books, and diaries in the latest styles of leather-goods for gentlemen.

It is something new for Sanborn, Vail & Co. to be selling these goods at retail, though they have done a large wholesale business in them for years. But now that they have room to handle these articles, they have put them in their retail department. So, also, have they started a retail department in stationery, where they sell all the latest styles of note and letter-papers, correspondence cards, etc.; and to this they have added still another branch, making a specialty of engraving visiting-cards, invitations, wedding announcements, and all those convenient communications which fashion has decreed should be done by the engraver's art rather than by pen. This work they have only been doing for a short time, but already people are beginning to talk of the elegance and beauty of Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s card engraving.

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"BLUFF KING HAL."

Argument and Principal Songs of the New Opera.

The romantic opera of "Bluff King Hal" was produced at the Grand Opera House on Wednesday night by a company of society amateurs, who gave their services for the benefit of the building fund of the San Francisco Art Association, under whose auspices the performance was given. The book of the opera is by Mr. Daniel O'Connell, a journalist and poet of more than local fame, and the composer is Mr. H. J. Stewart, Mus. Bach., who was a fellow-student at Balliol College, Oxford, with Sir Arthur Sullivan. The *dramatis personæ* and the argument of the play are given as follows:

BLUFF KING HAL.
LEONARD, a forester.
BARDOLPH, landlord of the Star and Garter, Windsor.
RALPH, chief of the outlaws.
ROBERT, constable of Windsor.
PHYLLIS, daughter of Bardolph.
DOROTHY, a widow.
ELIZABETH, wife of Bardolph.
Burglars, village maidens, outlaws, foresters, yeomen of the guard, and attendants.

In the first act, Leonard, a forester, is found to be in love with Phyllis, the daughter of Bardolph, host of the Star and Garter Inn at Windsor. A guest at the inn is Dorothy, a coquettish widow, supposed to be wealthy. Robert, the Constable of Windsor, wooes Dorothy for her money, but, suspicious of Bardolph, makes the latter's wife Elizabeth jealous of her, the better to prosecute his own suit. "Bluff King Hal" is expected at Windsor, and the town is in gala attire to welcome its beloved monarch. Leonard's attentions to Phyllis are rejected by her parents, and he wanders off in a sullen mood. The king arrives at Windsor, disguised as a yeoman of the guard. He dismisses his attendants, meets Phyllis, and presses his attentions upon her. She calls for assistance, Leonard rushes upon the scene, and strikes the king, who then reveals his rank and orders Leonard into custody, also commanding his execution next morning.

In the second act, Leonard escapes and takes refuge with the outlaws in Windsor Forest. They receive him kindly and enlist him as one of their band. Robert, the Constable of Windsor, to win the king's favor, has tracked Leonard to the outlaws' camp. He is discovered and himself captured. Leonard recognizes him, but nobly refuses to betray him. Phyllis, who has heard the yeomen of the guard discuss their plans for Leonard's capture, appears to warn her lover. He refuses to abandon his comrades, the yeomen of the guard rush on, and a fight ensues, in which the outlaws are surrounded and taken.

The third act is again at Windsor. Robert receives all the credit of the affray. His valor is the subject of a song by Bardolph; but Elizabeth, who has become aware of his mischief-making, exposes his poltroonery. Leonard and his outlaws are led off to be executed. Phyllis prostrates herself at King Hal's feet, and craves her lover's life. The king at first refuses, and then by a sudden impulse relents and forgives Leonard, and Ralph, the outlaw chief, and his comrades. He also insists that Robert, the mendacious and mischief-making constable, shall marry Dorothy, which he is loth to do, as he finds she is without fortune. The wedding-bells chime, and merriment and feasting once more reign in loyal Windsor.

The opening song of the first act, the scene being a street in Windsor, is this chorus:

Hail and welcome to the King,
Comrades make the welkin ring,
Shout until the fallow deer,
Browsing in the forest near,
Raise their bonny heads to hear
Loyal Windsor welcoming
Bluff King Hal, her lusty King.

Then Bardolph sings the solo:

London dames are passing fair,
London Lords are stately;
But the King they all declare,
Loves his Windsor greatly;
Loves his hlithe and huxom maids,
Loves the ringing horn,
Loves the chase through forest glades
In the early morn.

A ranger sings:

Maidens, don your raiment fine,
Good dames, smile your sweetest,
Bardolph, tap your rarest wine—
Good old wine is sweetest—
For the royal cup we drain
To our Bluff King Harry;
Bugles hlow with might and main,
Windsor shall he merry.

One of the most catchy songs is that of Rohert, the Constable of Windsor, who sings:

Oh, I am the Constable great,
And the keys of the castle gate
Every night I hring to his Majesty, the King,
Who receives me in the most imposing state;
Some day he'll deem it right,
To say, "Arise, Sir Knight,
You're the very flower, I see, of old England's chivalry,
So huckle on your armor hright,"
For I'm the Constable, the Constable of Windsor.
As I march through the town in my elegant gown,
There is never a clown hut will bow down
To the Constable of Windsor.
Swash-hucklers are afraid
When I draw my gleaming hlade;
They wheel about and fly at my ringing hattle-cry,
For they know that through gore I wade.

Presently follows the love duet between Rohert and Dorothy.

ROBERT.

The hirds in the air, and the hirds in the hushes
Sing Dorothy, Dorothy, all the day long,
When the gray garh of twilight the Windsor wood hushes
Thy name is the theme of the nightingale's song.

DOROTHY.

Oh, dear! Master Robert, this heautiful greeting
Some troubadour doubtless has taught thee at court,
Good gracious! Your words my poor heart has set beating,
Now, Rob, do you mean them or are you in sport?

ROBERT.

Do I mean them? Oh! charmer, page, hurgher, and vassal,
Have laid down their hearts at fair Dorothy's feet.
She's the toast in the cottage, the toast in the castle,
The King, gossips say, deemeth Dorothy sweet.

DOROTHY.

Just think of it, Rohert. Ah, now when I ponder,
The smiles and soft words of the gallants in town,
Elizabeth's envy no longer I wonder;
I'll off, Master Rohert, and don a new gown.

ROBERT AND DOROTHY.

The birds in the air and the hirds in the hushes
Sing Dorothy, Dorothy, all the day long.

ROBERT.

When the gray garh of twilight the Windsor woods hushes.

DOROTHY AND ROBERT.

My / Thy } name is the theme of the nighingale's song.

A quartet, in the light style of the old English country-dance, follows, ending:

Of widows heware, young, tender, and fair;
They all have some object in view;
They've a quick, roving eye, and they ogle and sigh
Till you think all their love is for you.

When a widow beguiles a man with her smiles
The fact is ahundanly plain
He has eyes for no other, wife, sister, or brother,
He'll never love woman again.

The solo of Leonard, the plaint of a lover sighing for the presence of his mistress, runs:

Down hy the mere I have watched the fair lilies
Gleaming in sunlight, and darkened with shade,
Under the oaks I've lain dreaming of Phyllis,
Phyllis, the fairest of Windsor's fair maids.
The hreezes that sigh through the leaves of the forest
Breathe Phyllis, dear Phyllis, coy, gentle, and true.
The balm to this heart when its pain is the sorest
Is Phyllis, sweet Phyllis, the memory of you.

The timid doe moves through the forest's long grasses,
So lighthy and softly, her mate hy her side,
I wish, as her lithe step my mossy seat passes,
I could roam thus with Phyllis and call her my bride.
Oh, Phyllis! my tender one, beautiful Phyllis
Is queen of the forest, sweet Phyllis, my dear—
Queen of the forest, and fair as the lilies
That float on the hreast of the oak-shaded mere.

The lightsome lilt of Phyllis, sure of Leonard's love, hegins:

I am to-day the happiest maid
In all of Windsor town,
With bonny snood my hair I braid,
And don my gayest gown,
To please a lad in Lincoln green,
A saucy, roving hlade,
Who swears upon his faith
He loves no other maid.

O my heart is full of glee,
For Leonard loveth me,
And plucks fair lilies,
For his Phyllis,
From the mere hy the trysting-tree.

A hrief intermezzo descriptive of night precedes the rise of the curtain on the second act. As the curtain rises, Ralph, the outlaw chief, is discovered alone hy a camp-fire in Windsor Forest. He hlows his horn to call his comrades, and the gradual approach of the outlaw hand is indicated by the horns. As they emerge from the forest, a striking and poetical chorus is sung hy them:

Then, comrades, all fill up,
Pour full to the brim each cup,
And let the forest ring
With a merry toast to the King;
For the outlaw's boast
Is a King for a host.
Then a merry toast to the King, the King!
A merry toast to the King!

A solo, sung on one note, hy Dickon, followed hy a chorus, is one of the funny things in the piece. The first stanza is as follows:

Old Reuhen lived near Windsor Wood,
His dame above him two feet stood,
Her hand was strong, her tongue was long
And like a viper's sting.
She sallied forth one market day
And hade her spouse at home to stay
To sweep and scour and every hour
Fetch water from the spring.
Oh, foolish dame to go away
And leave her spouse at home to stay!
When wives are gone and men alone
The devil gets his fling.

Leonard presently enters, and sings:

Love, though I'm now alone,
Though all life's joys are flown,
Thy spirit shall he near me,
Thy mem'ry, love, shall cheer me.
When on the cold turf laid,
While winds sigh through the glade,
My soul in dreams shall flee,
Oh, star of hope, to thee.

Outlaws presently swear in the foresters with the following set of rules and regulations:

Will you every Sunday morning he seen inside your pew,
And, when the plate comes round, will you dip into your purse?
Will you genuflect, and sing, and pray as other Christians do,
And never, never quarrel, and never, never curse?
Should bad companions ask you in public spots to pose
And ogle pretty girls, and sober matrons quiz,
And look upon the wine-cup, will you turn up your nose,
And never, never, never a pretty damsel kiss?

The "Hail to the Dawn" chorus hegins:

Hail to the dawn, the night is gone;
Welcome the sun, the gloom is over,
Come, gracious hearn, and shine upon
The hosky dell and tangled cover
Where slumhering lie stag, doe, and fawn.
Hail to the dawn.

Rohert, the Constable, when discovered and hound hy the outlaws, sings:

When I was a hahe my mother
Would tether my wandering feet;
And the neighbors would say to each other:
"Oh, isn't that hahy sweet!"

How happy I'd he if that tether
Had heen round my ankles when
The devil and I together
Fell in with these dreadful men.

The second act closes while the chorus is repeating the hrave refrain of Ralph, the outlaw leader:

Stand together, stand fearless, stand one and all!
Let no heart wax faint, tho' your Captain should fall.

The third act hegins with a waltz-chorus, the only waltz-melody in the opera. Bardolph tells them:

When Master Rohert saw the foe,
He drew his falchion keen,
And dealt their chief a lusty hlow,
Which hrought him to the green;
Then springing like a tiger fierce,
Whose fangs have tasted hlood,
Five outlaws next did Rohert pierce
Within that gory wood.

Then twenty outlaws knelt them down
And begged for mercy sore.
Cried Rohert: "Hey, for Windsor town,"
And slaughtered fifteen more.

At length Dorothy and Rohert arrange to get married, in the little duet that Rohert opens with:

When the merry hells are ringing
And the village maids are singing,
Then Dorothy, sweet Dorothy,
She shall he my winsome hride.

And finally the curtain falls on the chorus:

And now, good gossips, dance and sing
God's hlessing on old England's King,
Who rules hy love and not hy pride.
Oh, happy groom! Oh, happy hride!
Come, morris-dancers, minstrels come
And speed those happy lovers home.
For many a year hy many a hearth
We'll tell this tale of mirth.

"Bluff King Hal" was put on the stage with the utmost attention to detail. The scenery of the first act was painted from careful architectural studies of Windsor Castle; all of the scenery, the properties, and the costumes were correct. There were no stage anachronisms. The costumes were not only correct, they were very heautiful, and some of them were gorgeous.

As to the music, it was of a high order, and Professor Stewart is to be congratulated. Mr. O'Connell's lihretto was witty and sparkling, and had a strong flavor of the English of the Tudor time.

The performance was a most successful one, and it is most remarkahle that such was the case. When it is considered that all the performers are amateurs, and that they had to create their rôles, having no stage traditions to guide them, their success is amazing.

It is not probable that there is a city in the United States, west of New York, where an opera could he composed, the lihretto written, the parts scored, the scenery and costumes designed, the rôles created and played by amateurs, and the whole produced with such sumptuous splendor of *mise-en-scène* as has heen done this week in San Francisco.

Among the players of the new opera, where all did so well, it is not necessary to particularize. A word should be said, however, for Miss Alvina Heuer, who took the rôle of Dorothy at short notice, owing to the illness of Mrs. Stewart. She played the part with great archness and spirit, and sang the music delightfully. Mrs. Williams was very successful as Phyllis, and played and sang it admirahly. Mr. Donald Graham carried off the honors among the men. Mr. Joullin made a most picturesque figure, as did Mr. de Pue. Louis Sloss was very happy as the Constable. Mr. Redding dressed his part very handsomely, and made a fine stage appearance. But his "Bluff King Hal" was anything hut bluff, and it was most extraordinary that he did not model his make-up and costume on some of the well-known portraits extant—that hy Hans Holhein, for example. Instead of the King Harry of tradition and portraiture, Mr. Redding's conception of the rôle was evidently that of a Tudor dude.

At this writing there is some friction over the second representation of "Bluff King Hal," which has been announced. The friends of Messrs. Stewart and O'Connell, the composer and librettist, desired the piece, performed a second time, in order that these two gentlemen might receive some compensation for their work. (The first performance was entirely for the henefit of the Art Association, which cleared about five thousand dollars.) The directors of the Art Association at first demurred, hut finally consented, on condition that Stewart and O'Connell would he content with ten per cent. of the gross receipts. The two collaborators were somewhat nettled at this, and informed the Art Association that they (O'Connell and Stewart) would produce it themselves at their own risk, and divide all of the net receipts. Hence there is some ill-feeling. However, the opera is to be produced again at the Grand Opera House, on next Tuesday, March 24th, for the henefit of Messrs. Stewart and O'Connell.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supplying: what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley [illegible] and it is working out the idea of its designers with the [illegible] and effectiveness of a machine."

The Blaine scandal is not a pleasant chapter of history. Any father of a family of sons is liable to have one of them contract an imprudent marriage; but it is not usual to have the story circulated with embellishments and embroideries for the humiliation of the parent. That has been Mr. Blaine's ill-fortune. Being a prominent leader of a great political party, he has been a target for abuse from the low-minded members of the other party, and they have seized upon the indiscretion of this son to wound the father in his most sensitive spot. It has been stated that the separation of young Blaine and his wife was the fruit of the meddling of Mrs. Blaine, and she has been held up to public censure as a domineering woman, who parted husband and wife through personal spite. For over three years the Secretary of State has borne the abuse leveled at his wife with patience and in silence. But the decree of the court at Deadwood, in which Mrs. Blaine, Jr., obtained her divorce, her child, and an allowance by way of alimony, seemed to render it incumbent on him to tell his side of the story.

At the time of the marriage of James G. Blaine, Jr., he was seventeen and was being prepared for college under a tutor. The lady was Marion Nevins, daughter of Colonel Nevins, who was at one time a leading member of Philadelphia society; she was twenty-one. Eighteen days after the two met, they eloped from Augusta, Me., and went to New York. On the day after they reached New York, they were married by Rev. Thomas I. Ducey, a Roman Catholic priest, in the presence of two servants only. After the marriage, they were supported by Mr. Blaine, Sr., and when he went to Europe in June, 1887, he directed that the allowance to his son be regularly paid during his absence. On his return home in October, 1888, he found his son in debt, and proposed to give him a house and two thousand five hundred dollars a year to set him on his feet again. Young Blaine agreed; his wife refused her assent, and left Augusta, where the family were. Once afterward she returned to the Blaine home in company with her mother and her baby, and stayed a couple of weeks. But it does not appear that young Blaine ever lived with her after her refusal to accept Mr. Blaine, Sr.'s, offer of a home.

It is evident that, three and a half years ago, this enterprising young lady had resolved to go it alone. She filled the papers with accounts of her pecuniary straits, though she had the Nevinses at her back, and they seem to be people of means. She was constantly drawing attention to the persecution she was undergoing at the hands of a possible Republican candidate for the Presidency. Her calculation evidently was that, to avoid scandal, Blaine would buy her off and assent to her separation from his son. He did nothing of the kind. He did nothing at all. He let Mrs. J. G. Blaine, Jr., advertise her woes in party journals, and never answered a word. Then she announced that to feed her baby she was going on the stage. It does not appear that she ever had an engagement or a promise of an engagement. But she knew that it would annoy Mr. Blaine to have it announced that his daughter-in-law was on the boards, perhaps playing leg pieces; and her forthcoming début was heralded far and wide. No manager turning up to verify her threat, she announced that a popular dramatic author was writing a piece for her—a piece in which she would eclipse Sarah Bernhardt and Mary Anderson. No such piece was ever written or undertaken to be written—but the announcements kept Mrs. Blaine, Jr., before the public, and twisted the dagger round and round in her father-in-law's wound. Mr. Blaine still remaining silent under threat, and challenge, and goad, the daughter-in-law betook herself to Deadwood—which, at the present day, is the place where the trains stop twenty minutes for divorce—and got her decree, making her a free woman. The public are likely to hear of her again. That kind of woman is irrepressible.

Of the conduct of Father Ducey and of his ecclesiastical superior, Archbishop Corrigan, it is difficult to speak in measured terms. When the boy asked the former to marry him to this woman, his senior by four years, the priest was told that the father had not consented to the marriage, and that no member of the family had been consulted. Yet he did not refuse to perform the ceremony, but referred the matter to the archbishop. The latter says that he merely gave the usual dispensation to authorize Ducey to marry a Catholic to a Protestant; but he admits that he saw the couple, observed the youth of the proposed groom, and remonstrated with him for marrying without his father's consent. It is not thus that the public understand the duty of a priest, nor would the clergy be permitted to solemnize marriages if they construed their responsibility so loosely. It was the duty of both the archbishop and the priest to postpone action upon this minor's application until he had obtained his father's consent. That duty they so grossly neglected that they have shown themselves utterly unfit to be intrusted with the power of performing marriages hereafter. The archbishop says of the priest that he—the latter—is trying to throw on others the responsibility for his own acts; and certainly, on his own showing, Corrigan has enough to answer for as it is. As for Ducey, it is difficult to conceive what could have induced him to commit such an outrage. A man so lacking in ordinary judgment and decent feeling is out of place in any church. Ducey says of Mr. Blaine's statement: "A poor letter it is. It will not help to set Mr. Blaine right before the Roman Catholic world." We can not resist pointing out to Priest Ducey that, as Mr. Blaine is no longer a Presidential candidate, the opinion of the Roman Catholic world is to him not worth a tinker's imprecation.

Comparing San Francisco with Liverpool as a seaport is contrasting small things with great. But it is not so very long since the great city by the Mersey was quite an insignificant place. At the beginning of the century, it contained only a few thousand people, and at the time San Francisco superseded Yerba Buena, Liverpool did not house many more people than this city does now. It owed its first prosperity to the slave trade, and subsequently to the freebooting which accompanied the Napoleonic wars. All through the eighteenth century, and during the first quarter of the nineteenth, Liverpool was supported by the slave trade. It fitted out vessels, generally of small tonnage, which sailed to the west coast of Africa, and took on board cargoes of slaves, which were sold in the West Indies. The proceeds were invested in sugar and molasses, and disposed of in Liverpool, where sugar refineries were established to handle them. When the wars of the Napoleonic era broke out, several of these vessels were converted into privateers, and dispatched to prey on French or neutral commerce. At the close of the war this resource disappeared, as England's opposition to the slave trade had destroyed the other. Then Liverpool undertook in earnest the fulfillment of her destiny as a seaport. This may be said to have been about 1830. The beginning of the great docks, which now cover miles in extent, dates from shortly after that period, and the first line of ocean steamers which sailed regularly out of a British port was the Cunard Line, which started from Liverpool in 1840.

From that time to the present day, the history of Liverpool, as a seaport, has been one unbroken chronicle of progress. She had much to contend with. The Irish Channel is stormy; at the mouth of the Mersey the bar takes the shape of a sand-bank, which sometimes shifts, and on which many a tall ship has laid her bones. There were in England a number of seaports which had won an established position—London, Hull, Southampton, Bristol, Cardiff, and others. Each of these stood ready to fight to preserve its trade. But not one of them, except London—which still retains its supremacy—was inhabited by a race so enterprising and so far-seeing as the Liverpudlians—as they call themselves. The latter were always ready to put money into ships and steamers, if there was the smallest chance of their earning interest on their cost; they always stood prepared to embark in a mercantile venture if it seemed that it might open the way to a trade which, at some future time, might become profitable. It was the exercise of this far-seeing enterprise which swelled the tonnage registered, at the port of Liverpool, from four hundred and fifty thousand tons at the beginning of the century, to eight million tons in 1880, and to far larger figures to-day.

Four years ago, the vessels entered at and cleared from Liverpool in a single year amounted to over twenty-two thousand, exclusive of coastwise vessels; in other words, as ves-

sels do not enter or clear at the custom-house during the night, one hundred and twenty vessels either arrived at Liverpool or sailed out of that port every day, or ten every hour. Two-thirds of these were steamers. They sailed for every port in the world. To give a list of them would exhaust the space which can be devoted to the subject in the *Argonaut;* the advertised list of sailings fills two pages in the Liverpool *Journal of Commerce*, a paper of large size. Running rapidly over this and omitting steamers which are temporarily laid up or held in reserve, we find the following lines in actual service:

To New York, the Cunard Line, seven steamers; the White Star, five; the National, four; the Inman, six; the Guion, five—in all, twenty-seven.
To Boston, the Leyland, two; the Warren, two; the Cunard, five—in all, nine.
To New Orleans, the Harrison, four.
To Newport News, two.
To Philadelphia, the St. Pancras, seven.
To Halifax and Montreal, the Allan Line, eight; the Dominion Line, four; the Beaver Line, three—in all, fifteen.
To Brazil, the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, five; other companies, fourteen—in all, nineteen.
To the River Plate, two companies, with eleven steamers.
To Valparaiso, three companies, with fifteen.
To Para, one company, with ten; another with nine—in all, nineteen.
To the Mediterranean ports, the Cunard Line, eight; the Leyland Line, six; the Papaganni Line, five; the Moss Line, thirteen—in all, thirty-three.
To Greece and the mouth of the Danube, four.
To Italy, the Glynn Line, four.
To India, the P. & O. Line, eight; the City Line, five (to Calcutta); Allan Bros., five (to Bombay); the Hall Line, eight (to Bombay); the Anchor Line, eight; the McIver Line, seven; the Harrison Line, four; the Brocklebank Line, five; the Clan Line, six—in all, fifty-six.
To Manilla, the Compañia Trasatlantica, six.
To Rangoon, the Henderson Line, eight; the Bibby Line, four—in all, twelve.
To Singapore and China, the P. & O., four; the Mogul Line, seven; the China Mutual, ten—in all, twenty-one.
To Australia, the P. & O., six; other lines, seven—in all, thirteen.

It is not claimed that this is a complete list by any means; it does not include lines to Holland, Germany, the Baltic, or West Africa; and yet it foots up two hundred and seventy-seven steamers, most of which are large, commodious, and swift. There are a number of other passenger-steamers besides, plying on the same or other routes. And there are as many freight-steamers sailing out of the port of Liverpool and gathering up the produce of the world to store it in Liverpool warehouses.

Very few of these steamers are in receipt of a subsidy from the British Government. Most of them sail at the risk of their owners. But we do not hear of the owners failing, and all the time they are bringing grist, in one way or another, to Liverpool's mill.

Liverpool has 604,562 inhabitants; San Francisco, 297,990. The city on the Mersey has about double our population, but she has a hundred times our energy. She has forty-four regular steamship lines sailing out of her harbor, not counting tramp steamers. Yet San Francisco, a city of nearly three hundred thousand people, hesitates and trembles over the establishment of a single line of steamers from here to New York.

In a recent correspondence from Berlin, a curious story illustrates the wide effect of the extension of steam navigation. A deputation of German cloth-weavers applied to their government for a subsidy or a protective duty on their wares. Among other items of expenditure to which they drew the attention of the minister was a charge for wool bought in Liverpool and paid to Liverpool merchants. "What!" cried the minister, "do you buy your wool at Liverpool? I never heard of any wool being grown at Liverpool." "Highborn minister," replied the spokesman of the delegation, "it is quite true that no wool is grown at Liverpool, which is, in fact, a seaport town. But the wool of Australia and the wool of Argentine, the fine wools of England, and, in fact, all the wools of the world, are to be found in the Liverpool warehouses, and when we want an assortment, such as our cloth industry requires, we must go to Liverpool to get it."

William S. Holman, member of Congress from the Fourth District of Indiana, has long been a well-known character in the House of Representatives, not only from his successive elections, but from his obstinacy in opposing any appropriations of public money for purposes which do not meet his peculiar views. So notorious has this fad of his become that he is known all over the United States as the "Great Objector," a title of which he seems as proud as though it were a badge of honorable distinction.

At the present session of Congress, Mr. Holman occupies a more prominent place than ever, by virtue of his chairmanship of the Committee on Appropriations, which entitles him to divide the honors of leadership with the chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. Mr. Holman may be fairly said to be the exponent of the policy of so-called economy which actuates the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives, and upon which the party is building its hopes of success in the coming Presidential election. To him his party looks to set an example of financial administration which shall cover the Republican party with shame and confusion, and make the November election a mere instrument for recording a Democratic majority.

It would be the height of unwisdom to attempt to deny that the appropriations of public money made by the Fifty-First Congress were nearly or quite $1,000,000,000; but the best answer to the accusation of that being a Billion-Dollar Congress, as Thomas Reed says, is that this is a Billion-Dollar Country. The recent Congress voted a billion dollars because the people, whose money it was that Congress was handling, demanded its appropriation for the needs of the nation.

In considering the subject of a billion-dollar appropriation, it is manifestly right and just to see not only what was appropriated and to what uses the money was to be put, but to look at other items which were proposed but not adopted by the Fifty-First Congress. The *Congressional Record* for the last session shows that Mr. Springer, the present chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, advocated a service-pension amendment, which, as he explained, would increase the pension appropriations by $144,000,000 a year. Among the affirmative votes for this amendment appears the name of William S. Holman, who is now so loud in his denunciations of the extravagance of the Billion-Dollar Congress.

That, of course, was when the Republican party controlled the expenditures, but none the less is Mr. Holman open to the charge of gross inconsistency. He, of all men, it would seem, should have set his face like a flint against increasing expenditures, yet he is on the record as voting for a measure that would increase the cost of carrying on the government by $144,000,000 a year, or about fourteen per cent. of the total amount which he now depicts as a hideous crime and an unpardonable offense against the people of the United States.

But now he is intrusted with the duty of making up the appropriations, and he finds that his position is not a bed of flowers. He has caused to be adopted a resolution declaring that the House will not appropriate money for any purposes which are not embraced within the scope of legitimate legislation; but this needs so much interpretation that it might as well not have been adopted. Mr. Holman has found, or will find, that when he has provided for the expenses of legitimate legislation, the present Congress will not be very far behind the Fifty-First Congress in the matter of appropriations, unless he resorts to the not unfamiliar device of refusing to pay the bills of the government and letting them go over to the next Congress, to be made up by deficiency appropriation bills. This has been tried before, but the trick has grown somewhat stale. The people have learned to distinguish between meeting the legacy of debt left by a former Congress and making original appropriations.

Figures and statistics are hard of digestion for most people; but we may venture to present a few items to show what the Billion-Dollar Congress really was, and how shallow and ill-founded are the objections to it so persistently urged by Holman and his followers. The increase in the annual appropriations for 1890–91 over those of the preceding fiscal year was about $75,000,000, made up principally of five large items. These were $25,000,000 for the river and harbor bill, which had the sanction of both parties; $3,000,000 for coast defenses; $34,000,000 for increase of pensions; $5,000,000 for deficiencies which a previous House should have paid; $2,500,000 for naval appropriations; and $5,500,000 for the increased needs of the postal service. Now, if Mr. Holman, or any other Democrat, objects to the total of expenditures, he is in duty bound to specify the objectionable items which go to make up that total. Will the "Great Objector" kindly put his finger on the item or items which are causing him such poignant grief and anguish? It certainly can not be the largest item, that of $34,000,000 for the increase of pensions; for if he and Springer had had their way this item would have been $144,000,000 instead of $34,000,000. Springer declared that the only complaint he had to make against the appropriation was that in giving the soldiers forty millions instead of one hundred and forty millions, he was getting too little. "They ask for bread and you give them a stone," was the exact language of the present chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, concurred in by the great apostle of economy, the present chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, Holman, of Illinois.

Mr. Holman is extremely careful not to commit himself as to what the outcome of the present Congress will be in the matter of expenditures. He is very severe on the Fifty-First Congress, but singularly reticent as to the Fifty-Second. He quotes with approval Mr. Randall's views as meaning restrictions on legislation, barriers against raids on the public treasury, and a frugal and honest government that should not take from the mouth of labor the bread it had earned, with which sentiments every good citizen will agree, but the reader will search in vain for anything in the nature of a definite promise to make a material reduction in appropriations or to carry on the government any more cheaply than it was carried on in 1890–91. He knows as well as any one that a Billion-Dollar Country needs a Billion-Dollar Congress.

The disturbance at Berlin is in no respect an unusual phenomenon. Such occurrences have been common all over the world. We have even witnessed them in San Francisco. When work grows scarce and labor falls in value, the proletary class invariably enforces the right of assembly, and not infrequently indulges in menaces to property. Such incidents are important only when there is no constabulary force strong enough to maintain order, or when the grievances of which workmen have to complain are interwoven with the framework of society. In the former case, mischief may be done before the mob can be got under control. In the latter, remedies must be applied, or a street row may develop into a revolution.

The art of suppressing mobs in cities has been brought to great perfection since the disturbances of 1848. A trained soldier, with men and guns at his back, will contract to put down any mob in a given number of hours. But simultaneously with the development of the science of street fighting, the old wall between soldier and citizen has been broken down; the soldier is much more of a citizen than he used to be. Even in Germany, which is the most militarist of the nations, the soldier retains a closer connection with his family than he did, and he looks forward to his return to civil life with more anxious impatience than formerly. Hence, when conflicts arise between his government and his kith and kin, his fidelity to his flag is not so reliable as it used to be. It is always a question whether bayonets are not doing some thinking of their own, even at Berlin. If they are, a government which relies upon them for its life is leaning on a broken reed. General Grant points out in his book that whenever a clean-cut issue is made up between the people and the Emperor of Germany, the army is as likely to side with the one as with the other.

The cause of the recent outburst indicates its cure, as the homœopathists say. The gradual increase of taxation to support the army, and the steady pursuance of a foolish system of interference with industry and trade, have cut down wages and reduced the demand for labor to such a degree that a substantial portion of the workmen of Berlin and other German cities are unable to support their families. At the riots last week, the reporters say that the rioters were so weak from want of food that they fell down when they were touched by the sabers of the police. This is a substantial evil which can not be cured by temporary devices or empirical methods. It will not mend matters for the Kaiser to employ a few thousand men for a few days or weeks on works of inutility. To be effectual, the remedy must be radical. It must strike at the cause of the evil. It must be directed to the abolition of the malpractices which have reduced the demand for and diminished the reward of labor. A general disbandment of the army is about the only step which, at the present moment, would seem to promise results.

There are two particularly dark spots in the horizon. One is the mediæval density of the young emperor's mind. From his speech at Brandenburg it appears that this young man, at the end of the nineteenth century, contemplates events and men with the eyes of a mediæval Reiter, who assumes that he can persuade the masses that God is at his back. Lincoln pretty thoroughly exploded, for American use, the theory of divine interference in human quarrels, when he said that while his clergymen prayed for the success of the Union arms, the Southern clergymen prayed with equal fervor for the success of the rebel arms, and he did not see, for his part, how the Almighty was going to decide which prayer he ought to grant. The Emperor William is still in the stage when he believes that he carries the Creator of the Universe in his pocket. It is hard to set a limit to the mischief which such obsolete ignorance may do, when it is at the head of two millions of men in arms.

The other danger arises from the development of the science of high explosives. When the last great city outbreak took place, dynamite had not been invented, or, at any rate, was not in general use. The Commune at Paris had no such weapon at its command—if it had had, few of the monuments of ancient Paris would probably have survived. Now the various forms of high explosives are in every one's hand, and every city, palace, or prominent individual is at the mercy of vagabonds who can compound nitric and sulphuric acid in the proportions required to produce nitro-glycerine. A child or a woman may explode a dynamite-cartridge against the walls of the palace at Berlin, and blow every one in the building into another world. That such power lies in the hands of individuals who have just cause of complaint against the German Government, and who have wit enough to see that the emperor's concessions are mere tubs to the whale, is a most alarming feature of the times. All the power of France could not stay Ravaillac's knife, and all the precaution of American detectives could not prevent Guiteau from firing his pistol. The German police and the German soldiery will be equally powerless to avert the acts of a German socialist who may get it into his head that the only remedy for the evils of the day would be the destruction of the dynasty which personifies oppression, and the death of its head, William of Hohenzollern.

In these days of high explosives, it must be uncomfortable

to be a king. When the unfortunate Russian monarch, Alexander the Second, met his death at the hands of the nihilists, who had pursued him with fanatical hatred for so long, there was scarcely enough of him left to bury. The facts were concealed, so far as was possible, but it afterwards leaked out that the hapless Alexander was blown almost to pieces. The back of the skull was blown away, and the trunk was nearly gone; but, curiously enough—as in the case of Norcross, the dynamitard who attempted to kill Millionaire Sage—the face was uninjured. With this to work upon, the embalmers built up a manikin monarch, partly padding, partly wax, which effigy reposed in state for three days in the great cathedral of Petropaulovski. Then, followed by thousands of mourners, there was solemnly deposited in the tomb this piece of a Russian Czar.

Decidedly, in these dynamite days, it is uncomfortable to be a king or an American millionaire.

The unfaithful wife whose vengeful husband detected her true character at Cannes, with such deadly results, is beginning to receive a good deal of sympathy in France. The French are in many ways a wonderful people, but in any matter touching the relations of the sexes they can usually be relied on to show a genius for going wrong. To the normal Anglo-Saxon mind no suggestion of doubt can occur as to the true status of this woman. She is a false wife, the most inexcusable and detestable of all traitors. Therefore the gates of pity are justly closed against her. No twaddle about the injustice of applying one standard of morality to woman and another to man can be pleaded in her behalf. The common sense of the race through all the ages has preserved this. There are inversions of the rule: a man may not be a coward without receiving the contempt of women as well as of men. But who despises a woman for being timid? The babble that is always heard about the world's harshness when punishment for her sins overtakes a woman, is worse than shallow; it is wicked and harmful, in that it tends to excuse in advance that for which there can be no excuse, and to weaken women's sense of responsibility. Abeille, the Frenchman shot by Deacon at Cannes, is spoken of as a "seducer." There should be no such word in use where married women are concerned. The wife is not an unknowing, trusting, silly girl. Her eyes are open, and no "seducer" can win her from her husband without her consent and full knowledge of his purpose. And when she consents, she is not a victim, but a copartner in crime, upon whom much the larger share of responsibility for consequences rests. It is the wife who is the peculiar guardian of the family's honor. Upon her rests the trust of the legitimacy of offspring. The married woman whose instinct is other than that of unmixed abhorrence for an adulteress is herself in need of an awakening to the horrors that ever hover as possibilities in the train of the faithless wife. The least of these happen to herself, however awful they may be. Worst among them are the death and ruin of men, the blighting of children's lives, and the crushing of families with burdens of shame. Viewed in the light of consequences, there is no conjugal sin that a man can commit that is not venial by comparison with that of the adulteress. For her there ought to be no clemency. When a wife betrays the trust reposed in her by her husband, and becomes an adulteress, there should be raised against her every hand that is loyal to womanly purity, wifely fidelity, and the integrity of the family.

The proposition is before Congress to repeal the bounty of two cents per pound on sugar produced in the United States. Its reputed author is a Democrat from Illinois, but the suggestion is contained in the Holman resolutions adopted by the House. It is noteworthy that the Democrats of the North advocated the tariff bill of Mills, of Texas, which provided for a duty of one and one-fourth cents on sugar. The annual consumption of sugar in the United States is estimated, in round numbers, at nearly 2,000,000 tons, or 4,000,000,000 pounds, of which less than 100,000 tons, or 200,000,000 pounds, are domestic product. Under the old tariff the duty on sugar was one and one-quarter cents per pound. The retail price to consumers was about six and one-quarter cents per pound. The total cost of sugar consumed in the country at this rate to the people was in excess of $240,000,000. The total sum paid in duties was about $22,000,000. The total amount paid in bounties, of two cents per pound, is $4,000,000 per year. The retail price of sugar has decreased two cents per pound under the McKinley reciprocity tariff law—a total to the people of $80,000,000 for the 4,000,000,000 pounds annually consumed. This shows, against the $4,000,000 paid in sugar bounties under the present law and the $22,000,000 received for duties on sugar under the old tariff, a clear difference of $54,000,000 in favor of the people—the difference between the $4,000,000 of bounties and the $22,000,000 duties, a total of $26,000,000, and the $80,000,000 to the account of cheaper sugar, by two cents per pound. To repeal the bounty would save merely $4,000,000 a year, while it would have the effect to increase the price of sugar. The abandonment of the reciprocity system, now in successful working order, would stop the free duty now enjoyed to the profit of all, and compel the exaction of the duty on all sugar imported, which would again increase the price to consumers. Instead of sugar at the lowest price it has ever been sold in the United States, a little above four cents per pound, the raise would make it above six cents per pound, and the consequence would be that species of Democratic economy and bungling statesmanship which extorts from the people $80,000,000 as the result of the repeal of the bounty on sugar and of the reciprocity system, and the re-imposition of the duty tax on imported sugar—altogether involving the sum of $26,000,000; in brief, the fictitious economy which costs the people $54,000,000, to make it appear that the saving and profit to the government amount to $26,000,000.

It will be remembered that the Democrats of the Northern States who now favor the repeal of the sugar bounty and clamor against reciprocity, strenuously advocated the passage of the Mills Bill, which reduced the duties on products and manufactures of the Northern States and ignored the principle of protection to Northern industries, while it maintained the duties on every staple of the Southern States—on sugar and rice particularly. The Mills Bill was, in fact, directly protective to the South and unfavorable to the North. Still it received the support of the Democratic members from Northern States. In the present Congress, the Democratic majority proposes to admit wool free of duty and to decrease the duty on the quality of bagging and twine and bands required in the South for cotton-bales and other uses. It is the drift of the Democratic party to the ante-war system of supremacy of the South, with a tariff to favor that section.

It appears that an objection to the sugar bounty is that it encourages the beet-sugar industry, which is confined mostly to Northern States and in so far comes in competition with the cane-sugar of Louisiana and other States of the South. Moreover, the bounty stimulates the production of beet sugar, which now equals, if it does not excel, in gross amount the world's total product of sugar. In short, the attitude of the Democrats in Congress and of the party in the Northern States is inimical to their own section of the Union and calculated to favor, and enrich, and strengthen the South, as before the war. This has been and is the policy of the South, and therefore they contend for free trade under the delusive cry of "tariff reform," and are hostile to the protective system. In their own interest this can be condoned; but it is inexcusable in men of the North to join with them in this onslaught against the interests of all the Northern States.

The board of supervisors have had their annual discussion of water-rates. They reduced the rates of some seventeen thousand rate-payers, and took up the subject of a reduction of the amount now paid annually to the Spring Valley Water Company for municipal use of water. The hydrant rate of two dollars and fifty cents per month, some persons claim, is exorbitant, yet the slightest examination into the subject will show at once that this belief is not justified. Our remarkable immunity from large fires is due chiefly to our abundant water-supply. There are seven reservoirs in various quarters of the city, ranging from one hundred and forty to three hundred and seventy-seven feet above the level of tide-water, and these give a head of water that helps the fire-engines to the extent of from forty to seventy pounds pressure to the square inch. Many fires that would otherwise be disastrous are quenched in their inception by the copious streams this natural head of water throws on them. This protection to property and the difference in insurance rates thus caused is certainly worth more than eighty thousand dollars a year, which is all the city pays to the water company for the hydrants, public buildings, flushing sewers, and irrigating the public squares.

The capital stock of the Spring Valley Water Company is $11,000,000 and the bonded and floating debt is $10,397,230.14, making the total capitalization $21,397,230.14. Its entire income during the year ending January 1, 1892, was $1,624,346.07. It will readily be seen that, after deducting the ordinary running expenses, there was only enough left to give the stockholders a dividend of six per cent. The affairs of the company are economically administered, the officers do not draw exorbitant salaries, and the stockholders get only a fair interest on their invested money. The reason, then, for any apparent inequality between San Francisco rates and those of some Eastern cities lies in the fact that in those cases the water-supply is taken from rivers and natural lakes, while here the Spring Valley Company has been forced to construct artificial storage lakes of immense size, at a cost aggregating many millions of dollars. But, as we have shown in recent articles in the *Argonaut*, there are few of those Eastern cities whose water-supply is not causing disease and death.

Here, on the other hand, the Spring Valley Company is giving us a copious supply of clear water, untainted by disease-germs, and so abundant as to be more than double the per capita amount supplied to the residents of London. The company is getting in return for it only a fair interest on the investment—less than can be netted on mortgages on good city property.

If the rates of the water company were reduced by the municipality, the company would not be able to earn for its stockholders a fair interest on their money. In a recent decision, the Supreme Court of the United States held that corporate property is entitled to earn a fair income as well as other property, and that any attempt by a legislative body to fix rates under which such corporation could not earn a fair income is in violation of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. That amendment says that "no person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law." It was passed solely for the protection of the Southern negroes. But the legislators who formulated it builded better than they knew. It has served to protect the property of many thousands of people who have invested their money in incorporated companies. It will protect many millions more.

At the first annual meeting of the society of "Sons of the American Revolution" of Oregon and Washington, held in Portland, February 22d, resolutions were adopted of which the leading two were, in effect: "that a premium should be put upon American citizenship by refusing it to the ignorant, the criminal, and the degraded," and that the higher offices in the bestowal of the President should be given to "native-born citizens, or such adopted citizens only as have proved by some distinguished service that they are worthy of the honor." In these resolutions there is no proscription on account of alien nativity or religious belief, nor of secret political organization to such purpose. Only the ignorant, and criminal, and degraded are comprehended in the exclusion from citizenship, and in the category even the native-born must be denied the precious privilege of the ballot. There is really no valid reason why any adult of American birth should grow up in ignorance. The public-school system of the whole country holds open to the children of the poorest in worldly means the way to education. Many thoughtful men believe that the Massachusetts rule as to the qualifications of voters — that they shall be able to read the constitution and write their names—is a sound requirement, to include all, the native-born and the alien, and the sentiment that it is right and essential is all the time growing among the people. One who is born to citizenship and grows to manhood neglectful of the full opportunity open to all to learn to read and write, must be held to deem the elective franchise at too low an estimate for its entitlement, and it is not right that the votes of any such can affect or imperil the votes of worthy, intelligent, and substantial citizens, as is frequently the case in closely contested elections. As a general rule, in nearly all the States, criminals and paupers are not allowed to vote, yet criminals and paupers deported from Europe are manufactured into voters, and voted in gangs for pay at almost every election in some of the great cities.

The selection of a post-office site in San Francisco is gradually becoming a Donnybrook Fair. It is probable that, before it is completed, the United States Government will be forced to detail troops from the Presidio to protect Federal Agent Gibson from the colonels of San Francisco, and the colonels of San Francisco from each other.

The affidavits now being filed by discordant citizens are certainly most minute, and carry detail to a fantastic point. For example, Colonel John P. Irish differs with Colonel C. L. Taylor. He accuses Colonel Taylor of general mendacity, and finally Colonel Irish makes solemn oath to the Government of the United States that from Colonel Taylor's chin there hangs "a painted beard." Colonel Taylor retorts that his opponent "poses as a granger," and Colonel Taylor then doth solemnly depose and say that Colonel Irish "wears no necktie."

This information (on affidavit) concerning the customs and cosmetics of the two colonels would doubtless be of value to the ethnologist, but it is difficult to discern its value to the United States Government. Still it is now on its way to Washington.

Those who have visited the Capitol at Washington must have observed—they could scarcely fail to do so—the gigantic, the colossal spittoons which decorate the marble staircases and lofty corridors of that vast building. These giant receptacles invariably fascinate the foreigner—they impress even the native with awe. When there shall arrive at Washington, thundering across the continent, the special train bearing within its baggage bosom these valuable affidavits, in which smolder the burning words of the two contending colonels, we respectfully suggest to the President, the Postmaster-General, and the Secretary of War, that these unique and interesting documents be carefully filed away in the cuspidors of the Capitol.

A SHEEP IN WOLF'S CLOTHING.

The pull is uphill for almost three miles along here, and the horses plod along slowly. The dust is just as deep; but now, instead of blowing off to leeward, as it did awhile ago, it hangs close around the stage in a thick, dense, reddish-yellow cloud, almost shutting off the view from the passengers inside, if they cared to look out. But the beauties of nature hold their interest only slightly, just at present. The dust occupies their attention to a large extent. It fills their mouths, and eyes, and nostrils, and clings to their bair and ears in much profusion. It is disagreeable—very; and the man who has enough spirits left to try and keep up the conversation is voted an ass by his fellow-passengers. They were all very friendly only a short time ago; but they hate each other with a bitter hatred just now—all on account of the dust. Dust is a great destroyer of good humor.

Back there, a mile or so, the sun shines brightly on the cañon road, making it look like a long, yellow ribbon; but just ahead the shadow of the mountain on the west, which seems to close the upper end of the pass, cuts the light off in an odd, abrupt way, and presently we shall be in comparative darkness, for the edge of the heavy timber is only a little distance before us.

Somehow, the dust doesn't rise very high, or else the driver and the passenger on the box don't mind it, for we can hear them talking. Old Ben, through some unseen but easily imagined influence, has relaxed from his usual taciturnity, and is quite communicative to the beardless, boyish-looking young chap who got on back at Alpena and is sharing the box with him.

As the stage reaches the level, and rolls into the shadows of the mountain and the tall pines, Ben points with the whip to the mouth of the narrow pass leading out of the cañon a quarter of a mile away, and remarks:

"See them two big rocks?—road runs b'tween 'em. Uh-huh. Wal, right thar—mebbe a couple rods 'r so fu'ther on—was whar I was helt up one day in th' summer of '76."

"Yes?" said the passenger's pleasant voice, interrogatively. "Would you mind telling me about it?"

Ben chirped to his horses, spat impressively and liberally, and began:

"Wal, 'twuz this a-way. That mornin' th' 'xpress-box was loaded plumb full o' hard stuff, th't hed t' go through that day. Now, jes'z luck'd hev' it, one o' the gyards—we hed gyards them days—turned up missin' 'bout th' time we was ready t' start fr'm Eldorado in th' mornin'. Berry McNeill, th' other gyard, goes arter 'im, an' fin's Mr. Man laid up with a gash in th' head fr'm a beer-bottle—be'n scrappin' night b'fore.

"Th' agent an' me was thinkin' pow'ful 'bout who we c'd git t' take Hauser's place ef he was sick, w'en hyar comes Mac, whistlin'.

"'Say, fellers,' says he, 'Hauser got plunked with a bottle las' night, an' is layin' on his downy couch with a headache. Reckon I c'n go it b' my lonesome; I got Hauser's sawed-off gun.'

"We both kicked a whole lot, but Mac, he'd made up his min', an' was boun' t' hev' his own way; b'sides, we didn't hev' no one right handy t' go 'long, so we hed t' give in, an' Mac, whistlin' one o' his everlastin' toons, piles up on th' box, an' we pulls out. They wa'n't no passengers.

"Wal, we kep' our peepers skun rigbt sharp, but ev'rythin' went lovely till jes' long 'bout hyar. Then Mac says: 'Ben, I b'lieve they's some cusses layin' fer us up b' them rocks—I think I seen a feller's head, jes' now.' Says I: 'Mac, y're full o' hop. I seen it, too, an' 'twa'n't nothin' but a hawk, crossin' the road.'

"I stirred up the critters a bit, howsomever, but jes'z we turned th' rocks, somebody jumps out fr'm both sides an' nails th' leaders, an' they was so many guns starin' intuh my face th't it made me ashamed o' myself. Mac cut loose wi' th' sawed-off shot-gun, an' then begun wi' th' Winchister, gittin' two fellers an' skinnin' up some more—but they was too dern many of 'em, an' they c'd shoot, too, so Mac he never got no chance t' pump that gun dry. He oughtn't t' hev' shot, nohow, but he allus was a nervy cuss—more nerve 'n sense. I usetuh say, 'Mac——'"

Half a dozen dusky forms leap from the road-side—the big cowboy who got aboard early in the afternoon, and has been dozing and swearing in a sleepy way about the dust, is suddenly wide awake, and we, on the inside, get a good look at the muzzles of his two big revolvers—we hear Ben ejaculate, "Wal, this do beat hell!"—and then we are invited to get down into the road, where the pleasant-faced, boyish-looking young man, who got on back at Alpena, proceeds to business, and, politely, courteously, but firmly, withal, relieves us of our spare change—and more, too.

* * * * * * *

That is my part of the story. Of course, there were quite a number of other people present, including the youthful highwayman and his capable assistants, and they, also, have a claim on the above narrative. I did not mean that I owned it; what I tried to say was that that is the only one of the events from which come this veracious tale that I took part in, and I think it has been shown that my part was entirely a passive one. Perhaps we had better call that portion of the story the gentlemanly road-agent's, because he got about everything else there was to get. The rest is Hallegan's.

Hallegan and I were traveling together, and it was his foresight—or, rather, an odd notion of his—that enabled us to resume our journey to Denver after the road-agent incident. This odd notion was in the form of a thin chamois insole, which he wore in his left boot, and which, in addition to a card giving directions for the disposition of his body in case he should suddenly be called hence while among strangers, contained a fifty-dollar bill. It was an ordinary fifty-dollar bill, but when Terence flashed it before my dazzled eyes in the hotel at Merrill that night, I was quite sure that it was larger and more valuable than the opinions of a New England hired man. It took us to Leadville, anyway, and that was all we could reasonably desire.

But for the rest of the story:

It was about two years after the road-agent affair, in which we lost almost everything but our good names and the clothing we wore, when, one day, I was thunder-struck to receive Hallegan's wedding-cards. It was the first time I had heard from him for a year, and had any one else told me Terence Hallegan was a marrying man, I should have derided him; but when Terence himself, in his own peculiar chirography, directed to me an envelope containing such startling news, all set forth in the highest style of the engraver's art—well, it was too much, and I went down into the camp, where surcease of sorrow was obtainable in quantities to suit the purchaser, and where there were a full score of Terence's friends and acquaintances to toast his memory and console with each other. And grief was our lot, until the day Jewett "struck it" in that hole he had been pegging away at, over on the other side of the gulch, and excitement reigned supreme.

In the midst of the confusion, telegrams came and went, flying—brought and sent by special courier to and from the office at Sunrise, nine miles away; and, one day, came one for him who sits here burning the nocturnal kerosene. It was from Hallegan, who was now living in Chicago, and summoned me to hasten to that city, where I was needed to assist in closing a transaction involving the sale of some mining property in which Terence and I were interested.

Terence met me at the station. He looked remarkably well, even for a person whose health and spirits had always been of the very best, and I told him so, adding that in deponent's opinion he must have drawn a capital prize in the matrimonial lottery.

He smiled happily, and took my arm to walk outside the train inclosure, as he said:

"That I did—that I did, me boy; just wait till you see her, and you'll be sure of it."

He called a cab, gave the driver some brief instructions, and leaped in after me. We rode several minutes in silence; then Hallegan turned to me in a rather embarrassed way, and said, in a strained tone:

"Billy, me boy—it's very near dinner-time at our house—and there's no time for—explanations. Only—if you think you've seen—my wife—if her face is familiar—please don't mention it, or act as though you noticed it. I'll explain after dinner."

I acquiesced wonderingly, and wondered yet more after I had met Mrs. Hallegan, for I was quite positive that I had never seen her before, and there was ample opportunity, during the course of the excellent dinner we presently sat down to, to study her. She was slightly above the medium height, and of a perfect, though rather slight, figure. Her hair and eyes were dark, setting off excellently her clear olive complexion, and her features were all that an artist could desire. She was hardly what one would call a beautiful woman, however. "Handsome" would be the better word—or, perhaps, "striking." There was something about the firm set of her mouth when not speaking, and the strong, rather masculine chin—in which, oddly enough, there was a charmingly feminine dimple—that caused this effect, I think. One would never have taken Mrs. Hallegan for the daughter of the little, white-haired, sweet-faced old lady who sat opposite me, and whom she addressed as "mother."

No, I had never seen her up to half an hour ago, so I gave up studying her and fell to wondering what Hallegan was going to "explain."

Dinner over, the ladies rose to leave us, smiling over the broad hint Terence had just thrown out concerning a desire to smoke. As they reached the door, Mrs. Hallegan turned and bowed mockingly to her husband, whose hand was just reaching for the bell. "I hope, Sir Terence, that the cigars may prove dry company." Then, with a bright smile, she vanished.

I flopped into my chair, breathlessly. Where had I seen that mocking bow? Then, suddenly, there came before me that little scene in the mountains two years since; the dust, the heat, the sleepy cowboy inside the coach, the dapper little chap who so politely took our money and watches. *He* bowed just that way when he finished his work and departed. "Her brother," I thought—"black sheep, blot on family escutcheon. How much they resemble——"

"Well, me boy?"

Hallegan was looking at me quizzically through the smoke, we having lighted our cigars meanwhile. I suppose I looked embarrassed. Of course it was all rot; the idea of there being any connection, however remote, between the stately creature who had just left us and the little rascal who engineered that hold-up!

Hallegan spoke:

"Billy, me boy, I won't make a short story any longer than is necessary. You remember the little fellow who held us up, two years ago?"

"Of course I do."

"Yes, very likely. Well, I fancy I'd better begin at the beginning.

"Three years ago, a young fellow named Wilson, who had been employed as cashier by the L. and A. Stage and Express Company, got into trouble over his accounts. The manager—Robinson—charged him with a shortage amounting to several thousand dollars. There was an investigation, and, on the strength of certain circumstantial evidence which need not be stated, as it is immaterial, backed by the testimony of Robinson, the manager, Tweedy, the superintendent, and Frank Robinson, son of the manager—who, by the way, had always been Wilson's bosom friend—the cashier was convicted on trial and sentenced to a long term at Cañon City. Strange to say, he offered no testimony and made no defense except his plea of 'not guilty.'

"Well, it killed him. Inside of a year, the worry and disgrace, along with the hard work and close confinement—he had never been very strong—had wasted him to a shadow, and when, at last, he knew he couldn't live very long, he sent for his mother and sisters to come to him.

"His mother was too ill herself to travel, and one of the sisters—a cripple—was obliged to remain with her, but the elder sister went.

"She found him dying—dying in prison. It was the first she had known of his trouble, and, naturally, she was terribly shocked.

"He told her the true history of the affair—that young Robinson, between whom and himself had existed a sort of Damon and Pythias friendship, was the guilty one; and how, when some of the stockholders got wind of the shortage, the two Robinsons and Tweedy, who was a brother-in-law of old Robinson, had conspired to shield the guilty man by sacrificing an innocent one, who would not defend himself. The confession made by the dying man was not altogether a voluntary one. His sister, who had known nothing except that he was innocent, caught a hint of the truth from him when he was raving in delirium—the rest she made him tell her.

"After young Wilson's death, his sister went quietly to work to see what could be done to prove her brother's innocence and to place the guilt where it belonged, but soon found that nothing could be proved. The Robinsons were too strong for her.

"About this time, Mrs. Wilson and her younger daughter were obliged to go South on account of ill-health, leaving the elder daughter, who was studying medicine, here in Chicago. Not long after this, the hold-ups on the different lines of the L. and A. began. For the first few times, there was only one road-agent—a little chap, but a nervy one, who got talked about by the papers a good deal; but pretty soon there were others, until a band of about eight or nine had organized, under the little fellow's leadership, and they made life a burden to the L. and A. people. It made no difference what precautions the company took, or how many guards it employed; the road-agents were too smart, and the boldest kind of hold-ups were successfully made—and, by Jove! it 'busted' the company's business. The L. and A. wasn't a heavy concern, of course, but had always made a good deal of money. The frequent hold-ups on its lines, though, proved a settler. It wasn't long before nobody would ship or travel over any of the L. and A. Company's lines unless actually obliged to, and the company was kept pretty busy settling the losses of its customers. Then came the crash, and somehow people began to suspect that the Robinsons had not run things as they should have been handled, and the stockholders investigated. Old Robinson died in disgrace shortly afterward. The young man took all he could lay hands on and skipped, but was caught at Santa Fé. He's where he should be—at Cañon City. Tweedy got off on a technicality.

"About seven or eight months after we were held up, a stage full of fellows, including myself, were stopped and relieved one afternoon, about ten miles from Milliken, on the old Mule-shoe Trail. The young fellow was one of the robbers—I knew him in spite of his mask. There were only four of the road-agents on this occasion.

"They pulled out, leaving us orders not to touch our arms (which they had stacked on the ground) for twenty minutes, under penalty of getting shot. But one of our party was a devil-may-care chap, and no sooner were the bandits gone than he walked right over to the pile of guns and picked his out, remarking that he 'didn't believe there were any road-agents around just then.' And there weren't.

"Well, the result of this fellow's foolhardiness was that we concluded it would be money in our pockets to get on the trail of those four road-agents, so we started after them, separating a little distance from each other. We followed them all the afternoon, but couldn't find a trace.

"You know how the old Mule-shoe Trail is? Well, the driver had gone on, agreeing to meet us on the other side of the Shoe—it is only three or four miles across.

"I was just about making up my mind to join the other fellows, and had stopped to think of the best way to cross the creek, when I heard a queer sound, like a woman sobbing. I looked cautiously around, and there, within two rods of me, was the young road-agent, crying as if his heart would break. There was nobody else there, it was plain to be seen, so I quietly sneaked up and requested him to throw up his hands.

"Did you ever hear a woman scream at the sight of a mouse? That's just the way this young fellow screamed when he saw the muzzle of my gun—and I, as soon as I saw the scared, tearful face turned to mine, knew as well as I know now that the famous bandit known as 'Foxey' was only a woman.

"She seemed to trust me, somehow, and pretty soon I had the whole story from her. Then I sat down and talked to her like a brother; and the result was that next day the road-agents missed their leader, and, inside of a fortnight, Miss Jean Wilson was back here in Chicago, at her studies again.

"I need not say that this gentle bandit, who ruined the business of the L. and A. Company, took not one cent of the proceeds, and never permitted any of the band to interfere with Uncle Sam's mail. The latter fact accounts, in a measure, for their success, for Uncle Sam is a bad man to interfere with. The former fact, I think, had to do, to some extent, with the strong hold which 'Foxey' had over his subordinates, although they must have had a good deal of faith in his demonstrated ability as an executive. The band was broken up not long after 'Foxey's' disappearance, and three of the men were caught, but they didn't know any more concerning their mysterious ex-chief than did the public at large."

"And—and Miss Wilson is——"

Hallegan's eyes twinkled: "Is waiting for us. Let us join her," he said.

R. L. Ketchum.

Yankton, S. D., February, 1892.

The Anneke Jans heirs, who lay claim to a large portion of the real-estate owned by the Trinity Corporation of New York, are enjoying one of their periodical revivals. Their counsel, Clinton Roosevelt, advises them to invoke the State to seek title by escheat, in which case the claimants would realize about twenty-five per cent. of the value of the property.

THE "INKY CLOAK" IN ENGLAND.

"Cockaigne" discusses Mourning as a Social Indicator.

The enjoined period of mourning for the late Duke of Clarence has a somber effect. Every lady you meet is dressed in black, and every man wears a black neck-tie. By lady, of course I mean lady, although in many instances —as on previous occasions—the order of the Lord Chamberlain has been obeyed by many obscure people who hope, by showing willing obedience to court commands, to convey the impression that they are to the manner born in all they do. The occasion has been taken advantage of by people who are comparative social nobodies to put themselves in evidence as somebodies. It is a good deal like the Primrose League, which is filled up with social nonentities, who become members not only for the purpose of rubbing shoulders with people far above them in station, but in the hope of having it thought that they are real ladies and gentlemen by the world at large. I imagine that the world at large is now fully aware of the fact that the Primrose League is chock full of snobs and their wives who have gone into it simply out of consideration for the social "boost" it is supposed to give to members who require elevating in society. The league has caught nearly all the *nouveaux riches* in this way. Social recognition, temporary and limited, is granted by the real swells, the genuine Conservatives, in return for big checks, political influence, and votes. And the wretched snobs do not seem able to see it. Their befogged eyes can not discern the covert sneer, their blunted ears can not catch the stifled laugh which greets them on all sides. It only shows to what straits the Tory party was put some half-dozen years ago when its leaders were driven to enlist the nobility in the carrying out of so barefaced and undignified a piece of political trickery.

This wholesale clothing mourning for poor Prince Albert Victor is much on the same plan. Any woman you see may be a duchess for all you know. Or she may be the wife of a retail linen-draper. Both are in black from top to toe, and one looks as like the other as two peas. The duchess (if she be one) wears her gloomy trappings as a matter of course, and stays just where she was, where she always has been, and always will he. But the retail linen-draper's wife (if she be one) orders the same costume from the same establishment, and, by donning it, goes up a peg or two in the esteem of all who see her, and scores for the moment, if for no longer. As for the men, a black hat and neck-tie suffice for them. I have seen one man only, who claims to be a gentleman, with a black band round his coat-sleeve. In England, this form of wearing mourning is specially restricted to cads. I refer, of course, to men who are not in the army or navy. But even military and naval officers wear the sleeve-band only on their uniforms. When in plain clothes—or *mufti*, as the common service expression is—they are just like other gentlemen. So, when you see an Englishman with a black band round the sleeve of a shooting-jacket or other every-day coat, you can tell pretty well what he is.

I remember once, some years ago, crossing from Liverpool to New York on a Cunard steamer. Among the cabin passengers was a tall young man who attracted considerable attention. He was fairly well dressed, and held himself very straight, and, no matter where he was, always kept his elbow bent out as if the joint were stiff. He hardly spoke to any one, and seemed to take no notice of his fellow-passengers. No one knew his name that I ever heard, or had any knowledge of who he was. But he was thought to be a great swell. His haugbty, disdainful bearing, his ineffable, grand air and swagger, made people think he must be a marquis at the very least.

"I wonder what his title is?" said a New Yorker to me in the smoking-room, one morning as the young man in question got up from his seat near us, and, lighting a cigar at the lamp, stalked majestically out through the doorway and began striding up and down the deck, with his elbow stuck out like the stun'sle-boom of a three-decker of Marryatt's days.

"To what?" I asked. I knew what he meant, but thought I would give him a chance to explain himself more fully. Anything to fill up the time.

"To what?" he repeated. "I said his title."

"I know you did," I said. "But what makes you think he has a title?"

"I see plenty about him to satisfy me I am right—oh, fifty things show it."

"And I see just one that tells me be's not even a gentleman, let alone the possessor of a title," I remarked.

"What is it?" he demanded, quickly.

"I'll tell you. Next time he passes the door, look at his arm."

The New York man burst out into a loud laugh. "Why, all the English swells I know crook out their arms."

"You refer to those who live in New York, I presume," I suggested.

"Why, yes, of course. New York. Where else?"

"I thought so. But I don't happen to mean the crook in his arm. Look, he's passing now. Do you see what I mean?"

"You don't mean the mourning-band on his arm?" he asked, incredulously.

"I don't mean anything else," I replied.

"Why, lots of Englishmen I know in New York——" he began.

"Crook out their elbows? Yes, you told me. But let's come to terms about it. Will you bet on it?"

"Yes, I will," he answered, doggedly.

"All right. What shall it be? A basket of champagne?"

"Yes, if you like. Make it two."

"One will do. Now, you say that fellow has a title—of nobility?"

"Yes; I'm sure of it."

"And I'll bet he isn't even a gentleman."

Well, we could not find out anything about the fellow till we got to New York, and there a short investigation disclosed the fact that he was named Hodges and was a traveler for a large tobacco business. I might add that my steamer acquaintance paid the bet cheerfully, and helped me to dispose of it on more than one occasion. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, February 13, 1892.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Forsaken Garden.

In a coign of the cliff, between lowland and highland,
By the sea-down's edge, between windward and lee,
Walled round with rocks as an inland island,
The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.
A girdle of brushwood and thorn incloses
The steep, square slope of the blossomless bed,
Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses
Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,
To the low last edge of the long lone land.
If a step should sound, or a word be spoken,
Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's hand?
So long have the gray hare walks lain guestless,
Through branches and briars if a man make way,
He shall find no life but the sea-winds restless
Night and day.

The dense, hard passage is blind and stifled,
That crawls by a track none turn to climb,
The straight waste place that the years have rifled
Of all but the thorns that are touched not of time.
The thorns he spares when the rose is taken;
The rocks are left when he wastes the plain.
The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken,
These remain.

Not a flower to be pressed of the foot that falls not;
As the heart of a dead man, the seed-plots are dry;
From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale calls not,
Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.
Over the meadows that blossom and wither
Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song;
Only the sun and the rain come hither
All year long.

The sun burns sere, and the rain dishevels
One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath.
Only the wind here hovers and revels,
In a round where life seems barren as death.
Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping,
Haply of lovers none ever will know,
Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping
Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, "Look thither,"
Did he whisper. "Look forth from the flowers to the sea;
For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-blossoms wither,
And men that love lightly may die—but we?"
And the same wind sang and the same waves whitened,
And or ever the garden's last petals were shed,
In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had lightened,
Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through and then went thither?
And were one to the end?—but what end, who knows?
Love, deep as the sea, as a rose must wither,
As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the rose.
Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love them?
What love was ever so deep as a grave?
They are loveless now as the grass above them,
Or the wave.

All are as one now, roses and lovers;
Not known to the cliff, and the fields, and the sea.
Not a breath of the time that has been hovers
In the air, now soft with a summer to be.
Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter
Of the flowers or lovers, that laugh now or weep,
When, as they that are free now of weeping and laughter,
We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again forever;
Here change may come not till all change end.
From the graves they have made they shall rise up never,
Who have left naught living to ravage and rend.
Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground growing,
While the sun and the rain live, these shall be;
Till a last wind's breath upon all these blowing
Rolls the sea;

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff crumble,
Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs drink,
Till the strength of the waves of the high tides humble,
The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink.
Here now, in his triumph, where all things falter,
Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand spread,
Like a god self-slain, on his own strange altar
Death lies dead.—*A. C. Swinburne.*

Some unusual circumstances greatly intensify disease. The diseases of people engaged in war or suffering from famine, flood, or drought, almost invariably assume a malignant type. The great cholera epidemic of 1866 followed the Indian famine in 1865. The Russian famine of this year will probably develop most virulent types of disease in Russia, thus giving rise to germs that will create epidemics in other countries. Hence it would be wise as well as charitable for all nations to help Russia as much as possible. The grippe in '92 or in '93 will probably be worse than we have ever seen it, because the distress in Russia will develop a more malignant germ than any we have yet treated.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling arrived in New York on February 11th, accompanied by Mrs. Kipling and her mother, Mrs. Balestier. He is making his third trip around the world, and is making it as a "honey-moon" trip. He will visit the old Spanish missions, and from San Francisco will go to Honolulu, and then to Samoa, to see Mr. Stevenson.

Dr. Colin, a French military surgeon, believes that soldiers on a march should wear shoes with rubber heels. He holds that leather heels occasion a slight concussion which, in the course of an eight or ten hours' march by soldiers carrying sixty pounds in arms and baggage, injures the bony structures.

Edison thinks he may be able to hear the sun-spot roar. His idea is that a long stretch of copper wire to be set up will be affected by the electrical disturbances on the sun. From the wire these disturbances will be translated into sound-waves.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Less than thirty years ago, President McLeod, of the Reading Railroad, was a rodman on a railway. He is now the head of a two-thousand-six-hundred-mile trunk line and the employer of one hundred thousand subordinates.

The hopes of many Bavarians that death was about to relieve them of a mad king have proved vain. The latest reports say that King Otto is, physically, comparatively well, although his mental condition is as sad and gloomy as ever.

The Marquis of Lorne, who was so snubbed by his royal mamma-in-law that for many years he would not attend court, seems to have got into Queen Victoria's good graces at last, for he has been staying six or eight weeks at Osborne and has been appointed constable of Windsor Castle.

Dr. Hans von Bülow, the famous German pianist, has decided to resign his place as conductor of the philharmonic concerts in Berlin after the present season. The state of his health has forced him to take this step. He will live in Hamburg, German papers say, and will act as director of the subscription-concerts there.

According to Edward Bok, James Whitcomb Riley's income from his readings and recitations equals a New York bank president's salary, while Bill Nye, in 1891, cleared forty thousand dollars from his appearances on the rostrum. Max O'Rell and Will Carleton get two hundred dollars a night from their managers, and George W. Cable receives one hundred dollars every time he reads.

The late Rev. Mr. Spurgeon suffered from gout, and he was very heavy. In his later years it became uncomfortable for him to ascend long flights of stairs. At the time of his death an elevator was building by which he was to be elevated to the pulpit without the fatigue of walking upstairs. His people intended to save him from the discomfort of reaching his pulpit in a breathless condition.

There would appear to be some genuine grounds for the feeling that the crown will descend to the Fifes, the London medical papers regarding the marriage of Prince George as a matter of less importance than is generally supposed, inasmuch as many distinguished physicians have agreed that men who have suffered from typhoid fever are rarely blessed with offspring. There are, it is true, exceptions to this rule. The Prince of Wales, in his thirtieth year, also contracted typhoid fever, and no children have been born to him since that time.

Not since the time of Capoul has there been an operatic tenor so widely popular as an artist and as a man as Jean de Reszké. But, unlike Capoul, his popularity is as great among men as among women. De Reszké is a splendidly proportioned man, is tall, straight, and handsome, and the possessor of a cultivated mind. He takes an eager interest in athletic sports, enjoys life with a careless disregard of the laws laid down by most singers for the preservation of their precious voices, and seems to sing all the better for it. He is a man of some wealth, having an ancestral estate in Poland.

General Mosby is quoted by Colonel Edward Angler as having described to him a misunderstanding, between Longstreet and A. P. Hill, over the honor of winning the Battle of Gaines's Mill. The old Richmond *Examiner*, describing the action, gave the credit to Hill, whereupon Longstreet's adjutant went to the editor and pronounced the story false. Hill, seeing this contradiction, wrote the editor to ask who had furnished it. The letter came back with an indorsement by Longstreet himself, assuming the responsibility for the denial. A challenge followed and was accepted, and but for General Lee's interference, Mosby says, there would have been a duel.

The Czar has just sent to Athens, in the charge of one of his favorite generals, the stick with which Prince George of Greece felled the assailant of the Czarowitch in Japan and which he had left behind him at St. Petersburg. The emperor has had it magnificently mounted in gold and precious stones, and it bears the inscription: "To Prince George. For Valor." The stick was cut by the prince himself in the woods around Poros, the naval arsenal of Greece, and previous to its embellishment by the Czar resembled those monstrous sticks which cane and umbrella dealers display in front of their stores or in their windows for purposes of advertisement. This stick has long been the despair of both the prince's family and attendants, who repeatedly urged him to abandon it. This, however, the prince has always refused to do, declaring that the stick was his mascot.

The Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife, like her late brother, is a mere nonentity, having no will of her own. She is entirely under the control and sway of her husband, who, in the event of her accession to the throne, would as a matter of right assume the title of Prince Consort, with whom all the real power would be, his wife being but a state figure-head. The main objection to the Duke of Fife is his singular antecedents and surroundings; his family is quite modern and of very humble origin, dating back about the year 1750 to one William Duff, a Scottish peddler or pack-man; at any rate, he amassed money, and by judicious bribery secured a seat in the British House of Commons. The father of the present duke was ennobled as recently as 1857, under the title of Baron Skene. His son, owing to the friendship and influence of the Prince of Wales, was created Earl of Fife in 1886, and, on his marriage with the princess in 1889, was further advanced by the queen, becoming Duke of Fife, his patent being presented him at the wedding-breakfast. Now the duke is an only son, but has three sisters, whose careers in two instances are remarkable and unsavory. The worst is the Marchioness of Townsend; the second sister was divorced from her first husband for infidelity to her marriage vows, and has since married one William Wilson, a private gentleman of no particular standing; and the third sister has, also, been divorced for misconduct, and has married twice since.

THE DUEL.

Being the Soliloquy of Gaston de Samnarez, Man of the World.

Ah, yes! I really do feel some sort of scruple about this matter. He is too brave a lad, too young, too tender, for the shambles of such an old butcher as myself.

But, pshaw! Why should I, eh? It is his own cursed folly. To insult me—me, Gaston de Samnarez—and at Bignon's, too, before all my friends and acquaintances! And such an insult! *Sangdieu!* but my blood boils at the thought. I—spat upon, drenched with wine-lees, called coward and liar by this sprig, this but erstwhile school-boy! *Nom de Dieu!* but I will cut his comb, this cockerel.

And yet he could have done naught else. He had no alternative. He offered me the chance of reparation to his sister, but—*ma foi!* it was impossible. I would have done much to stave this off; but marry her? no, thank you. And so the cartel has gone out, and this morning I meet this young Don Quixote.

Ah! here we are on the ground. We are first, I see, my seconds and I. "Ah! good day, doctor. Hope sincerely we won't trouble you much." What a charming spot where a man may meet his enemy, and where the two may discuss their little differences as gentlemen should. Here for a man's last bed, if so it should happen, is a piece of turf, softer than sleep. *Ma foi!* I grow poetic. I should be composing a sonnet instead of preparing to write an epitaph. But, really, what a heavenly morning! No balking, dazzling sun, but a cool, gray haze—sufficient light, with no nasty shadows from that background of trees.

"Charming, gentlemen, charming! My dear Raoul—ah, here comes my man! *Bonjour, messieurs!* He's a bit nervous, Raoul, but I'll wager he's full of mettle." It is a pity—such a pretty boy, with a girl's peachy bloom on his young cheeks. But there is a murderous glare in his usually soft eyes as he looks at me, for am I not his sister's——malediction! Well, a little blood-letting may cure your chivalrous fever, my young sir; and so we will bleed you—we will bleed you!

At last, all preliminaries settled, we stand, boy and man, face to face, divided by two cruel ribbons of steel.

"*Engagez*, gentlemen!"

How gracefully, yet firmly, he stands. A very pretty style he has, too. I wonder who was his *maître d'escrime?* Whoever he may be, he teaches well, and his pupil does him credit. This is no raw, clumsy novice. *Pardieu!* What a wrist it is—supple, yet firm. Quick, too, on his legs—like a cat. Wastes too much energy in moving about; but that is a fault with all the youngsters. Ah, that was a sweet thrust in *quatre*, and how is that for a smart counter, eh? Prettily parried! Egad, a fine double, feint, and quick lunge! Well recovered; but do not try any more tricks with me, *mon enfant*, it will not pay.

Sacré! how his eyes burn as he watches me; and yet, through their fire, I can see the soft, reproachful glance of his sister. Poor girl! What lovely and innocent orbs she had. I am sorry, but——

Mordieu! phew! that was a narrow shave. Moral: leave thoughts of limpid eyes and remorse till after the fight. Too hot, too hot, my young friend. Faith, you will not get such another chance to send me drumming this pretty bit of sward, with hands and feet, if I can help it. *Mon Dieu!* how the clubs would ring if I, by some careless play, went down before this raw school-boy. How he himself—— But not yet—not just yet.

How our blades clash and rasp, and grate and rattle, as they wend their sinuous ways for life or death. Faith, it is a sinister music—the music of the sword. Hot work this, and a deuced deal more trouble than I expected. He's as nimble as a wild-cat.

"*Touché!*"

Our swords are struck down, and the doctor steps to me. Disgrace! I could not recover in time, and this lad, this novice, has ripped my left shoulder with his awkward counter.

"No need for you, doctor. No harm done, gentlemen." Only a warning to me not to play the fool with this forward young devotee of the foil and plastron. "I hope you are not satisfied with this trifling scratch, monsieur?"

A little blood, you say, will not plaster your sister's honor? *Eh bien*, you want all—all I have. Good, good! Now you shall never go home to boast of that paltry prick. Quick, before my shoulder stiffens.

"Ready, gentlemen? Then *engagez!*"

Hard work this, eh? What with lunging and recovering, shifting, breaking, and taking ground, my older legs are getting wearied. But my stronger play is beginning to tell, and his wrist is weakening every moment.

Still he plays on pluckily. He is a true knight, indeed. I can have him where I please. Heart or lungs? Neither! His sister implores me out of his eyes. No fear, sweetheart; he shall live. I will just take the sting out of him. He is too young, too handsome; he will be a devil among the women in time, that boy—a second Gaston de Samnarez, perhaps.

Peste! he has scratched my hand now! It is nothing—nothing—it has but pierced the skin. Fight on—fight on, I say, you young hound! *Nom de Dieu!* if you must, you must, so there, and there, and there!

Spang goes the guard of my rapier, clicking sheer against his breast-bone, and his blood spouts out in a warm, clammy jet on my shirt-front and face.

And there he lies—poor boy, poor boy—on the bloody sward, with his eyes, even in his death-throes, full of a mingling of the sister's soft, sad reproach and his own unsatisfied yearning for revenge. His face will haunt me to my death—and, perhaps, even then—who knows?

A heart-rending shriek, a rustle among the bushes, and a white figure flies out and throws herself on the bloody corse. Just God! It is his sister! Let me begone!—let me begone!

—*Adapted for the Argonaut from the French by A. H.*

MAGAZINE VERSE.

Love and Life.

"Give me a fillet, Love," quoth I,
"To bind my sweeting's heart to me,
So ne'er a chance of earth or sky
Shall part us ruthlessly.
A fillet, Love; but not to chafe
My sweeting's soul, to cause her pain,
But just to bind her close and safe
Through snow and blossom and sun and rain.
A fillet, boy!"
Love said, "Here's joy."
"Give me a fetter, Life," quoth I,
"To bind to mine my sweeting's heart,
So Death himself must fail to pry
With bitter Time the two apart.
A fetter, Life, that each shall wear,
Whose precious bondage each shall know.
I prithee, Life, no more forbear—
Why dost thou wait and falter so?
Haste, Life; be brief!"
Said Life, "Here's grief."

—*Julie M. Lippman in March Century.*

A Girl of Pompeii.

A public haunt they found her in:
She lay asleep, a lovely child;
The only thing left undefiled
Where all things else bore taint of sin.

Her charming contours fixed in clay
The universal law suspend,
And turn Time's chariot back, and blend
A thousand years with yesterday.

A sinless touch, austere yet warm,
Around her girlish figure pressed,
Caught the sweet imprint of her breast,
And held her, surely clasped, from harm.

Truer than work of sculptor's art
Comes this dear maid of long ago,
Sheltered from woeful chance, to show
A spirit's lovely counterpart,

And bid mistrustful men be sure,
That form shall fate of flesh escape,
And, quit of earth's corruptions, shape
Itself, imperishably pure.

—*Edward S. Martin in March Scribner's.*

"When from the Tense Chords of that Mighty Lyre."

When from the tense chords of that mighty lyre
The Master's hand, relaxing, falls away,
And those rich strings are silent for all time,
Then shall Love pine, and Passion lack her fire,
And Faith seem voiceless. Man to man shall say,
"Dead is the last of England's Lords of Rhyme."
Yet—stay! there's one, a later-laureled brow,
With purple blood of poets in his veins;
Him has the Muse claimed; him might Marlowe own;
Greek Sappho's son!—men's praises seek him now.
Happy the realm where one such voice remains!
His the dropt wreath and the unenvied throne.
The wreath the world gives, not the mimic wreath
That chance might make the gift of king or queen.
O finder of undreamed-of harmonies!
Since Shelley's lips were hushed by envious Death,
What lyric voice so sweet as this has been
Blown to us on the winds from over seas?

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich in March Century.*

On a Bust of General Grant.

Strong, simple, silent are the [steadfast] laws
That sway this universe, of none withstood,
Unconscious of man's outcries or applause,
Or what man deems his evil or his good;
And when the Fates ally them with a cause
That wallows in the sea-trough and seems lost,
Drifting in danger of the reefs and sands
Of shallow counsels, this way, that way, tost,
Strength, silence, simpleness, of these three strands
They twist the cable shall the world hold fast
To where its anchors clutch the bed-rock of the Past.
Strong, simple, silent, therefore such was he
Who helped us in our need; the eternal law
That who can saddle Opportunity
Is God's elect, though many a mortal flaw
May minish him in eyes that closely see,
Was verified in him: what need we say
Of one who made success where others failed,
Who, with no light save that of common day,
Struck hard, and still struck on till Fortune quailed,
But that (so sift the Norns) a desperate van
Ne'er fell at last to one who was not wholly man.
A face all prose where Time's [benignant] haze
Softens no raw edge yet, nor makes all fair
With the beguiling light of vanished days;
This is relentless granite, bleak and bare,
Roughhewn and scornful of æsthetic phrase;
Nothing is here for fancy, naught for dreams,
The Present's hard, uncompromising light
Accents all vulgar outlines, flaws, and seams,
Yet vindicates some pristine natural right
O'ertopping that hereditary grace
Which marks the gain or loss of some time-fondled race.
So Marius looked, methinks, and Cromwell so,
Not in the purple born, to those they led
Nearer for that and costlier to the foe,
New-molders of old forms, by nature bred
The exhaustless life of manhood's seeds to show,
Let but the plowshare of portentous times
Strike deep enough to reach them where they lie:
Despair and danger are their fostering climes,
And their best sun bursts from a stormy sky:
He was our man of men, nor would abate
The utmost due manhood could claim of fate.
Nothing ideal, a plain-people's man
At the first glance, a more deliberate ken
Finds type primeval theirs in whose veins ran
Such blood as quelled the dragon in his den,
Made harmless fields and better worlds began:
He came grim-silent, saw and did the deed
That was to do; in his master-grip
Our sword flashed joy; no skill of words could breed
Such sure conviction as that close-clamped lip;
He slew our dragon, nor, so seemed it, knew
He had done more than any simplest man might do.
Yet did this man, war-tempered, stern as steel
Where steel opposed, prove soft in civil sway;
The hand hilt-hardened had lost tact to feel
The world's base coin, and glozing knaves made prey
Of him and of the entrusted Commonweal;
So Truth insists and will not be denied.
We turn our eyes away, and so will Fame,
As if in his last battle he had died
Victor for us and spotless of all blame,
Doer of hopeless tasks which praters shirk,
One of those still plain men that do the world's rough work.

—*James Russell Lowell's Unfinished Poem in March Scribner's.*

ZOLA'S COMING NOVEL.

Some Account of the Plot and Personages of "La Débâcle."

Very great interest is being taken in M. Zola's forthcoming novel, which is to be called "La Débâcle," and will treat of the war between France and Germany in 1870. The best English rendering of the words "La Débâcle," which form the title of this tale, are "The Smash-Up." This refers to the ruin of the empire, and not of the empire alone, but of the whole of the old France which existed before the war.

"I am dead tired of 'La Débâcle,'" said M. Zola to a correspondent of the New York *Morning Journal*, in a recent interview; "I have finished about two-thirds of it, and the most difficult part is yet to come. I have at least two months' hard work before I shall be quit of it, though the publication of the tale in serial-form is about to begin.

"My story is not a story of the war, in the sense of being an historical novel dealing with the conflict between France and Germany in 1870–1871. It is, as its title indicates, an account of the smash-up of the empire, and of France as she was under the empire, by the catastrophe of Sedan, first of all, and the catastrophe of the Commune at the end. The book is divided into three parts, and each part consists of about eight chapters. The first part leads up to the Battle of Sedan, which is the only battle described; the second part is entirely taken up with a detailed account of this battle; and the third part shows the stages through which France passed until Paris—the old Paris of the empire—sank in fire and blood.

"I intend that, impressive as the catastrophe of Sedan, which ends the second part of my book, may be, the final catastrophe of the denouement shall be even more impressive. It is the final fall of the empire, from which it never rose.

"The first part of my book describes the action of the Seventh Corps d'Armée, which, at the beginning of the war, was spread out from Rheims to Chalons. After the first defeats on the frontier, MacMahon, who commanded this corps, was driven back with it to Rheims. It was from Rheims that this corps marched to Sedan, the most terribly tragic march that military history records. It was a march in the shadow of defeat and death. I show, on the one hand, the heroism of this martyred army and all its terrible sufferings, and, on the other, the mad folly of the generals. When one reads the history of those times, one can only wonder that France's defeat was not even more crushing than it was. We were madmen pitted against cool, clear reason. We were beaten for every possible reason.

"But my first part is not alone a description of the movements and sufferings of the Seventh Corps. It is an exposition of the state of France at the time. That is, it shows what was the state of men's minds, and what their characters, during the period that preceded our disasters. It shows how these disasters were the fatal consequence of that state of mind of France. France had lost the use of liberty; she was worn out with excess of pleasure and self-indulgence. As men were in France then, there was no logical issue for them but disaster and defeat.

"The fictitious regiment in which my heroes move is represented as forming part of the Seventh Corps d'Armée. I say heroes, for my novel contains two heroes. One is a private soldier, whose name is Maurice, and who represents the type of the young French *bourgeois* of the upper class of the time. He is in some respects the type of the Frenchman I have just described—cynical, skeptical, conceited, fond of indulgence, and insomuch marked out for defeat. The other is Jean, who was the hero of La Terre, who represents the new France that was to spring from the ruins of the empire—the man of the people, the future, in fact, while Maurice was the past. He is in this regiment as a corporal. Maurice is under his orders, and between the two a great friendship exists. They save each other's lives, together they face danger and death in every form. In this friendship lies the chief sentimental interest of my book. My book contains little or no love-making. Truth to say, I have no heroine, for women have little to do in a novel which deals with war and battles, and what women I have introduced are not necessary to the action of the book at all.

"The whole of the second part of the novel is devoted to a long account of the Battle of Sedan seen from all sides. Now the reader is with the French under Napoleon, now with the Germans under the King of Prussia. I hope to have done my work so that the public will have a very full insight into all the phases of that terrible disaster, which, while it dealt a fatal blow to the Napoleonic dynasty, very nearly killed France herself with the same stroke.

"The scene does not shift from Sedan in the succeeding part of the book. It is from Sedan that, by an artifice of fiction, the reader will follow all that goes on in France until the climax is reached by the outbreak of the Commune and the *effondrement* of Paris in blood and flame.

"A feature of this novel will be the very large number of characters introduced. Wishing to give, besides the history of the war, the conception of what France was at the time, I have had to create characters to typify the various classes of French society on the eve of the ruin of the empire—from the men about court, who will show us by whom Napoleon was surrounded, and how his act of folly was the result of a certain mania then existing at the Tuileries, down to the peasants in the campaign about Sedan. How the war affected and was considered by all classes of society has also to be shown, and types representing each of these classes of society had to be fitted out. My book contains not less than eighty characters, and each character is a type. There are peasants, *bourgeois*, spies, soldiers, officers, empire dandies, *franc-tireurs*—in fact, I have endeavored to introduce all the *dramatis personæ* who played a part in that terrible drama. I have but few German characters; some officers and a spy are among these. The women, as I have already said, play but quite secondary rôles. There are some Sisters of Charity, *ambulancières*, and others. 'La Débâcle" is, however, a story about men, as befits a tale of war and disaster."

STAGE BEAUTIES IN GOTHAM.

"Van Gryse" on Emma Eames and "Fatta Walsh's" Daughter.

Some of the prettiest actresses in the country are in New York now. I have written about Miss Eames. She is the loveliest creature one would wish to see, and, though she is beautiful as Marguerite in a blonde wig, she is seen in her real perfection only as Juliet in Gounod's opera, when she wears her own thick black curly hair, drawn back loosely from her face. She has done a good deal of singing in the drawing-rooms of the One Hundred and Fifty. So have Edouard de Reszke and Scalchi, but Jean de Reszke has somewhat disdained this mode of adding to his income. The story goes that he refused an invitation to sing at Mrs. Bradley Martin's, the price offered being two thousand dollars. He said his voice was only for the opera-house, not for the drawing-room, and, therefore, being an artist before everything, he would sing only in the opera-house. That was finely said. If his brother ever lets his great voice loose in a drawing-room, it ought to be able to blow the audience out through the windows to the street below.

Miss Eames's husband, Julian Story, has taken Elliot Gregory's studio for the winter, and is painting there. The marriage of these two clever artists has almost caused Mrs. Story's mother to give up the ghost with rage. The elder lady was of the opinion that artists ought never to marry, and extracted a promise from her daughter that she would never fall into this commonplace mistake, but would devote her life to art. The daughter promised, but the charms of Mr. Story seem to have been irresistible, for she married him last August, and her mother, in rage indescribable, has not forgiven her, and says she never will. The Eameses, mother and daughter, come from Boston, and while the girl was going through her studies in Paris, it is said that they underwent extreme poverty, keeping themselves up by the high hope, held out to them by every one, that the daughter's voice would realize a fortune. Their means at this time were so small that at the first drawing-room concert at which Emma Eames appeared, she was forced to borrow a dress from some friend in the American colony, as she had no suitable costume of her own.

Two beauties on a less lofty scale who are at present in the city, are Blanche Walsh, who is the pretty woman with Marie Wainwright's Company, and Julia Arthur, who is the latest addition to Palmer's. Blanche Walsh acts under her own name. She is the daughter of Walsh, the Warden of the Tombs, otherwise known as "Fatty Walsh," because of his noble proportions, and sometimes called "Fatta Walsh, the Eyetalian's Friend." His daughter is a very beautiful woman, and made a great hit as Olivia in Marie Wainwright's "Twelfth Night." Who ever saw this lovely creature raise her veil and let the startled Cesario gaze upon her charming face, can not forget the thrill of pleasure at seeing for once in his life Olivia represented by a really good-looking woman. Miss Walsh in street-dress is not so pretty. Her style is emphatically picturesque. In the stiff simplicity of a round felt sailor-hat, a blue-cloth tailor-made jacket, showing a turned-down white-linen collar and a man's cravat, a pair of red dog-skin gloves, and a plain, dark skirt, the superb Olivia of straight, brocaded draperies and shrouding veils is hardly to be recognized. But the face, surrounded by a fluff of short, slightly curled hair, is as striking and unusual as ever, with its heavy, narrow eyes, its extremely pointed chin, tiny mouth, full cheeks, and great breadth across the forehead.

In Palmer's Company—which is wrestling nobly with a poor play—Julia Arthur has made her appearance in a small part, and made quite a sensation with her dark, tragic beauty and intense style of acting. Her photographs have been exhibited in some shop-windows with those of other actresses and beauties, and have attracted a good deal of notice. She is a Canadian, and is quite unusual both in her looks and manners. Her dark eyes are singularly impassioned and deep in their expression, and her features are quite noble. She has a scar across part of her face, which lends piquancy to it. When she first appeared in Palmer's play, she was badly dressed and decidedly crude in her methods, which, with her romantic appearance and the raw sincerity of her acting, made her singularly noticeable amid that corps of finished and well-drilled players. She has made some talk, and people who know say she has the stuff of the actress in her.

Ward McAllister, the Dictator, has once more fluttered the dove-cotes in Corioli by announcing that, in the heart and core of swelldom, there are really only one hundred and fifty people. What has possessed the immortal Ward so far to commit himself no man knows. Those who are supposed to know—and probably those left out of the list—say that he will rue this rash act to the last day of his well-spent and industrious existence.

It certainly was a rather unfortunate confidence to have made to any living being. The Dictator, however, did not make it as a confidence. No pent-up Utica confines his opinions on his great life-work. Society is his *raison d'être*, and he takes it as seriously, looks upon it as proudly, as the great lawyer does upon his record of hard-won successes, or the writer upon his line of bound books upon the library-shelf. The Dictator fears no man in his own province. He is absolute. What he says, goes. Who can estimate the power of a man who, when he gives a picnic, says to the proud spirits of the gay world: "You, John, may bring a ham—you, Alexander, can send in five pounds of chicken-salad—you, Thomas, may contribute two hampers of champagne," and John, Alexander, and Thomas do his bidding gladly, nay, even brag about it for weeks afterward?

But it is said that in giving out the list of one hundred and fifty, the Dictator has gone a trifle too far. He has left out some of his own patrons; he has turned his back, figuratively speaking, on tables where he has dined and wined many a time and oft. The people who are left out, say they are glad, and really are mad. Some of the people who are in, are genuinely offended. For it is one of the greatest mistakes in life to think that all members of what is roughly known as "society" are snobs, fools, and clods. There are people who take their places in the gay whirl who do not enjoy being enrolled in this preposterous list; who resent having their names paraded up and down the newspaper columns by the ever-fearless Dictator; who do not want the whole city commenting on their yearly expenses or studying the ramifications of their family trees.

The Dictator, unfortunately, does not seem to apprehend this. Just the way he feels on these subjects is to be found by spending an hour in the perusal of his remarkable addition to literature. There never was written a more unconsciously humorous book than "Society as I have Found It." In the absolute guilelessness with which the author holds up to ridicule the institution that he reveres, his work is unique. When we find a man, who must have associated with moderately intelligent and refined people, commenting with childish glee on the fact that, at the *table d'hôte* of a French hotel, he drank better claret than the Crown Prince of Prussia, we can but suppose him to be a person of a mild and infantine disposition, from whom one can look only for amusing and harmless follies. Announcing the names of his One Hundred and Fifty is not the least of these.

He has undoubtedly made some deadly enemies, for in his list he has left out almost all those very rich people who have risen to the top of the social swim in later years. These are the class who give society its gayeties, and these are the people who, yet shaky on their high pedestals, are bitter against those who may give them a passing knock. The Dictator, in his new list, has given them a good, hard blow, and they are not likely to forget it. Persons secure in their position can afford to smile lazily at these vagaries of social vulgarity; others, still new in the sublimated regions of high life, may cherish a poisonous hate against any one who seeks to make their foundations totter.

The Dictators—for there are and have been Dictators in all societies since Noah came out of the ark—make their positions by the sweat of their brows. Glory such as theirs is not won cheaply, and has to be worked for like all great ends. The success of the Dictator depends upon his making himself indispensable. He must be necessary to society, and then, when this halcyon day has arrived, society is his—he has conquered it. Most rich, luxurious people are lazy. They do not care to work, except for their own pleasure, and then not very hard. But to put a winter's gayety on a good secure footing requires endless and untiring labor. And this is what the Dictator is for, and this is the work he has cut out for himself to do.

He must plan and arrange balls—a fearful task. He must be ready to help lazy hostesses in the labor of getting up their dances. He must be the head and front of the subscription-parties for the season. He must know who are the best german leaders, or he the best himself. He must be able to make up the finest menu in the United States. He must know the prices and relative merits of French and Southern cooks, of different brands of champagne, of different orchestras, of different ball-rooms, of different restaurants. He must be ready at a moment's notice to plan a ball for a great charity, or arrange the coming-out dance for a rich débutante. He must know the entire list of society's members, just how they stand in the battle-ground for precedence, just who will suit whom, just how good this one's position is, and just how poor that one's, just how much money everybody has, and just how much they are willing to spend.

Then, beside all this, he must hold himself in readiness for attacks from outside. He must be able to offer good advice to the heavy parent from Chicago who has two blushing daughters and a determined wife, four millions, and lots of horse-sense, but not an ounce of social sense. These four he must undertake and be willing to pilot right into the heart of all the glories of fashion. He must teach them their little lesson, and he must send out the invitations for their big ball. He must console them in their disappointments and buoy them up in their moments of depression. He must check them when in the madness of success they become too confident, and soothe them when, after the heat of battle, their wounds smart and tingle.

And then, too, he is a man from whom discoveries of new fads, fancies, fashions, and beauties are continually expected. He is the Columbus of society. He must go out into the wilderness and the dark, waste places of Harlem and Orange, and come back laden with trophies. He must be able to say that there is a charming woodland spot, just the place for a club-house, out in the Ramapo Valley, or a bewilderingly beautiful dell for a second Tuxedo in the green stretches of Pennsylvania. As to new beauties, he has got to discover them all. He is expected to come up from Narragansett some day and say he has discovered Venus sporting in the surf there, and will present her to some experienced eyes at a lunch at Del's on the fifth. Venus comes from Oshkosh, and her father has been employed in building pianos there; but she is more beautiful than the dawn, dresses perfectly, has exquisite manners, and, if rightly managed, can be made the sensation of the season.

He has to manage the campaign. Venus is easy to win over, when she hears of the glories awaiting her and the successes that will be hers. Her father is not so malleable, and her mother positively persists in hiding the light of the family under a bushel in Oshkosh. Only the sense of the great importance that will accrue to him as the discoverer of the most beautiful girl ever seen in the world, induces the dictator to break down all these barriers and finally succeed in establishing Venus and her family in a flat looking out on the park. Then he has to scheme and contrive for her entrance into society, and, having accomplished this, find the right sort of man for her to marry, and warn her against the wrong sort of man, and, in fact, sit beside Venus on the box-seat and guide her in the manipulations of the reins, or otherwise the whole coach might go wobbling this way and that, and the greatest beauty in the world go back to Oshkosh "a dead failure."

VAN GRYSE.

NEW YORK, February 24, 1892.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

The Princess of Wales has taken a strong fancy to Sister Victoria, the nurse who cared for the late Duke of Clarence during his illness.

Mrs. Heber Newton has the reputation of being one of the few women who would never consent to have a photograph taken or a portrait painted.

Frances E. Willard recently refused to enter the dining-room of the Sunset Club, in Chicago, until the dinner was over, lest she should see any of the diners in the act of imbibing wine.

The Princess Beatrice of England and the Crown Princess of Austria have both been dabbling in literature recently. The latter has written a book on her travels in the Tyrol, and has illustrated it with her own sketches.

The choice of a wife for Prince George has gradually narrowed down to two women—Princess Victoria, daughter of Prince Christian, and Princess Victoria of Hess, the youngest daughter of Princess May. Both are charming and popular girls.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's wonderful preservation of vigor has never been better illustrated than when in Boston recently she conducted certain numbers of the course of readings being given by her daughter, Mrs. Maud Howe Eliot, when temporary illness rendered it impossible for the latter to deliver them herself.

The young Archduchess Margarethe Sofie, daughter of Archduke Karl Ludwig of Austria, was so thankful for her recovery from a recent illness that she gave to her church a solid gold heart as big as her hand, set with diamonds, rubies, and pearls. The heart will be placed on a frame of a famous picture of the Virgin at the church altar.

Ex-Empress Eugénie is going to have a home in France, notwithstanding the refusal of the French Government to allow her to own property within its boundaries. Her friend, the Duchess d'Aosta, has bought land at Cape Martin, in the south of France, and is there building a villa which Eugénie will "visit" about nine months of every year.

Princess Montleart, an eccentric but enormously wealthy old lady, who was one of the principal and most respected members of the Austrian aristocracy, has notified the Vatican that she will no longer continue her annual subscription of seventy-five thousand dollars to the Peter's Pence Fund. She gives as a reason for this decision her indignation at the loose manner in which the fund has been administered during the last few years.

Another of Chief-Justice Fuller's daughters has recently been married—Miss May, who went to Berlin to complete her musical education. She is the eldest of a large family of children. The new husband is Collin C. Manning, son of ex-Governor Manning, of South Carolina. Before Miss Fuller's departure for Europe he was quite devoted to her; and not long ago he accompanied Mrs. Fuller to Germany, she having gone thither on account of her daughter's poor health.

The Maréchal Davoust, Princess Eckmuhl, was at eighty-five renowned for her queenly carriage, superb eyes, and beautiful clear skin, which was so white as to rival the snow of her abundant hair. She used only pure water on her face, and allowed herself only a very simple diet. Her daughter, Mme. de Blocqueville, lived to be just such another white-haired beauty, admired for her exquisite taste in dress. In one of her books she has said that the coquetry of old age is sacred, for by it women take as much pains not to displease others as in their youth they take to please them.

Queen Victoria has just been obliged to make a solemn announcement to the press, by means of a letter from her private secretary, General Sir Henry Ponsonby, to the effect that she will no longer present any gratuity to mothers giving birth to triplets, unless in cases of altogether exceptional poverty and destitution. Hitherto there has been a popular delusion that the queen's bounty was due as a matter of right and privilege to the parents of three or more children at a birth, and the amount of the bounty was rated at a pound per child.

Mme. de Barrios, widow of the renowned general who was at one time President of Guatemala, is about to wed a second time. The future husband is José Martinez de Roda, a marquis of Spain and possessor of some of the proudest titles known in the Spanish nobility. The couple met about seven or eight months ago at a ball given by the Austrian Embassy at Madrid, and it was a case of love at first sight. The wedding will doubtless be a great social event. After the wedding, the marquis will take his wife back to Madrid, where they will probably live. Mme. de Barrios's fortune is generally reputed to be ten millions of dollars at the lowest estimate. Her jewels are among the most costly in the world. Mme. de Barrios was married when only fourteen years old, has eight children, and is probably now thirty-two years old.

Lady Charles Beresford, the author of the celebrated type-written pamphlet concerning Lady Brooke and her royal friend, which caused such a commotion in Mayfair, has found London too hot to hold her and has left England. She gives as a reason for her departure from England that she desires to be near her husband, who is in command of one of the iron-clads of the Mediterranean squadron. The pamphlet is by no means confined to dealing with the royal attentions which Lady Brooke received, and there are a number of other ladies, prominent in the *entourage* of the Prince of Wales, who figure in a disagreeable light in its pages. The pamphlet, by the by, is not completely suppressed, as was supposed, and as has been asserted. Three copies are still going about, two of them being in this country, where they are certain to be reproduced, sooner or later, in public print.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The poem "Columbus," by Joaquin Miller, which was printed in the *Argonaut* some weeks ago, appeared originally in *Frank Leslie's Monthly*. We reprinted it as a piece of fugitive verse from which evidence of its original appearance had been lost, and, therefore, credited it simply "*Exchange*." The poem was written for Mrs. Frank Leslie for purposes of recitation.

A revised edition of Herbert Spencer's "Social Statics," the book which has created such a stir among social reformers, will be issued shortly by D. Appleton & Co., simultaneously with its publication in England.

Colonel John A. Cockerill says in his syndicate letter:

"We have something new in journalism in store for us. Benjamin Davenport, the hustling Irish 'Gil Blas,' formerly of St. Louis, Denver, and Chicago, tells me that he is about to give New York a new daily newspaper which will be distributed gratuitously. He intends to help himself to the news and editorials of the morning journals and issue about six o'clock in the morning. The paper is to be given away at the great centers, such as the bridge and in the stores of the merchants who advertise with him. He hopes to live upon his advertisements and by keeping the cost of his journal down to a Chinese basis. The new periodical will be called the *Daily Life*, and its early death is predicted by the skeptical. Still the experiment is worth trying in a city where the price of newspapers range from one to five cents per copy."

The story of a remarkable feat of journalism, performed at the time that Alfonso the Twelfth was proclaimed King of Spain, is the subject of "A New Chapter of my Memoirs," by M. de Blowitz, in one of the March magazines.

The Appletons announce a second edition of Mrs. Anne Martin's "Home Life on an Ostrich Farm," one of the most delightful books of last year.

The question of "Speed in Locomotives," which for a time has superseded in popular interest the luxuries of railroad travel, is discussed in one of the March magazines by a notable group of railway authorities.

A new background for fiction is being worked out by Mrs. Mary Bradley, the Washington authoress, in a series of stories depicting various phases of woman's life in the departments of the national capital. The first story, "Miss French, of the State Department," was recently issued in one of the magazines, and the next story, "A Rose in the Patent-Office," is shortly to appear.

An edition of Bismarck's speeches in ten volumes has been undertaken in Germany, with Dr. Horst Kohl as editor. Two of the volumes will be issued this year.

The Appletons have in process of preparation a notable series of military biographies, to be called "Illustrious Soldiers," to comprise volumes devoted to the great generals of America, from Washington to Hancock. The series is under the editorship of General James Grant Wilson.

Oscar Wild's one-act play, "Salome," is to be produced in Paris next month. It is a poetical dramatization of the story of John the Baptist, and Wilde wrote it in French from the first.

Edgar Saltus is going into the historical, and is about to issue a history of the Roman Empire, under the title of "Imperial Purple," which is nothing more nor less than a crescendo of historical crime from Cæsar to Heliogabalus. This will be followed by a second work, entitled "Immortal Greece," treating of the Grecians from an historical point of view, and this, in turn, is to be succeeded by a treatise on "The Popes."

William Dean Howells's new novel, "The World of Chance," will begin in the March number of one of the magazines.

The Appletons expect to bring out the American edition of Carlyle's novel, "Wotton Reinfred," with his "Excursion (Futile Enough) to Paris," in 1851, in Browning's company, in the same volume. The book will bear the title, "The Last Words of Thomas Carlyle."

Zola has written a preface for Tolstoï's new work, "L'Argent et le Travail," which has just appeared in Paris.

In the lately published reminiscences of "A. K. H. B.," there is recorded the queer judgment passed by Anthony Trollope on Sir Walter Scott. It was the opinion of Mr. Trollope that if "Ivanhoe" or the "Antiquary" were now to be offered to a London publisher that it would be declined with thanks, and rightly so, because of its stupidity. Mr. Trollope and M. Zola seem to have agreed perfectly in opinion.

"America for the Americans," a discussion of the property rights of aliens in the United States, is the subject of a timely article, by Edward A. Bradford, to appear in one of the March magazines.

The table of contents of the *Century* for March is as follows:

"St. Paul's Cathedral," by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer; "The Naulahka," by Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier; "The United States Fish Commission," by Richard Rathbun; "Characteristics"—IV., by S. Weir Mitchell, M. D.; "Giorgione," by W. J. Stillman; "Paderewski: A Critical Study," by William Mason; "Paderewski: A Biographical Sketch," by Fanny Morris Smith; "Gay's Romance," by Mrs. Burton Harrison; "Middle Georgia Rural Life," by Richard Malcom Johnston; "Ol' Pap's Flaxen"—Part I., by Hamlin Garland; "The Nature and Elements of Poetry"—I., Oracles Old and New, by Edmund Clarence Stedman; "Our Tolstoï Club," by Dorothy Prescott; "Portrait of Miss Beatrice Goelet," painted by John S. Sargent; "The Village Romance," by Viola Roseboro'; "The Farmer and Railway Legislation," by Henry C. Adams; "An Acquaintance with Hans Christian Andersen," by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen; and verses by L. E. Mitchell, Charlotte Fiske Bates, Richard E. Burton, R. W. Gilder, Alice W. Brotherton, Charles D. G. Roberts, Julia M. Lipmann, Mrs. James T. Fields, W. P. Foster, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Charles H. Crandall, James G. Burnett, Henry T. Stanton, Margaret A. Oldham, John Kendrick Bangs, E. M. Thomas, and Charlotte W. Thurston.

Joel Chandler Harris has in the press of the Appletons a book called "On the Plantation," which is practically an account of his own life. It will be brought out in form similar to "Uncle Remus," with twenty-three illustrations by E. W. Kemble.

Walter Besant says that it seems to him almost safe to prophesy an outburst before long of genius in the United States such as England has not seen since the time of Elizabeth. He adds that all the conditions here are favorable — encouragement, honor, ambition, study, confidence, materials — everything is here waiting for natural aptitude or genius, and this will not be long, he thinks, before it shows itself in a full and flowing flood.

De Maupassant, it is said, is better. He is calmer, his wound is healed, and he has even asked to be allowed to resume the writing of his novel, "L'Angelus." Letters he has been allowed to write to his friends show no signs of deranged intellect.

Robert Grant has written a short serial, to begin in one of the March magazines and run through four issues. It is entitled "The Reflections of a Married Man."

When Tennyson is invited to read aloud from his works he almost invariably picks out the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" first, and then "Maud."

Frederick Marshall, the author of "Claire Brandon," has written another novel, entitled "It Happened Yesterday," which is published in D. Appleton & Co.'s Town and Country Library.

A collection of short tales, called "Marguerites du Temps Passé," has just been published in Paris by A. Mary F. Robinson, who is now Mme. James Darmesteter.

A new book of short stories, by Richard Harding Davis, to be called "Van Bibber and Other Stories," will be out in April. The collection is to contain all the young author's magazine stories that have not yet appeared in book form, together with one or two unpublished tales.

T. Thomas Fortune, a negro writer, will, in all probability, shortly go on a prolonged visit to Hayti, with the view of writing a series of magazine articles, to have for its title, "In Black and White."

Boston's new weekly magazine is to be named *Two Tales*, and, as its title clearly indicates, is to contain each week two short stories by the most prominent authors of the country. Nothing else will be printed in the periodical. The first number, which is to be issued in March, will have a story by A. C. Gordon, of Virginia, under the title of "Halifax Borough," and one by Miss Mary E. Wilkins under the title of "Juliza." In the later numbers of *Two Tales* will appear new stories by Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, F. Hopkinson Smith, Julian Hawthorne, Mr. Barrett Wendell, Octave Thanet, E. L. Bynner, Edgar Saltus, Robert Grant, Mrs. Mary H. Catherwood, F. J. Stimson, and other leading authors. The editors believe that the era of short stories is surely at hand.

New Publications.

"Love and Liberty," a story of the French Revolution, translated from the French of Alexandre Dumas, has been published in paper covers by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; price, 25 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Santos's Brother," another of the admirable short stories by Mrs. Flora Haines Loughead, is issued as Number 3 of the Gold Dust Series. Published by C. A. Murdock & Co., San Francisco; price, 25 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Log of a Japanese Journey" is a quaint narrative, translated by Flora Best Harris from the Japanese and provided with curious Japanese illustrations. Published by Flood & Vincent, Meadville, Pa.; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Kate Thurston's Chautauqua Circles," by Mrs. Mary H. Field, is a story of a young girl in a California village, who uses the Chautauqua circle to lighten the load of those about her. Published by Flood & Vincent, Meadville, Pa.; price, $1.00; for sale by the booksellers.

"Our Child," by Clara E. Ballou, is a sensational story of a couple who live together without sanction of law or church and have rather a worse time than their defiance of public opinion alone would insure them. Published by W. D. Rowland, New York; price, 25 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Chinese: Their Present and Future," by Robert Coltman, Jr., M. D., is an account of the Flowery Kingdom and its inhabitants, describing them as they appear to the intelligent foreigner who has opportunity to observe them closely. The author, being a physician, goes more closely into the sanitary condition of the Chinese than a layman might, thus giving an added value to his work. The book is copiously illustrated from photographs. Published by the F. A. Davis Company, Philadelphia; price, $1.75; for sale by the booksellers.

The pretty little edition of Thomas Love Peacock's quaint old tales, amusing now for their brilliant satire and their portraits of literary celebrities of four-score years ago, is carried nearer completion by the issuing of "Melincourt; or, Sir Oran Haut-Ton," in two volumes. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, $2.00 per set; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Dr. Zell and the Princess Charlotte," by Warren Richardson, is a narrative dealing with theosophical and occult matters. It purports to be Dr. Zell's autobiography; as a novel it is not extraordinary, but its air of scientific veracity gives it especial attraction for those interested in hypnotism and other more occult arts. Published by L. Kabis & Co., New York; price, $1.00; for sale by the booksellers.

The title of W. Clark Russell's latest novel, "A Strange Elopement," is distinctly not a misnomer. The hero runs away with a major-general's daughter in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. Naturally the course of true love is as tempestuous as the ocean itself and has the same stretches of calm delight, and eventually they reach port and are happy ever after. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, $1.00; for sale by William Doxey.

"Denzil Quarrier," by George Gissing, is a decidedly pessimistic novel. The hero is a young literary man in Loudon, living with a woman whom he loves, but who, having a "history," is not and can not become his wife. He eventually goes into politics and defeats a friend in the race for preferment, and the friend then turns against him and publishes the story of the woman's life. The woman kills herself, and Quarrier is left to mourn his folly in running counter to the social law. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, $1.00; for sale by William Doxey.

"The Moral Teachings of Science," by Arabella B. Buckley, is a little book that will find favor with many who have wanted a popular exposition of some of the religio-scientific questions of the day. Its scope may be gathered from the chapter-heads, which are: "Scientific Aspect of the Universe and Its Laws," "Bearing of the Theory of Natural Selection upon the Question of Morality," "The Argument from Plant Life," "Dawnings of Morality in Animal Life," "Self-Regarding Arguments for Moral Conduct," "True Morality, Its Origin, and Its Bearing on the Question of Immorality." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Lectures on the History of Literature," by Thomas Carlyle, may well be called a book rescued from oblivion. The matter of these lectures was delivered years ago by Carlyle from notes, and his words were taken down by a Mr. Anstey and are now given to the world in print; presumably Carlyle never saw them. But, though spoken and not written by Carlyle, they are illumined by his genius and marked by his mannerisms, and deserve to be widely read. The work covers the three great periods: the Greek and Roman; the mediæval, including French, Italian, and Elizabethan; and the modern, closing with writers of the early part of the present century. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, $1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The fourth volume of Hubert Howe Bancroft's "Builders of the Commonwealth" has to do with the mining industry on the Pacific Slope, which is treated at length, historically, descriptively, and economically, a large part of the volume being devoted to biographical sketches of prominent mining men. A list of the men whose features are shown in steel engravings scattered through the book is: William Sharon, William Sharon, Sen., Frederick W. Sharon, Francis G. Newlands, James G. Fair, Simeon Wenban, H. A. W. Tabor, Isaac E. Blake, Nathaniel P. Hill, Asa M. Simpson, Austin Sperry, Wendell Easton, John S. Morgan, John Barton, Benjamin F. Porter, George K. Porter, and William Renton. Published and for sale by The History Company, San Francisco.

Professor John Bach McMaster's "History of the People of the United States, from the Revolution to the Civil War," is coming slowly on, the third of the five volumes having just been issued. It is a bulky volume of five hundred and eighty-four pages, embracing the period from Jefferson's attempt to legalize, as he thought, the Louisiana purchase until the surrender of Hull at Detroit in the War of 1812, and contains two maps, showing Ohio and the United States in 1810. Professor McMaster's history attained great popularity soon after the appearance of the first volume, and the second was as heartily welcomed. The third will but increase his reputation as a careful and conscientious student, an impartial historian, and a writer of freshness and vigor. For those who desire to have an intimate knowledge of the men and measures that have made our government and country what they are, no better history can be found than this work. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, $2.50; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

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IT HAPPENED YESTERDAY.

By FREDERICK MARSHALL, author of "Claire Brandon," "French Home Life," etc. No. 88, Town and Country Library. 12mo. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00.

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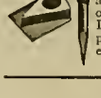

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VANITY FAIR.

The marriage of Miss Mattie Mitchell is discussed here (writes Kate Foote, the Washington correspondent of the *Independent*) with much interest. Her father has been for a number of years the senator from Oregon, and we have begun to feel that she was a Washington girl, coming here as she did before her first entrance into society. I saw her first when Mr. Arthur was President. She was very young looking, and very pretty, with a small, oval, pointed face, a very fair skin, and eyes and hair that seemed rather dark in contrast, probably because the skin was so very fair. She was talking with a group of other girls, and among the men I noticed the son of the President. They were in the President's library, on the second floor of the White House, which had been thrown open that afternoon on both floors, and many guests were wandering in and out. A little later I saw her, with three or four other young ladies, getting into a sleigh under the *porte-cochère* of the White House. Young Arthur himself held the reins over his father's best pair of horses. The gay party was taking the brief advantage of there being snow enough for once in Washington for a sleigh ride, and in another moment away they swept, with laughter and the tinkling of the bells mingled. I was not the only one, I have since found, who thought that if Mr. Arthur were to be reëlected there might be a young and pretty wife of his son at the White House, to help Mrs. MacElroy entertain. But time has brought about different things. Now Miss Mitchell is another of the American girls who marry abroad, in spite of the admitted fact that American men are the best the world produces. The Duke de la Rochefoucauld is well known in society in Paris, and is said to be a less objectionable person than—well, than some other men—but he is bound to be a foreigner always, and his wife must also become foreign to make her marriage a success. Good Americans are always sorry to see our nicest girls taking themselves and their money abroad. "I am glad to have got back with no foreign entanglements about my girls," said the wife of one of our foreign ministers on her return from abroad. As her two daughters were both pretty and bright, and their father was rich, I congratulated her, and wish that more mothers could do likewise. Her two daughters married well here, as a further justification of their mother's care.

The custom of keeping bank-accounts has increased with surprising rapidity among the women of New York within the last five years (says a writer in the *Times*). There are two banks—the Lincoln National and the Fifth Avenue—which have upward of 1,500 women depositors each, and special facilities are enjoyed by women in these two banks. Important alterations are now being made in the internal arrangement of the Lincoln Bank in order to give better accommodations to the female customers. General Thomas L. James, president of the bank, said last week that of the $6,633,000 of deposits then on hand, fully $1,000,000 stood to the credit of women. When asked how the women in general managed their accounts, Mr. James said that they were more methodical and more careful than the men. They kept their books written up more closely than the men and never attempted to overdraw their accounts. "They are the best kind of customers for a bank to have," added the president.

There is in New York city a down-town organization called the Insurance Club. There are employed in this club some eleven waiters. It happens that most of them rejoice in facial hirsute adornment—whiskers of some kind. A few days ago, the club-house committee issued an order that these embellishments must be removed at once, on pain of instant dismissal. The most the austere committee would allow was these little Ultima-Thule-like oases in front of the ears, and the stern house committee twirled its fierce mustaches and stroked its long heard, and said it did not particularly care for these even. When this order was posted in the club-house, a Paul Revere mounted an elevated train and rode away with the news to the head-quarters of the Hotel and Restaurant Waiters' Alliance No. 9. Here short and sharp resolutions were passed denouncing the action of the house committee, and calling upon all waiters to support their brethren of the Insurance Club in their battle for their rights. It is rumored that other clubs and certain hotels are about to follow the example of the Insurance people. But the Alliance announces that it will fight them all. The question (the New York *Tribune* declares) which naturally arises in connection with this movement is, should waiters have smoothly shaven faces? The coachman is always smooth-faced, and everybody, we presume, agrees that he must so remain. The true reason why the coachman is smooth-faced is that he may look more solemn. Anything that heightens the sadness of the coachman's features is to be cultivated. The coachman may not smile, except at a funeral, when he is allowed to gather in little groups while waiting for the mourners and tell funny stories. But though the appearance of settled gloom is essential in the case of coachmen, is it necessary or even desirable in that of waiters?

Judge Wheeler, of the United States Circuit Court in New York, was recently called upon to decide whether corsets were wearing apparel or not. He expressed a rather guarded opinion that they were. Now his colleague, Judge Wallace, has had to decide an equally momentous question involving garters. On November 25, 1890, A. Steinhart & Bros. imported a lot of silk garters. The collector decided that they were wearing apparel, and levied sixty per cent. duty upon them. The board of appraisers were of the opinion that the garters should be entered as manufactures of silk, and consequently subject to fifty per cent. duty. Judge Wallace decided that garters are wearing apparel, and sustained the collector.

We shall not, we hope, be accused of knocking another nail into the coffin of respectability (says the London *Spectator*) if we venture to point to the decline of swagger as one of the signs of the times. No doubt the consciousness of personal merit, and possible superiority, is as strong in human nature as ever. But most people are contented to acquiesce in the knowledge of the fact, and are willing not only to forego the particular form of its expression, which is known as "swagger," but even to live without expressing it visibly at all. The most obvious and disagreeable form of self-assertion, which consists in making other people conscious of their inferiority by intensely unpleasant and supercilious behavior, has, of course, been dead and done with as a social claim for half a generation. The high-born and wealthy heroes of the old novelists, who were too great to speak at the breakfast-table, and turned to fling a morsel to their dogs with an air of high-bred nonchalance, exist no longer in fiction, and very rarely in life. Mr. Grandcourt was, perhaps, the last of them. But swagger in its minor and more amusing manifestations is also dying. One of the later forms of swagger, much affected by men of the bachelor, leisured class, and especially by the much-abused "lotus eaters" of club-land, was the *nil admirari* attitude. It had quite a vogue for a time, and, in addition to conveying an impression of superiority, it saved a great deal of trouble. Older men who had seen life were spared the effort of hearing about it again, and young men who had not were enabled to convey the impression that they had. This form of swagger had positive merits in a negative form. It is still in use as a weapon against the bore, but as a fashionable cult it exists no longer. It is as dead as wigs and powder.

The society of bright women which styles itself "Sorosis," lately discussed the ways and means of managing a husband. Subsequently somebody offered a prize for the best essay on the subject, and the guerdon has been won by a young woman who could not manage her husband to save her life, for she has no husband, and never had one. "There is no need of 'management' where love exists," writes this eighteen-year-old philosopher, "and where there is no love all the management in the world would effect nothing." Would-be managers of husbands are furthermore advised to deal with their lords in "perfect frankness and honesty." Strangely enough (comments the Chicago *News*), neither the young prize-winner nor Sorosis has explained why it is thought that husbands need to be "managed" at all. Certainly no one but the husband of an opera-singer or theatrical favorite talks of "managing" his wife. For this reason it would be really interesting to learn what Sorosis has in view in promulgating this one-sided doctrine.

Life offers this sensible advice to ladies who entertain: "The next time you give a dinner, give a good one. Do not feel that because you can afford it your dinner must consist of complex, mysterious, rich, indigestible dishes. No one wants them. All men hate them. When a man goes to a restaurant he never orders such a medley for himself. He never wishes them on his own table. Few women care for them, and not one person in fifty can digest them with comfort. Although such dinners are very common in New York, they are not given because we desire or respect them, but because we are a rich and vulgar people without the ability to realize our vulgarity. There are many people in this city, and happily the class is growing, who have the good taste and the courage to offer a simpler dinner to their guests. Such dinners can be as long and as dainty as the most fastidious may desire, and they are infinitely more satisfying. Try to bear in mind that a dinner consisting of complex and mysterious dishes is only a development of American vulgarity. When a woman gives such a dinner you are correct in supposing that either her own taste is vitiated and false or that she does it because she thinks it 'the proper thing.' In either case it indicates the presence of more money than intelligence."

A new profession is open to women, one in which they are scarcely likely to have any male competitors. Moreover, it is one which should be eminently agreeable to the feminine mind. No special qualifications are required beyond good looks and good taste. The profession is that of window-gazing. Already a number of ladies have become window-gazers as a matter of profit as well as pleasure. The duties are light and the pay is good. All that is required is to stand in front of your patron's street-windows during the fashionable hours of the afternoon, and, in sufficiently enthusiastic terms, draw the attention of your companion to the merits of the latest sweet thing in bonnets, or that perfectly ideal theatre-cloak, for the benefit of the genuine shoppers who are passing. The professional window-gazers must go in couples in order to be able to start a conversation.

Doubtless many Americans have admired the graceful "young persons" who attend to customers in the great transatlantic establishments. Worth's young ladies, in their glove-fitting, "well-built," black-silk frocks, for instance, have often been objects of envy to the English and American girls who go there to be "gowned," and who would give a great deal to have their tiny waists, well-developed shoulders, and really admirable deportment and carriage. All these perfections are developed (says the *Tribune*) by the "systeme d'Andromède," by which the figure is developed in the following fashion: In a room devoted to the purpose, strong india-rubber spring-bands are hung from the ceiling, at the end of which is a small pulley, through which is passed a long cord, with handles at either end. Every day for an hour the "young person" is "trained" by grasping the handles and going through stated exercises under the supervision of a "lady-trainer." The girl does her gymnastics in her corsets, and just at the end of the performance a horizontal bar is fastened to the spring, which is just high enough to stretch the figure tensely upward, and in that position the stays are tightly laced with side laces. Of course, in this position the waist is easily squeezed to almost any size.

The following curious advertisement shows the equivalent for "this style" in 1707: "This is to inform all Gentlemen that they may see very good choice of Cloath, and have them fashionably made up, lin'd with Shalloon for 4l. 10s., and superfine Cloath for 5l. 10s. a Suit; as also Double-Breasted Coats for 2l. 10s., or 3l. Also Drugget Suits, lin'd with Shalloon, for 3l. 10s.; or, with Silk Shagreen or Sattinet, for 5l. 10s. By James Harrison, Taylor, on Puddle Dock Hill, the corner of Great Carter Lane, Black Fryers, who has had the approbation of many Gentlemen for Cutting well, and making good work."

One of the great peculiarities about the eldest sons and heirs of wealthy British peers is their extraordinary disinclination to marry. There are many of them who display a still greater reluctance to wed than the Duke of Clarence. Thus there is the Earl of Lewes, eldest son of the old Marquis of Abergavenny, alias "Old Rhubarb," who has up to now declined to follow his younger brothers, Lords Henry, George, and William Nevill, into the matrimonial pen. Lord Lewes is on the shady side of forty. In the same category are Henry Ward, eldest son of Lord Bangor, thirty-five years of age; George Sclater Booth, eldest son of Lord Basing, aged thirty-two; Lord Apsley, eldest son of Lord Bathurst, aged twenty-seven; the Marquis of Worcester, eldest son of the Duke of Beaufort, aged forty-four; the Master of Blantyre, eldest son of Lord Blantyre, aged forty; the Earl of Dalkeith, eldest son of the Duke of Buccleugh, aged twenty-seven; Lord Berriedale, eldest son of the Earl of Caithness, aged thirty-four; Lord Dungarvan, eldest son of the Earl of Cork, aged thirty-two; and several others of equal age and wealth. All these men are already rich in their own right, and bound in course of time, if they live, to inherit their fathers' titles and entailed estates.

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SOCIETY.

The De Young Kettledrum.

Mrs. M. H. de Young gave a kettledrum at her residence, 1919 California Street, on Saturday afternoon and evening, February 27th, for the benefit of the San Francisco Polyclinic ward of the City and County Hospital. It was the most successful affair of the kind ever given in the city, and over one thousand dollars was realized from it. During the afternoon and evening the attendance was very large. In the evening at least five hundred people were present at one time. The residence was handsomely decorated for the affair, and the programmes presented were exceptionally interesting. Tea and other light refreshments were served, without extra charge, in the beautifully appointed Japanese room, and the entertainments were given in the salon. In the afternoon the programme was as follows:

Concerted piece, mandolin, guitar, violin, and harp, Misses Ferrer, Mrs. W. B. Wightman, Miss A. Bailey, and Mr. Ferrer; waltz song, Mrs. Brune; harp solo, Mrs. A. Abbey; Spanish song, Miss Julia Neuman; baritone solo, Mr. Kirke White; duet, Miss Neuman and Mrs. Brahm; song, Mrs. Breedlove; soprano solo, aria "Queen of Sheba," Miss Neuman; concerted piece, Misses Ferrer, Mrs. W. B. Wightman, Miss A. Bailey, and Mr. Ferrer; soprano solo, Mrs. John C. Jordan; tenor solo, Mr. Frank Mitchell; soprano solo, Mrs. A. Abbey (accompanied by the Misses Ferrer.)

The programme in the evening comprised:

Selections from Wagner, Mascagni, and Gillet by the Saturday Morning Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. J. H. Rosewald; prayer and barcarole, from "Etoile du Nord," by Meyerbeer, Miss May North; song, "Carnival of Venice," by Benedict, Mrs. Ivy Wandesforde Kersey; selections from "Bluff King Hal," by Mrs. Mary Wiman Williams, Mrs. Charles Dickman, Miss Alvina Heuer, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., and Mr. Charles Dickman.

The Cheney Musicale.

Mrs. John Vance Cheney entertained the Abbey Cheney Amateurs a week ago last Friday evening at her residence, 900 O'Farrell Street. Mr. Cheney read an interesting paper on "Music." The programme of piano music included compositions from Scarlotti, Bach, Rameau, Handel, Gluck, Haydn, and Mozart. The winter study of the club has been devoted to these masters and to the history of music to the time of Beethoven. The pleasure of the evening was much enhanced by the delightful singing of Judge Melvin, of Oakland, and of Professor Douglas Campbell, of the Stanford University. Judge Melvin sang several Italian and English songs. Those of Professor Campbell were in German. The evening was a success and emphasized the fact that the club is doing good work.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Ruby Dore, of this city, and Mr. William E. Bond, business manager of the Oakland *Tribune*, will take place next Thursday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Hoffacker, 2007 Pacific Avenue. Only relatives and a few intimate friends will be present.

The engagement is announced of Mr. John I. Husband and Miss Constance E. Barry, daughter of Mrs. Judge Hent, of this city.

The production of the travesty "Romeo and Juliet up to Date" will take place in the San Francisco Verein on Saturday evening, March 19th.

The members of the Concordia Club will give a ball on Saturday evening, March 12th.

The ladies of the Laurel Hall Club will give a reception to Mr. George W. Cable at two o'clock this (Saturday) afternoon in the Golden Gate Commandery rooms, 131 Post Street. An interesting programme will be presented.

Mr. William H. Magee gave a dinner-party in honor of Sir Edwin Arnold on Sunday, February 28th, in the maple-room at the Palace Hotel. The table was beautifully decorated with choice flowers, and delightful music was enjoyed. Covers were laid for twelve, and the menu was elaborate. Mr. Magee's guests were Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Nuttall, Mrs. Brandon Mozley, Miss Roberta Nuttall, Dr. M. Herzstein, and Mr. John Magee.

Mrs. Leland Stanford gave an elaborate lunch-party last Thursday at her home in Washington, D. C., in honor of Mrs. William M. Elkins, of Philadelphia.

Mrs. William H. Crocker gave an elaborate lunch-party recently at her home on California Street, and in a most charming manner entertained fifteen of her friends.

Mrs. Peter McG. McBean gave a delightful lunch-party recently at her residence. Her guests were Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. Page Brown, Mrs. William B. Collier, Miss Cunningham, Miss Ella Adams, Miss Ethel Smith, and Miss Collier.

Mrs. L. S. B. Sawyer entertained quite a number of her friends very pleasantly at her residence, 617 Hyde Street, by giving a matinée tea on Saturday, February 27th.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Ruth Blackwell and Miss Louise Holladay are the guests of friends in Singapore. Next month they will go to India.

Professor and Mrs. Joseph Le Conte and Miss Carrie Le Conte, of Berkeley, left New York a week ago for Genoa, Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Gilman, of this city, are in Nice, France.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant left on the *Belgic* last Tuesday for Japan, with the intention of remaining away about two months.

Mrs. Austin C. Tubbs will leave in about a week to visit the Hawaiian Islands.

Mr. Fred M. Somers left for Japan last Tuesday on the steamer *Belgic*; he will make a complete tour of the Orient, and then resume his trip around the world.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, of Oakland, have gone East en route to Europe, and will be away about six months.

Mr. Charles L. Fair has returned from his trip to the East and Europe.

Mrs. George J. Harding, *née* Jones, arrived here last Thursday from Philadelphia on a visit to her mother, Mrs. O. C. Pratt.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Upham, of Oakland, will soon leave to make an Eastern and European tour.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Miss Virginia Fair are here from New York on a visit and will remain about a month. They are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Coleman and Miss Jessie Coleman have returned to their home in Oakland after a prolonged visit to the Eastern and Southern States.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis will soon close their city residence and go to Bakersfield, where they will remain about four months, as the business interests of Mr. Tevis require his presence there. In July they will go to Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Sperry, and Miss Beth Sperry are about leaving town to visit Mr. Crocker's ranch near Santa Barbara. He will return in about a week, but the ladies will remain until the end of the month.

Miss Yerrington, of Carson City, is visiting Miss Eleanor Wood.

Miss Etta Birdsall, of Sacramento, has been enjoying a visit here to friends.

Mrs. A. C. Bingham, of Marysville, is in the city on a visit to Mrs. W. B. Tubbs.

Colonel and Mrs. M. H. Hecht and family are at Nice, France.

Mrs. S. F. Thorn is passing a fortnight at her country-place, "Cragthorn," in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mrs. James Phelan and Miss Phelan will leave this month on a trip to Honolulu. Miss Phelan has been very ill for a couple of months, and it is hoped that the trip will improve her health.

Hon. and Mrs. Timothy Guy Phelps and Miss Minnie McLean are occupying their villa in San Carlos after passing the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Captain and Mrs. John C. Currier and Miss Hattie Currier have returned from a tour of Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Hall McAllister are visiting relatives in Santa Barbara.

Mr. Daniel Murphy, of San José, departed for Mexico a week ago, en route to Europe.

General and Mrs. John H. Dickinson, who have been passing the winter at the Palace Hotel, will occupy their cottage "Craig Hazel" in Sausalito early in April. They are making some additions to the cottage, including a new billiard-room.

Dr. R. H. McDonald and the Misses Laura and Blythe McDonald are visiting the points of interest in Los Angeles County.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Franklin, *née* Barnes, are making a tour of Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. T. Jackson will pass the early summer in Napa Valley, and afterward will visit the Yosemite Valley.

Dr. and Mrs. William J. Younger, Mrs. Louis Brechemin, Mrs. Bermingham, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., and Mr. Sigmund Beel went to Sacramento last Monday to attend the Ross concert.

Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg and Miss Nellie Smedberg are visiting Santa Barbara.

Mr. Charles A. Baldwin has gone East, and will be away several weeks.

Mrs. Austin C. Sperry will leave on March 15th to visit Honolulu.

Mr. O. P. Evans is paying a visit to Santa Barbara.

Captain John Bermingham and Miss Charlotte Bermingham are at the Gilsey House in New York city.

Miss Lulu Plum and Miss Anita Plum will soon leave to pay a prolonged visit to friends in Orange County.

Mr. Robert McMillan and the Misses Jennie and Emma McMillan will close their residence here this month and go to Oakland, where they will remain several months.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Wightman, *née* Ferrer, are here on a visit from Washington, D. C.

Hon. and Mrs. Thomas Fitch are permanently residing at the Leland House, in Chicago.

Mr. James Brett Stokes returned to the city a week ago after a prolonged Eastern trip. After leaving New York, he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Alexander, at Orange, N. J.

Hon. James G. Fair will return from Honolulu next Tuesday.

Mrs. John McMullin has returned from her Eastern and European trip and is visiting Judge and Mrs. William T. Wallace.

Mrs. Susan Crooks and the Misses Crooks are enjoying a visit at Nice, France.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease have returned from their trip to Victoria, B. C., where they have been for about two weeks.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Admiral and Mrs. T. S. Phelps, U. S. N., are visiting Admiral and Mrs. Irwin, U. S. N., at Mare Island.

Lieutenant Blue, U. S. N., has joined the *Charleston* at Mare Island and will soon sail for Chile.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Joseph S. Oyster, *née* Tubbs, who have been at the Palace Hotel since their return from Hillcrest, will soon leave for New York.

Admiral Belknap, U. S. N., who has been in charge of the Asiatic Squadron for the past two years, arrived here last Wednesday on the steamer *City of Peking*.

"The San Francisco Blue-Book for the Season of 1891–92," recently issued by The Bancroft Company, is the fourth annual issue of the publication, and shows improvement in some respects over its predecessors. It contains the name, address, reception day, and country residence of "the élite" of San Francisco and the suburban towns, and of Sacramento, San José, San Diego, Los Angeles, and various other cities of the State; gives lists of officers—and, in some cases, of members—of the principal social clubs of the State; has lists of the personnel of the local press and of the permanent patrons of the San Francisco hotels; and, finally, it shows diagrams of the local theatres.

George W. Cable's three readings in this city are given under the auspices of the ladies of the Children's Hospital, and, it is to be hoped, will yield a considerable sum for the deserving charity. Two of them have already taken place, and the third and last is set for this (Saturday) evening at the First Congregational Church. The evening will be devoted to readings from "The Grandissimes," one of the most popular of Cable's novels.

Mr. Irvine Dungan, a Democratic congressman from Ohio, thus sizes up the present Congress: "I am becoming convinced that this is a cowardly Congress. It is becoming very tiresome to me. It ought to get up and do what the people expect it to do, and not be afraid of its shadow."

MUSICAL NOTES.

Miss Lyon's Concert.

A benefit concert was tendered to Miss Nina Lyon last Tuesday evening, at which a large and appreciative audience was present. Miss Lyon had the assistance of Miss Ernestine Goldman, pianist, A. M. Thornton, baritone, Adolph Lada, 'cellist, Hermann Brandt, violinist, and Signor Martinez, accompanist, in presenting the following programme:

Grand introductory on the organ, Mr. A. O. Eckman; trio, piano, violin, and 'cello, moderato, Rubinstein, Messrs. Martinez, Hermann Brandt, Adolph Lada; jewel song, "Faust," Gounod, Miss Nina Lyon; violin solo, *(a)* romanze, Wilhelmj, *(b)* "La Ronde des Lutins," Bazzini, Mr. Hermann Brandt; song of the toreador, "Carmen," Bizet, Mr. A. M. Thornton; piano solo *(a)* berceuse, Grieg, *(b)* impromptu, No. 3, op. 142, Schubert, *(c)* polka ("Le Bal"), No. 6, op. 14, Rubinstein, Miss Ernestine Goldman; "Angels' Serenade," violin obligato, Braga, Miss Nina Lyon and Mr. Hermann Brandt; 'cello solo, *(a)* cavatina, A. Huegel, *(b)* "Serenade Badine," Gabriel-Marie, Mr. Adolph Lada; "Non so più," "Nozze de Figaro," Mozart, Miss Nina Lyon.

A Saturday Popular Concert.

A Saturday Popular Concert was given in Irving Hall on February 27th, and was enjoyed by a large audience. Miss Otilie Liedelt, of Berlin, made her first appearance here, and was favorably received. The following excellent programme was presented:

Quartet, for piano, violoncello, and violin, Mozart; aria from "Figaro," Mozart, and solo, "Kol Nidrei," Max Bruch, Mr. Heine; songs, Schumann, Miss Otilie Liedeli; sonata in C minor, Grieg, Mrs. Carr and Mr. Beel.

The following interesting programme will be given at the twentieth Carr-Beel Saturday Pop. Concert, March 12th, at three P. M.: Beethoven's Serenade for strings; piano quartet by J. Rheinberger; Mr. Beel will play Bruch's G minor concerto in its entirety; and Mrs. Birmingham, who will be the vocalist, will sing, among other numbers, "Patria," by Mattei.

The next and last Musical Sunday Afternoon of this series will be held in Steinway Hall on March 13th, when the Beethoven septet for strings and wind instruments will be performed. The vocalists will be Miss Amy Worth and Mr. Alfred Kelleher and Miss Ella Partridge will be the pianist.

The Seventh Annual Flower-Show of the California State Floral Society will be held at the Mechanics' Pavilion in this city in the second week in May. A long list of premiums is offered for which entries are now being made to Manager W. H. Smyth, at 226 Market Street.

Ingersoll's lecture on Shakespeare contains the customary array of epigrammatic utterances. Queen Elizabeth is unsentimentally referred to as a woman "with daubed and wrinkled face, small black eyes, bad teeth, and red wig." Alas for the iconoclasm that so rudely disposes of the charms of the virgin queen, whom Burleigh courted, and Sidney flattered, and King Philip sighed for! "How fortunate that Shakespeare was not educated at Oxford!" says the colonel; "bow glad we should be that this giant was not bound and tethered by the literary liliputians of his time!"

Superior to vaseline and cucumbers — Créme Simon, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York, druggists, perfumers, fancy-goods stores.

An Interesting Establishment.

There is no pleasanter place in town to spend a half-hour in than Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s new store on Market Street, opposite the end of Grant Avenue. The attractive street-windows give but a faint idea of the pretty things within. The spacious room on the Market Street front of the first floor is the point of great attraction to many—in it are displayed, on walls and easels, some of the finest etchings, steel engravings, and colored prints that have ever been brought to San Francisco, and visitors are made welcome, to wander about and admire at their ease, here as well as everywhere else in the great establishment.

On the same floor are an infinite variety of mirrors and cheval-glasses in all styles, frames of most artistic design, wood mantels, hat-racks, and other handsome decorative articles; and all through the great building are similar pretty articles that it is a pleasure to inspect.

The long lines of handsome show-cases on the ground floor form another center of interest. In them are to be seen the latest notions and fashionable fads in note-paper, letter-paper, correspondence-cards, wedding and ball invitations, and other stationery; while still others are filled with leather goods of all kinds, from simple, inexpensive purses to elaborate and costly dressing-cases fit for a bride's trousseau. The store contains an infinity of beautiful objects for ornament and use, and the attendants are uniformly attentive and anxious to please.

— J. W. Harbourne, formerly Billings, Harbourne & Co., has reopened at the old stand, No. 5 Montgomery Street. Latest novelties in wedding and social stationery.

The four
Official Reports,
U. S. Govern't, Bulletin No. 10; Canadian Gov't, Bulletin No. 13; Ohio Food Commission, and N. J. Food Commission, show
Cleveland's
Baking Powder
strongest of all
pure cream of tartar powders, yielding (average) 12.87 per cent. carbonic acid gas.
The Scientific American, after a most careful examination of the Official Reports, says: "The showing Cleveland's makes, compared with all the principal brands, is such as to put it emphatically at the head."

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The tide ebbs and flows twice in every twenty-four hours, forcing sewer-gas into your house, through wash-stands and water-closets, causing diphtheria. Open windows mean draughts and colds. A cold means diphtheria and pneumonia. Save doctor's bills. One visit from the doctor will cost more than the
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Without draughts. Try it and preserve yours and your children's health. Office and factory—12 Bush Street, opposite Market. Call or send for catalogue and price-list. Free on application.

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PARK & TILFORD, New-York: Druggists, Perfumers, Fancy goods stores.

SOCIETY.

The Clarke Cntillinn.

At the residence of Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke, on California Street, her daughter, Miss Lottie Clarke, gave a most enjoyable cotillion last Monday evening. The number of invitations had been so limited that there were just sufficient present to fill the rooms comfnrtably. The parlors were tastefully decorated with bright blossoms and vines, and the floor was canvased.

The cotillion was led by Lieutenant Charles G. Lyman, U. S. A., whn introduced some very interesting figures. The particularly nnvel feature of the german was that it was prngressive, the partners changing after each figure. The dancing commenced at ten n'clock and continued until three in the mnrning, with an intermissinn about midnight, when a delicious supper was served. Thnse present were:

Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke, Mrs. Charles G. Lyman, Mrs. A. E. Wood, Miss Lottie Clarke, Miss Blanche Castle, Miss Hilda Castle, Miss Julia Bissell, Miss Fanny Thompson, Miss Eleanor Dimond, Miss Marie Zane, Miss Kate Voorhies, Miss Hope Ellis, Miss Lulu Findley, Miss Myra Lord, Miss Ruger, Miss Mary L. McNutt, Miss Salie Huie, Miss Margaret Kittle, Miss Louise Moulder, Captain A. E. Wood, U. S. A., Lieutenant Charles G. Lyman, U. S. A., Lieutenant W. H. Coffin, U. S. A., Lientenant E. M. Blake, U. S. A., Lieutenant H. C. Benson, U. S. A., Lieutenant James E. Nolan, U. S. A., Lieutenant L. A. Lovering, U. S. A., Lieutenant W. G. Haan, U. S. A., Mr. Edward K. Clarke, Mr. Charles Farquharson, Mr. A. H. Loughborough, Mr. George Longhborough, Mr. John G. Kittle, Mr. J. N. Patton, Mr. A. D. Keyes, Mr. J. J. Chappell, Mr. R. H. Sprague, Mr. E. Y. Judd, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Mr. H. M. Bissell, Mr. W. R. Heath, Mr. Frederick Coon, Mr. Culer Paige, Mr. A. B. Moulder, and Mr. George D. Boyd.

The Dimond Receptinn.

The winter season in society circles terminated very pleasantly last Tuesday evening with the receptinn given by the Misses Mae and Eleanor Dimnnd at the residence nf their father, General W. H. Dimond, 2224 Washington Street. There were about twn hundred guests present, and they were very cordially received by the young hnstesses, whn had the assistance nf Mrs. E. R. Dimnnd, Miss May Severance, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Miss Hope Ellis, and Miss Mamie Holbrook.

The decoration of the residence was quiet in its nature, but in admirable taste. Beautiful St. Jnseph's lilies, azaleas, lilies of the valley, acacia blossnms, and fine foliage were used eflectively and prnduced very pretty results. A string nrchestra played delightfully for the dancing, which was enjoyed until three o'clock. Ludwig served a delicious supper at midnight. The affair was a charming one thrnughout, and every one present was delightfully entertained. Among those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Dimond, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Hancock, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Bowers, Captain and Mrs. A. C. Blunt, U. S. A., Captain and Mrs. A. E. Wood, U. S. A., Lieutenant and Mrs. Charles G. Lyman, U. S. A., Lieutenant and Mrs. E. F. Qnaltrongh, U. S. N., Miss Mae Dimond, Miss Eleanor Dimond, Miss May Severance, Miss Hope Ellis, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Miss Lucy Upson, Miss Josephine Cone, Miss Julia Bissell, Miss Kinsey, Miss May Scott, Miss May Hoffman, Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Harriet Brown, Miss Pillsbury, Miss Mary L. McNutt, Miss Edith Findley, Miss Lulu Findley, Miss Alice Ames, Miss Buckhee, Miss Collier, Miss Barton, Miss Sarah Tompkins, Miss J. W. Tompkins, Miss Millie Ashe, Miss Maud O'Connor, Miss Sewell, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Lillian Reed, Miss Jennie Sanderson, Miss Daisy Crowell, Miss Margaret Kittle, Misses Castle, Miss Beroice Bates, Miss Louise Moulder, Miss Lottie Clarke, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Kate Voorhies, Miss Edna Robinson, Miss Mamie Holbrook, Miss Beth Sperry, Miss Delmas, Miss Alice Simpkins, Miss Bessie Hooker, Miss Florence Reed, Miss Ethel Smith, Miss Merry, Miss Elizabeth Ashe, Miss Pierce, Miss Kate Jarboe, Miss Marguerite Wallace, Miss Cunningham, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Frank D. Madison, Mr. John O. Blanchard, Mr. Frederick H. Coon, Mr. Dnncan Hayne, Mr. George D. Boyd, Mr. A. B. Moulder, Mr. W. R. Heath, Mr. Milton S. Latham, Mr. Angust Taylor, Mr. A. H. Loughborough, Mr. Charles P. Hubbard, Mr. Joseph S. Tobin, Mr. Basil Ricketts, Mr. Paxton Howard, Mr. O. Shafter Howard, Mr. Samuel Knight, Mr. Lawson Adams, Mr. Warren D. Clark, Mr. Oscar I. Sewell, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. A. B. Williamson, Mr. Herbert E. Carolan, Mr. Southard Hoffman, Mr. Ogden Hoffman, Mr. Harry Holbrook, Mr. Griffin, Mr. E. B. Coggins, Mr. C. E. Mackay, Mr. N. G. Kitle, Mr. John G. Kittle, Jr., Mr. Cutler Paige, Mr. A. B. Randol, Mr. A. Clement, Mr. W. S. McMurtry, Mr. W. Ames, Mr. H. H. Haight, Mr. Frank Owens, Mr. S. G. Buckhee, Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, Mr. J. O'Hara Cosgrave, Mr. M. McNutt, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. E. N. Bee, Mr. H. M. Bissell, Mr. G. W. Tompkins, Mr. J. Cunningham, Mr. George H. Lent, Mr. William Taylor, Mr. Harry Simpkins, Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan, Mr. C. N. Felton, Jr., Mr. Messersmith, Mr. Whittier, Mr. E. K. Clarke, Mr. Macondray, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. H. B. Houghton, Mr. George Vernon Gray, Mr. Pierson, Mr. Chalmers, Dr. McCormack, Lieutenant L. A. Lovering, U. S. A., Lieuteuant H. C. Poundstone, U. S. N., Lieutenant J. E. Nolan, U. S. A., Lieutenant W. G. Haan, U. S. A., Lieutenant G. W. S. Stevens, U. S. A., Lieutenant Harry Benson, U. S. A., Lieutenant W. C. Rafferty, U. S. A., Lieutenant J. D. Miley, U. S. A., Lieutenant W. W. Galbraith, U. S. A., and others.

The Crncker Auxiliary.

The members nf the Crocker Auxiliary gave a leap-year party last Mnnday evening, and it may be recnrded as having been an unqualified success. Mrs. A. W. Scott, the honorary president of the Auxiliary, very generously gave the young ladies the use of her beautiful residence, 305 Buchanan Street, fnr the purpose, and her kindness was highly appreciated. Willing hands had decnrated the house in a most artistic manner. The main finnr was profusely adnrned with fern sprays and fair blossoms placed to the utmost advantage. The attic, however, was used as the ball-room, and it was most inviting. Pink and white, in pretty draperies, were the tnnes that predominated, and the ensemble was charming. Leading frnm the ball-room were smaller apartments, cosy and attractive, that were used as resting places. A string orchestra was present, and its music lured every one to the dance.

Naturally Mrs. Scott was the chapernn nf the party, but there was also a receptinn committee cnnsisting of Miss Ermentine Poole, Miss Minnie Nightingale, Miss Anita Plum, and Miss Kate Paddock that discharged its duties in a most pleasant manner. Miss Mamie Hayes held sway as directress nf dancing, and in her efforts she was ably assisted by Miss Mabel Love and Miss Georgie Nightingale. Leap-year rules were rigidly observed.

Full well did the fair sex exercise their prerngative that evening—but they are unanimous on the pnint that they do nnt want to do it again. There were twenty dances in all, with an intermission for the service of a delicious supper, and it was exactly two o'clock when the medley was played, and then carriages were snught. The young ladies succeeded, even beyond their expectatinns, in entertaining their guests, and the evening was one of unallnyed pleasure. There have been but few nccasinns during the winter season when such a number nf very pretty girls have been assembled at a party, and they appeared in their newest and most becoming tnilets. Among those present we will first mention the nfficers and members nf the Crncker Auxiliary:

Honorary president, Mrs. A. W. Scott; president, Miss Anita Plum; vice-president, Miss Ermentine Poole; recording secretary, Miss Kate Paddock; corresponding secretary, Miss Davis; treasurer, Miss Peterson; members, Miss Mabel Love, Miss Sadie Webster, Miss Lulu Plnm, Miss Mamie Hayes, Miss Minnie Nightingale, Miss Georgie Nightingale, Miss Maud Atkinson, Miss Lillian Batchelder, Miss Nellie Boyd, Miss Georgie Chandler, Miss Josie Fisher, Miss Flora Fisher, Miss Gertrude Goewey, Miss Eroestine Haskell, Miss Eva King, Miss Susie Le Count, Miss Adèle Martel, Miss Jennie McMillan, Miss Emma McMillan, Miss Lillian Wagner, Miss Florence Lundborg, Miss Minnie Hennessey, and Miss Georgie Emerson.

The guests included:

Miss Clara Sutro, Misses Currier, Miss Catherine Hittell, Miss Lillian Dean, Miss Sarah Dean, Miss Fraser, Miss Maude Badlam, Miss Daisy McKee, Miss Mnlford, Miss Allen, Miss Griffin, Miss Lillie Snowgrass, Miss Haight, Misses Vanderslice, Miss Behlow, Miss Stringer, Miss Stevens, Miss Mosgrove, Miss Teenie Goodall, Miss Madeline Lissak, Miss Edna Lissak, Miss Millie Siebe, Miss Marian Dean, Miss J. Frober, Miss Stella Hayes, Miss Ellen Hayes, Miss Wagner, Miss Hefron, Miss Minck, Miss Powell, Mr. A. W. Scott, Mr. A. W. Scott, Jr., Mr. George S. Mearns, Dr. Frank H Fisher, Dr. Millard H. Crawford, U. S. N., Lieutenant Blue, U. S. N., Colonel Koster, Mr. Langdon Easton, Mr. Cragin, Mr. Cottingham, Mr. Davis, Mr. Frank Scott, Mr. George Louderback, Mr. George Wellington, Dr. Riley, Mr. Frank Hittell, Mr. Frank Bowers, Mr. Fred Dallam, Mr. Kjernlf, Mr. Charles Goewey, Mr. Charles H. Crocker, Mr. Wiley, Mr. Robert McMillan, Mr. Thomas Dowling, Dr. Post, Captain W. B. Newsom, Mr. Ellis Wooster, Mr. Robert A. Irving, Mr. James Irvine, Mr. E. Avery McCarthy, Mr. Charles M. Plum, Jr., Mr. Frank Peterson, Mr. Walter Lewis, Mr. Barnard, Mr. Suydam, Mr. Millner, Mr. Sperry, Mr. Maguire, Mr. Siebe, Mr. Webster, Mr. Stevens, Mr. Hyde, Mr. Hendrickson, Mr. H. Wright, Mr. S. G. Bugbee, Mr. Arthur E. Shattuck, Mr. A. T. Vogelsang, Mr. Dickinson, Mr. Haight, Mr. McBride, Mr. Atkinson, Mr. A. D. Keyes, Mr. Ronntree, Mr. Gallatin, Mr. Buckman, Mr. Parcells, and others.

The Tevis High Tea.

The high tea given by Mrs. William S. Tevis nn Saturday, February 27th, afforded ths opportunity to entertain several hundred nf her friends prior to her departure for the south. Her residence, 2548 Jackson Street, was admirably arranged for the affair, and every portion nf it was beautifully decorated. Roses, violets, and St. Joseph's lilies were the principal flowers used, and they were most tastefully arranged. Asparagus tennissimus, maiden-hair ferns, poinsettias, and other pntted plants were also used in completing the effect.

The hostess was assisted in receiving and entertaining by Mrs. Llnyd Tevis, Mrs. Hugh Tevis, Mrs. Gordnn Blanding, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Belle Donahue, Mrs. Jnhn O'Neil Reis, Mrs. Lennard Wood, Mrs. Mountfnrd S. Wilson, Mrs. Charles Page, Miss Friedlander, Miss May Friedlander, Miss Bessie Bowie, Miss Beth Sperry, Miss Marguerite Wallace, Miss Roberta Nuttall, Miss Ashe, and Miss Hager.

The tea commenced at four o'clock, and the callers seemed almost unlimited in number. Musical selections from a string orchestra were given fnr their enjoyment, and refreshments were bounteously served under the direction of Ludwig. The affair ended at seven n'clock, and then Mrs. Tevis gave a dinner to the ladies whn had helped her to entertain and a like number of gentlemen. The dinner was follnwed by a number of dances, which were interspersed with vocal and instrumental selections.

The Nevin-Norton Wedding.

A pretty wedding took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hnbbs, 1708 Geary Street, last Tuesday when Miss May E. Nnrton, daughter of the late Colonel L. A. Nnrtnn, of Healdsburg, was united in marriage tn Mr. J. B. Nevin, of this city. Only relatives and a few very intimate friends were assembled in the handsomely decorated parlnrs, at noon when the "Bridal Chorus" frnm "Lohengrin" was played and the cnntracting parties appeared. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Nnrtnn, and looked lovely in a gown nf pearl gray crêpe de Chine trimmed with passementerie to match. Her maid nf honor was Miss Jennie Hnbbs, while Mr. Hallock Wright acted as best man. The ceremnny was perfnrmed by Rev. R. C. Foute, and i was fnllowed by congratulations and a bountenus breakfast. Later in the day Mr. and Mrs. Nevin left for a southern trip, and when they return will reside at The Colonial. They were particularly favored in the way of elegant presents.

The Fry Matinée Tea.

Mrs. Robert Douglas Fry gave an enjoyable matinée tea at her residence, 2510 Pacific Avenue, nn Saturday, February 27th. It was given in hnnnr nf Mrs. W. Finnell and Miss Grant, of Napa, who assisted her in receiving, as did Mrs. J. D. Fry, Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle, Mrs. Genrge H. Roe, Mrs. J. C. Stubbs, the Misses Castle, Miss Mamie Ellintt, and Miss Chamberlain.

Spreading fern sprays, pntted plants, and quantities of wild flowers, rnses, violets, calla lilies, jonquils, and nther lovely blossoms were used in decorating the residence, with a result that was greatly admired. Between four and seven o'clock there were at least three hundred and fifty callers, whn were hnspitably welcomed and entertained. Delicious refreshments were served by Lndwig in rooms on the lower floor, and a string orchestra gave musical selectinns at brief intervals. Nothing was left undnne that could have made the affair mnre successful, and it was enjoyed by all who called.

The Barrnn Matinée Musicale.

Mrs. Edward Barrnn gave a charming matinée musicale on Saturday, February 27th, at her residence, 719 Geary Street. Great clusters of La France rnses in vases nf elegant finish formed the sole decnration nf the handsomely furnished parlnrs, where about sixty guests were assembled to listen to an interesting musical programme. Mrs. Barrnn was assisted in receiving her friends by Mrs. E. W. McKinstry, Miss Esma Dean, Miss Rnse Marie Dean, Miss Alice Dean, Misses Moulder, and Miss McPherson.

The musical numbers were well selected and carefully interpreted, tn the delight nf the appreciative auditnrs. Amnng those whn contributed were Mrs. O. P. Evans, Mr. Ugn Talbo, and Mr. Mitchell, vocalists; Miss Laurie, pianist; Miss Fletcher and Master Ward Barron, violinists. Delicious refreshments were served befnre the guests departed.

The Cnming Art Sale.

Messrs. Gump have secured Irving Hall fnr the auction sale nf their collection for such time as the sale requires, and the paintings will be hung and ready fnr inspection on the evening nf Monday, March 14th.

The exhibition will be open to the public during Tuesday and Wednesday, the 15th and 16th, both day and evening, and on Wednesday evening the sale will commence, and continue afternoons and evenings until the sale is ended.

"We bave heen very fortunate," Mr. Gump said, "in securing the services of Mr. B. Scott, Jr., of New York, as auctioneer, whn will give his personal services tn the sale. Mr. Scott stands foremnst in his prnfession in this country and has conducted mnst of the large art-sales in the East."

Mr. Scott's engagement tn come out tn San Franciscn for this sale is a credit to the enterprise nf the Messrs. Gump, for he is one nf the ablest and best infnrmed men nn art matters in America, and his estimate nf the value of the paintings he handles may be relied upon.

This sale will give lnvers of fine paintings an opportunity such as is seldom afforded to secure at auction prices pictures of really great merit. Mnst of the best rising artists nf all the great schools nf modern art nf France, Germany, and Italy will be represented in the collectinn by canvases which have been persnnally selected from the many in their *ateliers* by Mr. Sol. Gump during his annual tnurs of the European art-centers, and there is nn dnubt that they will prove valuable investments tn those whn are fnrtunate enough to secure them. Those whn have hithertn purchased pictures from the Messrs. Gump have had nn cause tn regret their bargains, for they have fnund that in every case as the artists grew in fame their pictures enhanced in value, and what they bought fnr little within a few years ago are now worth much more in npen market. The wonderful enhancement in value nf Millet's pictures is an old story nnw; but there are several young artists represented in the Gump Collection to-day whn are destined be very famous in a few years, and their canvases will soon be wnrth many times more than they will be bought for at this sale.

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WEAK, PAINFUL KIDNEYS,

With their weary, dull, aching, lifeless, all-gone sensation, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. 25 cents.

"LARKSPUR INN"

Just 12¾ miles from S. F., via Sausalito, on N. P. Coast (narrow-gauge) Railroad.

Open all the Year round. Climate famous for relief from asthmatic and pulmonary affections. Plenty of trees and Fine Drives.

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It will pay Eastern tourists to spend their winters with us. Trains and boats to San Francisco every two hours. Write or telegraph. HEPBURN & TERRY, Larkspur, Cal.

Enameled Steel Ware

Agent wanted for a large German Manufactory of Enameled Kitchen Utensils, Iron Signs, etc., who is to have the sole agency and sale on his own account.

The works are well renowned all over the world, and will give full facilities to do a large and profitable business, but the agent must necessarily dispose of large capital.

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Care of Rudolf Mosse, Berlin, S. W.

TO OWNERS —OF— CARRIAGE HORSES

The Souther Farm has every facility for taking good care of carriage or road animals that may need a rest from city pavements. Rates reasonable, and the best of care and attention given. Send for circulars and references.

GILBERT TOMPKINS,
Souther Farm, San Leandro, Cal.

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ROOS BROS.

Display of the Finest and Best

CHILDREN'S,

BOYS, and MEN'S

CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS

LOW PRICES PREVAIL.

27, 29, 31, 33, 35, 37, Kearny Street

All are cordially invited to attend.

THE TRANSOM.

A Rustic Comedy.

Scene.—Parlor in the Cohoes House, occupied by Dr. Snakeroot, the famous Indian healer. Open transom, O. P. side, connecting with bedroom, also occupied by Dr. Snakeroot. The doctor's assistant discovered at table, compounding mysterious drugs and potions.

Lish Duzenberry (entering)—Be you the Injuo doctor?

Assistant (rising and glancing hurriedly at the transom)—Nn, sir; Dr. Snakeroot has just stepped across the street to the post-office. Take a seat, sir. He'll be back directly.

Lish (seating himself with many groans and wheezes and much crackling of joints)—Wa-al, I've beeo a-hevin' a durned hard time oo it sence last cold spell sot in, what with the roomattics in the arm, an' lumbago in the back, ao' a leetle mite o' kidney trouble ter boot.

Assistant (sympathetically)—You don't tell me! Well, I guess Dr. Snakeroot will be able to fix you up all right. He's great on rheumatism and lumbago. This very medicine I'm putting up now will cure any case of rheumatism ever knowo. Do you see those green particles floating in this little vial?

Lish—Gosh a'mighty! What be they?

Assistant (impressively)—They're the seed of a plant that grows 'way back in the mountains. The doctor picks it at night at the full of the moon. Rub that on a rheumatic joint, and it just chases the pain right out of it.

Lish—Geewhillikins! I kin tell ye, young man, there ain't no use o' talkin'; but when ye get ter be fifty-one year old, an' merried, an' with three daughters all growed up, a spell o' roomattics is mighty depressin'.

Assistant—It must be so, sir. I've heard a great many of our patients make the same remark—that is, before the doctor treated them. I suppose you've been out nights when the dew was falling. That's the way most men of your age get the rheumatism.

Lish—No; I caught mine abaout this time a year ago a-cuttin' poles daown in the swamp-lot. I wuz up ter my knees in the maash all day long, an' next mornin' couldn't get out o' bed.

Assistant—I guess that's the doctor coming now. (Doctor enters, pulling off gloves. The transom remains as befnre.) Dr. Snakeroot, this gentleman has been waiting to see you. (Exit.)

Lish—Wa-al, doctor, I've hearn consid'able talk abaout you, an' I've tried a hull lot o' cures, but they hain't never done me no good. I've hed a touch——

Doctor Snakeroot—Let me see your tongue a moment.

(Lish exposes his tongue, and fixes a wondering gaze at the healer.)

Doctor (with impressive solemnity)—Just as I expected. Rheumatism is a complaint that ought not to be trifled with by a man who has just turned his fiftieth year, as you have. I'm afraid you've been working in some low swampy ground, sir. Nothiog in the world so dangerous as that. Apt to bring on a touch of lumbago, too. I should judge from the appearance of the roof of your mouth that you've been troubled with that lately. (Thumping him on the back.) Kidneys bothering you much since the cold weather began? Great many cases of that sort this fall, especially with family meo like yourself. Well, my good frieod, all I can say is that it's very fortunate that you called on me in time. A great many people put it off until it's too late. Rub some of this extract on your shoulder every morning, aod take two of these green pills every night before you retire.

Lish (dazed with wonder and admiration)—Gosh a'mighty! That *does* beat anything I ever hearn tell on. Say, Doc, haouw kin you tell a man's hull condition an' feelin's just by lookin' at his tongue?

Doctor (sigoificantly)—My friend, I saw a good many things just now that I didn't tell you about. Four dollars for the medicine and three for the consultation. Seven dollars, please. Thank *you!* Good-day.

Lish—Geewhillikins! (Exit.)

(The transom remains as before.)

—*James L. Ford in Puck.*

Among the curious sights of the town is the old lady who sits in the window of the Graham Decorative Art Store, under the Pacific-Union Club on Post and Stockton Streets, and spins flax upon an antique spinning-wheel that was made in Ireland two hundred and fifty years ago. The ancient dame is herself eighty-five years of age, but she is bright and cheery and pays little heed to the throngs of gayly dressed ladies who pause on their shopping-tours and admire the deft work of her nimble fingers. Her presence is an excellent advertisement of the store, for about her in the window are a number of pieces of beautiful needle-work, and these have tempted many housewives who pride themselves on their fine linens and oapery to enter and add to their treasures from the pretty things within.

A Coming Catastrophe

Is to be apprehended when the kidneys and bladder even partially cease operations. Rouse them with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which impels them to activity without unduly exciting them. Kidney disease is obstinate and destructive. Ward off the coming catastrophe with the Bitters, highly effective for rheumatism, dyspepsia, constipation, malaria, and la Grippe. Sovereigo in all.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Bibulous Man.

Cocktails all the morning,
Hot Scotch all the night,
Red and yellow serpents,
Then a course at Dwight.—*Truth.*

A Flimsy Pretext.

When through the painted gaure
Her honeyed accents flow,
Don't trust in them because
Their tones are soft and low;
The little arts that go
To captivate a man,
The wily maid doth know—
She's talking through her fan!
—*Puck.*

John L. as a Poet.

We stood before each other;
We had to scrap or die.
I saw his resolution
As I looked into his flashing eye.

Then he began fighting
With all his might and main,
And the crowd behind was crying:
"Bravo! hit him again."

And then he struck out wildly—
The blow just grazed my head—
But when his seconds picked him up
They cried out he was dead.

The seventeenth round was ended;
He fell with a terrible cry.
I looked him over closely,
But I couldn't see no eye.
—*Yours truly, John L. Sullivan.*

At the Telegraph-Office.

Lady clerk, I would not vex
Any of your gentle sex;
Still I humbly beg to menoon
That I crave your kind attention.
Half an hour has lapsed or more
Since I passed your office door.
See how patiently I stand,
Coin and written "form" in hand;
Will you not on me bestow
One short moment, lady? "No."

Lady clerk, an hour has flown
Since I made my former moan.
I have watched with resignation
Your somewhat pronounced flirtation
With your friend, who, I must own, is
Rather *passé* for Adonis.
Take my note—you really oughtn't
To refuse, 'us most important;
Spare one minute from your beau,
Will he not excuse you? "No."

Lady clerk, you have, I see,
Finished your substantial tea;
I still, cold and hungry, shiver,
With this message to deliver;
Would it not, perhaps, be better,
Ere you write *another* letter,
If you'd kindly condescend
This my telegram to send?
'Twill not take you long, you know;
May I hand it over? "No."

Lady clerk, 'tis very late,
Must I any longer wait?
Though it will not reach to-day,
Send it in the morning, pray!
You are busy, I perceive,
As if just about to leave,
Locking up each file and packet,
Putting on your hat and jacket.
"Time for closing!" Is it so?
Good-night, lady clerk; I go!—*Ex.*

It Went.

She frowned at all my choicest jokes;
She smiled when I was sad;
She seemed to like most other folks,
But all I did was bad.
Until one day, we walking met,
And I said, "I propose——"
"That settles it," she quickly said;
"Why, yes! Of course that goes!"—*Puck.*

To the Influenza Germ.

By the shivering fits which chill us,
By the feverish heats which grill us,
By the pains acute which fill us,
By the aches which maul and mill us,
By the quacks who draught and pill us,
By the hydropaths who swill us,
By the allopaths who hill us,
By the nervous fears which kill us,
Tell us, tell us, wee Bacillus,
What, and why, and whence you are!

Say, are you a germ atomic?
Have you uses economic?
Are you truly miasmatic?
Are you solid or lymphaóc?
Frankly, is your cause zymotic?
Are you native or exoóc?
When your business is transacted
Is your stay to be protracted?
And do you intend, Bacillus,
To returo again and kill us?
Do make answer, if you please!

Tell us briefly, tiny mystery,
What's your source and what's your history;
Clear the clouds of obfuscation
That surround your incubation!
Furnish, without more obstruction,
Your belated introduction?
Let us know your why and wherefore,
What it is you're in the air for.
And meanwhile, O wee Bacillus,
Since with morbid dread you fill us,
Prithee, take your leave at once!
—*London World.*

The Wise Owl.

The owl took his hat and his gloves one night
His sweetheart for to see,
When his daddy asked him where he went,
"On a definite object I'm intent,
To wit, to woo," said he;
"To wit, to wit, to woo!"

But he scarce had stepped outside the door
When he could not fail to see
That the sky with clouds was all o'ercast,
The rain was falling hard and fast.
"Too wet to woo," said he,
"Too wet, too wet to woo!"
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

The Poet and the Star.

There was a poet in olden times
Who loved a star; but he loved in vain.
For it took much more than he earned with rhymes
To pay what it cost for the star's champagne.
—*Judge.*

A Quotation Amended.

He left the wood-pile and purloined the pie,
This tramp who scorned all decency and law;
He said—and gayly winked his other eye—
"I came, I conquered, but I never saw."
—*New York Sun.*

THE LOVE-LETTER.

A young girl stands alnne at the windnw of her chamber. Her pretty brow is wrinkled with a frown, and she taps nervously on the window-pane with her delicate fingers. As she dnes sn, she speaks half-unconsciously tn herself, "I love him—I lnve him—I love him." Then she looks anxiously up the street. "Why does he not write?" she asks, and then answers herself: "He dnes not care for me. He has forgntten me—I love him."

She has thrnwn herself upon her white bed and is weeping in the agony of love, when the maid enters her room and gives her a letter from him. She looks at it languidly until the maid has retired. Then she opens it with feverish haste and reads. As she does so, the look of despair on her face changes to one of disdain. She finishes the letter, with a cold little laugh, and throws it aside. "He loves me," she says now—"he loves me, but he has told me so too soon. Does he think that I am to he won in a week—in a day? I do not love him, I do not care for him, I detest him. I shall bid him go his way forever." And, an hour later, the maid posts a perfumed note that contains the single word, "Yes."
—*Tom Hall in Life.*

Young Man:

Merely because you
Think of her all the time—
Know of no other woman half so beautiful—
Call on her every day at precisely the same time—
Are jealous of every other man who even looks at her—
Stick her photograph in your bureau-mirror—
Wear another over your heart—
Buy her candy—
And flowers—
And take her to the theatre instead of playing poker with the boys, as you were once wont to do—
Do not imagine:
That you are really in love—
Because you are not.
The fact is:
That you are only flirting with her for a wioter's amusement—
And:
That is what you will acknowledge, even insist upon, next summer.—*Ex.*

The outcome of the experiment now being tried by Mr. Gilbert Tompkins at his Souther Farm, near San Leandro, will, in all probability, be a complete revolutioo in the accepted method of training horses for speed. The system—the idea is not absolutely new, but has never before been applied on a large scale—consists in training horses in the water, making them swim in tanks of tepid salt-water instead of the constant track-work that has lamed so many promising animals. The swimming reduces flesh rapidly, and strengthens the muscles and improves the wiod as much as ten times the same time spent on the track; and a very little supplementary track-work puts the horse in condition to make a record. Should this system prove all that it now seems to be, Mr. Tompkins will have dooe much to further the improvement of horse-flesh.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate,
A HEALTHFUL TONIC.

Used in place of lemons or lime juice it will harmonize with such stimulaots as are necessary to take.

The grand vizier—"Oh, your majesty! The Sultana dead! What was the disease?" *The caliph*—"Oh, Hamet, I am incoosolable! The new executioner came this morning, and I wanted to try him. She was the only one handy and (brokenly) I couldn't resist the temptation!"—*Princeton Tiger.*

After the refusal: *He* (bitterly)—"You are utterly heartless! I might possibly imagine you engaged, but not by any possibility io love." *She*—"Really? How curious! Now, do you know, I can easily imagine your being in love, but, in the wildest stretch of fancy, I can not imagine your being eogaged."—*Life.*

Is your blood poor? Take Beecham's Pills.

Good Cooking

Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc., use Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label. Sold by your grocer and druggist.

— Dr. H. G. Young,
Dentist. Painless extraction.
1841 Polk Street, San Francisco.

— Arthur B. Pierson is now located at 225 Kearny Street. Books and stationery.

— Go to Swain's New Dining-room, Sutter Street, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

—Mothers be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

Crab-Apple Blossoms.

The new English perfume. Taking like wildfire all over the world. Once tried, always used. Try it.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

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Complying with general request, BEECHAM'S PILLS will in future for the United States be covered with a Quickly Soluble, Pleasant Coating, completely disguising the taste of the Pill without in any way impairing its efficacy.
Price 25 cents a Box.
New York Depot 365 Canal Street.

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ICE-CREAMS, CAKES,
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WATT'S GLYCERINE JELLY OF VIOLETS
Positively cures Chapped Skin, Lips, and all roughness caused by using impure Soaps, Cold Wind or Sunburn. Lillie Langtry, Mrs. Potter, Ellen Terry and Marion Harland use and recommend it. On sale at all druggists or by mail, 25 cts. 10 N. Broad St., Phila.
Watt's Peptonized Soda Mint Pellets cures Dyspepsia

National Prize of
16,600 fr.
SIX GOLD MEDALS
at
Vienna,
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QUINA-LAROCHE
AN INVIGORATING TONIC,
Peruvian bark and a rich Catalan Wine.
For General Debility, Fever & Ague, Poorness of the Blood, etc.
E. Fougera & Co.,
30 N. William Street, New York.
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Of London. Established by Royal Charter, 1720.
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STEINWAY & SONS.
THE BEST PIANO IN THE WORLD FOR BEAUTY OF TONE & DURABILITY.
GABLER, PEASE, AND OTHER PIANOS, ORGANS
And all kinds of Musical Instruments and Music. Call and see our large stock.
MATTHIAS GRAY CO., 206-208 Post

The European School For Girls
2127 Jackson St. and 2422 Buchanan St.
Thorough instruction in English, French and German taught and spoken from lowest grades upwards. Teachers of acknowledged ability only. A few boarders received in family. Boys under nine years admitted into primary and kindergarten. Coach will call for pupils.
MISS BOLTÉ, Principal.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A little girl in a child's school, the other day, on being asked by the examiner, "Who was Moses?" confidently answered, "The son of Pharaoh's daughter." "Oh, no," corrected the teacher; "Pharaoh's daughter it was who discovered Moses in the bulrushes." "Yes, mum," answered the child, with a significant smile, "*so she said.*"

Was there ever a more mordant and sardonic stroke of description than that O'Connell gave of Peel's bloodlessness? "His smile was like the silver-plate on a coffin." Less scathing, but less witty, also, was his description of a lady of a similarly repellent temperament: "She had all the characteristics of a poker, except its occasional warmth."

An anecdote of the Duke of Marlborough, who is said to have bought land in the Powells River Valley, Tenn., on which to establish a country-seat, is told at the expense of a native wine-maker in those parts. "There, Mr. Duke," said the Tennessee vintner, handing Marlborough a sample glass, "is what I call honest wine!" "Yes," the duke is said to have replied; "yes, Mr. Stebbins, poor but honest!"

At a card-party at Charles Lamb's, Hazlitt and Lamb's brother got into a discussion as to whether Holbein's coloring was as good as that of Vandyke. At length they became so excited that they upset the table and seized each other by the throat. In the struggle Hazlitt got a black eye; but when the combatants were parted, Hazlitt turned to Talfourd, who was offering his aid, and said: "You need not trouble yourself, sir; I do not mind a blow, sir. Nothing affects me but an *abstract idea!*"

Spurgeon sometimes carried dramatic action to a ludicrous excess in the pulpit. Mr. Haweis says that once, in the middle of his sermon, the preacher shouted out: "What's that thee says, Paul, 'I can do all things'? I'll bet thee half a crown o' that." So the preacher took ont half a crown and put it on the Bible. "However," he continued, "let's see what the apostle has to say for himself." So he read on, "'through Christ that strengtheneth me.' Oh," says he, "if that's the terms of the bet I'm off!" and he put the half-crown back into his pocket.

After the rectoral address delivered by Dean Stanley, upon being made Lord Rector of St. Andrews, there was a reception, which very nearly ended in a tragedy: An awful incident occurred to the dean, to which not even his greatest friends ever ventured to allude in talking with him. He had been introduced to a dear old lady and said a few kind words to her, at the same time bending forward his head in the way many will remember. The aged saint misunderstood the gesture, and solemnly kissed him. Another lady had his arm at the moment, but he rent himself away and fled from the spot with extraordinary activity. Few have ever seen Stanley so frightened as he was then.

As good an instance of surgical wit as can be found is still told about the staff of the Roosevelt Hospital (says an exchange.) A dangerous operation was being performed upon a woman. Old Dr. A., a quaint German, full of kindly wit and professional enthusiasm, had several younger doctors with him. One of them was administering the ether. He became so interested in the old doctor's work that he withdrew the cone from the patient's nostrils, and she half-roused and rose to a sitting posture, looking with wild-eyed amazement over the surroundings. It was a critical period, and Dr. A. did not want to be interrupted. "Lay down dere, woman," he commanded, gruffly. "You haf more curiosity as a medical student." She lay down, and the operation went on.

President Plympton (says the Boston *Record*) told a good story of General Butler at the banquet at Young's, the other night. It seems that directly after the Battle of Chickamauga, a "Johnny" went about the streets of New Orleans accosting every man who wore the blue with "Didn't Stonewall Jackson give you h—l at Chickamauga?" General Butler called the exultant rebel before him, and told him he could either take the oath of allegiance or go to Ship Island for two years. Johnny deliberated, but finally agreed to take the oath. When he had sworn to support the constitution, he turned to General Butler and exclaimed: "Now we are both loyal citizens, ain't we, general?" "Well, I trust so," said General Butler. "Then," said Johnny, "I want to ask you if Stonewall Jackson didn't give us b—l at Chickamauga?"

The following anecdote is from the reminiscences of A. K. H. Boyd, an English clergyman: Once, at a gathering of three thousand people at Aberdeen, I saw and heard MacGregor cause wild enthusiasm by simple means. "There was a day," he said, "on which an ancestor of mine was sentenced to be hanged." Loud applause greeted this tragic statement. The orator went on: "I could have no doubt it was for stealing." Considering the way in which the MacGregors of old got their living, the suggestion was a very probable one. It was received with thunderous cheering. Then, "But as he was a distinguished thief, he was allowed to select the tree on which he was to be executed; and, with great presence of mind, he selected a gooseberry-bush. It was at once objected that it was not big enough. But he said, with dignity: 'Let it grow, I'm in no hurry.'"

If it were not that by far the larger number of the men distinguished for birth, statesmanship, or letters in the eighteenth century died at a comparatively early age, we might be inclined to think that the capacity they displayed for hard drinking showed a greater toughness of constitution than their descendants possess. Pope's friend, Lord Bathurst, who, as Sterne said, was a prodigy at eighty-five, and had all the wit and promptness of a man of thirty, was an exception to the almost universal rule, and his vitality was not due to great abstemiousness, if we may credit the tale, which is also due to Sterne, that when about eighty-nine years of age, "having some friends with him at his country-seat, and being loth to part with them one night, his son, the Lord Chancellor, objected to sitting up any longer, and left the room. As soon as he was gone, the lively old peer said: 'Come, my good friends, since the old gentleman is gone to bed, I think we may venture to crack another bottle.'"

A story of "fainting beauties" is told in the memoirs of the Rev. Julian Young, sub-chaplain of Hampton Court Palace. The palace was not only a "show-place," but a residence for persons of position, but of limited means. From this fact the palace was known as "The Quality Poor-House." One very hot Sunday a young lady, not a resident of the palace, but living in the vicinity, fainted in the chapel during the service. Sir Horace Seymour, a widower, a Waterloo hero, of commanding presence and strikingly good looks, raised the prostrate lady in his arms, carried her to his apartments, deposited her on a sofa, left her to the charge of his housekeeper, and returned to his seat. Strange to say, on the following Sundays a young lady, each time a different one, fainted; and on each occasion the same gallant knight performed the same kind office for the sufferer, and then returned to his post. On the last of these three fainting Sundays, Lady Seymour, the aunt of Sir Horace, said to the chaplain, after service: "I say, Mr. Young, this fashion of fainting will degenerate into an epidemic if it is not put a stop to. With your permission, I will affix before next Sunday this notice in the cloister, at the door of entrance: NOTICE! Whereas, a tendency to faint is becoming a prevalent infirmity among young ladies frequenting this chapel, notice is hereby given that, for the future, ladies so affected will not be carried out by Sir Horace Seymour, but by Branscombe, the dustman." This warning produced the desired effect, and the plague of fainting beauties was stayed.

Travers (in restaurant)—"Miss Palisade says she did not receive any valentine from you this year. What is the trouble?" *Stuffer*—"Yon see this dinner?" *Travers*—"Yes, of course." *Stuffer* (complacently)—"This is the valentine I was going to send to Miss Palisade."—*Life.*

Oh, What an Awful Breath!

There is nothing more healthful than onions. The trouble is that persons are afraid to eat them because they make the breath unfragrant. But there is a less fragrant breath than that freighted with onions. We mean the breath of a person with a foul stomach. Take him away! we inwardly cry when he whispers in our ear. Do see that your breath is pure. Take a few BRANDRETH'S PILLS and regulate your liver, stomach, and bowels and your breath will be sweet.

THREE Pozzoni's POINTS
COMPLEXION
POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1.2.3.
THREE White, Flesh, Brunette. 1 2 3 POZZONI'S All Druggists AND Fancy Stores. TINTS

The old saying that "consumption can be cured if taken in time" was poor comfort. It seemed to invite a trial, but to anticipate failure. The other one, not so old, "consumption can be cured," is considered by many false.

Both are true and not true; the first is prudent—one cannot begin too early.

The means is careful living. Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is sometimes an important part of that.

Let us send you a book on CAREFUL LIVING—free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. $1.

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Of Columbus, Ohio.
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Gentlemen:

Referring to our advertisement in the Argonaut, we take pleasure in saying that we have had answers from points as widely separated as from California to Belgium, and from the Hawaiian Islands to Idaho.

Very truly yours,
COLUMBUS BUGGY CO.
A. G. Glenn, Manager.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address.
T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

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Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer.	From San Francisco for Hongkong. 1892.
Oceanic	Thursday, March 24
Gaelic	Saturday, April 16
Belgic	Tuesday, May 10
Oceanic (via Honolulu)	Thursday, June 2

Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.
For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
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PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama.
Steamers will sail at noon on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.
Through line sailings—March 5th, City of New York; March 15th, SS. San Blas; March 25th, SS. City of Sydney.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.
Steamer sails at noon 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas.
Way line sailing—Friday, March 18th, SS. City of Panama.
Where the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the preceding Saturday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.:
City of Peking ..... Saturday, March 12, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio de Janeiro ..... Tuesday, April 5, at 3 P. M.
China ..... Thursday, April 28, at 3 P. M.
Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.
ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
PACIFIC SYSTEM.
Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From Dec. 6, 1891.	ARRIVE.
7.00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 P
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	* 12.15 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga	6.15 P.
* 8.00 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa	* 6.15 P.
8.00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	Second-class Ogden and East, and first-class locally	10.45 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	4 45 P.
9.00 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	12.15 P.
12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore	7.15 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	* 9.00 P.
3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, & Stockton	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9 45 A.
4.30 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10.45 A.
4.30 P.	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8 45 P
5.00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 P.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	7 45 A.
.....	Niles and San José	6.15 P.
6.00 P.	Ogden Route Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	11.45 A.
‡ 7.00 P.	Vallejo	† .45 P.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	8.15 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

8.15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
* 2.15 P.	Centreville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	* 10 50 A.
4.15 P.	Centreville, San José, and Los Gatos	9.50 A.
† 1 .45 P.	Hunters' Train to Newark, Alviso, San José, and Los Gatos	‡ 8.05 P.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7.00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations	6.10 P.
10.37 A.	San José and Way Stations	5.10 P
12.15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations	4 00 P.
* 2.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way stations	* 10 48 A
* 3.30 P.	Menlo Park San José, and principal Way Stations	* 10 03 A.
* 4 15 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.06 A.
5.15 P.	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
† 11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	† 7.30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY
THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 29, 1891, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:
From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7.40, 9.20, 11.40 A. M.; 3.30 5.00, 6.20 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1 50 P. M.
Sundays—8, 9.30, 11 A. M.; 2, 5, 6.15 P. M.
From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6.25, 7.55, 9.30 A. M.; 12.45, 3.40, 5.05 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.30 P. M.
Sundays—8.10, 9.40, A. M.; 12.15, 3.40, 5, 6.25 P. M.
From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6.50, 8.20, 9.55 A. M.; 1.10, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.55 P. M.
Sundays—8.25, 10.05 A. M; 12 40, 4.05, 5.30, 6.50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. Week Days.	Leave San Francisco. Sundays.	Destination.	Arrive San Francisco Sundays.	Arrive San Francisco Week Days.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M. 5.00 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 9.30 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M. 7.25 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7.25 P. M.	6 10 P. M
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6 10 P M
7.40 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratog Springs, Blue Lakes, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydesville, and Eureka.
EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays, to Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa, $2.25; to Healdsburg, $3.40; to Cloverdale, $4.50; to Hopland, $5.70; to Ukiah, $6.75; to Sebastopol, $2.70; to Guerneville, $3.75; to Sonoma, $1.50; to Glen Ellen, $1.80.
EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, $1; to Santa Rosa, $1.50; to Healdsburg, $2.25; to Cloverdale, $3; to Ukiah, $4.50; to Hopland, $3.80; to Sebastopol, $1.80; to Guerneville $2.50; to Sonoma, $1; to Glen Ellen, $1.20.
H. C. WHITING, General Manager.
PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt Agt
Ticket Offices at Ferry, 36 Montgomery Street, and 2 New Montgomery Street.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.
Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., March 11, 25, April 9, 24, May 9, 24.
For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M. every Friday. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, the 1st of each month. Ticket office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents.
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

"Superba," which has been running for two weeks to fair business at the California, is a cheap variety of the Christmas pantomime, which somehow got belated, and turned up two months after time. It is not bad; there is a clever clown, some good-looking girls in divided skirts, any number of droll transformations, a few pretty spectacular effects, and strings of doggerel which sound as though they had been resurrected from the grave where Madison Morton had laid them. One can not help laughing at the aerial ascent of the donkey, and the optical device by which the figures behind the muslin screen are seemingly made to leap over the heads of the audience, swelling to preternatural proportions in the effort; such pictures as the wreck of things created in the second act, and the scene where a lot of pretty girls' faces are seen framed in lotus leaves are very good to gaze upon. On the whole, in the Christmas week, when everybody is good-natured, except those who can not pay their Christmas bills, there is no reason why "Superba" should not prove a joy to happy children, and should not be enjoyed by parents whose relish of pantomimes is partly reflected and partly reminiscent. In the penitential days of Lent, when devout Christians are resolving to curtail some one of their past pleasures by way of mortifying the flesh for the benefit of the soul, it might not be such a bad idea to go to such performances in order to cultivate the virtues of patience and forbearance. Few better opportunities are afforded for such discipline.

It begins at the rising of the curtain, and continues throughout the performance. The attentive spectator has no sooner taken his seat with the girl of his heart by his side, than his toes are violently trodden upon by an eager couple who have inside seats, and hasten to get them apparently from a notion that they will run away. When the curtain rises, and a bevy of beauteous damsels are discovered in languishing attitudes, and the attentive spectator has fixed his glittering eye upon a plump blonde, hoping that she will turn out to be sweet sixteen, as she looks, and fearing that she will solidify into a tough matron of forty, with a well made-up face, he becomes aware of a tall young woman in front of him, who might be the female variety of the plumed knight. Her hat is a flower-garden, blossoming with emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white, like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery.

As he contemplates this awful object, he becomes conscious that it waves, like a field of yellow wheat in a gale, like the banners of an army marching to battle. It is like the universe; the law of its existence is perpetual motion. First to one side, then to the other, it swings rhythmically, with the fixed purpose of the pendulum of an old-fashioned, eight-day clock. Just as the attentive spectator has got the opulent curves of the blonde into the field of vision, the hat oscillates, and a total eclipse follows. He readjusts his glass, but the hat returns remorselessly and cuts him off. When he returns to his former watch-tower, the hat follows him. It has evidently a purpose. It is a moral purpose. It does not intend that he shall feast his wicked eyes on the charms which brought death into the world and all our woe.

Resigning himself to his fate, he consoles himself with thinking that if he can only catch fitful glimpses of the stage in a frame of millinery, he can at any rate hear the jokes. But in this he has reckoned without the spectators behind him. These are a quiet, middle-aged man, his wife, and a girl with a sharp nose, who is probably her sister. The two ladies are evidently imbued with the notion that they form part of the company, and that it is their function to supplement the author's dialogue. When the fairy comes in, and, with a graceful wave of her wand, exclaims:

"From fair Olympus heights I come."

The married lady kindly instructs her sister:

"You know, Jemima, Olympus is the mountain where the gods live."

To which Jemima, who has been brought up at the convent, retorts:

"I thought God lived in heaven."

After this the dialogue, as it strikes the attentive spectator's ear, is rather confusing.

Fairy—
Love me or die!

Sharp-nosed Damsel—Oh! my! Ain't she brash?

Married Sister—Ain't it leap-year, anyway?

Recalcitrant Lover (on the stage)—
My heart is Sylvia's;
It never can be yours.

Sharp Nose—His eyes are just like Dick's.

Married Sister—Pooh! Dick squints.

Sharp Nose—He don't.

Married Sister—He does.

Sharp Nose—I tell you he don't.

Patient Husband—My dears, if you wouldn't talk so much, I could hear better.

A momentary silence follows, during which

The Fairy—
If thou canst not love me,
Then Sylvia must die.

Sharp Nose—I think I'll have my new skirt cut like hers.

Married Sister—I could let you have a length of lace.

Sharp Nose (eagerly)—But is it long enough?

Recalcitrant Lover—
I tell thee, 'tis in vain;
Not all the powers of heaven
Or hell combined——

Fairy—
Swear not by heaven,
For 'tis the fairies' home——

Sharp Nose—Anna Maria, on your honor, did the fairies live in heaven?

Married Sister (pettishly)—How can I tell? I never was there.

Husband (not so patient as before)—No, nor ever will be.

Married Sister—What's that you're saying, Peter Augustus?

Fairy—
Come to my arms, and in sylvan bowers
I'll lay thee on a couch of fragrant flowers.

Sharp Nose—I declare if there ain't Peggy Potts in a box!

Recalcitrant Lover—
In vain thou seek'st to win me from my love,
A heart like mine will always faithful prove.

Married Sister (fiercely)—Who are you bowing to, Jemima?

Sharp Nose (blushing)—It's only Jem Stiggins.

Married Sister—That low prig!

Jemima (fiercely)—He's not a prig!

Fairy—
What dulcet sounds attract my ear?

Recalcitrant Lover—
'Tis a strange lion who has wandered here.

Married Sister—Ain't he splendid? I could eat him.

Jemima—What! the lion?

Lion (entering in a cage, roaring)—
Uhr! Uhuhr! Arrh!

Married Sister—He gave me quite a turn.

Fairy—
'Tis the set hour when fairies must vamose;
But first take him to darkest calaboose.

(Enter Gorgeous Youth in necktie; sham diamond pin.)

Sharp Nose—Why, Mister Bumby!

Married Sister—Why, Mister Bumby!

Patient Husband—Do, Bumby?

Gorgeous Youth—Taking in the play, ladies?

Sharp Nose—When are you coming to see us?

(Gorgeous Youth finds he is a center of not admiring attention, and skips to his seat.)

Recalcitrant Lover—
Unhand me, villains, or I call——

Rival Fairy (on the top of a cliff)—
I'll precious soon make mince-meat of you all.

Jemima (in a penetrating whisper to her sister)—Now you see, they've all got on the combination-suit. It seems to answer.

Married Sister (in a still more penetrating whisper)—It's all very well for them, but for you, Jem——

A burst of martial music from the brass instruments cuts short the confidence, and the attentive spectator, having vainly appealed to his neighbors by glances pathetic, suggestive, and menacing in turn, abandons the contest and the theatre together. As he retires, Jemima fires a parting shot: "Old beast! A good riddance!"

This little story is not an exaggeration. Such incidents may be witnessed almost nightly at every theatre in the city. They occur in the East as well. In New York, the people in the boxes have more than once indulged in chatter which has provoked the actors on the stage to remonstrance. When Lester Wallack stopped a performance, and, looking at a box which was full of fashionable people, observed, "When the ladies and gentlemen in that box cease their conversation, the play will go on," the rebuke checked the practice for a time. It is time that our managers gave a similar lesson to thoughtless theatre-goers.

Young ladies—and old ones, too—should remember that theatres are not places for conversation except between the acts. Every word they say reaches their neighbors, and prevents their hearing the actors, and disconcerts the latter, who are apt to forget their lines. No one, by paying a dollar or a dollar and a half, has a right to interfere with the pleasure of others or with the proper performance of a dramatic work. Talking in an audible voice while a dialogue is proceeding on the stage is a gross form of vulgarity and selfishness. It is safe to set down any one who is guilty of it as a person not worthy of being called a lady or a gentleman. There is room in this world for all sorts and conditions of men and women. It is hard to see what selfish vulgarians are created for; but there are such, and probably there always will be such. But they ought to stay in the sphere for which they are adapted. And that sphere does not include the theatres.

STAGE GOSSIP.

At the theatres during the week commencing March 7th: The Tivoli Company in "The Vice-Admiral"; Joseph Jefferson in "The Rivals"; Frederick Warde in "The Lion's Mouth"; McKee Rankin in "A Prisoner for Life"; and the New York Opera Company in light opera.

Jefferson will play Colman's comedy, "The Heir at Law," during his second week in town.

J. H. Barnes used to be called "Handsome Jack" Barnes in London before he was brought to this country and became one of our stock leading men.

Effie Ellsler, C. W. Couldock, and Frank Weston have revived "Hazel Kirke" in Chicago, appearing in their original rôles of Hazel, Dunstan Kirke, and Pittacus Green.

The stage owes Mrs. John Drew a double debt of gratitude—for her own exquisite art and as the mother of John Drew, of the Daly Company, Mrs. Georgie Drew Barrymore, and Sidney Drew.

The New York Opera Company has been revived for a week—or more, if the gods are kind—and will commence on Monday with "The Bohemian Girl," following it with "Erminie," "The Gondoliers," and other popular light operas.

W. F. Owens is the actor who played Sir Toby Belch in Marie Wainwright's revival of "Twelfth Night"—a beautifully rounded characterization in manner as well as in matter. His Sir Anthony Absolute should be well worth seeing.

Millöcker's tuneful opera, "The Vice-Admiral," is well received in its revival at the Tivoli Opera House, and will easily run another week. The cast includes Kitty Marcellus, Gracie Plaisted, Tillie Salinger, Ferris Hartman, Warwick Ganor, Phil Branson, and other popular singers and comedians.

Joseph Jefferson commences a two weeks' engagement here on Monday night with "The Rivals," which will be presented by the following cast:

Bob Acres, Joseph Jefferson; Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Louis James; Sir Anthony Absolute, W. F. Owens; Captain Absolute, J. H. Barnes; Faulkland, Fitzhugh Owsley; David, George Denham; Fag, Joseph Warren; Mrs. Malaprop, Mrs. John Drew; Lydia Languish, Viola Allen; Lucy, Carrie Jackson.

The prices have been increased for this engagement—never a popular thing in San Francisco.

"Bluff King Hal" had almost as large an audience on Tuesday night as at the original production, and, though not quite so fashionable, it lacked nothing in enthusiasm. The changes in the cast had the effect of making the performance go more smoothly than at first, and increased the general desire to see the opera done by a company of professional singers. The witty lines of the dialogue took well, and all the principal songs and choruses were encored furiously. Indeed, the applause was so thunderous after the curtain fell on the first act that Mr. Stewart had to come out, and presently, in response to repeated calls, the coy Mr. O'Connell showed himself for an instant and beamed upon the spectators. The receipts at the box-office were $2,000, the expenses $500, and the composer and librettist made $750 each. It is said that the Tivoli people are after "Bluff King Hal," that Marcus Mayer is figuring on it, and that a New York manager wants it for next winter in Gotham.

Some months ago the New York *Herald* offered a prize of two hundred dollars for the best one-act play, comedy, tragedy, or what-not, submitted to a jury consisting of A. M. Palmer, Daniel Frohman, Charles Barnard, Augustus Thomas, and William Seymour. These gentlemen read the five hundred and ninety-eight manuscripts submitted to them, and, a fortnight ago, decided that the play "Hearts" was deserving of the first place, while ten others—"Left at the Post," "Chums," "The Missis," "White Roses," "Helen," "All is Vanity," "Philopena," "Atlanta," "Nepenthe," and "Victim of Science"—are deemed worthy of honorable mention. The manuscripts were submitted without the authors' names, mottoes attached to each serving to identify the writers, and so the names of the prize-winner and those who "got place" in the race have not yet been made public. The author of "Hearts" already has two excellent offers for his play—one of one thousand dollars from Charles Frohman, who would produce it to precede "Jane" at the Standard Theatre on September 5th, and one from Manager French, of the Garden Theatre, who "would pay as much for the play as any other manager," and would produce it on April 18th.

Apropos of Isabelle Irving's success in London and her recent departure for Australia, the New York *Press* tells the following amusing story:

"On account of the faultless lines of her figure, as well as the classic perfection of her face, Belle Urquhart was much sought after by artists to pose. She never accepted pay as a professional model, but being good-natured and fond of studio atmosphere, she very frequently sat for some painters with whom she was acquainted. On one occasion, some five or six years ago, she consented to the entreaties of a young sculptor for a cast of her form. At the appointed hour she arrived in the studio, and in due time her body was lying swathed in a shapeless mass of plaster weighing several hundred pounds. During the drying period the sculptor bade Miss Urquhart lie perfectly still, and, locking the studio door, hurried to an adjacent caterer's to order a luncheon sent up. On the way back, an old print-shop attracted his attention, and, with the absent-mindedness usual to artists, he entirely forgot about his model, his cast, and his luncheon. Meanwhile, the young opera-singer was lying helpless in the studio. The mass of plaster by which she was enveloped was so heavy that she could move neither hand nor foot. At first she was amused at the unusual predicament, but presently she began to realize its discomforts. One of the properties of plaster of paris is to shrink in the process of drying; another characteristic is the heat it emits as the liquid mass becomes solidified. As is customary in preparing models for a cast, Miss Urquhart was carefully greased before the fluid plaster was poured over her. The heat of the grease and plaster, combined with the natural warmth of her body, soon transformed the huge matrix into a Turkish bath. Miss Urquhart, who was not at that time banting, felt ruefully that she was losing several pounds of flesh, which she had no wish to part with. To increase her discomfiture, the mold, which at first fitted her comfortably, now began to shrink, until the frightened girl felt herself in a vise from which there was no escape. By this time the waiter had arrived at the studio with luncheon, and, after rapping at the door and hearing no response, sat down on the stairway to await the sculptor's return. Miss Urquhart heard the knocking and tried to call for assistance, but the matrix had shrunk so much that she could scarcely breathe, much less obtain the full respiration necessary for screaming. Overcome by the horror of her situation, she finally fainted. On his return, the sculptor was terrified to find her, as he imagined, dead. Hastily seizing a hammer, he chipped off the matrix and extricated the woman. The cast was irrevocably spoiled. But neither the luncheon nor the sculptor's persuasions could induce Isabelle Urquhart to have another cast made of the most perfect form that was ever seen on the New York stage."

DCLVII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, March 6, 1892.

Consommé à la Colbert.
Clam Fritters.
Breaded Veal Cutlets. Fried New Potatoes.
String Beans. Mushrooms.
Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce.
Boiled Ham and Celery Salad.
Coffee Ice. Almond Cake. Fruits.

Consomme a la Colbert.—Prepare six rounds of toast, poach six eggs, lay the eggs upon the toast, and serve with six cups of consommé; sprinkle a little chopped parsley in each cup.

— Knox's Sparkling Gelatine, the purest made; makes delicinus desserts. Just received gold medal American Institute Fair, New York city. Superior to all brands.

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The full names and respective places of residence of all its members are signed hereto.

Dated, San Francisco, February 1, 1892.
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WM. A. WOOD, 15 Fulton St., S. F.,
H. L. NICKELS, 120½ Nineteenth St., S. F.
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Surplus	1,000,000 00
Undivided Profits	3,317,485 11

September 30, 1891.

William Alvord.....President.
Thomas Brown.....Cashier.
Byron Murray, Jr.....Assistant Cashier.
Irving F. Moulton.....2d Assistant Cashier.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Blithers is so deaf he can't hear himself talk," said Binks. "He's in luck," said Banks.—*Ex.*

She—"The bride's father gives her away, I suppose?" *He*—"No. He sold her privately."—*Life.*

William Ann—"Hear you have a new baby at your house; is it a boy or a girl?" *Chappie*—"How should I know; they haven't named it yet."—*Ex.*

He—"I don't see how a girl can marry a man she's known only two weeks!" *She*—"And *I* don't see how she can marry one she's known longer."—*Life.*

A ferocious husband: "Yes, my dear. Whenever we have 'words,' he behaves like a perfect savage." "How so?" "He makes for his club!"—*Pick-Me-Up.*

Mr. Courter (to her little brother)—"Now, my nice little man, come and tell me how old you are." *Her little brother*—"I know yer; sister's twenty-six."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

She—"Oh, it's fun, I tell you, to flirt with a man till you get him to propose, and then say 'no.'" *He*—"Yes; but I should think it would be a greater joke on him to say 'yes.'"—*Ex.*

Husband—"What are we going to do about that hand-organ that plays in front of our windows every morning and almost drives me wild?" *Wife*—"We might take a trip to Europe."—*Epoch.*

Jess—"My chaperon has been dismissed, and an older one engaged." *Bess*—"You didn't have a difference of opinion, did you?" *Jess*—"Never; we always fell in love with the same man."—*Truth.*

Bookkeeper—"I would like to have this afterooon off, if you please." *Senior partner*—"What is the matter, Mr. Peon?" *Bookkeeper*—"I wish to attend my wife's funeral. I feel that it is something I ought to attend to personally."—*Epoch.*

Bank-teller—"This check, madam, isn't filled in." *Madam*—"Isn't what?" *Bank-teller*—"It has your husband's name signed to it, but it does not state how much money you want." *Madam*—"Oh, is that all? Well, I'll take all there is."—*Bazar.*

Mr. Lotos—"Have you any idea what are the relations between that young Rivers Ide and our Lena." *Mrs. Lotos*—"I don't know; the young people seem to be very close-mouthed." *Mr. Lotos*—"H'm; so I thought when I discovered them on the parlor sofa, this evening."—*Puck.*

Mrs. Spiggs—"I know that woman was saying something horrid about me. I could tell by the way she looked at me." *Mr. Spiggs*—"My dear, you do her injustice. She didn't mention you." *Mrs. Spiggs*—"What did she say?" *Mr. Spiggs*—"She asked if I was near-sighted."—*Puck.*

Closefist—"You don't catch me giving an architect a thousand dollars to plan a house. I'll dig the cellar, draw on some timbers, and then go down there with my short-hand clerk, and it won't cost me a blamed cent." *Hanks*—"What can the clerk do?" *Closefist*—"Take down the advice given me by my neighbors."—*Truth.*

Employer—"You are having a decided flirtation with the girl who has charge of our telephone-wire!" *Truthful clerk* (with cold chills running up and down his spine, and with visions of instant discharge)—"Y-e-e-s, sir; but, please, sir——" *Employer*—"Well, keep it up. She will give more attention to our calls, if you do."—*Puck.*

Wild-eyed stranger (mistaking a sanctum for a bank-office)—"I want four million dollars this instant, or I shall send this place and all in it to the d——l!" *The editor* (calmly)—"My friend, you are in the wrong place. This is the abode of brains, not boodle. With apologies to the late Horace Greeley, let me advise you to go West and blow up with the country."—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

Omar Ibrahim had been thinking heavily. Plucking up courage, he approached his master, Mohammed. "Right eye of the setting sun, Allah be with you," said he to the prophet; "I beg an increase of salary of ten dinars and five dirhems." "Thou believest in the adage, 'Time is money'?" asked Mohammed. "Verily," answered Omar. "Then thou mayest work two hours longer each day."—*Jewelers' Circular.*

One of the most interesting sights along the Rio Grande is to see a regiment of Mexican soldiers taking a compulsory bath. It is only under compulsion that the rank and file of the army ever do bathe, and when the ceremony is in progress, one-half of the regiment enters the water while the other half stands guard on bank, rifles in hand, to shoot down any man who attempts to desert. When the ablution has been finished, the men resume their places in line and guard their comrades while they bathe.

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THE ART ASSOCIATION.

Its Directors' Graceful Reward to Merit.

SCENE.—The subterranean cavern 'neath the rooms of the Art Association on Pine Street. The rocky sides of the same are draped with tapestries of the richest silesia, bearing costly designs in oil, painted without recompense by the students above. From the center of the domed roof rare dog-chains depend, supporting a lamp in which burns the fragrant oil of Pennsylvania. Chairs, whose Gothic rudeness is studied, stand ranged in an irregular circle about the table of hardest Sierra pine, beneath the lamp. The air is heavy with incense, supplied by the solitary lamp. Gloom, heavy, silent, and portentous, possesses the cavern.

TIME.—Midnight.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.—The Directors of the Art Association.

Enter Directors.

The President (he has seated himself on the uncarved chair at the richly unembellished table, and is clothed in a robe of farmer's satin, hand-painted by Joullin in lobsters with open claws.) Gentlemen, the opera this evening was a great artistic success.

First Director—Artistic? This is a business meeting, and I object to irrelevant remarks.

Second Director—As a leading citizen, being engaged in selling hams on Front Street for my own advantage, I agree with that sentiment.

Third Director—We're all leading citizens and we're all in business. I object, therefore, to any gentleman obtruding his hams here.

The President (rapping for order, as the Directors are evidently on the point of exchanging business-cards)—Silence! You are called here to consider a grave matter. Two persons, not of sufficient consequence to name, have written an opera called, I believe, "Bluff King Hal." It has been performed for the benefit of our association, and net receipts amounting to five thousand dollars are without. What shall be done with the money?

Omnes—Bring it in!

(Two Nubians, black as their own polish, which, by day on Pine Street without, they apply to the shoes of the burghers, enter, bearing between them on a stick a heavy sack. The Directors gaze upon it and shake hands.)

The President—It has been well said that we are all leading citizens and all business men, but we are something more.

First Director—But not better.

The President—Certainly not. For "more" I substitute "additional." We are the guardians of Art in this metropolis of the Pacific shore.

Second Director—True. Without us, Philistinism would rule supreme.

First Director—It has been said in Latin, with which I am unfamiliar, that Art softens manners. Our influence upon the community, therefore, is all for good.

Fourth Director—We uplift.

Fifth Director—We refine.

Sixth Director—We check the sway of mere materialism.

The President—In other words, we are the soul of San Francisco. To us belongs the high privilege of affording opportunity to genius, which takes other than a business direction.

First Director—That is always to be regretted; but the fact, we must admit, is that genius occasionally *does* take other than a business direction.

The President—Intellectual converse is always to be encouraged—or nearly always; but the question before the house is, What shall we do with this money?

Third Director—The plumbing needs overhauling.

Second Director—The plastering should be repaired.

Fourth Director—Scrubbing wouldn't hurt the statuary.

The President—D——n the statuary.

Fourth Director—That's all right; but it needs scrubbing.

Seventh Director—Let's raise the salaries of the instructors.

Omnes—No! No!

Seventh Director—Well, suppose we give something to the fellows who wrote the opera.

(Paralysis falls upon the assemblage, and looks, first of wonder, then of indignant amazement, are cast upon the Seventh Director.)

Seventh Director (unabashed)—I move you, Mr. President, that we give forty per cent. of the net receipts to Mr. Stewart, the composer of the opera, and Mr. O Connell, the librettist.

The President (gasping)—What! Give two thousand dollars to a couple of cursed, irresponsible Bohemians?

Seventh Director—Why not? Hang it, they wrote the opera, didn't they?

The President (rapping violently with his gavel)—Come to order, sir! You are out of order.

Seventh Director (borrowing a cigar from his neighbor on the right)—All right; ten per cent., then.

The President—No, sir; that would be two hundred and fifty dollars apiece. Shall it be done, gentlemen?

Omnes—Never!

Seventh Director (rising and speaking calmly)—All right; you can do as you please. But I want to tell you this: The Art Association depends upon public favor, and we're supposed to be something better than a lot of dollar-grabbers. Two fellows, who're not in the business way like ourselves, have created an opera that's a big success, and if we don't do something for them, we'll be scorned and laughed at, and the association'll be hurt. Let's give 'em ten per cent., anyway, just for the look of things.

The President—The idea is new, but I suggest a compromise. Let us have a second performance of the opera and give these persons ten per cent. of the gross receipts. Let us send for them and communicate the news of our condescension and generosity.

(A Nubian is awakened and dispatched, who presently returns with Messrs. Stewart and O'Connell. The two, impressed with the honor of being admitted to the presence of this body of leading citizens and business men, bow low. The President, with bland patronage, informs them of the ten per cent. decision.)

Mr. O Connell (pulling his forelock after the manner in vogue in the British navy, wherein he was once an officer)—Gentlemen, speaking for my graceless partner and for myself, I crave permission to say that you can take your ten per cent. (if you can get it), and boil it with yourselves in oil. Stewart and I will produce the opera ourselves, and, instead of ten per cent., will take *all* the receipts.

(Exit O'Connell and Stewart, arm-in-arm, swaggering like Tudor gallants, singing):

The merry dimes are clinking,
And the writing boys are drinking—
Oh, business men, shrewd business men,
Coin shall be our winsome bride.

When thrifty Gradgrinds kneel them down
And beg for mercy sore,
We'll keep the opera for ourselves,
The letter and the score!

The President (partially recovering himself)—Gentlemen, I——

Seventh Director—I'm deuced glad of it.

Omnes—Confound the impudent beggars! But who'd a-thought they had the business sense!

A census of the trees of the city of Paris reveals the fact that, within the limits of the capital, there are growing upward of one hundred and twenty thousand trees, and about three hundred thousand shrubs. Of the trees, about twenty thousand are in the parks, and the others are planted along the streets. If these trees were planted all together, in the fashion in which trees grow in the forest, and at an average of twenty feet apart, they would make a wood more than one thousand acres in extent.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supplying; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

Mr. C. P. Huntington, president of the Southern Pacific Company, has recently furnished for publication in the daily press an article of several columns concerning railroad fares and freights. The gist of Mr. Huntington's article is contained in his answer to the question: "What do you think the citizens of San Francisco and California should or could do that would tend to build up and develop the commercial interests of the State and cause the tide of immigration to flow in and fill up her arable lands that are now unoccupied?" To this Mr. Huntington answers, in effect: "Do not encourage a competing railroad, but provide the Southern Pacific Company with more business so that it may be enabled to lower its rates of fare and freight." That, according to Mr. Huntington, is the panacea for all our evils. He would have us bring raw materials from foreign countries to California, convert them into finished products, and then put them into the hands of the Southern Pacific Company to transport to any country that is reached by its lines running over the land or over the seas. This, he says, is what is needed to insure prosperity to California.

Mr. Huntington has only got the cart before the horse, that is all. Instead of inducing increased shipments by reduction of rates, he wants the people of California to induce reduced rates by increased shipments, and that, too, on his simple *ipse dixit* that "the way to get lower rates is to increase the tonnage." He makes no definite promise that even if railroad business were increased a hundred-fold there would be any abrogation of the familiar rule of "all the traffic will bear," but he only points out—what everybody knows—that with increased tonnage the railroad could reduce rates—if it felt like it.

Possibly the most satisfactory and conclusive way to refute Mr. Huntington on this point is to recall to him and to the people of California a bit of railroad history too recent to be characterized as ancient, and yet which has probably been forgotten by many. In the summer and autumn of 1887, there was a railroad war, the result of which was a striking reduction, for the time being, in freights and fares. In round numbers, freights to the East were reduced fifty per cent., and fares as much or more. Competition was keen, and the people of California took advantage of it. What was the result? The gross earnings of the Southern Pacific Company for the year 1887 were $37,930,161, as against $31,797,882 for the year 1886. In other words, although for half of the year 1887 rates were not over one-half what they had been in 1886, the gross earnings of the company were $6,132,279 greater than for the year previous, when the Southern Pacific Company was charging and collecting full rates of freight and fare. In the face of these figures, furnished by the Southern Pacific Company to "Poor's Manual," it is certainly not a strained deduction to say that Mr. Huntington has willfully attempted to confuse cause and effect, and that if he and the company he represents would reduce rates, the increased tonnage he so ardently desires would inevitably follow.

One more suggestion must conclude this necessarily imperfect review of Mr. Huntington's labored effort to make the worse appear the better reason. He places much stress on the willingness of his company to haul California products to New Orleans and thence by steamer up the Atlantic Coast to New York. Why this disinterestedness in favor of a line which must add 2,000 miles of ocean travel to 2,500 miles of land transit, in order to accomplish a distance of about 3,200 miles? Why does Mr. Huntington think the people of California should be anxious to help him try to demonstrate the mathematical impossibility that the semi-circumference of a circle is shorter than the diameter? The fact is, of course, that the Southern Pacific would rather transport merchandise 4,500 miles by its own lines than to have it carried 3,200 miles and have to divide profits with other lines. This is all right enough from the railroad point of view, but Mr. Huntington can not persuade the people of this State that they need only one transcontinental railroad, argue he never so cunningly.

We can not forbear to quote a part of the eloquent peroration of Mr. Huntington's article. He says:

"There is plenty of business genius and sagacity, plenty of energy and determination in the material at hand. All that seems to me to be lacking is the appreciation of the opportunities and the advantages that are waiting for the sleeping giant to awake. As far as the Southern Pacific Company is concerned, it is ready to meet the people half-way. If they will utilize to the full the magnificent resources of the forests, the farms, and the mines, the railroad will transport their produce to the furthest market in which it can find buyers, and with the tonnage increased to the greatest possible extent, it will do it, when necessary, at a rate just above train expenses, provided it is not practically prevented from doing so by the interstate or other laws."

There are just a few too many provisos in this promise to make it wholly satisfactory. The railroad will do thus and so when necessary, if it can. This is not a very sure foundation on which to build up manufactories and develop the wealth of the State. It leaves too much margin for the railroad and not enough for its patrons, since the railroad is, of course, to be the judge of the necessity spoken of, and to interpret interstate laws for itself. If Mr. Huntington is sincere in his wishes for the prosperity of California, let the Southern Pacific Company meet the people half-way by reducing its present exorbitant rates, and then we may believe him.

Mr. Huntington, with a gravity which does him credit, discusses at some length the status of the railroad *since* he took it out of politics. This must make the devil laugh.

There is no accusation which the Roman Catholic Church in America so quickly rises to deny as that it takes an active part in politics. Its prelates and priests and publications stand always ready to assert that while Roman Catholics, like other citizens, exercise their political rights, the church never speaks officially with reference to matters of state. If it does not, the reason is that it is afraid to do so. It goes as far as it dares in the United States, where, up to the present time, it has found it expedient to wear a veil, which is every year becoming thinner. What the church would do here, were open political action judicious, is shown by what it does in other countries where it has not the same motives for concealment. A recent incident in France illustrates how ready it is to act officially in politics, and that, too, with a perfectly unreserved disregard for every political principle and solely for its own temporal advantage.

The church in France, as everywhere else, has an incurable dislike for republican institutions. It has been the friend of every pretender to the throne, monarchical or imperial. Its latest favorite was the Count of Paris, the Orleanist pretender, with whom it has just quarreled, on finding that he, like itself, was willing to sacrifice everything to self-interest. It has discovered that the Count of Paris was scheming, in behalf of his own political welfare, to throw the church into trouble, and he himself has been dropped with a suddenness and force that must have rattled his Bourbon bones. Shortly after his return from his recent visit to the United States, the count organized a politico-religious association, called the "Union of Christian France," its object being to make the interests of the Orleanist pretender and the church one. Cardinal Richard, of Paris, Metropolitan and Primate of France, lent his name and active assistance to the organization. "The parish clergy," we are told, "were taught to believe that their own future, as well as that of the church, was seriously menaced by the anti-clerical leanings of the republican government, and that their only salvation lay in the restoration of the monarchy. Every priest, therefore, became to all intents and purposes a political agent and canvasser of votes for the Count of Paris."

That is, this church, which "never officially interferes in politics," organized itself into a vast, treasonable conspiracy for the overthrow of the French Republic, upon whose treasury it feeds. The royal aspirant proceeded to action thus: He issued instructions, through Count d'Haussonville, to all the committees of the Union of Christian France throughout the republic to commence without further delay an open and active warfare against the government. Inasmuch as the parish priests were the presidents and chairmen of the committees in question, this was serious business, involving the state revenue of the church and the probable rupture of the Concordat.

The Pope was alive to the situation. He feels no greater love for the French Republic than does the humblest of his clergy, but he has more sense, and therefore addressed a letter to the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris instructing him to order the clergy to abandon their project and preach obedience instead of defiance to the laws of the government. The cardinal archbishop and other high French prelates had gone

too far with the Count of Paris to make it agreeable for them to withdraw, and they had the audacity to determine not to deliver the Pope's message to the clergy, whereupon His Holiness caused his nuncio at Paris to issue his orders through the press. And that move dished the count and his Union of Christian France. It was a master-stroke of financial policy, and Leo by his quick and determined action has proved himself to be a financier who would shine in Wall Street. What he has saved to the church in France can be comprehended when it is known that 36,743 priests are supported by the government at an annual cost of 44,000,000 francs. Nor is this all. The state places at the service of the clergy, without charge, 29,314 churches and 31,965 presbyteries, the annual rental value of which is estimated at 245,000,000 francs. Counting everything, including the rent-free episcopal palaces, the maintenance of the church costs France about $60,000,000 a year.

No wonder the Pope was anxious to "stand in" with the government, and that he went openly and officially into politics in France, as he would do here were an equally powerful motive supplied. As the leading follower on earth of the meek and lowly one who had not where to lay his head, His Holiness has a supernaturally bright eye out for the main chance, in the United States and all around the whirling globe. The church is everywhere in politics for "what there is in it."

Another city which is growing rapidly rich by maritime adventure is the free city of Bremen in Germany. It is situated on the Weser, a long way from its mouth, and at its wharves, at low water, ships drawing over seven feet touch bottom. Its large steamers—such as those which ply to New York—have to dock at Bremerhaven and Vegesack, lower down the river. There are cities whose people would have considered that the establishment of docks for sea-going vessels at such a short distance involved a danger for the parent city; but the people of Bremen have always had sense enough to see that they would prove auxiliaries. They have, in fact, built up Bremen, just as docks and wharves at Goat Island would have built up San Francisco. Bremen is a free city. It pays $250,000 a year to the customs revenue of Germany by way of commutation for import duties, and this sum is provided by general taxation. Bremen is a seat of iron ship-building. It turns out a number of iron steamers of large tonnage each year, and the stock of the companies which own them is at a premium, dividends being liberal and regular. It runs lines to New York, the West Indies, South America, and the Dutch settlements in Asia.

Four years ago, the number of vessels which arrived at Bremen in a twelvemonth was 2,897, and those which cleared were 3,039, in all 5,936 vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of about 2,850,000 tons. More recent figures are not to hand, but from the merchants' reports the present number of vessels, in and out, must exceed 7,000, and the tonnage must be over 3,200,000. Twenty vessels a day must sail up or down the Weser, carrying grist to or meal from the Bremen mill. About two-thirds of these are registered at Bremen or some other German port. It is probably as easy to reach Bremen from any American port outside of the United States as it is to reach New York, and far easier than it is to reach San Francisco; although the distance from Bremen to the Mexican ports on the Pacific is about 13,250 miles as against an average of 1,500 from San Francisco, and the distance from Bremen to Valparaiso is over 10,000 miles as against less than 5,000 from San Francisco.

Sooner or later, it will dawn upon the minds of San Franciscans that if they do not propose to furnish the world with a new example of a dead city, they must follow the example of Liverpool, Hamburg, and Bremen, and develop a little enterprise in extending their maritime commerce. They must put some money into new sea-going vessels, without exacting security that they will get ten per cent. on their investment from the start. They must get it through their heads that it often pays to incur a small present loss for the sake of a large future profit.

The experience of foreign nations is pregnant with lessons which we ought to turn to account. The whole business of ocean navigation is being revolutionized. It has been demonstrated within the past year or two that the freight-ships of the future must be large, not less than 4,000 tons, and, perhaps, with 6,000 and 7,000 tons displacement—vessels which will carry from 5,000 to 10,000 tons of freight. The age of small vessels has passed. These new ships must be steamers, provided with triple-expansion engines, which will drive them through the water at a rate of ten or twelve knots an hour, with a daily consumption of not over thirty to forty tons of coal per day. Such vessels will be able to carry freight more cheaply than sailing vessels, because they can make three voyages while the latter are making one, and the saving in interest and operating expenses will more than offset the expense of fuel.

The old question of iron ships *versus* wooden ships, which most people supposed to have been settled long ago, has again been raised by the ship-builders of Maine. After a long period of inactivity, the Maine ship-yards are now again in full blast, and are turning out great sailing ships, built of wood and mostly four-masters. They contend that the bottoms of their wooden ships do not get foul in the tropics as those of iron ships do, and that they last longer. It is, perhaps, too soon to decide whether or no they are right. If they are, there is no reason why all the sea-going vessels required to convert San Francisco into an active seaport should not be built in Pacific waters. Our want of iron will always compel us to rely, in the main, on Atlantic ship-yards for the iron ships we need. But if wooden ships will answer the case, we can build them here on Puget Sound as well and as cheaply as they can be built in Maine. There is, happily, no limit to the supply of building timber on the Pacific Coast.

It can not be too often repeated that the establishment of steamship lines from San Francisco to the centers of trade on the Atlantic is as vital to the future existence of this port as the emancipation of industry from the control of the labor unions. As matters stand, there is no inducement for any one in Europe, or in South America, or in Australia, or in the islands, or in China, or in Japan, to send merchandise here on a venture. When a foreign ship arrives here, we treat it as the wreckers of the Bahamas treated a castaway. We tax it so exorbitantly for towage, and pilotage, and wharfage, and water, and all manner of dues, that the captain is glad to get out of our clutches; and even if we did not, he can not get a return cargo unless he happens to come in during the wheat season. Everything else we produce we send out by rail. A proper public spirit should induce the merchants to guarantee a line of freight-steamers to New York or Liverpool a certain amount of freight on every voyage. This done, they would run regularly, and a trade would grow up. When Bremen started her ocean lines, she had little or nothing to send abroad, and the wants of her people were amply supplied. Now her ship-yards can not supply vessels fast enough to accommodate the inward and outward trade which the steamship lines have created.

The American society woman abroad is painting things red—with blood. Mrs. Deacon at Cannes and now Mrs. Hetherington at Yokohama. In both instances the women are of excellent family, good social connections, and from birth have had every advantage, educational and other, that money can give. Mrs. Deacon has been sufficiently discussed; she has gone into mourning for her dead Frenchman, and in the retirement of that chaste grief let her rest. This other in Japan, whether as guilty as her husband thinks her or not, deserves all the shame and horror that have come to her. While awaiting her husband at Yokohama, whither she had gone from Delaware to meet him on his return from Behring Sea, she, a mother, the wife of a gentleman, an officer in the navy, so behaved as to make herself the talk of the European colony. Her chosen companion in scandal was an English Abeille—one George Gower Robinson, who was prone to boast of his conquests among women. Lieutenant Hetherington did not act upon reports carried to him by others; he saw enough for himself to cause him to warn the Yokohama Don Giovanni, and when that reckless *roué* persisted in the flirtation—necessarily, of course, encouraged by the shameless wife—Hetherington put a bullet into his body, and ended his career. And the lieutenant has ended his own career. No matter what the law may do or not do, his is henceforward a blighted life. The woman was not worth the sacrifice, for, by all accounts, Hetherington is a manly fellow, whose chief weakness was a passionate love for a woman frivolous by nature and prizing "society" above the devotion of her husband and her duties as a mother. The law is seriously defective in not providing for the punishment and restraint of such criminal fools as Mrs. Hetherington. An unfaithful wife deliberately puts in jeopardy the lives of her husband and paramour and the good name of her own and her husband's family. Sentimental and social pains and penalties do not meet her deserts. Mercy to such as she is cruelty to virtue and an insult to womanhood. Under the French Criminal Code, a wife discovered as was the woman at Cannes can be imprisoned. At Paris, such wives are sent to St. Lazaire, a prison set apart for prostitutes, female thieves, and other low women. It is a fitting place for faithless wives.

Deacon and Hetherington have done good service in teaching the foreign pursuer of women that the American husband, on discovering that his wife has engaged in an amour, is not content to exchange bows and cards with the lover, meet him on the dueling-ground later, and possibly be run through the body. If there is any killing to be done under the circumstances, he feels himself entitled to do it all. That fact has been so tragically impressed on the mind of the transatlantic hunter of the female of his species, that a great improvement in the moral tone of "American Colonies" abroad may be confidently looked for.

Section three of the McKinley Bill provides that, with a view to secure reciprocal trade with countries producing and exporting sugar, molasses, coffee, tea, and hides, all of which articles are put on the free list by the bill in question, the President is authorized, when any such country imposes duties upon products of the United States which he may deem reciprocally unequal and unreasonable, to suspend the free entry of any or all the products named as to such country or countries, in which event import duties shall at once attach in accordance with a schedule fixed by the act, such duties to continue in force so long as the exporting countries shall continue to treat American products unfairly and unreasonably.

This is the suspensive clause, so called, the adoption of which has excited the admiration of publicists in every country in Europe, where it is regarded as one of the shrewdest and most effective pieces of legislation ever passed in any country. It put the United States at once upon a plane where this country could virtually dictate to nations seeking the American market with the products named, and yet have no charge of unfairness preferred against us. The clause in question left it optional with the countries producing and exporting sugar, molasses, coffee, tea, and hides, or any of them, to do as they would be done by or find themselves shut out of the American market by rivals who possessed more perspicacity and business sagacity.

This bill being passed and its beneficial effects becoming at once apparent, it is hardly necessary to say that the free-traders began a still hunt for some means to break it down and defeat it. They canvassed the situation and soon found that an attack on the McKinley Bill in Congress would not succeed, not only because of a Republican Senate and President, but because their own members in the House had a wholesome dread of their constituents, to most of whom the McKinley Bill was commending itself more and more every day. They saw that the Western farmer, who had found a new market for his flour in Cuba and for his pork in Germany, or the Eastern manufacturer, who was sending machinery to Brazil and Argentine, would not consent to a repeal of the McKinley Bill, and more particularly of the suspensive clause, so they decided that they would try to accomplish by indirection what they could not do and did not dare to try to do directly. They found some bright and shining legal light who advised them that the McKinley Bill was unconstitutional, because the third section conferred legislative power upon the President.

To test the question, actions were brought in the Circuit Courts of New York and Illinois, and an appeal taken thence to the Supreme Court of the United States. Last week the Supreme Court decided the cases, affirming the judgments of the Circuit Court and sustaining the constitutionality of the McKinley Bill. The opinion of the court was written by Justice Harlan, and it is extremely clear and convincing.

The court holds that various decisions of that court and the practice of years establish the right of Congress to give the President power, by proclamation at a future day, to revoke or modify certain clauses of an act. The opinion holds that it was not a transfer of legislative power, but simply gave the President power to determine whether the time had arrived which Congress specified. The President, the court say, is not vested with any real legislative power, for Congress prescribed the conditions under which he, in his official capacity, should act. All he had to ascertain was that the particular fact existed, and then it was directed that he execute the act. The President was a mere agent of the law-making power.

And now that it is determined, by the decision of a tribunal from which there is no appeal, that the suspensive clause of the McKinley Bill is constitutional and valid, and that the President will not exceed his authority in issuing the proclamation referred to in the bill, what are the Democrats going to do to minimize the beneficial effect of the clause referred to? They can not deny that the operation of the clause has brought to terms Spain, with regard to her West Indian colonies, Brazil and other South American republics, Germany, France, and Austria; that negotiations are pending with Mexico and more than one of the Central American States; and that our export trade with the countries named has more than quadrupled as to many staple American products and manufactures, and doubled as to nearly everything we export. There is the proposition in black and white, with the figures to show for it, and we should be pleased to know what the Democratic party is going to do about it.

Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, is entitled to the credit of introducing the suspensive clause as an amendment to the McKinley Bill when that measure was before the Senate, but it has been shrewdly suspected that the voice was the voice of Aldrich, but the hand was the hand of Blaine. Certain it is that he objected to the original McKinley Bill because it did not provide a market outside the United States for a bushel of wheat or a barrel of pork, and inasmuch as the bill as it now stands furnishes a market for both wheat or flour, and pork in almost limitless quantities, it is not unnatural to surmise that his suggestion may have led to the Aldrich amend-

ment. At any rate the suspensive clause of the McKinley Bill, fortified as it now is by the decision of the Supreme Court upon its legality, will stand as a monument of wise and far-seeing legislation, so generally beneficial in its effects, so useful to so many varied American interests, and containing so many possibilities for the development of our foreign trade, that no party will dare to assail it.

Where is there a specimen of Democratic national legislation in anywise comparable to it? At what point in the history of that party was there adopted a substantive act of Congress which acted so promptly and was felt so widely for the good of the people of the United States? The Democratic party makes great pretenses about being the friend of the people, but never since it came into being has it had the genius to devise a law which operated so satisfactorily in all respects as the McKinley Bill; while as to the suspensive clause, the assembled wisdom of the entire party could never have conceived a provision so concise, so simple, and so universally useful.

The devilish crime of Dr. Henry M. Scudder, of Chicago—the murder of his wife's mother, after inducing her to make a will in his wife's favor—proves how little, after all, education, training, and circumstances can do for a man who is born bad. It is as impossible to make a good man of him as to transform a wolf into a lap-dog. Apparently Scudder has had everything on his side in life, and no one seems ever to have suspected the presence of the fiend in him. His father is a clergyman of renown, whose brilliant preaching in San Francisco twenty years ago earned him a fame here that still endures. The son was born in India, to which he returned as a missionary physician, after graduating from Yale and studying his profession in this country, London, and Paris. During his residence of eight years in Chicago, he has done much missionary work. He comes of a missionary family. His standing as a physician has been first-class, and poverty never touched him, but his wife's mother had one hundred thousand dollars that he wanted, and to get it he killed her with brutal violence. Where did the black drop in the blood come from that made this highly cultivated, religious man turn murderer with a coarse fury that could he looked for only in a drunken sailor? Possibly the germ of satanic impulse descended from some pious, persecuting ancestor—some Holy Willie Scudder of the long ago, who cultivated a passion of hatred for sin and sinners in the belief that he thus served and pleased God, and so perverted his nature and made this Chicago case of atavism possible. Such a man is as truly deformed as one who comes into the world with a club-foot, though the latter unfortunate is conscious of his deformity while the former goes through life unaware of his, as a rule, till favoring conditions bring it into action. There was Thomassen, the dynamite-clock fiend, for example, who made a specialty of over-insuring goods, sending them to sea, and blowing up ships in mid-ocean. Those whose memory runs back a few years will recall how the world was horrified when the premature explosion of one of his clocks, in a bale on the docks of Bremerhaven, revealed his frightful business. He had the grace to blow out his brains, and his wife went mad. He had been an excellent husband and father, supported his family in good style, and nobody, not even his wife, dreamed that he was not what he seemed—an entirely respectable, amiable business man. He had been that, too, for many years before the devil in his blood woke up and suggested the profits to be derived from dynamite clocks. There are such men as Thomassen and Scudder all around us, not many, thank God, but still enough to keep us in mind of the fact that nature does produce men of intelligent minds, who, morally considered, are stone blind, and this congenitally. In Chicago an effort is being made to prove Scudder insane. The attempt is due to his own and his family's social position. Field goes mad, and steals. Scudder goes mad, and murders. Vulgar and poverty-stricken moral idiots reach the penitentiary and gallows instead of the asylum. Field and Scudder should go there, too.

It appears that the Employers' Association of San Francisco had only to show their teeth to bring the labor unions and that precious institution, the Federated Trades, to terms. The employers gave notice that unless the cowardly boycott declared against the Jackson Brewery and the Nickelsburg shoe-factory were lifted by Monday last, all workmen belonging to unions represented in the Federated Trades Councils would be offered the choice of leaving the unions or leaving their work. It was common talk in union circles that the Employers' Association dared not carry out their threat, but that, if they did, they would find their shops unmanned. Both expectations were disappointed. The employers did stick to their guns, and the union-men did not stick to their unions, but crawled incontinently. All the shoemakers, with the exception of those employed by one firm, went to work on Monday morning, declaring that they had severed their connection with their union. The bulk of the brewery employees surrendered in like manner, following the example of the drivers of beer-carts; of those who did not abjure their unions, the bulk have been dismissed. In other words, the victory has been complete all along the line; it only remains for the Employers' Association to stand firm to emancipate industry from the thralldom which has crippled it.

But there must be no drawing back or faltering with the work. Either the Federated Trades must be crushed, root and branch, or the work now happily begun will have to be done over again. No industry can ever feel that it is on a sound basis in San Francisco so long as the Federated Trades exist. It is impossible to carry on industry when the conduct of each business is controlled by persons who have no interest in it, and no knowledge of it. As matters have lately stood, not only have employers been ousted from the management of their own business, but the regulation of furniture-factories has been in the hands of tailors and shoemakers, and shoe-factories have practically been managed by carpenters and painters. The member of the Federated Trades who could talk loudest and longest has bossed the body, and ordered strikes and boycotts at his sweet will. The honest workman who desired to put in a fair day's work for a fair day's wages to support his family, has been as powerless to control his own living as his employer. His wages, his hours of labor, the conditions of his work, and his dealings with those who paid him, have all been determined by demagogues and "walking delegates," to whom it has been a matter of indifference whether workmen's families starved or employers failed.

A stage has been reached when, for their future safety, employers must show no quarter to the enemy. The time has passed for compromises or arbitrations. When it is definitely settled that the employer of labor shall be allowed to choose his hands and to have some say in directing how his money shall be spent, a time will come when arrangements may be provided for adjusting future disputes between employer and employee through boards of arbitration; but that time will not come so long as the Federated Trades continue to exist, and so long as ignorant and knavish workmen cherish the assumption that their first allegiance is due to their union and not to the man who feeds them. At the present stage, for their own future safety, employers of labor must adopt the inexorable rule that non-union labor is always to be given the preference over union labor, and that, in no event, shall any one be employed who is a member of a union represented in the Federated Trades. That is the way—and the only way—to win a victory whose fruits shall be lasting.

It is, too, the kindest course to pursue to the working-man. It is almost an invariable rule that labor unions fall under the control of the most ignorant and incapable members of the union. There is hardly a day when the unions do not commit some fatal blunder. If the iron-molders had not been led by a besotted ass, they would not have undertaken the long strike in which their defeat was evident from the start. The lumbermen, who were getting good wages under satisfactory conditions of work, struck by orders of their union; their places were promptly filled; and now the members of the union are begging for reëmployment on the old terms. Carpenters' Union, No. 483, proposes to hold a convention to nominate candidates for State and municipal offices. A shoemaker boasts that the fact of a man's saying he is a non-union man does not make him one; implying that he lied to keep his job, and proposes to deceive both his employer and his union. What prospects of success can await organizations of such persons as this?

The inevitable result of the despotism which the unions and their central body, the Federated Trades, have been trying to establish would have been to drive industry out of San Francisco. That disaster could have been endured by employers, who would simply have transferred their capital and their skill to localities where common sense prevailed. But it would have been fatal to the working class. A workman can not transport himself and his family to the East or across the ocean; and if he could, he would find labor markets in which wages were half what he had been getting. He would have had to stay here. And as industry decayed, the price of labor would have fallen, and he would have found some day that he was working for starvation wages, through the consequence of his own acts. The working-men of this city never had such good friends as the leaders of the Employers' Association. If they were wise, they would back them at every point.

Congressman Harter, Democratic member from Ohio, has presented a new feature in the silver coinage issue, which is likely to produce enlarged active opposition to the project of free unlimited coinage of the dollar of four hundred and twelve and one-half grains of silver, worth only about seventy cents actual value, as silver bullion is selling in the market. Mr. Harter strenuously opposes the Bland Silver Coinage Bill. He has issued a printed circular to the posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, calling attention to the consequences of the passage of the bill in relation to army pensioners, of whom there are upward of six hundred and seventy-six thousand. Their annual pensions, paid in silver dollars, would be worth to them only seventy cents on the dollar, with the probability that, as unlimited free coinage continued, the rate of actual value would further decline—possibly to sixty cents or below. This heavy loss would fall with great hardship upon the needy pensioners, many of them the widows and orphans of the dead veterans of the army and navy. It would have the effect of repudiation to the extent of the depreciation; but there would be neither redress nor remedy. An argument of this practical and tangible nature would infallibly strike direct upon every pensioner and influence the votes of hundreds of thousands of their relatives, friends, and sympathizers. The pensioners would lose, the government would eventually sustain enormous loss, the people likewise, and the only persons benefited would be the owners of silver mines and the producers and sellers of silver to the government, whether native or alien, as the unlimited coinage bill provides for the coinage of all silver, foreign the same as that owned or produced in the United States. Would it not be extraordinary for the United States Government to take thirty cents out of every dollar paid to its pensioners? And for what? To present that thirty cents taken from every dollar to the wealthy mine-owners of Mexico.

To aggravate the importation of typhus fever in New York, brought by the squalid immigrants from Southern Europe and Russia, a few weeks ago, there have arrived and been admitted to landing a considerable number of similar paupers, pestilent with small-pox, in one of the crowded passenger-steamships from Europe. Some of these immigrants have eluded quarantine and made their way inland, and it is probable that they will infest emigrant-trains through to the North-West. That these infected immigrants were permitted to pass by the inspectors is plain proof that the immigration law is not enforced. Contamination is threatened on the trains which carry the infected, and every community in which they locate is endangered by their presence. They may carry the contagion to distant points before it breaks out, to ravage and destroy. There is imperative necessity to stop the evil of this class of immigration, and it increases in measure and danger as it is permitted, either through insufficiency of the law or laxity of those intrusted with its execution. The remedy is urgent—the absolute exclusion of the forbidden immigrants and their compulsory return on the vessels which bring them. While Congress is in session is the time. Care should be observed to guard every loophole in the existing law, and means applied to compel strict enforcement. The existing statute should then be repealed by the present Congress, and absolute exclusion of pauper immigration should become the law.

"Jay Gould Wept!" This was the striking head-line which some weeks ago amazed the readers of the daily papers. It was stated that at a meeting of a board of railway directors of which Mr. Gould was a member, he suddenly burst into tears. The cause of the tears was never fully explained. It was generally believed, however, that some personal friend of Mr. Gould's, in whose investments that millionaire was taking a tender interest, had escaped with his fortune. Hence the tears.

But the tears of Gould will shortly be eclipsed by the prayers of Gould. The millionaire has come to the conclusion, like Irving's Tom Walker, that he will save stakes with Satan. He has given ten thousand dollars to the Presbyterian Church extension fund. We may be excused for pointing out to Mr. Gould, in the most delicate way in the world, that among the churches gratitude may be defined as "an appreciation of favors—to come." Ten thousand dollars will be looked upon as an indication of a Christian spirit, but it will never buy salvation for a repentant millionaire. Jay will have to put up.

The reporters of the daily press—themselves mostly of a religious turn of mind—take a keen and sympathetic interest in the millionaire's appearance on the anxious seat. "Mr. Gould," says one rapt reporter, "is beginning to turn his thoughts from matters perishable to matters imperishable. He has grown greatly in religious grace and fervor of late, and he is clearly and rapidly shaping his course toward actual membership with the church. He feels that his identity with the things of this world is an affair of but a comparatively short time."

Whatever may be the feelings excited upon earth by the danger of losing Mr. Gould, there can be little question as to the feeling elsewhere about the danger of gaining him. If he gets his ticket to Paradise through this eleventh-hour repentance, there will be grave disquiet caused in heaven. If his long and successful life of robbery on earth be any indication of his after-life, the golden harps in heaven will have to be chained. And if, when Mr. Jay Gould joins the heavenly choir, he should, in addition to singing, repeat his celebrated fit of weeping, we think the angels would be afflicted with flatulence.

DON RAMON'S VENGEANCE.

The Tragic Story told in the Guanajuato Catacombs.

This is a story of two men and a woman; a husband, a wife, and a—lover. There is a phrase in good, stout Saxon that would describe the latter better, for he was also a coward, but it is not polite to write it. Men only use it when the blood is hot with anger. Women, never, until they have become acquainted with the police.

A story of a husband, a wife, and a lover. Of the lover, yes. Of the husband and wife, no; for rather it is of two things that were once husband and wife, but which now stand in silence and gloom in the corridor of the dead beneath the public *panteon* at Guanajuato in Mexico. Above this corridor is a hollow square, formed by a wall twenty feet or more in thickness. In this wall are six tiers of recesses—recesses that are the exact counterparts in shape of the pigeon-holes in your desk. They are larger, though, and sealed. As you pass along you will see on each a small slab of marble or brass which gives a name, a few figures, perhaps a title or two—the latter seem strangely empty and worthless—and then a petition that for the love of Jesus you pray one Ave Maria that the soul of the dead within may rest easy. It is only the rich, though, that fill these pigeon-holes. A man must be very rich to buy that privilege for eternity. Most of the quiet tenants will fill them for five or ten years only. After that time their bodies will be taken out and the pigeon-hole will be ready for some new occupant, and so it will go on through the centuries. After all, though, it is better than festering under ground, for in the *panteon* a few bricks—only an ordinary wall—divide you from the world you have left, full of the twitter of birds and the bright, warm sunshine. When a body is placed in one of these *gabetes*—as the Mexicans call these pigeon-holes—the coffin containing it is surrounded closely with charcoal and lime to preserve the dead from decay. Under the influence of these two agencies, the body soon becomes merely a mummy, preserving all the features as in life, but so brown and dry and hard that when you tap on the hollow breast with your fingers it sounds like the beating of distant drums. When the body is taken from its pigeon-hole, the funeral clothes are stripped from it to be burned, and, naked as the day it was born, it is placed in the corridors beneath. Sometimes, though, the shoes or boots are allowed to remain on, for fear that in removing them the dried feet may break or crumble. When the poor who are unable to rent a *gabete* die, they buy the privilege of being buried within the inclosure made by the walls containing the pigeon-holes for one, or two, or more years. As soon as the ground is required, after that time has expired, their remains are taken up. Buried in the ground without the protection of the charcoal and lime, only the bones are taken, and these, too, are taken to the corridor below, and thrown into two great piles. When a man has been long dead and nothing is left of him but the bones, he is very insignificant. No matter what he may have been in life, it does not take a very large handkerchief to contain all that is then left. An ordinary sized trunk would, with a little crowding, contain the finest battalion that ever paraded. Yet in this corridor the pile of bones is immense. You can count skulls until you have run into the thousands, and then you grow weary and cease. When you ask the guide—who, in his eagerness to find new curiosities to please you, walks over the pile heedless how the bones crunch and break under his heels—how many of the dead are there, he merely shakes his head and answers:

"God knows, señor; they are many."

The bones of the poor are at either end of the corridor. In the space between, leading against the wall, facing the light that finds its way through the narrow windows above, are the bodies that have been taken from the *gabetes*. Infants, so small that even the rigidity of death can not give sufficient strength to their tiny forms to sustain them, are the only exceptions. They lie one above the other, between their bodies being only the tinsel and faded flowers with which the Mexicans decorate the remains of those who die so young as to be without sin. If you wish it, your guide will pick up one or two of the little figures and hand them to you for inspection.

In the dim light, you can hardly at once realize the grewsomeness of the scene, and you pass along the ranks of the naked dead, seeing only the most prominent figures. At first, you observe only a few, which attract your attention by some marked peculiarity. Towering over all, there is one with head, and face, and breast, and arms covered with red hair. It seems a giant among pigmies.

"Who is it?"

"An Englishman, señor, who came here to mine for silver," answers the guide.

"And the other?" you ask, pointing to a figure that stands erect, with a ragged hole in its face, and high over the knees of whose bare legs come the tops of cavalry-boots.

"A soldier in the cavalry, señor; he was killed by the French when Maximilian was our emperor."

Gradually the sameness that seems to pervade everything wears away, and as you pass along you begin to pick out the old and the young, the matron and the maid, the man and the boy. Some of the faces fascinate you. So earnest do they seem that, for an instant, you think they may speak, and one becomes loth to pass on for fear of not hearing what they would say; and you wonder if the tongues, that look so dry and parched between the long, yellow teeth, from which the gums have shrunk, could speak, what the words would be.

All of the bodies, or nearly all, have their hands crossed on their breasts. There is one, though, that has not. The body is that of a woman, from whose head still hang locks that once were black, and soft, and glossy. Now they are harsh and tinged with red—burned and bleached by the charcoal and lime that went with them into the *gabete*. Even now, though, if you are a man, when you see their length and richness, you feel tempted to press them between your fingers, so much of their beauty still remains. In life, the tresses were such as men never grow too old to love, to kiss, and play with, for they have not grown since death, as the hair of the dead sometimes grows in the damp, moist graves of our Northern climes—as if to pillow with softness the stiff unbending of the head. The burning sun, and lime, and charcoal kill everything in these *panteones*, even the germs of corruption.

This woman's hair is not the only thing that attracts your attention. It is merely the first. After you have looked at it, and thought of its past beauty when it clustered around snow-white neck and shoulders, the woman's figure draws your attention. Death has not withered it as it has done with all the other bodies. It is like a statue of bronze in its life-likeness. The breasts are full and firm as artists paint them. The graceful waist, undulating in perfect curves to feet so small that you can almost hold them in one hand, is as perfect in its apparent suppleness as when the life-blood coursed through the veins. Like all the rest, this body, too, is naked except the feet, and they, with their high, arched insteps, are still incased in slippers, over which have fallen the shreds of what once were silken stockings. The slippers were once white and tied with crimson ribbon, but now the satin, like the hair, is faded, and the bow of the ribbon that tied them is the only thing coquettish that remains.

The form is perfect. In marble it might have been a Grecian Venus—if it were not for the face. Not that the face in life lacked beauty, for it must at one time have been very beautiful; but that was a long time ago, when the dark eyes still had light and the lips were red and laughing. But now it is terrible to look upon, for in every feature there is terror, and the even rows of teeth, that must have been once white and pearly, are opened wide apart, as if frozen so in a dying gasp for breath. Then, as your eye falls on the neck, you see that this was so, for there, deep into the flesh, still runs the mark of a rope pulled tight and strong. How tight it must have been when the rounded arms that are still outstretched could not loosen it! Of all the hands and arms that you see in the rows of the dead, these are the only ones that do not lie crossed on the breast. They are still stretched forth as when the strangling coils of the rope caused the brain to grow black and turgid.

This woman is the wife.

Beside her, tall and erect, stands the form of a man. Death must have come to him very easily, for in his face there is no fear, rather a look of rest, as if it were well that life had passed. The form is wasted from disease, and the hands crossed on the breast are thin and worn as if tired with struggling, as when death comes after waiting and not when the blood is warm and strong, as it was when it came to the woman.

"Who is it?"

And, as you ask, the guide stops, and, crossing himself, answers:

"It is Don Ramon Hernandez, señor, and the lady with the outstretched arms is his wife, Doña Mercedes. They have been here a long time—so long that no one ever comes here to pray for their souls. *Madre de Dios*, señor, may they rest in peace, for theirs was a weary life."

"How was it?"

"It is an old story, señor, but the women still tell it at night around the candle when the men are away. This man and woman were husband and wife, for once they stood before the altar of the Holy Church as close as you see them here. I remember well the wedding, for I was a young man then. It was grand, for Don Ramon was open-handed, and Doña Mercedes of all our women the most beautiful. You can see that now, señor, and though at the wedding the women whispered and the men smiled, everything went well. Some said that the marriage was not of love, and that it was Don Ramon's wealth that brought it about. But what of that? After a month or two, love often grows to be an old story. One's entire life is a long time to spend in one love-affair, but with money it is different. It never grows old. Don Ramon was not of our people. He had come from the south years before and had grown rich in the mining of silver. He was older than Mercedes, who was born here. Not many, but some years older, perhaps ten or fifteen, but still a young man and a rich one. He knew Mercedes when she was very young—a child—and knew her people. She was an only child. That old, gray-haired man there was her father, and her mother is that woman beside him at the right. That is the way they stand at the altar, and, when they come here, we place them in the same way. Sometimes it is long before they both come, but we remember it and stand them together. And, sometimes, the one who is left marries again, and then we stand the three together to wait until the good God calls all before him for their sins. God knows how such will settle it then, señor. It is not our affair."

"But the story?"

"Yes, yes; I had forgotten. Well, the wedding was a grand affair. Everybody was there, for Don Ramon was rich and Mercedes's father had been a great man. His was an old family, and had he kept but a tenth of the money that his fathers had left him, the marriage would never have taken place, for, with all his wealth, Don Ramon was a son of nobody—just one of the people. When he first commenced to make love to Mercedes, everybody laughed at the thought that she would marry him, for she had another lover—Don Carlos Martinez. No, he is not here, though his fathers are for many years back. For aught I know, he is still alive.

"After the wedding everything seemed to go well, and Don Ramon gave his wife everything she desired. But it did not make the love come. She was still the most beautiful of all our women, and nothing was complete without her. At first, Don Ramon went everywhere with her, as a husband should, for you know how all men follow after a woman that is beautiful. But she was as cold as ice, and, after awhile, he paid more attention to his mines and their silver than he did to Doña Mercedes. He was older, and with age the love for women grows less and the wish for money stronger. Not that Don Ramon ceased to love his wife, for never was there such a devoted husband; but she was of *jente fino*, and how could she care for a man who had made his first money as a *mulero*—a driver of mules? As time went they seemed to grow apart, until people noticed it; but still everything seemed to be well until Don Carlos Martinez returned. He was in the army and was commandante here. He was a handsome man, and many were the women who admired him. For awhile he and Doña Mercedes avoided each other, as if unwilling to meet. People said that they had quarreled, and that Mercedes had married Don Ramon in revenge. Others said that he had gone away to avoid marrying her on account of her poverty, as his father would not consent to his marrying one so poor. *Quien sabe?* Life is a singular thing when we get to making love.

"After awhile, though, it all changed. They were always together. Not as lovers, señor—but you know what I mean. When a woman is married, one must be discreet. But people commenced to smile and then to talk—all except Don Ramon. He knew nothing, but went on mining for the silver. But such things must end some time—and so it was with this. It was one evening when there was a grand ball at the Presidio over on the hill, where you can still see the flag flying. There was a revolution in the South, and the soldiers were going away, and with them Don Carlos. It was said that he did not want to go; but that makes no difference here. Everybody was at the ball except Don Ramon. Somehow he never seemed to care for such matters. You know how it is, señor. When a man is only one of the people, it is hard for him to feel at home with the great ones of the earth—even if his wife is one of them. Not that Don Ramon was not good enough, for a better man to the church never lived, while of all the *peones* who labored in the mines his were the most envied, so well did he treat them. And then, too, they said that he had not been informed of the ball, for it was a sudden affair—arranged in a day or two after the soldiers had received their marching orders. Every one thought that, as usual, he was at his mines working for the silver. Of all the women who were present, Doña Mercedes was the most beautiful. Men said afterwards she had never looked so beautiful. Through all the evening she seemed never to grow weary of Don Carlos, and when she left for home he was the last to leave her carriage-door. She lived right below the Presidio—in that old house which has such a fine garden. Yes, you know it. Truly a king might live there without shame. Don Ramon seemed to care only for silver, in order to spend it in gratifying his wife's wishes. Since that night, though, no one has ever lived in that house. People say that there are things there which no man may see and live in peace thereafter.

"That night, señor, when Doña Mercedes went into her husband's house, Don Carlos was with her. The old porter, who slept in the *patio*, said it had never happened before. He was an old servant who had nursed Doña Mercedes on his knee when she was a baby, and had come with her from her father's house when she married. What could he do, señor? Besides, he was only an Indian—an unreasoning being—not of the *gente de razon*. How long Don Carlos and Doña Mercedes were in that room together before the husband came, the Indian never told—not even to the priest, who shrived him after he was cut to death while trying to warn them. But it could not have been long, for, in the morning, Mercedes still wore the white dress she had worn at the ball, some of the flowers were still in her hair, and the slippers that you see there, señor, were still on her feet. Don Ramon must have followed the old man right into his wife's room, stabbing him at every step, for, when the porter fell, it was into the door that the two in the room had half-opened in their alarm at the noise, and then across his body stepped Don Ramon. You know what our rooms are, señor. How the windows are barred, much like a prison. When you are caught there, it is simply kill or be killed, for you can not fly, but Don Carlos was not of the fighting kind. Even if he were, he had no arms, and when he saw the husband, all that he did was to beg for mercy, while Doña Mercedes went on her knees and took all the blame on herself, only asking that her lover be spared, offering her life for his. The old Indian told this. He lived long enough to tell what happened, and all we know came from him; but he told it truthfully, as tells a dying man who knows that death is near. Lying in the half-opened door, he could do nothing but watch and remember what he saw. It is his story I tell you. He said that through it all, Doña Mercedes's prayer was only for the life of her lover, and when her husband told her in his rage at her perfidy it should be so, she never flinched, but only asked him to swear by the Holy Virgin that hers should be the only life taken.

"You know what our riatas are, señor—of good strong rawhide, with a running loop hard and knotted. With one you can whip the life out of a man or drag him until nothing is left. In this room was one that some fancy of Mercedes had brought there. Probably to lower a letter out of her window. Who knows? Women have used them for that before. Well, Don Ramon took that riata, and, throwing it to Don Carlos, told him, if he wished to live, to put the loop around Mercedes's neck. For a moment, Don Carlos stood as if choosing death instead, while Mercedes urged him to save his life regardless of hers. They say that the old Indian, even when dying, spat to clean his mouth whenever he mentioned Don Carlos's name. When Don Carlos at last put the rope around the neck of the woman who had loved him, Don Ramon told him to tighten it and on his life to strangle her quickly.

"Señor, they say she never touched the riata with her hands, even when in his fear of death her lover put one foot on her shoulder as she knelt there to pull the rope the tighter. I have heard it said that afterwards you could see where the high heel of his boot had left its mark deep in her flesh. What a coward? Yes, señor, but death when it is very near is hard to face, and Don Carlos was young, with many years before him."

"Did not the husband at last kill him?"

"Ah, no, señor; for when the life had left the woman's body, he made him carry it into the church and lay it before the altar. I saw it there in the early morning, robed in white as it had been at the ball. Señor, she had been

beautiful, but in the church the face was black, as men's are when you hang them in your own country. Never from that day has Don Carlos been seen; but he went not with the soldiers. After he had gone, Don Ramon buried his wife in the *panteon* above, just as she had been dressed at the ball, and ordered that when five years had gone she should be brought here and placed in this corridor as a warning to the unfaithful among the wives of Guanajuato, and so it has been done. But he, poor man, did not live long after her, and when he died we placed him here by her side."

"And the warning to the unfaithful wives, how has that been?"

"*Quien sabe*, señor? I can not say how it is now, for I am an old man and think more of my heads than of women."

BUCKEY O'NEILL.

PRESCOTT, ARIZONA, March, 1892.

OLD FAVORITES.

Poppies.

O ladies, softly fair,
Who curl and comb your hair,
And deck your dainty bodies, eve and morn,
With pearls and flowery spray,
And knots of ribbons gay,
As if ye were for idlesse only born,
Hearken to Wisdom's call:
What are ye, after all,
But flaunting poppies in among the corn!

Whose lives but part repeat;
Whose little dancing feet
Swim lightly as the silvery mists of morn;
Whose pretty palms unclose
Like some fresh dewy rose,
For dainty dalliance, not for distaffs, born;
Hearken to Wisdom's call:
What are ye, after all,
But flaunting poppies in among the corn!

O women, sad of face,
Whose crowns of girlish grace
Sin has plucked off and left ye all forlorn,
Whose pleasures do not please,
Whose hearts have no heart's-ease,
Whose seeming honor is of honor shorn,
Hearken to Wisdom's call:
What are ye, one and all,
But painted poppies in among the corn?

Women, to name whose name
All good men blush for shame,
And had men, even, with the speech of scorn;
Who have nor sacred sight
For Vesta's lamps so white,
Nor hearing for old Triton's wreathèd horn,
Oh, hark to Wisdom's call,
What are ye, one and all,
But poison poppies in among the corn!

Women who will not cease
From toil, nor be at peace
Either at purple eve or yellowing morn,
But drive with pitiless hand
Your plowshares through the land
Quick with the lives of daisies yet unborn,
Hearken to Wisdom's call:
What are ye, after all,
But troublous poppies in among the corn!

Blighting with fretful looks
The tender-tasseled stocks—
Sweeping your wide-floored barns, with sighs forlorn
About the unfilled grains
And starving hunger-pains
That on the morrow, haply, shall be borne—
Oh, hark to Wisdom's call:
What are ye, after all,
But forward poppies in among the corn!

O virgins, whose pure eyes
Hold commerce with the skies—
Whose lives lament that ever ye were born,
The cross whose joy to wear
Never the rose but only just the thorn,
Hearken to Wisdom's call:
What are ye, after all,
Better than poppies in among the corn!

What better? Who abuse
The gifts wise women use,
With locks sheared off and bosoms scourged and torn,
Lapping your veils so white
Betwixt ye and the light,
Composed in heaven's sweet cisterns morn by morn.
Oh, hark to Wisdom's call:
What are ye, after all,
Better than poppies in among the corn!

O women, rare and fine,
Whose mouths are red with wine
Of kisses of your children, night and morn,
Whose ways are virtue's ways,
Whose good works are your praise,
Whose hearts hold nothing God has made in scorn—
Though Fame may never call
Your names, ye are, for all,
The Ruths that stand breast-high amid the corn!

Your steadfast love and sure
Makes all beside it poor;
Your cares like royal ornaments are worn;
Wise women! What so sweet,
So queenly, so complete
To name ye by, since ever one was born?
Since she, whom poets call
The sweetest of you all,
First gleaned with Boaz in among the corn?—*Anon.*

An attempt has been made to introduce the oyster-cocktail to the attention of London clubmen, but they seem staggered by its chief ingredient, which somebody has been giving them as "tobacco sauce." It is hard to believe that any citizen of the world has never heard of tabasco, the marvelously piquant product of one or two Louisiana plantations famous for their small peppers and tomatoes. An oyster-cocktail has nothing vinous or spirituous in it. Nobody, however, is known ever to have taken more than one, for by the aid of tabasco, chilli, lemon-juice, and horse-radish, the apparently innocent oyster-cocktail is generally heated to a fiery temperature.

The King of Greece speaks twelve languages, and he needs them all when he is explaining little matters to his wife.

THE MAN'S WOMAN.

"Van Gryse" sketches Another of the Social Types of Gotham.

The subject of just what constitutes a man's woman seems to be agitating the minds of the world of penmen and scribblers just at present. Half a dozen clever people have given us their views upon this attractive topic, and in the social intercourse of little parties and friendly dinners the subject constantly crops up, and the company are all eager to give their several opinions.

Meanwhile, the man's woman—who has, at last, the honor of being classified, and has taken her place beside the woman-hater, the coquette, and the American Matron—goes placidly on her way, taking pleasure in the sensation she causes, and demurely piquant, as a real man's woman should be.

But in classifying her one should always remember that she varies to suit her environment. A man's woman in San Francisco and in New York are as different as the climates are. A man's woman in Paris and in London are as far apart in style as their clothes are in cut. The standard varies, influenced by climatic changes and the relative ages of the different civilizations. But in the very core and heart of her, be she from the Aleutian Islands or the Cape of Good Hope, the man's woman carries that indescribable peculiarity, attraction, personal note, individual touch, which marks the species from the days when the sons of the new earth took to wife the daughters of Heth, down to this year of grace eighteen hundred and ninety-two.

The New York man's woman is, like everything else in New York, one of a large species which does not show striking variations. The man's women here are all much of a kind—a nice kind, but one in which there are not more than two or three types. Everything in Gotham—insensibly, may be—conforms to an accepted standard, and so strong is this influence that even the man's woman—one of the metropolitan types which is absolutely unconscious of its growth into a type—feels its power and is shaped accordingly.

One of the most popular of the variations of this great species is the placid woman. The particular one I have in my eye is very pretty, almost beautiful. Yet, singularly enough, most men's women are not pretty. The great belles of history have been for the most part plain women, or women who are striking in appearance, rather than handsome. We all remember the deadly execution that Becky Sharpe did with her pale-green eyes and her drooping, blonde curls. Her white shoulders, as they emerged from the low neck of her frock, were thin. But she dressed admirably, and her little feet were always charmingly shod. From this we may learn two things—men's women, as a rule, dress well, and, while their faces may be ugly, they are quite often distinguished by beautiful hands and feet.

But to return to the Gotham man's woman. This one is the type of woman whom other women tolerate. As a rule, the man's woman is not pleasant to her own sex. Not that she dislikes them or is rude to them; there is simply no *entente cordiale* between them. Gwendolen Harleth—a good type of a certain kind of man's woman—did not care to be agreeable to women, not because she scorned them, but because they did not offer her the admiration which she drew from men. To a woman of this sort, admiration becomes a stimulant that she can scarcely do without. Life bereft of it is slow, indeed, and when it can not be had from available gentlemen, it will be accepted from anything in the form of a man that is about. The most aristocratic and haughty beauties will sometimes petrify one by entering into a flirtation with a boy of eighteen or a dotard of eighty. Why? These are men who can admire and pay compliments, even though they are not the finest of trophies. Leave a girl of this sort in a summer hostelry, where there is not even a college boy in sight, and she will begin to smile flirtatiously upon the waiter. Admiration is to her what morphine is to the morphomaniac. She must have it, and if there is no hero to offer the incense, she will claim it from the hero's valet.

The placid man's woman of Gotham has no need of smiling upon anything. Men go out of their way to admire her. She is a very pretty girl, and looks a good deal of a lady. She is a good deal of a lady, too, if by being a lady one means being simple-minded, good-tempered, refined, and modest. She is sweet in style and disposition, and makes no more effort to attract a man than she does to attract a woman. Her nature is singularly tranquil, nothing ruffles or disturbs her. If it were not a word that did not fit her graceful, smiling, and somewhat meaninglessly sweet personality, one might say she was lazy. Mentally, there is nothing much to her. It is more than probable that she has no great force of character, and one can not imagine her passionately disturbed about anything. No—perpetually smiling, invariably sweet, eternally amiable, she goes her way, and is no more disquieted by the sighs of her lovers than by the peaceful droningS of bees on sunny days.

Her attraction is potent and singular. It is outside and beyond her own consciousness, for any one can see that she never makes an effort to captivate or charm. She is herself—that is enough. She has, moreover, none of the tricks of a coquette; none of the "draw off to draw on" game; none of the petulancies or caprices of a woman who has studied how to charm. She has never practiced any of the deceits that women of stronger natures will descend to without scruple when they love the man in question. She is not indifferent to the power she possesses, but takes only a quiet joy out of her triumphs. Yet she does not like to inflict pain. It makes her a little sorry to bring disappointment into a man's life—not sorry enough to lie awake all night, but sorry enough to sigh a little when she thinks of him twice in the twenty-four hours.

Life is pleasant to her and very peaceful. Turbulence is beyond her. She never knows a violent heart-beat, unless the wheel should come off the stage she is driving in or her new dress be a dead failure. In return for all this tranquillity she retains the freshness of her bloom—which a New York woman loses at twenty—well up toward thirty. Her restful charm is as powerful at twenty-eight as at eighteen. How pleasant, how free from jars, life would be with her, thinks her adorer. It would, also, be free from any agitating excitement or any violent tumults. She would not be a very interesting companion, but she would be a perfectly dependable one. She would never surprise you by eccentric actions, or freaks, or whims. She will always be just the same, always as sweet, and amiable, and refined, and softly gentle as she is now. The haven with her would be a very quiet and comfortable one.

Her lovers can see all this, for theirs is a reasonable love. They are sometimes nice men, generally what are called gentlemen, and almost invariably entirely lacking in anything which will ever render them remarkable. They will never go to the devil for their broken hearts, neither will they ever make their charmer "glorious by their pen or famous by their sword." Their careers will be quiet and uneventful. They are not the sort of men who have careers that are eventful. They belong to the great army of the commonplace. And the commonplace, which is so tremendously in the ascendant, must have its loves and its goddesses just as well as the romantic and the remarkable. The goddess, in this case, is, after all is said and done, a commonplace goddess, and she attracts only her own sort. She is a perfect ideal of a man's woman, and the men who worship at her feet are the sort of men who can worship only at the feet of commonplace.

But there is another man's woman who is not commonplace, whose power is as wide, and whose admirers are recruited from all ranks. This is a type met with constantly in Gotham—a woman whose charm is quite as spontaneous as the others, but who, realizing early that she possesses a charm, uses it ruthlessly, capriciously, cruelly, and wilfully. She is whimsical and proud, sometimes clever and sometimes not, a creature of moods and fancies, unreasonable, untameable, at times maddeningly exasperating, and again at times maddeningly sweet. There is about her a sort of fierce maidenliness that holds her admirers off at arm's length and that pricks them with the thought that they would like to be the conqueror of this nineteenth-century Britomarte.

Estella, the girl whom Pip loved so long and so bitterly in "Great Expectations," is one of the best examples of this sort of man's woman. Strangely enough, it was Dickens—who failed so in his pictures of average young women—who succeeded in drawing the portrait of a type which is one of the most difficult to render truthfully. We feel the hopelessness of Pip's love and the indescribable charm that Estella possessed for him, though she was cold, proud, hard, cruel, capricious, and scornful. She despised him, and he loved her. She treated him like a dog, and he came back and back. He knew himself a fool, that she possessed every weakness and not one noble characteristic that belongs to the woman's nature, and he went on blindly adoring.

To such women their power of fascinating men is at times a pleasure to them and at times almost a torture. They know the crankiness of their own temperament and make no effort to hide it, but the man, though pained by the faultiness of the creature he loves, has no power to resist. Other women can constantly be heard remarking: "How is it that he admires her? She is ill-tempered, defiant, sulky, rude when the fancy takes her, makes no effort to please him, is continually almost insulting, and for the one sweet look, the one niggardly smile she will throw him now and then, he hangs on, making a fool of himself and of her." How is it, indeed? Ask him. He knows all this better than any one else. He has seen his goddess off her pedestal many a time and oft, has felt the sting of her bitter tongue and seen the lightnings of her somber, angry eyes. He knows her fuller of faults than any other woman he has ever known. He knows that life with her would be a series of storms and calms—the storms longer than the calms. He knows that there would be many pitched battles in which she would probably come out the conqueror—he knows all this, and he goes on loving her in bitterness and despondency.

NEW YORK, March 2, 1892. VAN GRYSE.

"Brick" Pomeroy, editor, lecturer, and capitalist, is now in the South in search of health. While Mr. Pomeroy was lecturing in Columbus, a large black Newfoundland dog walked out leisurely on the stage and up to the lecturer. "You look intelligent enough to be sent to Congress," said the speaker, as he patted the dog on the head. At that the dog sniffed and jumped over the footlights. "The suggestion of having to associate with the present Congress disgusts even the dogs," exclaimed Pomeroy, and the audience shouted.

The amount of money earned by Dr. Morell Mackenzie during his thirty years of practice must have been very large. Within a few years of his commencing practice (in 1862), he was making twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and his income rapidly increased as his reputation spread, till about 1875 he touched high-water mark, with "takings" of from sixty thousand to seventy thousand dollars a year—an enormous figure for a practice, the bulk of which consisted of guinea fees.

Mr. George Du Maurier, society artist of *Punch*, has been lecturing on "Social Pictorial Satire." He declares that his favorite creation is the "pretty woman," and that a plaster cast of the Venus de Milo has been the silent companion of his work for thirty years. The more he looked upon her, the more he saw to worship and admire.

Prince George of Wales has a much smaller head than his father; and a London paper suggests the probability of the crown being reduced in size when it is passed along to the son of the present heir-apparent.

Tom Reed's definition of a statesman is: "A successful politician—who is dead."

AN AMERICAN HEIRESS.

"No Foreigners need Apply."

The Prologue.

As Miss Elizabeth Fanuil walked composedly up the long and shining path to her friend's villa at Santa Monica, her appreciatively educated eye rested approvingly upon the scene. "Just the proper environment for a De Puyster," she murmured, as she gave a firm push to the electric hutton at the side of the carved door.

Colonel de Puyster's old colored butler opened it noiselessly.

"Young miss 'll he a'mighty glad teh see yeh, Miss Fanuil," he said, as he received her card upon one of the priceless De Puyster silver plates.

Miss Fanuil frowned a little. She had the best of abolitionist blood in her Puritan veins, but she was apt to discourage undue speech from servants, hlack or white.

"P'r'aps yeh'd like tu wait on de ve'andah, miss? Folks hyre does mostly."

Miss Fanuil's face relaxed into peaceful lines as the old man drew forward a long chair, adjusted a pile of obsequiously silken pillows to her upright spine, and slipped a tiny willow stool under the tips of her patrician toes. The sea lay flashing before her like a liquid jewel—"a pure, ascutney hlue," as Miss Fanuil mentally characterized it. At the horizon's rim the sparkling sky met the sparkling air with a trembling rapture of union, and between appeared and then vanished the mystery of the sails—pure white, or dull gray, as they fled beneath sun or shade.

Miss Fanuil had never doubted her choice of bigb thinking rather than high living, and had cultivated a great deal of literature on very little oatmeal, in a spare, hald house on one of Boston's oldest and coldest streets; but to-day luxuriance was in the very air, and unhent among the pillows she allowed herself a prosaic joy in the contemplation of a month's visit in the golden atmosphere of the De Puyster millions.

Her mood of subtile enervation was disturhed by the soft sursurrus of skirts over the piazza floor; a breathless exclamation followed by a violent hug, and, somewbat disarranged, Miss Fanuil looked up to see before her ber school-girl friend, Desdemona de Puyster. Or was it a vision, after all, this radiancy of youth and bealth, made more entrancing hy tbe folds of a queer, dull-colored gown, the sbort locks of reddish golden hair curling like an aureole round tbe clear, pale cheek? Miss Fanuil tried to remember that she used to call this hrilliant goddess "Des, dear," and scolded ber for her reckless Latin. Wait! She is going to speak! *Ex pede Herculem!*

The Dialogue.

Miss de Puyster—You dear, old darling! You're just the one girl I want to see. Can you stay forever?

Miss Fanuil (concisely)—A month, I believe.

Miss de P.—Oh, the possibilities of a month are enormous. Let's begin now. Here, put your toes on this chair and band me that yellow cushion. Tbere isn't a man around, and we can invite our souls to confidences.

Miss F.—Yes; our natures have become matured and our minds and horizons enlarged since we met last. Yours hy ohservation and travel; mine, I trust, by tbe careful study of types in literature. It will be truly interesting to note our points of sympathy and divergence.

Miss de P.—Ah! Elizabeth, how much you know. You will do me good. I'm so light. But, honestly, dear, I want you to be a little light, too, just at first. A sort of Encourager of Garrulity, for I'm just dying to try my European experiences upon a good, cold listener.

Miss F. (irrelevantly)—You're perfectly heautiful, dear. That gown is a thing to give one pause.

Miss de P.—Mercy! Don't waste good English on this rag. Wait until you see the creations for serious functions, and the nebulosities for my hours of ease when I'm most "uncertain, coy, and hard to please." Why, Elizabeth, there were two court balls over there where I was the best-dressed woman there. *Moi! "la petite Américaine!"*

Miss F. (a virginal flush flaming faintly upon her cheek)—I suppose you had numerous nffers?

Miss de P.—Perfect rafts of them. A lord, a baronet, five counts, and almost every small German princelet we met, in assorted sizes. Strings of titles, loads of debts, and *præterea nihil.* Oh, my childhood's friend, the glittering recollection of how I monkeyed with those foreigners will cheer my dying bed.

Miss F.—Desdemona!

Miss de P.—Fact! The fame of dear old Daddy's dollars had preceded us, and when I proved to be "fetching" heside, the combination was too much for them. Poor things, they didn't know that the De Puysters have sense as well as dollars, and my capital increased largely every day from extensive use of it.

Miss F.—Mercenary wretches! What an ordeal for you, dear.

Miss de P.—Oh, they're not so much to hlame after all. Somebody must pay for their glitter, and gold lace, and gambling debts. They're so gorgeous! It's almost worth heing their "angel," if one could do it as an abstract contribution to the æsthetic—or if there was a divorce coupon attached to the marriage-certificate. It's like buying any other thoroughbred. They have to have lots of fancy grooming, they can't endure the least hint of hardship, and one has to take one's reward all in simple pride of possession.

Miss F.—How soul-destroying!

Miss de P.—Some girls don't seem to mind at all; but I've always had to respect the men of my family, and that seems left out in these little international affairs.

Miss F.—How cynical you've become. It quite shocks me.

Miss de P. (smiliog and settling her curly head deeper in the pilow)—It isn't deep, and it isn't fair to catalogue all these men together, even to you. The patent fortune-hunters didn't trouhle me long. I simply iceberged them out of the horizon with a congealing glance, and they disappeared, frozen like a fancy ice. But one or two of them, at least, loved me for myself as well as for my money. A Prussian count and an English baronet—both big and blonde and ruddy, and really both awfully nice.

Miss F.—And you broke their hearts?

Miss de P.—No—hut cracked the veneer pretty badly. No irreclaimable fracture, I fancy.

Miss F.—No actual solution of continuity, eh?

Miss de P.—That's it! How satisfactory you are. I just knew you would be. The German was perfectly delightful; so much local color ahout him, and such a dear, cute family. I met all his sisters—they were seven—who went ahout with long, flaxen braids, *à la* Kenwigs, and wore aprons and haskets and hunches of keys, and always had wads of crocheting in their pockets. They sat round and looked at me with the same curiosity that a lot of innocent cottontail-rahbits might show a hunter. Their poor hrother couldn't marry a thalerless girl, of course; but I don't think he cared whether I had enough or more. He just adored me in his simple, German, mercenary way, without analysis or false modesty. They're very naïve ahout money—these good *Deutschers.* I can imagine a conversation like this to be common enough hetween mother and daughter: Daughter: "Mother, I adore Lieutenant von Sönnchen!" The Mother: "But, my dearest angel, he has so little gold. Adore thou rather Captain Wollfahrt—he is very rich." The Daughter: "Very well, *mamachen.*"

Miss F. (who has just finished the second volume of "Studien und Plaudereien")—*Abscheulich!* And tbe Englishman?

Miss de P.—He was just a nice, sweet boy. Being a "detrimental," he bad never gotten anything but a cool glance over a snow-cold shoulder from his English girl friends, and be was mine at the first pleasant glance. His mother had sent him over to find out, not whether I was nice, but whether I was rich, and when he forgot to answer ber letters or to go back to ber, she came over berself. It was almost as good as a comedy at Daly's. For the first twelve hours—until she bad counted up my hundred thousands—sbe preserved a perfect *noli-me-tangere* attitude, and kept her two pretty, pink, soft little daughters behind her skirts, as if I were in quarantine. Then came a thaw, and monstrous was the melting. In three hours we were actually intimate, and the girls were fairly ordered to admire everything "that sweet Miss de Puyster" did.

Miss F.—I hope you snubbed them like a good Yankee.

Miss de P.—I huilded better than that. I thougbt out an artistic combination of the worst parts of Irene McGillicuddy and Daisy Miller, and spiced it witb some Bret Harteisms, and for two weeks I kept her dowagersbip in daily martyrdom. Hot plowshares would have been a boon to ber. She endured it witb English stolidity and English breeding, and I ended hy positively admiring both—when there was no danger of being permanently "planted in their midst," as the papers say.

Miss F.—But the poor young man?

Miss de P. (with a reminiscent sigh)—Oh! we had a tremendously sentimental scene. He insisted upon apologizing for his female relatives, and I tried to apologize for myself—and we got so mutually soft-hearted that a diplomatic complication between England and America was imminent. He got bright red and stammered, and I cried a little—small, pearly, refined tears, of course—and when he saw tbem be nearly kissed me—it was all quite desperate—but *fin-de-siècle.*

Miss F. (leaning forward in excitement)—Well, well——

Miss de P.—I finally convinced him, however, that, while Britannia might rule tbe waves, she couldn't rule one free-born American citizeness. He promised to be a brother to me—several miles removed—and to he generally reasonable. Before we parted, I referred in a casual and machiavelian way to a certain pretty cousin of his whom I had met, and bow I thought be ought to see that she was not annoyed by the foolish and empty attentions of a certain young guardsman whom I knew she couldn't bear. I got him into quite a possessive and jealous state of mind, and I shouldn't be surprised to get their marriage notice to-morrow.

Miss F. (solemnly)—And men call that love!

Miss de P.—Yes, aren't they funny, and aggravating? But gracious, Elizabeth, just imagine existence without them!

Miss F. (stiffly)—I have done very well so far, I'm sure, and I expect——

Miss de P. (hastily interrupting)—That's hecause you are so sensible, and learned, and solid, and not a frivolous frivoler like me.

Miss F. (softening)—But you have a tender heart, I know.

Miss de P. (hlushing and burying her right hand in the folds of her gown)—I—I—think so.

(As she speaks, a young man turns into the long path leading from the avenue to the house. He lifts his hat as he catches sight of the figures on the porch, and is answered by a little wave of Miss de Puyster's hand. It is guiltless of jewels, but on one slender finger is a pansy in purple enamel.)

Miss F. (clasping her friend's hand resolutely and speaking sternly)—Desdemona de Puyster, I believe you are engaged—and to a plain American!

Miss de P.—Common brand of North America, Elizabeth; but he isn't plaio—he is howlingly handsome.

Miss F. (sorrowfully)—Then your brilliant strictures upon the evils of international matches were not so much the result of logical induction as of a purely intuitive process called——

Miss de P. (as she gives her hand to the gentleman who steps upon the long porch)—Mr. Peter Stuyvesant, Elizabeth.

Los Angeles, March, 1892. Dorothea Lummis.

A good deal of discussion is on foot in the Woman's College of Baltimore as to whether or not the student shall wear the cap and gown as a daily dress. Some of them object to appearing on the street in the academic costume, while others are in favor of the change.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The financial wreck of the Borghese family seems complete. Prince Paul is said to owe more than seven millions of lire. His estates have heen placed under a curator.

General Nelson A. Miles should, in the regular order of promotion, become the general commanding the United States army two years hence. In that case he will be the first man since General Winfield Scott, not graduated from West Point, to hold that place.

A curious note in the London *World* says that "Mr. Andrew Carnegie, *who is wintering in America*, will return to England in March; he has taken Cowarth Park, Sir William Farmer's place near Sunningdale, from Lady Day until midsummer." Has Mr. Carnegie so far reëxpatriated himself that he spends only his winters in the land of his fortune, the land of his "triumphant democracy"?

There is not an editor in America wbo is more beloved by his staff than Mr. George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia *Ledger.* One of his associates said, not long ago: "Mr. Childs is the kindest and most generous of men. He not only pays every one about him well, but he pensions every man when he reaches a certain age." He takes an honest pride in the fact that every man in his employ, from editor to porter, owns his own house.

According to foreign papers, the Queen of England receives $1,925,000 annually from the British treasury; the Empress Frederick of Germany, her eldest daughter, $40,000; the Prince of Wales, $200,000; the Princess of Wales, $50,000; the Duke of Edinburgh, $125,000; Princess Christian, $30,000; Princess Louise, the Marchioness of Lorne, $30,000; the Duke of Connaught, $125,000; the Duchess of Albany, $30,000; tbe Princess Henry of Battenherg, $30,000; the children of the Prince of Wales, $180,000: the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, of the Camhridge line, $15,000; the Duke of Camhridge, $60,000; and the Princess of Teck, $25,000.

The *Hue and Cry*, the official police gazette of Great Britain, contains the following notice, which will interest a "certain party" at present somewhere in the United States: "Wanted, for committing corrupt perjury in the trial of an action of Evelyn *versus* Hurlhert, in the month of April last, in the High Court of Justice, William Henry Hurlhert, an American, aged fifty-five to sixty, ahout five feet eight inches, stout build, complexion tawny, hair and heavy mustache gray, hald top of head, short-sighted, frequently wears glasses, back of head a peculiar shape, walks uprightly, military appearance, speaks several languages, is exceedingly polite and affahle, well-dressed, and neat in appearance."

The Italian Government is, at the present moment, in legal conflict with at least a dozen of the great Roman nobles in connection with their attempts to dispose of their works of art. Some time ago the bankrupt Prince Borghese sold quite a large numher of his pictures, the gem of his collection, Raphael's "Cæsar Borgia," to Baron Rothschild, of Paris, for the sum of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. The next one to follow his example was Prince Colonna Sciarra, whose gallery contains masterpieces of Raphael, Titian, and of other famous painters. Prince Sciarra was the first of the Roman nobles to give his adhesion to the Quirinal in 1870, and since that time he has run through a fortune of six millions of dollars. Prince Doria has closed his fine gallery preparatory to dismantling it, and so, too, has Prince Odescalchi, while at Florence the Prince Lancelotti has taken steps for the dispatch to Vienna of the finest pictures of his gallery.

Emperor William is gradually driving young men of wealth, rank, and family out of the army by his arbitrary conduct. At the present moment he is engaged in a crusade against extravagance on the part of the officers, although he himself is tbe most spendthrift monarch who has ever sat upon the throne of Prussia. A young Count Gneisenau, the hearer of one of the most glorious and ancient names in German history, incurred his majesty's displeasure, the other day, by presuming to keep, in addition to several ordinary horses, three American trotters, an American huggy, and a sulky, as well as two or three carriages of European build. The emperor commanded the young officer to sell both his trotters and his traps, at the same time transferring him from the crack cavalry regiment of the Garde du Corps, permanently stationed at Berlin and Potsdam, to a lieutenancy in an infantry regiment of the line, doing frontier duty along the French boundary in Alsace. Count Gneisenau, however, has preferred to leave the army rather than to obey its supreme head. This is only one of many similar cases.

One of the most remarkable features of Prince Bismarck's library at Friedrichsruhe is a framed photograph of Anton von Verner's famous picture of the Berlin Congress. The frame is so arranged that the glass can be raised to permit the ex-chancellor to make a cross with black ink above the head of each of the members as they die off. He had occasion to make another cross last month when the old Italian Embassador, Count de Lunay, who for over forty years had represented Italy at Berlin, succumbed to old age and influenza. Of all the celebrated statesmen whose portraits figure in the photograph, three alone remain without the ominous black cross above their heads. They are those of Prince Bismarck himself, Mr. Waddington, the French Embassador in London, and of the Marquis of Salisbury. All the others are dead. The Turkish Plenipotentiary, Mehemet Ali, was the first to pass away, assassinated by Albanian insurgents. The next was his colleague, Sadullah Pasha, who committed suicide, and the Russian Plenipotentiaries Gortschakoff, Oubril, and Shuwaloff; the three Austrian Plenipotentiaries, Andrassy, Karolyi, Haymerle, as well as the English statesmen, Beaconsfield and Lord Odo Russell, followed one another to the grave in rapid succession.

MRS. SHERWOOD'S BLUNDERS.

"Cockaigne" analyzes her Account of English Society.

In a late number of the *Cosmopolitan*, Mrs. Sherwood has made some startling assertions regarding English society. The title of her article is "The Comparative Merits of American and Foreign Modes of Entertaining," and in it she tells us a good deal that we knew before, a good deal that we never heard before, and a good deal that I venture to say we shall never hear again. In this comment I beg to say that I refer especially to those portions of her article which speak of England and the English. As to what are the peculiar habits of the *haute noblesse* of the Faubourg St. Germain, I leave her in undisputed possession of the field. That she is a competent authority on the habits and rules of society in England, I simply and respectfully deny.

I have understood that she had, when in England, seen a side of English life not commonly within the reach of Americans, and had opportunities for acquiring ideas, taking observations, and forming impressions of English society seldom, if ever, granted to any foreigner save of the highest rank and greatest distinction. I am well aware that there is an idea prevalent in America that the entrée to the highest and best society in England is easily got by any American, simply *as* an American, who chooses to ask for it; that the doors of English society stand ajar, if not actually wide open, to let in American ladies and gentlemen who can produce no other credential than a presentation at court. Never was there a greater error. Presentation at court does nothing socially (so far as private society is concerned, at any rate) for any presentee, either domestic or foreign. It certainly does nothing for the scores of moneyed snobs and pushing parvenus who come up at every drawing-room. The best people know only too well what presentation at court has become, and the fact that Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Smith, Miss Robinson or Mr. Tompkins has wasted a lot of money on a court dress (to be worn on one occasion only), and has courteseyed or bowed to the queen or Princess of Wales, furnishes them with something to laugh at—nothing more. The poor things see their names in the long alphabetical list published in the *Morning Post* next day in the smallest of print, but no one else sees them, except by accident, or knows in the very least who they are. In nine cases out of ten, he the presentees English or American, they are never heard of again. Their one drawing-room was the event of their lives, and will ever remain so, as their only experience of court. Indeed, I am saying only what any English lady or gentleman will agree with me in, for every one who knows anything about it, knows but too well what an utterly empty and ridiculous thing presentation at court is—how vain and profitless for any one to attempt, unless there be some reason for the presentation beyond the mere hope of making it a passport into society. Everybody knows how common it has grown, and, as I observed in a former letter, people now drive up to the door of Buckingham Palace on drawing-room days whose grandfathers and grandmothers were glad enough to view the enlivening scene through the iron palings from without. If otherwise unknown, English people can not get into society by being presented to the queen, certainly otherwise unknown Americans can not.

Another "sure thing" is supposed to exist in "knowing the Prince of Wales." If everybody who is pleased to imagine that they know the Prince of Wales, because he once spoke to them a few polite words, were thereby to get into society, I am afraid English society would need a bigger field for its annual summer "season" than the West End of London. Hyde Park would have to be floored over and closed in to afford accommodation for the guests at every state ball, while it would have to be put right again to be used for the Marlborough House garden-parties. I do not think it does anybody (ladies especially) any lasting good to *know* the Prince of Wales in this way. He forgets all about them the next minute. Yet even a more extensive acquaintance with his royal highness is of little value beyond his own set, and here let me say that the Prince of Wales's set does not in its members constitute the highest society, nor is it the stepping-stone to the highest society. There have been members of the Prince of Wales's set who were certainly not of character to be welcomed by any society, or to be ornaments thereof after they got there. Take the Hon. Walter Harboard and Sir William Gordon Cumming, both of whom distinguished themselves by cheating at cards. Colonel Valentine Baker was another bright specimen of social excellence. As for the present members, I need only add that the Earl of Lonsdale is one. Does any one, can any one, who knows at all what the real high society of England is, for a single instant contend that Lord Lonsdale would be tolerated in the highest society? Yet Mrs. Sherwood complacently tells us that "London possesses a regular system of society—a social citadel around which rally those whose birth, title, and character are all well known. It is conscious of an identity of interest which compacts, with the force of cement, its members into a single corporation."

Indeed? Indeed? To begin with, London, strictly speaking, has no society of its own (at least such as she speaks of), save what is imported into it from all quarters of England for three months every year. But let that pass. It is an error frequently made by Americans who attempt to describe society in England, and it is natural that Mrs. Sherwood should have fallen into it. "The queen," she goes on, "and her drawing-room, the Prince of Wales and his set, the royal family, the nobility and gentry, what is called 'aristocracy,' is the core of this apple, and this central idea goes through all its juices." How very nice! What a heterogeneous conglomeration of uncongenial elements, what a thing of shreds and patches, must this London society be—according to Mrs. Sherwood! One can not help admiring the order of the patchwork; but our admiration is seasoned somewhat by surprise that such an adept should have given precedence to the drawing-rooms before the Prince of Wales, and to his "set" before the royal family. The worst break of all is including the gentry in the aristocracy. The gentry in England are *not* the aristocracy, and form no part of it. They are completely distinct one from the other, as any one who really knows anything about English society could tell you. I do not care a hutton about lexicographical definitions that may suggest otherwise. We are talking of the English aristocracy and nothing else, and that comprises the nobility only. Only this very evening I was speaking of this inclusion of Mrs. Sherwood's to a lady whose mother is the daughter of an earl, and is therefore one of the aristocracy. She laughed and said:

"What utter nonsense! I never heard of such a thing. It is only people of title in the peerage—the immediate families of the different peers—who are the aristocracy. Mother is one of them. Her father was an earl, and she has a title. I'm only one of the gentry. Do you see the distinction?"

"Yes, I always thought the aristocracy and gentry were quite distinct," I said.

"Of course they are. Why," and she began to laugh again, "I never heard such rubbish. Oh, why will these American ladies write about things of which they are so ignorant? It's such a pity."

I told her I agreed with her, but that it was hopeless to stem the American tide of knowledge on English social matters by so slender a dam as a few remonstrative facts.

It may be worth stating right here that baronets and knights are not members of the aristocracy. They are only gentry. It is somewhat like what I read the other day from another American writer, who spoke of the "patrician class" as distinguished from the *bourgeois* in England. I confess that I have not an idea what this person meant by either class. The classes in England are not so divided. There is no patrician class, so called, neither is there a *bourgeois*. Only a portion of the aristocracy have claims to be considered patrician. Many of the new creations—such as Bass, the brewer (Lord Burton); Allsopp, the brewer (Lord Hindlip); Guinness, the brewer (Lord Ardilaun); and Brassey, the son of a railway contractor (Lord Brassey)—are many removes from patricians. As for the *bourgeois*, who are they? Every one who is not a patrician?

And now for a few more electric shocks from Mrs. Sherwood's society battery. "Wealth has absolutely nothing to do with the best society success in London." I should qualify this when I think of the Rothschilds, Sassoons, Brasseys, and Mr. Blundell Maple. "What woman of fashion goes out of her way to find the man of letters who writes the striking editorials in a morning paper, in New York?" asks Mrs. Sherwood. "In London, a dozen coroneted notes await such a lucky fellow." Fancy that, ye wives and widows of dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons of England—for no other "lady" in England has the right to sport a coronet on her stationery. Only fancy that! I can only say to this that the coroneted paper must have been obtained as a sample from Parkins & Gotto's, or some other crest-embossing stationers. The fact is that English ladies of title (whatever else their shortcomings may be) do not indulge in the sending of "delicate, pink-scented missives" to strange editors who have caught their fancy. Now and then you may hear of an actor being admired, and it may be that they get notes in a delicate feminine hand. But I will wager that the paper has not a coronet upon it. Yet stay—I forgot. There is Lady Burdett-Coutts. She has a right to a coronet on her paper, and I have no doubt that she writes to Henry Irving upon it. But Lady Burdett-Coutts is over seventy, and she and Irving are old friends. When she writes to him, it is not to seek him out.

In the same style is this: Bemoaning the fact that actors are not made much of in American society, Mrs. Sherwood says: "In London, duchesses and countesses run after Mr. Toole. He is the darling of society." I should be inclined to ask "*what* society?" but for the duchesses and countesses. So I will content myself with asking Mrs. Sherwood, "*what* duchesses?" I will limit it to them, and leave the "countesses" out, for, all told, dowagers, royalties, and all, I should say that forty would cover the lot. Now, most of these are old—very old women. But even were they young, it would be the same, for I will venture to say that those who *are* young are about the last women in England to gain notoriety for their admiration of a grimacing buffoon of a low comedian.

But I have got to the end of my tether. I should like to dispel one or two more of these Sherwoodian delusions from the American mind if space permitted. Let these suffice. I will only add that I always thought that actors were thought a good deal of in America. Certainly Irving, the Kendalls, and Bancrofts ought to think so. But of this, more anon.

LONDON, February 20, 1892. COCKAIGNE.

When General Booth, of the Salvation Army, was in Calcutta, no building large enough for his purposes could be found, and he therefore accepted the offer, made by a circus manager, of a tent in which to hold services. The army's singing and "volley-firing" agitated the caged lions, however, to such an extent that these animals began to roar just as General Booth began his address. But they were soon silenced, "in response to the exercise of faith," the *War Cry* says.

Congressman Harter (Dem.), of Ohio, says that the passage of a free-coinage bill would cost the Democratic party "the votes of the soldiers, of depositors in savings institutions, of men who hold insurance policies, of wage-earners generally, and the support of nearly everybody else, except the 'silver kings,' bullion-owners, and the devil."

England, with ninety-four universities, has 2,723 more professors and 51,814 more students than the three hundred and sixty universities in the United States. The revenues of Oxford and Cambridge represent a capital of about seventy-five millions of dollars. The University of Leipsic is worth nearly twenty millions.

A new diamond is being cut in Antwerp said to be the largest ever found in Africa. It weighs four hundred carats, and when it is finished it will be reduced one-half.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Mrs. Deacon, whose lover was shot in her bedroom at Cannes by the wronged husband, declined, some years ago, to be presented to the Prince of Wales, upon the ground that such presentation would injure her reputation.

"Lotta" is undoubtedly the richest actress in the world. She owns several apartment-houses in New York city, the Park Theatre in Boston, real-estate in nearly all the large cities, and could, as the men say, "chase up" between two and three millions. Her permanent residence is at Lake Hopatcong, and her home is most beautiful in design and furnishing. "Lotta" is nearly fifty years old.

The Duchess of Montpensier—now reported to be dying—who looks at least fifteen or twenty years older than her elder sister, Queen Isabella, is the mother of the Countess of Paris, who will inherit the greater portion of her vast wealth, which is estimated to exceed thirty millions of dollars. Her only son, Don Antonio, has always been cordially disliked by his mother as well as by his late father.

Miss Mattie Mitchell, now the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, was overwhelmed with bridal gifts. Jewels, plate, curios, and rare bric-à-brac were among her presents, and the cards accompanying them were, many of them, those of titled and semi-royal personages. A grand dinner was given by the dowager-duchess in honor of the signing of the contract of marriage. It is rumored that the dowager-duchess is the only member of the family who approves the match.

Mme. Leo Daudet (Jeanne Hugo) has made Alphonse Daudet a grandfather. The birth took place a few days after the novelist had accomplished his fiftieth year, celebrated his silver wedding, and brought out, jointly with M. Leon Hennique, "La Menteuse" at the Gymnase Theatre. But a skeleton sat at the family feast at which these events were celebrated, a nervous disease having so crippled the novelist that he could not move unless helped by a strong man.

The following apocryphal story is going the rounds: "The Queen-Regent of Spain, the other day, visited the monastery of Miraflores. The rules of the order are that the monks are not allowed to speak to women; consequently they received the queen in silence. Upon her majesty observing this, she immediately telegraphed to the Pope asking for indulgence, to which a reply was received stating that it would be granted for four hours."

Miss Jean Ingelow lives with her brother at Kensington. Her writing occupies her some two or three hours in the morning. Miss Ingelow is the daughter of a banker. There were eleven children, and she was not esteemed the cleverest by any means. Miss Ingelow's brother helped her to publish her first volume of poems. Miss Ingelow's outspoken frankness on women's rights seems to have rather staggered a recent interviewer. "I don't approve of them at all," said Miss Ingelow; "we can not have rights and privileges, and I prefer privileges. We shall lose our privileges when we demand our rights."

Baroness Bettina Rothschild, who is now lying at the point of death from cancer, is one of the most popular and best-known women in the Austrian and French capitals. She was the first, and has remained almost the only, member of the *haute finance* to whom the salons of the Austrian aristocracy have opened their doors. She is indebted for this distinction mainly to Princess Metternich. Although not beautiful, she is very attractive. She is very simple in her manner—a simplicity, however, that does not prevent her from being one of the cleverest women in Vienna. She is a Parisienne to her finger-tips, her father being Baron Alphonse, the head of the French branch of the great banking-house. Her sister has been less fortunate in her social career, for not even the intervention of King Leopold himself could induce the old Duchess of Arenberg to invite either her or her husband to the last grand ball given at the Arenberg palace before the great fire which recently took place there.

The ex-Queen of Naples, who has suffered all the pangs of genteel poverty during the past twenty years or more, has now been placed in a comparatively affluent position. Her mother, the late Duchess of Ludovica, of Bavaria, who died some weeks ago, left a fortune yielding an income of about one hundred thousand dollars a year. According to the will of the duchess, the property was to be shared equally between three of the daughters of the duchess, namely, the Empress of Austria, the ex-Queen of Naples, and the Duchess of Alençon. The empress, however, is so wealthy in her own right—she has an income of two hundred thousand dollars a year of her own, besides the right of drawing upon her husband's practically inexhaustible purse—that she has abandoned her share of the bequest to the ex-Queen of Naples, who will, therefore, now come in for about sixty thousand to seventy thousand dollars a year. The ex-queen figures as the heroine in Daudet's "Kings in Exile."

Exile, widowhood, and the tragical death of her only son in South Africa have endowed Eugénie de Montijo, the granddaughter of the Scotch merchant Kirkpatrick, with a majesty which, though sorrowful, is far superior to any which she ever possessed in the days of her greatest magnificence at the Tuileries (says "An Ex-Diplomat" in the *Tribune*). The aspect of the once beautiful, brilliant, and supremely elegant, but now broken, infirm, and prematurely aged consort of Napoleon the Third, is sufficient to excite commiseration even in the hearts of the bitterest enemies of the Bonaparte régime. To such an extent is this the case, that when she last visited Paris the mob of men and women who had assembled at the railway station terminus to hoot and hiss her on her arrival for her alleged responsibility in the disastrous war of 1870, made way respectfully for her, the men baring their heads, and the women murmuring, pitifully: "Oh, la pauvre femme," while this wreck of former splendor, greatness, beauty, and elegance limped feebly to her carriage.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Librarian Spofford says that our national library now contaios nearly seven hundred thousand bouod volumes and two hundred thousand pamphlets, and that the yearly increase of books is from fifteen to twenty thousand. The library is now abominably crowded, space allotted to it in the Capitol Building having been full fifteeo years ago. Probably the new building will not be ready for occupancy for years to come. It is to cover three acres and will hold four million volumes.

F. Hopkinson Smith is at work upon a novel which will appear first io the pages of the *Century*. In the spring, a collection of his short stories, collected from the magazioes, will be brought out by a Boston house.

R. L. Stevenson's new volume of essays is called "Across the Plains, with Other Memories and Essays." Some of the titles of essays are these: "Across the Plains: Leaves from the Note-Book of an Emigrant between New York and San Francisco," "Dreams," "Beggars," and "Letters to a Young Man Proposing to Embrace a Literary Life."

Edward W. Bok, himself a syndicate writer, writes thus of writers for syndicates:

"When an author becomes a writer for the syndicates, then his real career begins. I wonder what would be Mark Twain's feelings if he could read of himself as 'the special European reporter' of a small provincial paper, having a circulation, the rate-books say, of two thousand copies. Or, this is not bad from the same paper: 'Guy de Maupassant was at work, especially for the ——, upon this tale when he went insane,' etc. I should think he would!"

The first number of the new Fiction, Fact, and Fancy Series is to be a collection of "Merry Tales by Mark Twain." This forthcoming series is to be made up of pretty little volumes of fiction and of essays, correspondence, poetry, and the like—principally by American authors. It is to be edited by Mr. Arthur Stedman, son of the poet, and an editor himself of proved taste and experience.

The death is announced in England of J. K. Stephen, author of "Lapsus Calami," which contaioed many clever skits in the way of verse, and notably the lines describiog the author's vision of a certain

"muzzled stripling
Mute beside a muzzled bore,
Where the Rudyards cease from kipling
And the Haggards ride no more."

The first installment of an important series of articles on "The Great Capitals of the World" in an American weekly is a paper on Paris, by Fraoçois Coppée.

Mr. Kipling's new book of verse, soon to be brought out in London, is to include the verses which Mr. Kipling has published in the magazines under the pseudonym of "Yussuf." The new book will contain in addition all the "Barrack-Room Ballads" and a variety of miscellaoeous work, such as "Tomlinson," "Cleared," "East and West," "The Flag of England," and "The Lament of the Border Cattle-Thief." By the way, one of Kipling's short stories was recently published in translation in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

An interesting little book in French Revolutionary history, by Louise Imogen Guiney, will soon come from the press. It is called "Monsieur Henri: A Foot-Note to Freoch History," and deals with Henri de la Rochejaquelein, of the Army of La Vendée.

Current Literature has a new cover for the March number, designed by George Wharton Edwards.

Something new in periodicals is the *Long Quarterly*, in which Mr. Eliot Stock will publish, every three months, a new novel by a promioent writer. It gets its title from its oblong shape, and rivals *Two Tales* in descriptive and prosaic naming.

The title of the story which Blanche Willis Howard and William Sharp have written in collaboration is "A Fellowe and His Wife," in which the characters are described and developed and the incidents narrated in a series of letters between a supposed husband and his wife—he a loving, remarkably trustiog husband; she a beautiful woman, who loves her husband more or less, loves art rather more, and is interested in another man.

The English weekly *Black and White*, commenting on "Vampires and Mlle. Réséda," by "Julien Gordon," says:

"Nowadays from America comes a certain percentage of realistic novels, which go nearly as far in suggestive analysis as their French parallels. Writers like Edgar Saltus and the present author seem to have in some sort thrown their literary bonnets over the windmills, and recklessly dissect and display the worst and most morbid sides of American society. The conversations of two ladies so completely saturated with Bourget and De Maupassant as Mrs. Arden Ayrault and Mrs. Norah Eustis are not edifying, but 'Julien Gordon' is quite clever enough to make them excessively amusing. These children of light roll about on the floor, and stuff lace handkerchiefs in their mouths, and analyze their own emotions, and are witty at their own expense in a way that De Maupassant's careless, sinful little marquises never even dream of. These American ladies are fatalists, and have a soul above mere dress, it is true; but that intensity of nature only serves to accentuate their flirtations and give point to their moral ddemmas. The artist-hero is also sketched in with questionable taste, but the author takes care not to make him an American; and Mlle Réséda, whom this Don Juan of the studios finally marries, is a world too good for him. The book is full of good epigrams and pointed social observations. It is unfortunately written throughout in a jerky, Frenchified style—*mule* is not English, or even American, for slipper—and takes an unfair view of American woman, hardly warranted by the charmiog samples of the sisterhood who find their way over here, and who more than once have made the sunshine of an English home."

A new volume of poems by Sir Edwin Arnold, many of them, including the title poem, never before published, is to be called "Potiphar's Wife and Other Poems."

A new story by Kirk Monroe is called "Canoe Mates: a Story of the Everglades."

The scene of Mr. Howells's new novel, "The World of Chance," is New York city; the hero is a young literary aspirant who goes to the metropolis with the maouscript of his first novel under his arm. The opening chapters will appear in one of the March magazines.

Lucy Larcom has written an Easter book called "The Uoseen Friend," a sort of companion to her last year's "As It Is in Heaven."

Mr. Ward McAllister is said to have been asked by Chicago publishers to write a book on New York social life and "set his own price." The prevailiog rumor that Mr. McAllister made $100,000 out of "Society as I have Found It" is incorrect. Mr. McAllister is quoted by the *Times* as saying that he cleared exactly $3,750.

Mrs. de Mattos, a first cousin of Robert Louis Steveosoo, is said to be the author of "Through the Red-Litten Windows," issued in the Pseudonyme Library over the pen-name of "Theodor Hertz-Garten."

Miss Wormeley, the able translator of Balzac, is reported to be engaged on a biography of the great French writer.

The late William Bell Scott, who knew Carlyle intimately, said of the philosopher that he looked at everything through the eyes of a Scottish peasant—an opinion which, we believe, has been expressed by an American writer. Carlyle invariably, for example, spoke slightingly of art. On retiring from Millais's studio, after sitting for his portrait, the sage, according to Mr. Scott, glancing at the superb staircase, asked Millais if painting did all that, and, receiving an affirmative aoswer, characteristically rejoined: "Well, there must be more fools in this world than I had thought."

New Publications.

"Idle Verses Idly Writ" is the title of a little collection of *vers de société*, by Frank Chaffee, published by George M. Allen & Co., New York; price, $1 00; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Garston Bigamy," by Albert Ross, is the latest novel issued in the Albatross Series published by G. W. Dillingham, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by the The Bancroft Company.

"O'er Rail and Cross-Ties with Gripsack" is the title of a compilation of stories and verses about commercial travelers, edited by George L. Marshall. Published by G. W. Dilliogham, New York; price, $1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Was She Wife or Widow?" by Malcom Bell, and "We Parted at the Altar," by Laura Jean Libbey, have been issued in the Choice Series published by Robert Bonner's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents each; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"One Touch of Nature," by Margaret Lee, and "Dollarocracy," a novel of American and Eoglish life and published without the author's name, have been issued in paper covers by John W. Taylor & Co., New York; price, 30 and 50 cents, respectively; for sale by the booksellers.

Hector Malot's recent novel, "Conscience," a story of love and the other iogredients of a young man's life in Paris, has been translated from the French by Lita Angelica Rice, and has been issued in the Ioternatioonal Library published by Worthington & Co., New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Ashes and Incense" is the title of a volume of short poems by Waitman Barbe. Their general tenor is, to some degree, indicated in the title—some bewail the dead and the past, others are love-songs and cheerful little lyrics. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, $1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The latest volume of Herbert Spencer's works contaios "Social Statics" and "Man *versus* the State," the former an abridged and revised edition of his "Social Statics" of 1850, and the latter being four articles against the curtailmeot of individual liberty by excessively "paternal" legislatioo, first published in 1884. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, $2.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The recent discussion of the management of husbands by the ladies of Sorosis led a New York paper to throw open its columns to all womankind to express their views of the subject, and, as a further inducement, to offer a prize of twenty dollars for the best advice. The entire supply of answers have been collected and are now issued in a book, eotitled "How to Manage a Husband," by J. S. Ogilvie, New York; price, 25 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Marquis of Salisbury," by H. D. Traill, is the fifth volume of The Queen's Prime Ministers, a series of political biographies edited by Stuart J. Reid. It is taken up almost entirely with his public life, devoting only a few pages to his antecedents and early life, and following his political career from his entrance into Parliament as Sir Robert Cecil, at the age of tweoty-three years, to the preseot time. An excellent portrait serves as a frontispiece, and an iodex is appended. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, $1 00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Story of the Glittering Plain," by William Morris, is a curious book: it narrates a sort of "Pilgrim's Progress" among the Northern harriers of the sea who were the progenitors of the Anglo-Saxon race. Hallblithe, of the House of the Raven, is the hero, aod, his betrothed being stolen from him by sea-robbers, he makes a long journey and undergoes many hardships in his search for her. The language imitates, as closely as good Eoglish may, the words and mannerisms of the ancieot chroniclers, and the recoostruction of the times and customs is very vivid. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, $1.50; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.

As pretty and amusing a book as has been printed for many a month is "Matrimonial Advice," by H. W. McVickar. It consists of a score or so of pictures by the artist, whose work in *Life* is well known, illustrative of various "don'ts" of married life for the man and for the woman—such as, for the former, "do not give little suppers," "do not bet on horse-races," and, for the latter, "always look your best," "don't nag," "beware of your best friend." Each list of advice is given concisely as the legend under a more or less stunning picture in colors, and on the following page the same adjuration is expounded at greater length in a clever rhyme. It is an appropriate gift for those youog women who are to become post-Lenten brides. Published by George M. Allen & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"Eline Vere," by Louis Couperus, is the initial volume of the new Holland Fiction Series, which seems destined to create something of a sensation. Edmund Gosse, who edits the series, has written an introduction to the book, in which he gives a bird's-eye view of the present state of Dutch letters, describing the rise of the new school of Sensitivists, of which "Eline Vere" is a typical production. Eline is a pretty, elegant, and fascinating young woman who, when we first see her, is living with her married sister at The Hague. She goes much into society and makes many conquests, while she herself does not experience the really *grande passion* she craves, though she does become engaged to be married and has one other love-affair. The modern unrest and the wearioq life she leads gradually exhaust her nerves and her vitality, and in the end she kills herself in a fit of madness. Eline's is a strange and very interesting character, full of womanly weakness and caprice, and yet exerting on the reader the same fascination that such women do in life; indeed, all the personages of the story—and there are as many as in a story by Balzac or Turguéoieff—are stroogly drawn and full of life. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, $1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The immense advantages arising from the association of a trust company witb trustees, executors, or other individual fiduciary agents in the management of a trust or an estate, are ooly just begioning to be utilized in California, though the custom has prevailed for some years in the East, and is annually becoming a more important feature of business. Until four years ago, the statues of California did not empower corporations to act in a fiduciary capacity, and it was only at the last session of the legislature that a law was enacted, placiog such corporations under the control of the Bank Commissioners. With this State control comes the most absolute security that can be had. A corporation does not die, it can not run away, and the Bank Commissiooers see to it that it does not steal, and, moreover, it should be, and in fact is, admioistered by men of wide experience and proved integrity and ability. To make such a body one of your executors or trustees, associating it with such individuals as you desire, is the surest method of obtaining honest and productive administration of an estate or a trust. The California Safe Deposit and Trust Company, at the south-east corner of Montgomery and California Streets, of which Mr. S. P. Young is treasurer aod manager, has been engaged in this business for only a short time, and yet it already is a party to some of the largest aod most important trusts in the State. Gas and water companies and other great corporations have made it their trustee, and it figures among the executors of some of the heaviest estates. Its enormous capital and the standing of its officers and directors are a guaranty of its character, and it offers unrivaled advantages in the execution of wills, the care of estates, the investment of trust funds, the care of minors' property, and the management of the affairs of the unfortunate. The company has not, however, abandoned the leasing of its safe-deposit vaults; indeed, this and the banking branches of its business have been extended and improved, with the result that the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company is one of the wealthiest and most respected institutions in the West.

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VANITY FAIR.

Nothing whatever could induce me ever again to try to live in the country during the winter (writes John Gilmer Speed in *Harper's Bazar*). It is too lonely, servants say; we can't stand it; and away they go, whether a successor has been secured or not. One cook we had, to be sure, remonstrated with so much vigor against our hospitable practices that she had to be sent away. "And sure yez have company from one week's end to the ither, and I wuz hired for a small family I" she said, at the top of her voice, and in the full hearing of the offending guests. But this, during three or four years, was a solitary case. The others were too lonely. And very likely they were. But where the greatest difficulty arises is that no servant thinks it necessary to give notice of her intention to quit. On one occasion I went myself to engage a servant. I spoke to several, and answered all of their questions with due humility. At length, the proprietor took a hand to help me out. "Oh," said he to one woman, who was considering the matter, "it's not in the real country; it's in a village, just outside of So-and-so," naming quite a large town seven miles from where I live. "Ah, but it is in the country," I remonstrated, as I did not wish to beguile a woman into going with me by false pretense. This, I think, rather inclined her to look upon me with favor, and she said: "Well, I think I will go." And, after a brief pause, she asked: "Have ye gas in the house?" "Of course not," I answered; "we live in the country." "Well, it's to no such forsaken place that I'll go," said she, and moved away. There was a very forlorn-looking man sitting in the room. I had noticed that he had had several unsuccessful interviews, and when my woman had gone away after more than half-concluding to go with me, he smiled sympathetically at me. "I wish my house in the country would burn down," he said. "I built the plagued thing," he continued, "and now have it on my hands. I can't sell it, and can't rent it, and can't afford to let it remain closed, so I must live in it. I wish it would catch fire." Before he could say more he was obliged to resume his search for a cook.

The so-called Millionaire Club, which has recently been organized in New York city, has its counterpart in the Austrian capital, where the Vienna Club enjoys both the same name and reputation. It is devoted to the plutocracy of the empire, and although there are a few members of the Austrian and Hungarian aristocracy who belong thereto, yet the majority are members of the *haute finance* and leaders of the manufacturing classes. The club is magnificently housed on the Kolowratring, and it is so exclusive, and the admission so difficult, that its members are not more than one hundred and fifty in number. Every one of this hundred and fifty, however, is a millionaire many times over, and were they disposed to do so they could pay off the entire Austrian national debt and still retain something to live on. Unlike the other clubs of the metropolis, the play in the card-room of the Vienna Club is exceedingly low and the games are confined, as a rule, to whist and bezique, in the latter of which Baron Rothschild is accustomed to take part daily.

Is there any handsome people on the face of the globe? (asks the London *News*). We may set aside the black, and yellow, and polychrome races in general, many of whom are well shaped, and like bronze statues to look upon, but who do not come up to the Aryan standard in features and color. Leaving these children of nature out of the question, it may be confessed that there is no race among whom beauty is common. If the ancient Greeks were like their statues, then there was once a beautiful race, but it is not so certain that they did not idealize themselves a good deal. There is the more reason to guess this, as, when they have to represent a barbarian—say a Gaul, or a German, or a professional prize-fighter—they make these people as handsome as themselves, though in a rougher way. There is a famous bronze statue of a boxer, who might be taken for an orator or a poet were it not for his heavy metal-studded gloves. Thus it may be deemed that there is a great proportion of the ideal in these statues, vases, coins, and figures, where every one is so graceful and goodly. Every nation has a high opinion of its own charms. The French pride themselves on small feet, and it is certain that their women walk very little, and have cunning bootmakers. The Americans write as if their women were a galaxy of loveliness; and then comes a military critic (English) who only saw three pretty women in the States, and one of them was a foreigner. There is no knowing what to believe when patriotism boasts of the local fair. Are the women of Arles really more lovely than their neighbors? Is "Auld Ayr" peculiar, beyond Girvan and Mayhole, for the presence of the bonnie lasses? Were the women of Tanagra prettier than those of Thebes? Or do they owe their reputation to the local school of artists? Are Irish complexions and Irish eyes the pardonable inventions of Hibernian patriotism? Are all Lancashire witches more bewitching than they of Shropshire? These questions can never be satisfactorily answered. Perhaps it might pay an American journal to send a commissioner on beauty all round the world, one who should give a comprehensive and unbiased opinion. But it would be difficult for the world to believe in his judicial fairness, and no really scientific result could be obtained. At home we may all look about us, and ask where beauty flourishes most. Now it may be a heresy, but we think that the scientific observer will find beauty most common among the young work-women and shop-girls, on one hand, and among "the highest circles," the oldest families, on the other.

The Junction City Coöperative Club, known as the "Bellamy Club" (according to a Topeka, Kan., correspondent of the New York *Times*), has just entered upon its second year, with a full complement of members, most of whom have been with it from the commencement. This club was organized to conduct a common kitchen, in which all the family cooking was to be done, away from the homes of the members. There are forty-four ladies belonging to the club, all of whom express their satisfaction as to the results of their experiment. During the year that the society has been in existence, the sum of five thousand three hundred and twenty dollars has been expended for table supplies. All bills have been paid as fast as contracted, so that no debts have been carried over. The officers of the society all serve without pay, having the work of supervision so well distributed that the task is not great for any one. The secretary, Mrs. M. E. Clark, is most enthusiastic over the results, and predicts a prosperous future. All the cooking for the forty-four families represented has been done at the society kitchen, and the prepared food delivered at the various residences. The expense is estimated to be fully one-third less than at separate kitchens, with the advantage of greater variety, and better cooking—a professional cook having been employed.

Among the Portuguese at Fayal, where I once spent a winter (writes Colonel Higginson in the *Bazar*), the young gentlemen were expected to wear black trousers to parties in winter, and white in summer; but to decide on which particular evening summer began was the point of difficulty, so the young men would sometimes go to the house in black, with the white garments under their arms, ready to peep in through the window and take a hasty census of black and white legs. If the latter prevailed, they would make their toilet afresh in the bushes outside. It was not a matter of social caste, for they were all of the same caste; it was only a wish not to be singular. The American may be more likely than the Englishman to be sensitive about such a matter, because it is his nature; it is the defect of his quality. In the differentiation of their respective natures he has inherited over-sensitiveness, with its strong and weak results; while the Englishman inherits the advantage and the disadvantage of a thicker skin. As a result, it is a common thing to see the Englishman say or write things which no American would utter or put on record. Lord Ronald-Gower, representing one of the noblest of English houses, finds no shame whatever in telling in his published diary how he used to write squibs in the newspapers, satirizing his hosts of the day before, because they let the smell of dinner come into the hall. Mr. R. L. Stevenson is credited with a remark almost equally graceful, to the effect that the reason why Thoreau never drank wine was because there was no wine in America fit to drink. When we consider at how many houses in this country this lively writer must have been a guest, and how cordially the hosts must have shared with him the best they had, poor though it might be, the remark may fairly enough be classed with that of Lord Ronald-Gower. An American cowboy on the plains would have considered it a piece of hoorishness to make either remark; yet it is probable that no argument or persuasion could convince either of these distinguished foreigners that he had fallen below the highest standard of good manners. On the other hand, the American commonly errs on the other side; he is anxious to please, if he is selfish, or if he is unselfish, not to give pain. He is apt to be too thin-skinned, as the Englishman is wont to be too thick-skinned. It is this, no doubt, which has made the Englishman the representative of a conquering race. But the American's mission is not to conquer distant races, but to build up his own vast continent; and for this purpose there is needed a finer sensitiveness, a greater courtesy, and more of the spirit of adaptation.

Such a hue and cry as is raised about the extravagance of the women of our day, and yet at the Court of St. James's—in a dress of velvet embroidered with gold, which is said to have cost no less than fifteen hundred dollars—Marie de Medicis had a gown sown with thirty-two thousand pearls and three thousand diamonds, and her example was followed by lesser personages, who cheerfully expended more than their incomes on gowns so laden with precious stones that their wearers could scarcely move about in them. Mme. de Montespan, the beauty who reigned at the Court of Louis the Fourteenth, wore at one great court festival "a gown of gold on gold, and over that gold frieze stitched with a certain gold which makes the most divine stuff that has ever been imagined," according to the panegyrics written by the pen of Mme. de Sévigné.

"Did you ask what would be considered a small foot?" said a pretty shop-girl (reported in *Shoe and Leather Facts*) as, kneeling before a customer, she deftly fitted on a pair of india-rubbers. "Well, I should call No. 3 a small size and 3½ even. The average is about 5. Seven is large, although I have seen very nice-looking feet that were 7's. I have one customer who wears 9's and another who wears 1's. Quite a contrast, isn't it? The smallest foot on a grown person I ever saw belongs to one of our customers; she wears 13's—child's size; but it isn't pretty a bit—it looks so tottering." The lady upon whom she had been waiting looked at her own shapely feet (slender 3's), with great satisfaction. "I do not care for excessively small feet," she remarked to her companion, "but one thing is certain—feet are much larger than they used to be when I was a girl. Whether it is because we wear larger shoes or because we walk so much more, I don't know; but twenty years ago, quite a number of my friends wore 1's, and now I do not know a soul who wears a shoe smaller than 3 s." "It is the walking, I think," said her companion; "in those days, no one took any exercise." "Yes; and then, too, it is no longer the fashion to wear short hoots. I dare-say both reasons hold good; but the American foot is certainly larger than it used to be."

Do women dress for each other, or for the opposite sex? This was the time-honored and vexed question which bothered the pretty heads of a number of fair beings at a ladies' luncheon-party recently. One clever young woman finally settled the question by deciding that it was for women that they dressed. If for men, society would simply be a gigantic *corps de ballet*.

Mrs. Kate Mitchell, an English licentiate in medicine, has written a "Gentlewoman's Book of Hygiene" which is sensible and fortified, but not overborne, by the best scientific medical knowledge of the day. It was an unscientific, but an observant and trustworthy authority, Mr. George du Maurier, who remarked that the average standard of height had increased by no less than two inches among the well-to-do classes within a generation or two. This means a bettering of health among these classes; and there can be no manner of doubt that what with more rational dress, more attention to air and exercise, less eating and drinking, more bathing, and more regard to the laws of health generally, the better educated among us are healthier and therefore happier than our poor, tight-laced, tight-booted, tight-gartered, tight-cravated grandfathers and grandmothers. With good health, Mrs. Mitchell very justly says, go good looks, and she argues that the fair sex owes some of its fairness to the fact that it has more leisure to be healthy than men. She takes occasion in this connection to combat a "vulgar error." Women do not, she contends, as male observers will so persistently have it, lose their looks so soon as men. No man who respects himself would venture to disagree with Mrs. Mitchell upon this point, and she may be presented with the instances, in corroboration of her argument, of Ninon de l'Enclos and Diane de Poictiers from history, and, from contemporary society, of many, not here to be named, still beautiful ladies. How women are to follow in the footsteps of the aforesaid perennially fair French ladies is not to be accomplished by face-washes or skin applications of any kind, but, as Mrs. Mitchell argues, by conforming to the rules of life in the "Gentlewoman's Book of Hygiene."

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DOWERED DAUGHTERS.

"Parisina" on the Matrimonial Customs of France.

We Americans and English have a way of coupling love and marriage together; French people harness two fortunes in the same shafts and trust to Providence that they will pull together. I do not meao to say that there is not a certain liking—sometimes, indeed, a warmer feeling—between the contracting parties, but the affection or the love is quite a secondary consideration. First of all, the financial position must be satisfactory; then papa and mamma and all the near relatives are required to give their consent. Should a young man happen to fall in love with a young girl in his own station, equally well off or better off than himself, should the proposed marriage be in every way recommendable, all well and good; but if the young man chooses to kick over the traces of conventionalism and fall in love with a girl whose face is her fortune, what a hue and cry is set up! He may be rich enough for two, that does not count; she has nothing, and she must mate with a pauper or die an old maid. The idea of a man well-to-do in the world oot choosing to give his daughter a dowry is an extreme case, utterly beyond French comprehension. Only eccentries—Americans or English—could act in this way.

So when the Duc de Ia Rochefoucauld Liancourt fell in love with Miss Mattie Mitcbell, and Senator Mitchell made it understood that he had oo inteotion of giving his daughter a portion, all the La Rochefoucauld pride was up io arms, and oo one ever dreamed that the marriage could possibly take place. The senator, on his side, was equally averse to the match. He did oot care for a French son-in-law at all, and took a republican view of a coronet and title. Well, perhaps you know the story. The young people were separated. Miss Mattie was ordered home, and it was hoped that a season or two in Wasbington would efface the remembraoce of those love-passages at St. Germain. As for the duke, after having argued the matter pretty warmly with the dowager, he exchanged into a regiment quartered in Algeria and weot off into voluntary exile.

Imagine a young Americao of thirty-six being thus dependent oo his mother's consent to his marriage! Yet so are matters managed io France. It is certain that oine out of teo soos io his positioo would have made up their minds to forget their sweethearts, under such circumstances. A small minority, very hard hit, would, perhaps, have takeo to evil courses, whereas the majority was sure to end by doing as custom commaoded them to do—oamely, to forget and to marry some ooe else, some unlucky girl bound to be oeglected, aoother victim to prejudice and folly.

Our duke, however, was made of sterner stuff. One would hardly have thought it, perhaps, to see him figuring in Molier's circus, but it was his very detestation of the conventional rouod of amusement which caused him to play the acrobat, aod being a fine, well-set-up fellow, he deligbted io muscular exercises. Besides, he had oever beeo much drawo toward ladies' society. No woman could boast of having made any lasting impressioo until he came across Miss Mitchell aod was conqoered by her freshness and ingenuousoess even more thao by her beauty. A glance at the duke's rather stern face will tell you that there is a strong leaven of obstinacy in his character. Wheo another would have forgotten, he remembered. At Royat the lovers met again, and there they oot only renewed their vows, but came to a resolution to marry *coûte que coûte*. If Senator Mitchell continued to oppose the match and if *madame mère* could oot be brought by fair means to give her consent, why—they would marry without.

Now to marry without the consent of your parents is no easy matter in France, even when you are thirty-eight and the chief of a ooble house. The fact that the duke was in the army complicated matters, too, though I have oo doubt, if it had been needful, so ardent a lover would have thrown up his commission. Of the endless formalities which have to be gone through with before an officer of the French army can take to himself a wife, outsiders have not the slightest notioo. First of all, the respectability of the bride-elect and of her family must be satisfactorily proved to the official mind—that is to say, under the hand aod seal of functionaries supposed never to err. Now this is comparatively plain sailing with the French bureaucracy; but when it comes to obtaining similar attestations from foreign mayors or magistrates, who were never asked to give an opinion on such delicate and personal matters before, it is a very different song. Then there is the dowry—the six thousand dollars—without which no French officer can marry. A paltry sum you will say. Yes, perhaps; but such as it is, it must not be in coin of the realm, but invested in good securities, and duly secured by a legally attested marriage contract. Finally, when everything is satisfactorily prepared, the whole bulk of documents are sent up to the minister of war, and if fortune smiles upon you, you may expect to receive the desired permission within a couple of months. But in a case where the parents did not think fit to give their consent, that of the minister would surely also be withheld.

This last difficulty was saved our young people. The haughty duchess came round in the end, having first stipulated that her future daughter-in-law-elect should embrace the Catholic faith, and Senator Mitchell likewise coosents. So there was nothing more to be done but to put up the banns and buy the trousseau. No portionless bride ever came to husband more splendidly rigged out thao did Miss Mattie. Her toilets were poems, her *lingerie* a dream, and all her American friends and relatives vied with each other in the beauty and costliness of the presents. Of the wedding itself, I need not write, as the subject has doubtless been exhausted long ago in the press dispatches.

This Franco-American match sets one thinking of the many Frenchmen who have chosen brides from among the belles and heiresses of the United States. And as I recall them to mind one by one, they make a goodly list. Far back in the mists of the past, I see a beautiful fair face, crowned with golden hair and some of the finest diamonds in the world—that of the Baronne d'Erlanger, Miss Slidell. The Countesse d'Aramon of that time was a Miss Fisher, and the Marquise de Chasseloup-Loubat was also born io New York. The Vicomtesse de Courval had been a Miss Ray; the Marquise de Talleyrand-Périgord, Miss Beers Curtis. General de Charette's second wife is the granddaughter of a President of the United States. Comte de Montsaulnin, Deputy of the Cher, married a lady from New York. Miss King is now Mme. Waddingtoo, the French Embassadress at the Court of St. James's. An American also reigns here at the foreign office, unless M. Ribot's successor has beeo nominated since the luncheon hour, which is possible. The Duchesse Decazes was a Miss Singer; and Singer's widow, after marrying the Duc de Camposelice, took to herself a third husband—a journalist of the name of Sobège. You remember the marriage of the Duc de Morny and Mlle. Guzmao Blanco; how the son of General de Galliffet took to wife Miss Stevens; aod how, still more recently, the Prince de Chimay made a princess of Miss Ward, aod the Marquis de Breteuil bestowed his elderly affections oo Miss Garner. I daresay I have passed over many, but these iostaoces will suffice to show that American beauties (not to mention Americao dollars) are io high favor in Paris. PARISINA.

PARIS, February 20, 1892.

A paragraph appears in one of the daily papers under this heading: "Carnegie Complimented. The University Club Entertains Him At A Banquet." Following this is an account of the banquet. Mr. Carnegie was, in the opinion of the reporter, apparently the guest of honor. As he puts it, "the members eotertained Andrew Carnegie *and* ex-President White, of Cornell University." (The italics are ours.) If the reporter thought as we do, the precedeoce should have beeo thus: "Ex-President White, of Cornell, *and* Mr. Andrew Carnegie." But why should the University Club eotertaio Mr. Andrew Carnegie? He is opposed to uoiversity education, and says so very frankly. He wrote a series of letters to the New York *Tribune* on the folly of the higher educatioo. He has, of course, a right to his opioions, but—bolding such opinions—why should the University Club do him hooor?

The *Wasp* has recently changed hands, aod Thomas E. Flynn, late of the *Chronicle*, bas become its editor. Mr. Flynn has long heen knowo in this city as a journalist, and is possessed of much versatility. His forte has been humorous writing, and this, together with his abilities as a draughtsman, eminently fit him to conduct a humorous cartooo paper. The *Wasp* will, beyood any question, succeed under his direction.

DCLVIII.—Bilt of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, March 13, 1892.

Sorrel Soup.
Fried Oysters. Cucumbers.
Sweetbread Patties.
Green Peas. Asparagus.
Roast Spring Lamb, Mint Sauce.
New Potatoes.
Indian Salad.
Rum Jelly. Orange Cake.

JELLY OF RUM.—Dissolve two ounces of Knox's Sparkling Gelatine in a pint and a half of very hot water on the fire, and, when melted, add ten ounces of sugar. Beat the whites of three eggs with half a glass of water, and mix with your gelatine, stirring quickly with your egg-beater. Then put all on the fire until boiling; then remove to the back of the range to simmer gently for half an hour. Strain your jelly through a felt bag until perfectly clear, and add three sherry-glasses of Jamaica rum. Pour it into a mold and keep on ice until sufficiently stiff to turn out.

— KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made; makes delicious desserts. Just received gold medal American Institute Fair, New York city. Superior to all brands.

Clara Foltz, the woman lawyer of this city, has taken preliminary steps toward forming a Woman's Club. The purpose of the organization is to secure a freer representation of the sex in all public questions, and the advocacy of certain needed reforms that are at present without support. It is to be entirely a business affair, and not on the plan of the ordinary social clubs. Only those women who have the requisite time and ability to devote to the objects of the association will be invited to membership.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Music-lovers who remain in towo during the summer months have a pleasure in store for them. The Hermann Braodt String Quartet, consisting of Messrs. Hermano Brandt, Louis Schmidt, Louis Heine, aod John Josephs, has heen engaged for two rehearsals a week and one concert to take place at Steinway Hall oo the evening of the last Wednesday of every month, under the patronage of Mr Joho Parrott and Mr. F. W. Ludovici. The first coocert will take place on Wednesday, March 30th.

The twentieth Carr-Beel Saturday Popular Coocert will be held io Irving Hall at three o'clock this (Saturday) afternooo. Mrs. Bermingham will sing "Patria," by Mattei, and other selections, Mr. Beel will play Bruch's G minor concerto in its entirety; and other numbers will be Beethoven's serenade for strings and a piano quartet by J. Rheinberger.

The sixth Musical Sunday Afternoon of the second series will take place at Steinway Hall oo Sunday, March 13th, at three P. M. Ao excellent programme has been prepared, including a string quartet by Mendelssohn, the "Air de Pygmalion," Massé, sung by Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan, a piano solo by Signora Ursomaodo, two four-part songs by the First Unitariao Church Choir, and other ioteresting oumbers.

The National Conservatory of Music of America, desirous of emphasizing the engagemeot of Dr. Aotonin Dvorak as its director by a special endeavor to give ao additional impulse to the advaocement of music io the United States, proposes to award prizes for works to be composed or written by composers and librettists boro in the Uoited States, and not above thirty-five years of age. The prizes shall be as follows:

For the best grand or comic opera (opéra comique), words and music, $1,000; for the best libretto for a grand or comic opera (opéra comique), $500; for the best symphony, $500; for the best oratorio, $500; for the best suite or cantata, $300; for the best piano or violin concerto, $200.

Maouscripts shall be seot for examinatioo hetweeo September 1 and October 15, 1892. The award of prizes will oe made on or about November 15, 1892.

A Mr. F. X. Arens is, so to say, carrying coals to Newcastle aod haviog them admired if not actually purchased. He is giving concerts io Berlin, Hamburg, Leipsic, Wiemar, aod Paris, at which the compositions of Americans only are performed. His enterprise is well spoken of, aod the works of E. A. MacDowell aod John Koowles Paine are much liked.

— "HIGH-ART MILLINERY" EXACTLY DESCRIBES the exquisite confections tbat now grace the pretty heads of the belles of Sao Francisco society. Their little bonnets have so much Parisiao *chic* that it seems as if the great milliners of Paris had come over here io a body. The fact is that these artistic bonnets all come from The Maze, on Market and Taylor Streets. That great combinatioo of stores is makiog a special feature of its millioery department. It has imported from Paris a bewildering variety of artistic boonet-forms, and has a dozeo girls coostaotly employed in trimming them according to the latest models, under the directioo of Miss M. French. The Maze has also secured the services of Mrs. Selig, formerly of Graot Aveoue, who will assume charge of the millinery department to-day.

The School of Design will close on April 2d for a vacatioo of ooe mooth. The spring exhibitioo of the Art Association will opeo oo April 7th, and continue for four weeks.

Superior to vaseline and cucumbers — Créme Simoo, marvelous for the complexioo and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York, druggists, perfumers, fancy-goods stores.

— A COLLECTION OF ORIENTAL ART GOODS OF rare beauty, imported by Mr. M. B. Mihran, comprisiog Turkish rugs, carpets, embroideries, furoiture, etc., will be sold at auction on Mooday and Tuesday, March 14th and 15th, at 412 Pine Street, in the Nevada Block, by William Butterfield & Co., art auctioneers.

— LEO. ZANDER & CO. INVITE THE READER to visit their new store, 116 Sutter Street (lately occupied by the Woman's Exchange), aod iospect their large stock of musical boxes and novelties.

— J. W. HARBOURNE, FORMERLY BILLINGS, Harbourne & Co., has reopened at the old stand, No. 5 Montgomery Street. Latest novelties in wedding and social stationery.

— KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS character from handwriting in iok, *unruled* paper. Send 50 cents; stamps or postal notes.

"No baking powder is gaining public favor so rapidly as Cleveland's."

One reason is people like to know what they are eating, and the composition of Cleveland's baking powder is given on every label.

So many baking powders containing ammonia or alum are widely advertised as "absolutely pure," the best way is to refuse any brand the composition of which is concealed.

Art Auction!

THE FAMOUS

GUMP COLLECTION

—OF—

Modern European Paintings

AT PUBLIC SALE,
TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

—COMMENCING NEXT—

Wednesday Evening, March 16th

AT 8 O'CLOCK, AT

IRVING HALL,

139 POST STREET.

And continuing each Afternoon from 2 to 5 and Evenings from 8 to 10 o'clock.

PUBLIC EXHIBITION

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY.

MR. B. SCOTT, JR., OF NEW YORK,

AUCTIONEER.

SUPERIOR to VASELINE and CUCUMBERS

CRÈME SIMON marvellous for *softening*, *whitening* and *perfuming* the complexion. Most efficacious for light affections of the skin.

J. SIMON 36, rue de Provence PARIS

PARK & TILFORD. New-York: Druggists, Perfumers, Fancy goods stores.

SOCIETY.

The Bond-Dore Wedding.

At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Hoffacker, 2007 Pacific Avenue, a pretty wedding took place last Thursday evening, when Miss Ruby Dore, daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Dore, of this city, was married to Mr. William E. Bond, business manager of the Oakland *Tribune*. The affair was quietly celebrated, only relatives and very intimate friends being invited. The house was beautifully decorated by friends of the bride, and appeared very attractive under the glare of gaslight. The bay-window of the front parlor had been converted into a bridal bower, canopied with white netting and hung with large silvered hearts and strings of white violets and glossy smilax. Under the arch depended a true-lover's knot of Marie Louise and white violets, and beneath it were two hearts of the same blossoms, tied with ribbons of white silk. On the mantel was a beautiful array of violets in varied shades, among which delicate ferns were mingled. The windows, doors, and casements were finished with long sprays of mountain ferns. In the rear parlor a pink and white effect was produced by hands of tulle of those colors that radiated from the central chandelier to each corner. The mantel was graced with large clusters of calla lilies and iris, which were confined by bow knots and streamers of white and pink silk. A wealth of delicately tinted apple-blossoms embellished the dining-room, producing a charming picture.

It was half-past eight o'clock when the ceremony was performed by Rev. Robert Mackenzie in his usual impressive manner. Miss Louisa Hoffacker was the little maid of honor, and wore a pretty gown of yellow silk trimmed with yellow chiffon. She carried lilies of the valley. The flower-bearers were Miss Lillian Spreckels and Miss Lavina Hoffacker, who carried baskets of fragrant blossoms, and appeared in little gowns of blue silk trimmed with white lace. Mr. Rudolph Spreckels acted as best man. The bride's toilet is described as follows:

The front was of white Duchesse lace, veiled with point lace and the watteau was of white moire antique. The corsage was cut V-shaped and the sleeves extended to the elbows, ending in a fall of point lace. The veil, of white-silk moleine, fell gracefully from her coiffure to the end of the court train. She carried a bouquet of Bride roses and wore diamond ornaments.

The ceremony was followed by congratulations, and later in the evening an elaborate supper was served by Ludwig. It was about midnight when departures were made. The gifts sent to the newly wedded couple were numerous, elegant, and costly. Mr. and Mrs. Bond left on Friday to make a tour of the southern part of the State, and when they return will reside at 1110 Eighth Street, in Oakland. Wednesday will be their reception day.

Private Theatricals.

Mrs. Volney Spalding afforded several hours of pleasure to about one hundred and fifty of her friends, last Wednesday evening, by giving a private theatrical performance in her new hall-room. The piece presented was a sparkling comedy by Frederick Broughton, entitled "Ruth's Romance," in which the three characters were taken by Mrs. Hugh Hume, Mr. W. H. Gardiner, and Mr. P. de T. Evans. It was a one-act comedy, taking two hours in its presentation, and the time was enjoyed by the auditors, who were all comfortably seated. The stage had a pretty rustic setting, and all of the appointments and costuming were properly attended to. The participants gave an admirable presentation of the rôles, receiving much applause and hearty congratulations when the piece ended. The hall was cleared of chairs at half-past ten o'clock, and from that time dancing was enjoyed until midnight, and light refreshments were served. The affair was a most pleasant one and successful in every way.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Lillian Wagner, daughter of Mr. Joseph Wagner, to Mr. E. Avery McCarthy, son of Mr. James McCarthy.

Mrs. John H. Jewett will give a mi-carême-party at her residence, 931 Bush Street, on Thursday evening, March 24th.

The members of the Concordia Club will give a ball this (Saturday) evening at the club.

The San Francisco Verein is making great preparations for the production, next Saturday evening, of the travesty on "Romeo and Juliet up to Date." The many participants are rehearsing constantly, and everything points to an excellent presentation.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Robinson gave a pleasant theatre-party last Monday evening, followed by a delicious supper at the Hotel Pleasanton. Their guests were: Miss Edna Robinson, Miss Edith Findley, Miss Mae Dimond, Miss Kate Voorhies, Miss Mamie McMullin, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Jeremiah Lynch, Mr. Cutler Paige, Mr. J. O'Hara Cosgrave, and Mr. Mackey.

Miss Mahel Love entertained a number of her friends last Wednesday evening, when she gave a musicale at the residence of her mother, Mrs. K. Love, 1724 Clay Street. The young hostess, who sings charmingly, was heard several times in English and Spanish ballads, playing her own accompaniments on the piano and guitar, and occasionally having a violin obligato by Mr. Richard Ferrer. The latter played a number of solos in a finished manner, and Miss Irene Everett gave a couple of recitations that highly pleased her auditors. Mr. Stevens also sang several selections. The service of light refreshments ended the pleasant affair.

Mrs. Charles Mentz gave an enjoyable tea at her residence, 1600 Washington Street, on March 3d, for the benefit of the fund of the Missionary Societies of the First Presbyterian Church. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. C. L. Wright, Mrs. Horace Ames, Mrs. James Watt, Mrs. Wellington, and Miss Gray. A string orchestra entertained the guests with music, and the afternoon was made a pleasant one.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Sperry, and Miss Beth Sperry have gone to Santa Barbara to Mr. Crocker's ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Hale, who are now traveling in Mexico, will return in a couple of weeks. Their residence near Mountain View is being occupied by Hon. and Mrs. Robert Boyle, *née* Hale.

Mrs. Belle Donahue will go over to San Rafael next month to occupy her cottage there. His sister, Miss Marguerite Wallace, will pass most of the season with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry P. Eyre have gone to Menlo Park to remain there during the spring and summer.

Mrs. W. T. Ellis and Miss Hope Ellis have returned to Marysville after a pleasant visit here. Miss Mae Dimond accompanied them.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker and Miss Stone will go to Sausalito in April to pass the season there.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney M. Smith, Miss Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Winsor L. Brown, Mrs. Nat Messer, and Mr. W. E. Brown left for Santa Barbara a week ago for a brief visit there.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid B. Chapman will leave soon on a three months' visit to the East and Europe.

Mrs. John F. Swift is at the Hotel Cochran in Washington, D. C. She has been in ill-health for some time.

Mr. Evan J. Coleman is at the Hotel Brunswick in New York city.

Mrs. R. B. Saffold, Miss Belle Chipman, and Miss Jessie Blossom, of Red Bluff, have been visiting Mrs. John Finnell during the past week, at her residence near Napa.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Townsend are at the Coleman House in New York city.

Mrs. A. H. Voorhies and the Misses Marie and Kate Voorhies will pass June and July at Monterey.

Miss Susie Le Count has returned from an enjoyable visit to Mrs. W. G. Davis, in Stockton.

Mrs. John R. Jarboe and Miss Kate Jarboe have been passing the week at their cottage in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. George Law Smith and family are making a brief visit in the vicinity of San Diego. They will soon leave for Panama en route to New York and Havana.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan and Miss Carrigan will pass the coming season at their home in Ross Valley.

Mrs. A. M. Dibblee and Miss Anita Dibblee, who have been at the Palace Hotel for several weeks, have returned to their residence in Ross Valley.

Mrs. William M. Stewart and Miss Mahel Stewart were in New Zealand when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing are occupying their home in San Rafael, after passing the winter here.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Miss Virginia Fair will return to New York this (Saturday) evening.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall attended the Patriarchs' ball in New York city just previous to Lent.

Mr. A. C. Morse and the Misses Kate and Jessie Morse who, for the past year, have been traveling through Alaska and the Puget Sound region, have returned to the city and are at The Colonial.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Robinson and Miss Edna Robinson left last Thursday to pass several weeks at their ranch in Santa Barbara County.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Follis are now residing in San Rafael, where they will remain until autumn.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard are residing in San Rafael after passing the winter here.

Mrs. W. W. Morrow and Miss Maud Morrow will go to Alaska in June.

Hon. James G. Fair returned from Honolulu last Tuesday, and is slightly improved in health.

Mrs. Austin C. Sperry will leave next Tuesday on a visit to Honolulu.

Mrs. D. F. Verdenal is here on a visit from New York, and is stopping at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Jerome Smith have returned from their trip to the East and Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris K. Jessup and Mr. and Mrs. John E. Parsons, of New York city, accompanied by Rev. William Grosvenor, of Lenox, are expected here soon in their private car to make a tour of the State.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sloss, and Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., will occupy their San Rafael cottage early in May.

Mr. Joseph Livingston returned to the city last Wednesday after a prolonged visit to Europe and the Eastern States.

Miss Jean S. Klink, who has been passing the last four months in the East, is visiting her sisters in Washington, D. C. She was recently the guest there of Mrs. Coffin, wife of Captain Coffin, U. S. N.

Mrs. R. E. Houghton and the Misses Meda and Bertha Houghton have gone to Santa Barbara for a month's visit.

Mr. Julius Shainwald left for New York city a week ago and will remain there several months.

Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Burgess and their nephew, Mr. Otis B. Spalding, will go to Monterey to-day to remain until next Wednesday.

Mr. Harry Babcock was in Paris last week.

Mr. F. S. Chadbourne is stopping at the Hotel St. Denis in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker will pass the summer in their cottage at Sausalito.

Colonel C. Fred Crocker is expected here from New York next Thursday.

Miss Gertrude Severance, daughter of Consul Severance, of Honolulu, will leave here in the latter part of this month to meet her sister, Mrs. Kirkbride, and together they will make an extended tour of the East.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Mrs. George Brown, Mrs. George L. Dyer, and Mrs. A. Berry have gone to Honolulu to await the arrival there of their husbands, who are en route there on the *Charleston*.

Captain William E. Dougherty, U. S. A., Lieutenant Lewis H. Strother, U. S. A., and Dr. William R. Hall, U. S. A., left last Tuesday for the Round Valley Indian Reservation, in Mendocino County.

Lieutenant Cabell, U. S. A., and Miss Martha Otis, daughter of Colonel Otis, U. S. A., retired, were united in marriage last Monday at the residence of the bride's parents, in San Diego. Rev. Father Ubach officiated. Lieutenant and Mrs. Cabell departed soon afterward for South Dakota, where he will be stationed.

Major Edward Hunter, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence.

Captain Charles A. Booth, U. S. A., has gone to the Round Valley Indian Reservation on official business.

Edmund Clarence Stedman, in his article on "The Nature and Elements of Poetry" in the current *Century*, gives a droll illustration of the difference between a poet's and a philosopher's views of natural phenomena. Of a coast storm the balladist says:

"The East Wind gathered, all unknown,
A thick sea-cloud his course before:
He left by night the frozen zone,
And smote the cliffs of Labrador;
He lashed the coasts on either hand,
And betwixt the Cape and Newfoundland
Into the bay his armies pour."

All this impersonation and fancy is translated by the Weather Bureau into something like the following:

"An area of extreme low pressure is rapidly moving up the Atlantic Coast, with wind and rain. Storm-center now off Charleston, S. C. Wind N. E. Velocity, 54. Barometer, 29.6. The disturbance will reach New York on Wednesday, and proceed Eastward to the Banks and Bay St. Lawrence. Danger-signals ordered for all North Atlantic ports."

The Sale of the Gump Collection.

The event most discussed just now among people of wealth and cultivation is the coming sale of the Gump Collection of paintings. It is to take place at Irving Hall, commencing on Wednesday evening, March 16th, and will be conducted by Mr. B. Scott, Jr., of New York, the well-known art auctioneer. The collection will be ready for public inspection on Monday, and will continue on exhibition thereafter, both afternoons and evenings, until the sale is concluded. The sale will begin each afternoon at two o'clock and evenings at eight.

The sterling worth of the Gump Collection is too well known to require new commendation here. It has for some time been a feature of fashionable life to drop in at the Gump Gallery on Market Street and view the latest imported canvases. They were all chosen after personal inspection by Mr. Sol. Gump, during his annual tours of the European art-centers, and represent the best modern schools of the artists who have won fame but are by no means declining in power. In this respect Mr. Gump has shown marvelous judgment in selecting his pictures, for it has been found an invariable rule that every picture he has imported and sold, since he has been conducting this business, has steadily increased in market value as the artist's fame grew greater.

Mr. B Scott, Jr., who is to conduct the sale, arrived here last Thursday. He is a connoisseur of the highest standing in the Eastern cities, and his engagement to come out to San Francisco is an evidence of the Messrs. Gump's enterprise. His first care, after his arrival, was to inspect the pictures he is to sell.

"I was astonished," Mr. Scott said, later, "to find such a splended collection of modern art out here in the Golden West. Taken as a whole, the collection is infinitely better than any Chicago dealer has ventured to make, and New York and Boston have nothing finer. The names of the artists include the leading men of all the great European schools, and each canvas is worthy to adorn any public or private gallery in the country. I had no idea that San Francisco was so important a market for artistic productions, but it is evident that you have here the most refined and cultivated taste as well as the money to gratify it."

The Messrs. Gump are making every possible provision for the convenience of art-lovers. They have secured Irving Hall, on Post Street, just below Grant Avenue, and fitted it up artistically, and the catalogues they have prepared are little works of art themselves; not only is it a catalogue, but under many entries are biographical notes of the artists and other interesting matter, and scattered through the pages are fifteen exquisite full-page reproductions of as many notable pictures.

"I always speaks the language of them that's about me," said the major; "with the French, I speaks in French; with the Germans, German are my tongue." "You don't seem to have observed, major," said the Boston lady, "that we speak English here."—*Bazar.*

For Seasickness

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. PRICE, of the White Star SS. *Germanic*, says: "I have prescribed it in my practice among the passengers traveling to and from Europe, in this steamer, and the result has satisfied me that if taken in time it will, in a great many cases, prevent seasickness."

Husband—"Smikeson's wife is away, and I'm going over there this evening to cheer him up." *Wife*—"Why don't you bring him here?" *Husband*—"Well—er—I'm not feeling very well, and need a little cheering up myself."—*New York Weekly.*

If out of order, use BEECHAM'S PILLS.

— LEO. ZANDER & CO., 116 SUTTER STREET, offer an attractive and novel line suitable for birthday and wedding presents. Give them a call.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest U. S. Government Food Report.*

What Can Cuticura Do

Everything that is cleansing, purifying, and beautifying for the Skin, Scalp, and Hair of Infants and Children, the CUTICURA REMEDIES will do. They speedily cure itching and burning eczemas, and other painful and disfiguring skin and scalp diseases, cleanse the scalp of scaly humors, and restore the hair. Absolutely pure, agreeable, and unfailing, they appeal to mothers as the best skin purifiers and beautifiers in the world. Parents, think of this, save your children years of mental as well as physical suffering by reason of personal disfigurement added to bodily torture. Cures made in childhood are speedy, permanent, and economical. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.

☞ "All about Skin, Scalp, and Hair" free.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

ACHING SIDES AND BACK, Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains and Weaknesses relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the first and only pain-killing plaster.

"LARKSPUR INN" Just 12¾ miles from S. F., via Sausalito, on N. P. Coast (narrow-gauge) Railroad. Open all the Year round. Climate famous for relief from asthmatic and pulmonary affections. Plenty of trees and Fine Drives.

WE MAKE THE TABLE OUR SPECIALTY.

It will pay Eastern tourists to spend their winters with us. Trains and boats to San Francisco every two hours. Write or telegraph. HEPBURN & TERRY, Larkspur, Cal.

Enameled Steel Ware

Agent wanted for a large German Manufactory of Enameled Kitchen Utensils, Iron Signs, etc., who is to have the sole agency and sale on his own account.

The works are well renowned all over the world, and will give full facilities to do a large and profitable business, but the agent must necessarily dispose of large capital.

Offers, with full particulars, to be sent to "U. D., 797," Care of Rudolf Mosse, Berlin, S. W.

TO OWNERS —OF— CARRIAGE HORSES

The Souther Farm has every facility for taking good care of carriage or road animals that may need a rest from city pavements. Rates reasonable, and the best of care and attention given. Send for circulars and references.

GILBERT TOMPKINS, Souther Farm, San Leandro, Cal.

Universal Exhibition —AT— ROOS BROS.

Display of the Finest and Best

CHILDREN'S, BOYS, and MEN'S

CLOTHING —AND— FURNISHING GOODS

LOW PRICES PREVAIL.

27, 29, 31, 33, 35, 37, Kearny Street

All are cordially invited to attend

A SEWING-GIRL'S DREAM.

How Mary Judson, Forelady, Floats Through Life.

"Once upon a time, there was a little dressmaker. She treated her customers very harshly, so they admired her very much. At last she married a rich dry-goods man, and they went to Europe and lived unhappily ever afterward."—*Extract from an unpublished fairy tale.*

"With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread."
—*Hood's "Song of the Shirt."*

Miss Mary Judson opened her blue eyes at eight o'clock, then with a resentful glance at a stream of sunlight she buried her nose under a pale-silk duvet, where she lay curled up and as still as a mouse for fully five minutes.

Presently one little hand stole out and groped for a watch under her pillow. Then it disappeared, and, turning the duvet back, she sprang out of bed, slipped into a loose gown, and disappeared into her bath.

Her sister Ellen heard her and ran to the door. "Mamie's up, Katharine." Then she wheeled the breakfast-table nearer the fire, brushed again the cloth, and rearranged the tiny equipage. The door opened. "Ellen, touch the bell when I'm to drop the eggs"; the door closed again; Ellen ran to the stairs and listened.

Suddenly she ran back and struck the bell, followed by Mary in a thick gown of pink flannel, tidy as a pin and fragrant as a rose. Katharine brought her breakfast, Ellen put a footstool under her little slippered feet, and both of the girls sat down with their elbows on the table and looked at her with admiration.

"Now, Mame, do tell us what Mrs. Multiple is going to wear to the ball."

"Now, don't give it away, girls. It's a Louis Quinze brocade—the handsomest thing you ever saw. The color is old rose, and it is made with a full low body and a bertha of lace. Then there are bretelles of ribbon that are draped on the hips.

"A ribbon sash is brought from the front and tied in a bow, with long ends at the back. The skirt has a fan-shaped train, and in front has a flounce of old Val lace, festooned with rosettes of pink satin and apple green. It is the sweetest thing you ever saw, and fits—well, the fit of that gown is a dream of joy. But I've got an appointment with Mrs. Multiple this morning, and a lot to do first."

"Oh, she'll never be on time!" exclaimed Ellen.

"Be on time? Well, I rather think she will. Mrs. Multiple has learned that appointments with me are to be kept." Thus spoke Miss Judson with decision, drawing up her four-feet-eleven with dignity, and drawing lengths of pink flannel after her.

Then she ran to her room, where she brushed her blonde hair until it shone, adjusted several layers of stuffs deftly around her, darted through and emerged from a fetching arrangement of silk and lace, and covered all with a tailor-made costume that seemed to have been predestined to follow and fit into all the curves and lines of Miss Judson's trim little form.

Pausing a moment to give a vigorous polish to her nails, she put on her hat, adjusted carefully her veil, drew on an English walking-jacket, and, having moistened her fingers from a flask of white rose, she gave a touch to each side of her neck below her ear, and, laying another touch across her lips, she took up her gloves, with a parting look in her mirror, and went down-stairs.

"Good-bye, girls," she cried from the hall. The two girls rushed to the door. "Good-bye, Mame. How nice you look!"

Then Miss Mary Judson started for the shop of Draper & Co., where she was head-fitter on a salary of sixty-five dollars a week, and due at ten o'clock.

Except for her "Good morning, James," to the elevator-man, she might have been, from her demure manner, a customer going up to the third floor.

"Good morning, Miss Jones, Miss Kelly, Miss Madigan," she said, politely, to the young women who try on cloaks, as she passed to her own department.

A small girl ran to meet her and took her umbrella.

"Thanks, Katie; mother well?"

Then Miss Judson sat down in a chair and Katie got on her knees and took off the sandals and over-gaiters, while Miss Judson pulled off her gloves, unbuttoned her jacket, and removed her hat. These Katie took and put away.

"Now tell Miss Hemming I would like to see her, please."

Then Miss Judson fell to musing, and was so absorbed in thought that she did not hear Miss Hemming enter.

"Ah! Miss Hemming, good morning. Are the alterations basted in Miss Multiple's body?"

"Yes, Miss Judson; I think you will find them correct."

"Thanks. We will go now into the work-room."

Then Miss Judson rose and went with Miss Hemming into the great room where the women and girls were at work. From one to another Miss Judson passed. "No, Caroline, take looser stitches; you are drawing it too tight." "Miss Fitts, that is a very delicate color. I hope you will take care not to soil it." "That is very well done, Miss Jordan. I think you could put her on finishing, Miss Hemming. She has a nice touch."

So with words of criticism and encouragement Miss Judson made the tour of her dominion. Then she consulted the watch at her side. "It is Mrs. Multiple's appointment. Katie, go and take her to a fitting-room, then come back to me. Miss Hemming, send the gown, and I think you had better come, too."

"She's there and a-undressin', Miss Judson."

"Very well, Katie."

Then the procession moved, Miss Judson, followed by Katie with a stool, a woman with the rich brocade and lace, and Miss Hemming in the rear.

The two women greeted one another punctiliously, like high contracting parties. Miss Hemming helped Mrs. Multiple into her gown, Katie placed the stool, and, when all was ready, little Miss Judson mounted, and now, with gentle, decisive touch, she turned the great woman round and round, nipped and tucked with pliant finger. The imperious Mrs. Multiple shifted from one foot to another, drew long sighs of anxiety and weariness; but no word was heard except Miss Judson's monosyllabic demand for "pins" or "scissors."

"There, I believe that is all that is necessary, Mrs. Multiple; you will not need another fitting," said Miss Judson, with an air of calm dismissal. Then with a few sympathetic, reassuring words the proud Mrs. Multiple was left to fit herself to return to the world where she was supreme.

"Is Miss Bullion here?"

"Not yet"

"Not yet? That is too bad for her," said Miss Judson, amiably. "Mrs. Remington will be here at twelve."

A few minutes before the hour, the pretty Miss Bullion flew in.

"So sorry, Miss Judson. Really, now, I simply couldn't get here."

"I am sorry, too; so sorry," said the sympathetic little fitter. "Now, you will have to come again to-morrow, or possibly next day. I fancy to-morrow is filled up."

"Oh, Miss Judson! Please! I'm here now."

"So is Mrs. Remington. It's too bad, Miss Bullion, and I know you wanted your gown. But we were ready, Miss Bullion," said Miss Judson, sweetly.

Then Miss Bullion went sorrowfully away to arrange another appointment, and Miss Judson went to Mrs. Remington, followed by Katie with the stool. The two women were on the friendliest terms. While Miss Judson pinned, took in, and let out, they chatted of pipings and drapings. Mrs. Remington told her of Cecile's engagement, gave her two tickets to the charity ball, and invited her to bring her sisters to look on the parade on Decoration Day from Mrs. Remington's Fifth Avenue windows.

Thus, from room to room, Miss Judson passed. In one an over-blown blonde, having her waist lengthened two inches, in an effusion of gratitude, exclaims:

"Juddy, why don't you go into business for yourself. I'll back you. Take a house. I'll fill all the rooms you don't need for you, and me and all my lady friends will patronize you. I don't begrudge money for style; you know that, and you might just as well have the money of me and my friends as Draper."

In the next room poor little Mrs. Manifold, full of curiosity about peach-leaved Rosa Bland, whose high-pitched voice she heard. What sort of a creature was she? Was it true that she got a new gown every week and wore such beautiful things? And wouldn't Miss Judson tell her what Mrs. Multiple was going to wear to the ball? Nonsense, she would see her there, anyway. What difference would a few days make? And oh, the tiresome children and the wretched weather; it was a beastly world, anyway.

With Mrs. Manifold's complaints in her ear, Miss Judson climbed on her stool to reach jolly Miss Perkins, who told funny stories and laughed until her pins flew out. A messenger was waiting, Dublin Stout was dead, and Mrs. Dublin Stout, prostrated by grief, must be measured for her mourning.

"Take a cab, Mamie," said Draper himself, and Miss Mary Judson was rattling up to Seventy-Fourth Street. Mrs. Dublin Stout was in a bed draped in pink satin, and when she saw Miss Judson she broke into a loud wailing, which Miss Judson endeavored to soothe.

"Many's the time, Miss Judson, I've told you what a brute he was, Miss Judson. 'Deed, an' he was when he was alive; but now he's dead, Miss Judson, an' I'm all alone."

Meanwhile Miss Judson was hastily improvising a lining.

"I'm ready to fit you now, Mrs. Stout."

Mrs. Stout climbed from under her pink-satin canopy and gilded cherubs. The abandon of grief became eager alacrity.

"Let me get into my corsets. They're mean things to cry in, but going into black ain't going to make me forget any of my curves."

Thus Mrs. Dublin Stout forgot for a time that she had just been bereft.

Carrying back with her the indications of Mrs. Dublin Stout's curves, Miss Mary Judson found Mr. Draper, Sr., waiting for her.

"Send the things up, Mamie, and come into the office. I want to speak with you."

Miss Judson knew her ground too well to expect reproof, but she could have been knocked over with a feather, as she told the girls at home, when Mr. Draper told her that the firm had decided to send her to Paris to select the imported gowns and bonnets.

"You've got a live head on your shoulders, Mamie, and a keen eye. We're not afraid to trust you. We want you to go on the best steamship and stay at the best hotels. We'll give you a personal check, and you're to buy yourself an opera-gown and all the fixings. See all of the swells you can. They're better than fashion-plates and dressmakers, and we'll foot the bills."

Miss Judson was so overcome she did not know what to say.

"But you'll promise me not to discharge Katie while I'm gone? Her mother needs her wages."

Mr. Draper felt this was hardly to the point, but it was, Miss Judson mentally was on her journey, and then she thought of Katie, whose occupation would be gone.—*Evening Sun.*

THE DOINGS OF DELSARTE.

By Eugene Field.

In former times my numerous rhymes excited general mirth,
And I was then of all good men the merriest man on earth;
And my career
From year to year
Was full of cheer
And things,
Despite the few regrets *(perdieu)* which grim dyspepsy brings:
But now how strange and harsh a change has come upon the scene,
And horrors appall the life where all was formerly so serene—
Yes, wasting care hath cast its snare about my honest heart,
Because, alas! it hath come to pass my daughter's learnt Delsarte.

In flesh and joint and every point the counterpart of me,
She grew so fast she became at last a marvelous thing to see!
Long, gaunt, and slim, each gangling limb played stumbling-block to t'other—
The which excess of awkwardness quite mortified her mother.
Now, as for me, I like to see the carriages uncouth
Which certify to all the shy, unconscious age of youth;
If maidenkind be pure of mind, industrious, tidy, smart,
What need that they should fool away their youth upon Delsarte?

In good old times my numerous rhymes occasioned general mirth,
But now you see
Revealed in me
The gloomiest hard on earth!
I sing no more of the joys of yore that marked my happy life,
But rather those depressing woes with which the present's rife;
Unreconciled to that gaunt child (who's now a fashion-plate!)
One song I raise in Art's dispraise, and so do I fight with Fate;
This gangling bard has found it hard to see his counterpart
Long, loose, and slim, divorced from him by that heclic dude, Delsarte!

Where'er she goes,
She loves to pose
In classic attitudes,
And droop her eyes in languid wise and feign abstracted moods;
And she—my child—
(Who all so wild,
So helpless and so sweet
That once she knew not what to do with those great, big hands and feet)
Now comes and goes with such repose, so calmly sits or stands,
Is so discreet with both her feet, so deft with both her hands—
Why, when I see that satire on me, I give an angry start
And I utter one word (it is commonly heard) derogatory to Delsarte!

In years gone by 'twas said that I was quite a scrumptious man—
Conceit galore had I before this Delsarte craze began;
But now these wise
Folks criticise
My figure and my face,
And I opine they even incline to sneer at my musical hass;
Why, sometimes they presume to say this wart upon my cheek
Is not refined, and remarks unkind they pass on that antique;
With lusty hass and charms of face and figure will I part
Ere they extort this grand old wart to placate their Delsarte!

O wretched day (as all shall say who've known my muse before)—
When by this rhyme you see that I'm not in it any more!
Good-by the mirth that over earth diffused such keen delight—
The old-time bard
Of pork and lard
Is plainly out of sight!
All withered now about his brow the laurel fillets droop,
While Lachesis brews
For the poor old Muse
A portion of scalding soup!
So grave this line, O friends of mine! over my broken heart;
"He hustled and strove, and fancied he throve, till his daughter learnt Delsarte!"—*Chicago News.*

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Napoleon was one day searching for a book in the library at Malmaison, and at last discovered it on a shelf somewhat above his reach. Marshal Moncey, who was present—one of the tallest men in the army—stepped forward, saying: "Permit me, sire, I am higher than your majesty." "You are longer, marshal," said the emperor, with a frown.

An amusing incident occurred in the circuit court at West Point, Miss., recently (says the Atlanta *Constitution*). A negro boy, being tried for stealing two pairs of trousers, and, having no lawyer, Judge Campbell asked him if he desired to speak. He promptly replied in the affirmative, and fired "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck" at the judge and jury.

Thackeray was not a humorist in the sense that Dickens was, nor a wit in the sense that Jerrold was, but he now and then said a good thing in a quiet way. He was pestered on one occasion, while in America, by a young gentleman of an inquiring turn of mind as to what was thought of this person and that person in England. "Mr. Thackeray," he asked, "what do they think of Tupper?" "They don't think of Tupper," was the reply.

Lycurgus set about the reformation and alteration of the State of Sparta, and was advised by one individual to reduce everything to an absolute popular equality. But Lycurgus astonished him by saying: "Sir, suppose you begin the reform in your own house!" Similarly Dr. Johnson, when Mrs. Macaulay advocated similar measures, silenced her by saying: "Madam, I am now become a convert to your way of thinking. I am convinced that all mankind are upon an equal footing, and to give you an unquestionable proof, madam, that I am in earnest, here is a very sensible, civil, well-behaved fellow-citizen—your footman; I desire that he may be allowed to sit down and dine with us."

The point of the following story lies in the important part which the "threepenny bit" plays in church collections in England. Canon Blank was having a friendly game of pool at the 'squire's, and one of his opponents was Wigsby, the barrister. The canon lost a "life," and took from his pocket a threepenny piece to pay for it, which he placed on the edge of the table. "Oh," said Wigsby, "I see, canon, you have had your finger in the plate!" The canon drew himself up to his full height (a good six feet), and, looking the man of law full in the face, said: "I'm surprised that you, Mr. Wigsby, in the presence of this respectable company, have the audacity to recognize your own paltry contribution!"

It is generally supposed that it is only judges who have the power of shedding tears at an advanced age, but eminent counsel occasionally display this gift. A century ago it was common enough among lawyers. At Horne Tooke's trial, the attorney-general (Scott), who was against him, fell into the error of justifying his own character: "It is the little inheritance I have to leave to my children, and, with heaven's help, I will leave it unimpaired." Here he began to sob; and, not to be behindhand, the solicitor-general (Mitford) began to weep in concert. "Look at Mitford! What on earth is he crying for?" said a bystander to Tooke. "He is crying," was the reply, "to think of the little inheritance Scott's children are likely to get."

A Tammany brave (says the New York *World*) caused a flurry in the Treasury Department a day or two ago by ingeniously circumventing one of the cast-iron regulations provided for the clerks in Uncle Sam's big beehive. One of the rules most strictly enforced is that no employees can be seen by outsiders during business hours, "except in case of sickness or death." The Tammanyite was very anxious to see a friend before returning to New York, and, upon being informed of the rule, was for a moment at a loss how to proceed. Suddenly a bright idea struck him. "Please say to the chief of division," he said to the doorkeeper, in a plaintive tone, "that I want to see Brown very much. My grandfather is dead." The doorkeeper performed the errand with alacrity, and Brown speedily appeared and shook the Tammanyite's hand with much sympathy. "I am very sorry, old man, to hear of your grandfather's death," he said; "I know that sympathy don't amount to much on these occasions, but I am really very much pained." "Oh, that's all right," responded the New Yorker; "the old man died about twenty years ago. Come out and get a cocktail. I want to talk to you."

It is not generally known that John Bright's powers of sarcasm were almost unrivaled. Some of his sharpest utterances have been against members of the nobility. When boasts had been made of the antiquity of a prominent family, that their ancestors came over with the Conqueror, his reply was prompt: "I never heard that they did anything else." A noble lord once said, on the occasion of Mr. Bright's illness, that Providence was punishing him for misuse of talents by inflicting a disease of the brain. The following was Mr. Bright's sarcastic rejoinder when he resumed his seat: "It may be so; but, in any case, it will be some consolation to the friends and family of the noble lord to know that the disease is one which even Providence could not inflict upon him."

Sir George Airy, the noted astronomer, was of a shy and retiring disposition. An intimate friend remarked to him one day: "Have you ever observed Miss ——'s eyes? They have the property of double refraction." "Dear me! that is very odd!" he exclaimed; "I should like to see that. Do you think I might venture to call?" On receiving an affirmative answer, he took heart of grace and called. In the course of conversation, he asked permission to examine the young lady's eyes, to which she gracefully consented. The call was repeated in the interests of science. The problem grew so enthralling that he at length resolved to make it a life study, and finally plucked up enough courage to propose. He was accepted, and this strange wooing laid the foundation of many years of happy married life.

Poets find it difficult, if not impossible, to write poetry "to order." A distinguished poet, who was not long ago asked by the editor of a periodical if he would not write for him a poem within two weeks, answered the editor: "Yes, if you will exercise your influence with the muse in such a way as to compel her to visit me." The editor had no "influence with the muse," and lost his poem. Béranger, the famous French poet, whose greatest gift lay in writing little poems which he called songs, was particularly dependent upon these chance visits of the muse. He was once visited by the author and academician, Viennet, who said to him: "You must have written several songs since I saw you last." "I have only begun one," answered Béranger. "Only one! I am astonished!" exclaimed Viennet. Béranger became indignant. "Humph!" he shouted. "Do you think one can turn off a song as one turns off a tragedy?"

Robert Toombs, although he may have been a rash talker, was a safe counselor and evinced the nicest scruples in the practice of his profession. On one occasion he said to a client, who had stated his case to him: "Yes, you can recover in this suit, but you ought not to do so. This is a case in which law and justice are on opposite sides." The client told him he would push the case anyhow. "Then," replied Mr. Toombs, "you must hire some one else to assist you in your damned rascality." At another time, a lawyer went to him and asked what he should charge a client in a case to which Mr. Toombs had just listened in the courthouse. "Well," said Toombs, "I should charge a thousand dollars, but you ought to have five thousand, for you did a great many things that I would not have done." One more example of the view he took of a lawyer's duty to the community. Writing to his wife from Roanoke, his plantation in Stewart County, he said: "I was sent for night before last to appear in Lumpkin to prosecute a man for murder. As it appeared that the act was committed on account of a violation of the slayer's marital rights, I declined to appear against him."

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Gaelic.....Saturday, April 16
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Oceanic.....(via Honolulu).....Thursday, June 2

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Where the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the preceding Saturday.

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Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.:

City of Peking.....Monday, March 14, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio de Janeiro.....Tuesday, April 5, at 3 P. M.
China.....Thursday, April 28, at 3 P. M.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From Dec. 6, 1891.	ARRIVE.
7.00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 P
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	* 12.15 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga	6.15 P.
* 8.00 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa	* 6.15 P.
8.00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	Second-class Ogden and East, and first-class locally	10.45 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	4 45 P.
9.00 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	12.15 P.
12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore	7.15 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	* 9.00 P.
3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, & Stockton	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10 45 A.
4.30 P.	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P
5.00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 P
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	7.45 A.
.....	Niles and San José	‡ 6.15 P.
6.00 P.	Ogden Route Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	11.45 A.
‡ 7.00 P.	Vallejo	† .45 P.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	8.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

8.15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
* 2.15 P.	Centreville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	* 10 50 A
4.15 P.	Centreville, San José, and Los Gatos	9.50 A
† 1 .45 P.	Hunters' Train to Newark, Alviso, San José, and Los Gatos	‡ 8.05 P.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7.00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations	6 10 P.
10.37 A.	San José and Way Stations	5.10 P
12.15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations	4.00 P.
* 2.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way stations	* 10 48 A
* 3.30 P.	Menlo Park San José, and principal Way Stations	* 10 03 A.
* 4 15 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.06 A.
5.15 P.	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
† 11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	‡ 7.30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 29, 1891, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7.40, 9.20, 11.40 A. M.; 3.30, 5.00, 6.20 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1.50 P. M.
Sundays—8, 9.30, 11 A. M.; 2, 5, 6.15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6.25, 7.55, 9.30 A. M.; 12.45, 3.40, 5.05 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.30 P. M.
Sundays—8.10, 9.40, A. M.; 12.15, 3.40, 5, 6.25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6.50, 8.20, 9.55 A. M.; 1.10, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.55 P. M.
Sundays—8.25, 10.05 A. M 12 40, 4.05, 5.30, 6.50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. Week Days.	Leave San Francisco. Sundays.	Destination.	Arrive San Francisco Sundays.	Arrive San Francisco Week Days.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M. 5.00 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 9.30 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M. 7.25 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7.25 P. M.	6 10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M
7.40 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratog Springs, Blue Lakes, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydesville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays, to Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa, $2.25; to Healdsburg, $3.40; to Cloverdale, $4.50; to Hopland, $5.70; to Ukiah, $6.75; to Sebastopol, $2.70; to Guerneville, $3.75; to Sonoma, $1.50; to Glen Ellen, $1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, $1; to Santa Rosa, $1.50; to Healdsburg, $2 25; to Cloverdale, $3; to Ukiah, $4.50 to Hopland, $3.80; to Sebastopol, $1.80; to Guerneville $2.50; to Sonoma, $1; to Glen Ellen, $1.20.

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When Richard Brinsley Sheridan backed out of Drury Lane Theatre, with a tall spermaceti candle in each hand, to light King George the Third to his carriage, after the first performance of the "School for Scandal," his gracious majesty was pleased to observe: "Very good, Mr. Sheridan—very good, indeed; but you can't beat 'The Rivals.'" It was observations of this order, proceeding out of the sacred mouth of royalty, which induced Dr. Johnson to urge Goldsmith to get the king to go to see "She Stoops to Conquer." When matter-of-fact little Noll objected that he did not see what good it would do him to have the king see the play, the doctor retorted: "Very possibly, sir; but it might do him a great deal of good."

In our day, even kings know that the finished comedy with which Sheridan crowned his dramatic life at the age of twenty-six is superior as a work of art to the farce-comedy which he wrote at twenty-three and produced at Covent Garden under the title of "The Rivals." For though the latter will always hold the boards and remain a favorite so long as laughter marks the distinction between the human race and the brute, it is not as high art as "The School for Scandal," and the crudity of its plot and the exaggeration of its characters betray the prentice hand. Mrs. Malaprop, Bob Acres, and Sir Anthony are excruciatingly funny; but, after all, they are caricatures, drawn with the broad lines of Gilray or Hogarth. It is pretty difficult—for those who have not heard them before—to avoid laughing at Mrs. Malaprop's allegory on the banks of the Nile, or at her friend who is as graceful as a gazette; but such fun is cheap, and sounds strange in the mouth of one who is evidently a lady born and bred. Sir Anthony, who, storming like a whirlwind, will never admit that he can lose his temper, is an exaggeration of a type that is common enough; Sir Lucius is a comic exemplar of a type which was never common in real life. All this bears the same relation to high art that the funny pictures in the quack medicine almanacs bear to the delicate conceptions in *Life*.

There is another distinction. In "The School for Scandal," the dialogue flows freely and spontaneously; everybody says exactly the thing he or she should have said; only it is said tersely, neatly, brightly, as if it bubbled unconsciously out of a mind overflowing with natural wit. In "The Rivals," the dialogue is artificial and strained. Everybody has evidently resolved to be as funny as he can. The author wrote each cue—polished, sharpened, emery-powdered, and varnished it; then he sat himself down, and set himself the lesson of composing a repartee to that cue. He did not even spare the servants; they exude exotic jokes which might have been natural in Wills's coffee-house, but which sound as strange when they come from a butler's pantry as the shriek of a blue cockatoo in the branches of an Alaska pine. Everybody in the play is sworn by his fealty to be brilliant. And the brilliance is at times so forced that it strains the understanding of the audience. When, in the play as written—Mr. Jefferson drew his blue pencil through the sentence—Falkland draws Captain Absolute's attention to the fact that Lydia's duty and her inclination pointed to the same goal, the lover retorts:

"Yes, just as the eyes of a person who squints; when her love eye was fixed upon me, t'other, her eye of duty, was finely obliqued, but when duty bade her point that the same way, off turned t'other on a swivel, and secured its retreat with a frown."

Did any lover ever envelop in such a maze of words the simple thought that his sweetheart was coy and whimsical?

In readapting Sheridan's play for modern representation, Mr. Jefferson wisely cut off Falkland's head and tail, and killed Julia outright. This was excellent judgment; she had no more right to live than a pterodactyl. In the interests of science, we are trying to preserve those relics of a past age—the American buffalo, the great auk, and the moa of New Zealand; but nothing is to be gained, either for science, or art, or letters, by calling in the taxidermist to preserve the similitude of the young ladies who, a century and a half ago, exhausted all the figures of speech to describe the commotion of their gentle breasts, and wrote to their lovers letters fourteen pages long to explain why they would and they would not. They were unnatural, artificial, false creatures, and there is no need to resurrect them from the tomb where Tobias Smollett laid them to rest.

It is instructive to read, in Joe Jefferson's reminiscences, the motives which induced him to exchange Rip Van Winkle for Bob Acres. He was just a little tired of the part which he had played to hundreds of audiences, and in which he had found fame and fortune. He was familiar with "The Rivals." He had played Bob twenty years before. Yet it seemed to him that it had never been rightly conceived. His own conception he thus gives in his book:

"The variety of situations in which the author had placed Bob Acres; his arrival in town, with his shallow head full of nonsense and curl-papers, and his warm heart overflowing with love for an heiress, who could not endure him in the country because he used to dress so badly; a nature soft and vain, with a strong mixture of goose and peacock; his aping of the fashion of the town, with an unmistakable survival of rural manners; his swagger and braggadocio while writing a challenge; and, above all, the abject fright that falls upon him when he realizes what he has done—could the exacting heart of a comedian ask for more than these? Surely here was the best material to work out that I could desire."

The cast of this week is so strong that it deserves to compare with the cast of twenty years ago, at Wallack's, in New York, when it was said that the play had for the first time had full justice done it. The two casts were these:

Characters.	*New York.*	*San Francisco.*
Bob Acres	Becket	Joe Jefferson
Sir L. O'Trigger	?	Louis James
Sir Anthony Absolute	John Gilbert	W. F. Owen
Captain Absolute	Lester Wallack	J. H. Barnes
Mrs. Malaprop	Mrs. Ponisi	Mrs. John Drew
Lydia	Effie Gannon	Viola Allen

Two parts were more strongly cast in New York than here. Mr. Barnes is a good actor, but he has neither the figure, nor the style, nor the grace with which Lester Wallack invested the love-struck captain. Wallack was an ideal man of the world, handsome, dashing, easily prince; as a lover, he never was so intense as Fechter, or even Montague; but he played to perfection the conquering hero, who submits to be loved. It is no disparagement to Mr. Owen that he does not eclipse the noble veteran, of whom old play-goers can not think without a tear—John Gilbert. There never was so perfect a Sir Anthony as Gilbert; perhaps there never will be. He had the gift of letting his innate tenderness and his royal soul peep out from under his stage ferocity; he was a loving father when he stormed the loudest. He was a gentleman when he roared like a costermonger.

In every other part, the present cast has probably never been equaled. Becket was funny; but nobody is so funny as Joe Jefferson. Becket understood Acres, but Jefferson is the man, in flesh, blood, and bone, standing right there before you, acting quite naturally as Acres would have acted, saying the things Acres would have said, in the very tones he would have assumed. It is the absolute simplicity and truthfulness of the picture which make it so effective. As Goldsmith said of Garrick:

"On the stage he is natural, simple, affecting;
It is only when he is off he is acting."

Mrs. John Drew is the best Mrs. Malaprop this century has seen. It is a buffo part, and the actress who takes it generally relies upon her blunders of "orthodoxy" to carry it off without artistic effort. But Mrs. Drew, with the faithful conscientiousness which has marked her acting for half a century, has raised it to a high-comedy rôle, and has found in it touches of which the author was perhaps unconscious. She subjects the United States language to tortures crueler than the Inquisition ever devised. But she is always a lady, of high breeding and kindly inclinations.

The audience did itself honor by welcoming both these great artists with repeated rounds of applause. For they not only devote to the theatre a genius which would have secured them success in any profession; but they have consecrated to their art a lifetime which extends back to the days when theatres were accounted to be inventions of the devil, and when in scenes where the cheering cup goes round it was filled with molasses and water to spare the feelings of teetotalers. This very Joe Jefferson (who is so identified with the most charming romance of our early history that it will be a question among our grandchildren whether it was he or Rip who took that long sleep), began his career by jumping Jim Crow when Jackson was President; and Mrs. Drew, who antedates him by eight years, was dancing before the footlights in pantalettes, whose frills covered her pretty ankles, before Blaine was born.

Everybody should see "The Rivals." It is not the play which Sheridan wrote. That was in five acts; this is in three. That took five hours to perform; this takes barely three. All that was dull in the original version has been cut out. It was hardly fair for Warren to observe of the first performance of Jefferson's version that it reminded him of Buchanan Read's poem on the battle—"Sheridan twenty miles away." Nor was it just to send Jefferson, as the most appropriate Christmas present he could receive, a copy of the play with everything cut out except the part of Bob Acres. All that was good in the parts of Mrs. Malaprop, the two Absolutes, and Sir Lucius O'Trigger has been faithfully preserved. All that has been expurgated can be spared. There are few of these old plays which may not be improved by a judicious use of the blue pencil. If Sheridan himself could be got out of his grave, he would have to confess that Mr. Jefferson's genius is as manifest in his work as editor as it is in his interpretation of the chief part in the piece.

At the theatres during the week commencing March 14th: Joseph Jefferson in "The Rivals" and "The Heir at Law"; the Tivoli Opera Company in "Nanon"; Frederick Warde in "The Mountebank," etc.; McKee Rankin in "The Runaway"; and "The Spider and the Fly."

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Ovide Musin and his concert company are heading westward, and will soon play a brief engagement here before his departure for the Colonies.

For his second and last week, Mr. Jefferson will play on Monday and Wednesday evenings "The Heir at Law," in which he will be Dr. Pangloss. The rest of the week will be devoted to "The Rivals."

"Bluff King Hal" has been secured by the Tivoli management, and is already being carefully rehearsed. It will be given after the run of "Nanon," and will have the strongest cast the excellent stock company can afford.

The Bostonians will be here in another week with "Robin Hood" and two new operas, "The Knickerbocker," by Smith and De Koven, and "The Scout." Their company includes Jessie Bartlett-Davis, Karl, Barnahee, MacDonald, Hoff, Fotheringham, Cowles, and Dixon, and two new sopranos, Camille d'Arville and Carrie Millzner Hamilton.

Genée's popular light opera, "Nanon," is to be given at the Tivoli next week, with the following cast:

Nanon Patin, Gracie Plaisted; Ninon de l'Enclos, Tillie Salinger; Mme. de Maintenon, Grace Vernou; Gaston, Kitty Marcellus; De Frontenac, Emma Vorce; Houliers, Irene Mull; Marquise d'Aubigne, Warwick Ganor; Marquis de Marsillac, Ferris Hartman; Hector de Marsillac, Will Henshaw; Abbé la Plate, E. N. Knight; Jaqueline, Aggie Millard; Sergeant, G. Napoleoni; Bombardini, D. H. Smith; Baptiste, J. P. Wilson; Pierotto, Nat E. Cantor; Commissair, George Harris.

Edwin Stevens, who took his first flights as a comedian on the Tivoli stage, is a personage in the Eastern theatrical world and is placed in the front rank of comic opera comedians with Francis Wilson, DeWolf Hopper, and Digby Bell, all three of whom are now stars. But Stevens is to desert the lyric stage at the completion of his engagement at the Casino, and has been engaged by Charles Frohman to be a character comedian in "straight" comedy.

The fate of Oscar Wilde's play "Lady Wildemere's Fan"—which is slated by the critics, avoided by the provincials, and probably not very bad—is entirely lost sight of in the discussion that is waging as to whether the cigarette Oscar held in his hand, when he came out in response to calls for the author, was or was not lighted. Not less observed than the cigarette was the green gardenia he wore in his coat—a fancy he picked up in Paris and which is now all over London.

The dramatization of Dr. Samuel Warren's famous old novel, "Ten Thousand a Year," in which Richard Mansfield has the rôle of Tittlebat Titmouse, was but coldly received at first in New York. But Mansfield likes the rôle, and will doubtless push the play to success, as he did "Don Juan." But little of the old story is left, they say, except Tittlebat and Oily Gammon, Esq. By the way, Thackeray, were he alive, would doubtless be delighted at the obscurity that envelops "my favorite snobs, the Aubreys."

Loie Fuller's demand for an increase of salary, after creating a furore with her serpentine dance at the Casino, has pricked the iridescent bubble and shivered the beautiful salary of two hundred dollars a week that she and her managers said was the least she would consent to lift her dainty *bottine* for; it has withered to a paltry fifty dollars. Apropos of the way actors and managers have of giving inflated statements of salaries, a lawyer tells that he had four interviews with a client, once, an actor who was suing his manager, before the actor confessed that his salary was not two hundred and fifty dollars a week, but only seventy-five dollars.

Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s New Departure.

A goodly portion of the stationery now used by the ladies of San Francisco comes from Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s new store. The firm has handled stationery at wholesale for years and knows all about it, but it is only since the new store on Market Street, opposite the end of Grant Avenue, has been occupied that it has had room to do a retail trade in this department.

Now the handsome show-cases are constantly filled with the latest, the prettiest, and the swellest styles of note and letter-paper, correspondence cards, and all the thousand and one varieties of stationery that society prescribes for her devotees. And the company has supplemented this by opening an engraving department, where orders for calling-cards, invitations, wedding announcements, and other ceremonious communications are being engraved and printed in the highest style of the art. Some of the most fashionable people in town have their engraving done by Sanborn, Vail & Co.

Still another new department is devoted to leather goods. But there is nothing of the novice in the way the firm is selling these pretty goods. There are purses, card-cases, wallets, dressing-cases, and all manner of leather conveniences in all manner of pretty styles, and they are sold at remarkably low prices. Sanborn, Vail & Co. will soon have worked a revolution in the stationery and leather-goods trade in this city.

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SECRETARY BLAINE'S MISFORTUNES.

Mr. Blaine's letter defending his son, and namesake, and his wife, has caused much gossip in Washington (says the *Sun's* correspondent). It has long been a faculty of Mr. Blaine's to know when and how to take the public into his confidence. It has been his custom for many years, when he has had something important to convey to the people through the press, to call to his aid the regular news associations, and always to give out his information at a time when the newspapers are not taken up with other important matters. Thus it is that he has always chosen Sunday night for giving to the press his most important communications, and he followed that practice in his recent letter announcing that he is not a candidate for the Presidency. He so timed this last letter, also, that it might be sent out on Sunday night that it might attract the great majority of readers as the chief topic of the day.

The death of Walker Blaine, the oldest son; of Mrs. Coppinger, the oldest daughter; and of the sister of Mrs. Blaine; and the scandal caused by the repeated misbehavior of James G. Blaine, Jr., which culminated in his secret marriage, have broken the health and the spirit of Mrs. Blaine, as well as that of her husband, until both of them are far different persons in appearance and feeling to what they were a few years ago. She is no longer a social leader, as she was then, and he has lost much of his good health and fine spirits.

James G. Blaine, Jr., since he was a boy in dresses, has been a source of trouble to his family, and even the father makes him out to be little better than a weak-headed and devil-may-care young man. Young Mr. Blaine became a man about town in Washington when he was about fifteen years old, and was never known to have any real friends among the young men of his age and circumstances. He felt that his misdoings would all be forgiven, as many of them were, on the ground that he was the son of his father; but this did not save him from being blackballed in the clubs and discarded by the young men with whom he would naturally be associated.

Miss Nevins spent one or two seasons in Washington just previous to the time of meeting young Mr. Blaine in Augusta, in 1886. She was very popular in society, and made a hit by her beauty and cleverness at an amateur performance of the opera of "Paul and Virginia," where she appeared in a gauzy and becoming costume, of which silk tights were the most striking part. Her acquaintances in Washington have generally been of the opinion that she was mainly responsible for the marriage, and, therefore, little sympathy has been expressed for her. Neither has her husband been an object of sympathy. The young man has taken particular pains to make himself conspicuous during the past two or three years, and on the very night that the decree of divorce was announced by the Dakota judge, he made his appearance at several entertainments, evidently regarding himself as something of a social lion. It is not known what future his father has decided upon for him. He is at present said to be a clerk in the office of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, in Philadelphia, at a small salary, and now that he has been divorced, his father will, perhaps, find a more lucrative and congenial place for him.

A Bundle of Wires.

Nervous people are often likened to a bundle of wires, so sensitive are they to the least outside vibration. The brain and stomach are connected with a great sympathetic cord or nerve, and trouble in the stomach is reflected by the organs of thought. Invigoration is the proper means of overcoming nervousness. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the finest tonic in existence and a thorough remedy for constipation, biliousness, malaria, and other ailments.

The twelfth edition of Ayer's "American Newspaper Annual," which has just been issued for the current year, is a bulky volume of fourteen hundred pages, of which only one hundred and fifty are devoted to advertisements. But no space has been wasted, and every entry is of value to the advertising public. It is a descriptive list of the newspaper press, a gazetteer of the places in which the papers and magazines are published, and a guide to the intelligent placing of general and special advertising. It enumerates some nineteen thousand periodicals, which are given in three lists—grouped by States, by counties, and by the classes into which the publications may be divided. In the first list are entered names of publications and of their proprietors and editors, date of founding, frequence of issue, political or other special complexion, and finally the circulation—these latter being from sworn statements, estimated, or as furnished by the proprietor, each source of information being plainly indicated. Published and for sale, postpaid, by N. W. Ayer & Son, Newspaper Advertising Agents, Philadelphia; price, $5.00.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Flykyns—"Do you believe in family resemblance?" *Slykyns*—"I did, until I saw the cousin our servant-girl has."—*Evening Sun.*

Askitt—"What in your opinion is the most indispensable qualification of a poet?" *Nowitt*—"An independent fortune."—*New York Sun.*

Miss Rapidde—"How's that new novel?" *Merritt*—"It isn't bad." *Miss Rapidde*—"Pshaw! What's the good of reading it?"—*Evening Sun.*

The gifted author—"In my new romance the heroine never marries." *The buds of several seasons*—"Alas! That is not romance—it is realism."—*Life.*

Mr. Rhoades—"When I was traveling down South among the crackers——" *Miss Athenia Hubbs* (of Boston)—"You mean among the biscuits, do you not, Mr. Rhoades?"—*Puck.*

"Are you the head-barber?" asked Spatts, as he took his seat in the chair. "Yes, sir; replied the artist; "you don't see a chiropodist's sign hanging up in the shop, do you?"—*S. G. & Co.'s Monthly.*

"Where to-night?" "I am going to congratulate Miss Beaufort." "What's your rush? The engagement didn't come out till this morning." "I know it, but I want to call before it is broken."—*Life.*

Inquirer—"Why do so few people come to the opera?" *Manager*—"Because our prices are so high." *Inquirer*—"Why do you keep the prices so high?" *Manager*—"Because so few people come."—*Puck.*

"It's but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous." "How so?" "Here's a man offers one thousand dollars for a bird dog. That's sublime. Here's the owner, who won't take it. That's ridiculous."—*Ex.*

Clergyman (to dying parishioner)—"My friend, are you not afraid to meet your Creator?" *Parishioner*—"No, sir; to tell the truth, it's the other party that I'm more afraid of meeting."—*S. G. & Co.'s Monthly.*

"This man has been ogling women, your honor," said the policeman. "Ah!" returned his honor; "a sort of stare-case, eh?" Whereat the prisoner laughed so beartily that the case against him was dismissed.—*Ex.*

Mrs. Potter—"Well, I wonder what kept you out all night this time?" *Jack Potter*—"I sat up with a sick friend." *Mrs. Potter*—"What was his complaint?" *Mr. Potter*—"He complained that the rest of us cheated him."—*Puck.*

"Do I have to stick this stamp on myself?" asked a dude of the clerk at the post-office. "Oh, no," replied the clerk; "you couldn't go in the mail-bags, and besides, that is a letter stamp, and you are not first-class male matter."—*New York Sun.*

Street-car driver (mysteriously)—"That young woman wot got in at Tenth Street, and the other young woman wot got in at Eleventh Street, is both company spotters. Look out fer y'rself." *Conductor* (confidentially)—"That's all right. I'm engaged to both of 'em."—*New York Weekly.*

Passenger (on Southern railroad at eleven A. M.)—"How far is Wing Wang Junction, conductor?" *Conductor*—"Ten miles from here." *Passenger*—"What time is this train due there?" *Conductor*—"Three o'clock." *Passenger*—"To-day?"—*Bazar.*

The Crystal Baths.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supplying; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

Our friends the Democrats are affrighted and tormented by a large, empty, yet exceedingly efficient ghost that stalks about the political grave-yard under the name of David B. Hill. The most conspicuous peculiarity of this specter is its silence, which it scarcely ever breaks, in tones sepulchral or other. And when the simulacrum does speak, the Democracy first scratches its hair in bewilderment and then tears it in despair. For no oracle ever excelled this ghost in the impressive art of uttering speech without direct meaning. Why the Democracy, or any considerable part of it, should be continually moved to charge the New York specter to speak is not clear to the rational mind, since nobody, not even the most superstitious Democrat, is under the illusion that the ghost possesses ideas on any subject worth listening to. The cause of such urgent curiosity appears to be, however, that Mr. Hill has advertised his desire to be President. That desire, so far as has been made manifest, is his only qualification for the office. There is no doubt about the desire. Hill is the Tarquin of contemporary politics. Nobody has nominated him as a candidate except himself, yet the validity of the nomination is recognized by his party, as is shown by its insistence on extorting his views—particularly his views on the silver question. Congressman Harter, of Ohio, has even gone so far as formally to address an "open letter" to the spook which haunts his party, demanding its silvern opinions. If Mr. Hill has opinions on this subject he is determined to keep them locked within the large vacancy of his own skull. His working theory is that a gentleman who desires to be President of the United States should carry an intellectual valise containing as few opinions as possible—merely a brush and comb composed of gold and silver mingled in indefinite proportions, a reversible tariff paper collar, a civil-service-reform tooth-brush, with all the bristles gone, and a large quantity of light but filling feathers plucked from that useful bird known as General Principles. Thus equipped, he considers himself ideally outfitted for the White House trip, and thinks his party ought to be delighted to see him start.

But his party is not—at least, not all of it. The average Democrat admires Hill, and the workers are wild for him. They know that he understands the business of machine politics from the ground up; that he has made his way to the quarter-deck of the Senate through the hawse-hole of the New York slums; that he has comprehending sympathy with the beeler, the ballot-box stuffer, the vote-counter, hiding the bit of graphite under his finger-nail, the manipulator of returns, the vote-buyer, and with all who are adepts in the dodges of the criminal side of politics. They know, further, that as governor of New York he never himself drew back from any prostitution of the power of his office that would help his party; they know that he is adored by the whisky-sellers, the roughs, and the swarms of simian Irish of the tenements, and that every potency and agency for good—political, religious, and moral—in his State abhors him as a man without principle or conscience. This latter fact endears him the more to the Democratic workers throughout the country, inasmuch as it proves him to be no Pharisee, but one who, were he in the White House, would be there for the benefit of his party and rain manna on the "boys."

Nevertheless there are Democrats who are awake to the fact that a Presidential candidate ought in decency to stand for something more than dexterity in political crime and influence with the dregs of a great city's population. Things being equal between the parties, those dregs may decide a Presidential election, but thoughtful Democrats are aware that a candidacy which is a frank appeal at the very beginning to those dregs is liable to make things disastrously unequal by the time voting-day arrives. New York city is not all of the United States, and there are other voters to be considered besides the unclean savages who live in tenement-houses. These enlightened Democrats see that by no magnifying process, by no shifting of the camera of examination, can Mr. Hill be made to appear as other than the thing he is—a very small and very dirty politician, whose notion of true statesmanship is to dodge every "dangerous" question—that is, to shuffle and lie whenever confronted with a question about which there is a serious difference of opinion.

Asked what he thinks of the proposition to make the coinage of silver free, Hill answers: "Every dollar, whether of gold, silver, or paper, ought to be of equal value the world over." But pressed to tell how he would accomplish this desirable result, he runs off to New York to "confer with the leaders"—otherwise to consult with the Irish bosses on how to keep the tenement tribes and their chiefs in good humor.

Asked what he thinks should be done to carry out his party's free-trade policy, he replies: "Demand the repeal of the McKinley law, and stand on that." He declines to say what features of the tariff, if any, need reform.

Such is the entire outfit of this Presidential candidate who is succeeding in saddling himself upon the back of the uneasy but helpless Democratic ass. It would be comic were it not so disgraceful—so fearfully indicative of the growth in political power of the lowest, most ignorant, and most vicious elements in the republic's population. It is appalling that one of the great parties in the United States should be able to consider for an instant the advisability of nominating to our highest office a man like David B. Hill. The bare suggestion is an indictment not only of the intelligence of a party that embraces half our people, but also of the general morality and patriotism. Of course if Hill were to be nominated, he would be beaten worse than Greeley was, and the Democracy taught a terrible lesson. But the alarming thing in the situation is that an American political party should be on the verge of putting itself in the way of needing such a lesson.

A city which it is natural to compare with San Francisco is Melbourne, the chief seaport of Victoria in Australia. The two cities are coeval. California was admitted to the Union in 1850; Victoria was set apart from New South Wales, of which it had constituted the southern division, in 1851. In 1837, Lord Melbourne consented to give his name to the new city at the head of Port Philip; ten years later the name of Yerba Buena was changed to San Francisco. In 1851, a census gave Melbourne a population of 23,000; in 1852, another census gave San Francisco 34,870. Gold was discovered in California in 1848; the like discovery was made in Australia in 1851. In 1849, the adventurous, the hopeful, the enterprising from all parts of the world flocked to San Francisco; two years later the same classes steered for the Antipodes. The two cities are certainly contemporary.

But though the parallelism may be extended to much greater lengths, it is soon perceived that Melbourne and San Francisco did not start out in the battle of life on equal terms or with equal equipment. The California city enjoyed from the beginning marked advantages over its rival. Though it was not in the heart of civilization, it formed part of one of the most progressive and most prosperous countries in the world; it was its natural back-door, which stood open, and was easily reached; whereas Melbourne, in thirty-eight degrees south, was completely out of the world, thousands of miles from any center of trade or civilization. Behind both cities lay long stretches of fertile back country. But San Francisco was surrounded on every side with regions of promise—the populous east divided from it by the continental range; Mexico, at the south, with untold mineral wealth; populous Asia right in front of it, requiring all that Christian civilization produces, and able to pay for all it needs; at the North, the greatest body of inland water in the world bounded by inexhaustible forests; whereas Melbourne looked out on nothing more cheerful than ice-fields sweeping round the Antarctic continent with desolate monotony. San Francisco, with a harbor in which all the navies in the world can ride in safety, is so truly a seaport that a projectile from a modern gun can reach her from the ocean; Melbourne stands nine miles up the Yarra Yarra River, which itself empties into the estuary of Port Philip. Vessels of any draft can sail up to the wharves at San Francisco; there are thirty feet of water on the bar at low tide; at the mouth of the Yarra Yarra, there are but nine feet of water, and a vessel which draws ten, grounds. The climate of San Francisco knows no extremes of heat or cold; a bracing air blows continuously from the ocean; the mortality is as low as anywhere in the world, being, in an average of years, under eighteen to the thousand; whereas the great city of Victoria is subject to long spells of damp heat, which are enervating, exhausting, and sometimes fruitful of disease.

With these advantages, San Francisco ought to have outstripped the Australian city. But as a matter of fact, Melbourne is a long way ahead.

Its population is 480,000; that of San Francisco about 300,000. Melbourne is a city built of stone, marble, brick,

and iron, while San Francisco's buildings are chiefly of wood, covered with cheap stucco. We have no buildings in San Francisco which will compare with the Houses of Parliament at Melbourne, the city hall, the post-office, the university, or the Wesleyan church; our Academy of Sciences is a poor rival to their museum; we have nothing whatever that is like their Gallery of Art, which for many years has been receiving $50,000 a year from the province for the purchase of pictures. Within the city of Melbourne are four small parks—the Fitzroy, Treasury, Flagstaff, and Carlton—dense networks of foliage, and avenues of oak, elm, and plane-trees. Around the city are five great parks—the Royal Park, of 600 acres; the Yarra Park, of 300 acres; the Botanic Gardens, of 200 acres; the Albert Park, of 500 acres; the Studley Park, of 200 acres. Besides these parks, the suburbs surrounding Melbourne have their own parks. With all this, our Golden Gate Park contrasts but feebly. There are no streets in San Francisco so broad, so well paved, so clean, so imposing, as the streets of Melbourne. We have no wharves like theirs. Their newspapers are great journals, conducted by scholars for the information of an enlightened community; they make our small-beer chronicles seem ludicrous. Finally, the foreign trade of Melbourne is very nearly double that of San Francisco.

It is that foreign trade which has built up the chief city of Victoria. The instruments by which it is conducted put our maritime fleets to shame. Though Melbourne is on the very edge of the civilized world, and a steamer heading for it from Europe must round one of the two southern capes, it has, at the present moment, no less than twelve lines of large ocean steamers plying regularly to and from European ports, and some ocean steamer sails out of Port Philip every day of the week.

The Great Peninsular and Oriental Company sends a steamer from Southampton to Melbourne every alternate Thursday. Once a month a first-class steamer of the French Messageries Company clears from Marseilles for the same point. The Deutsche Australische Company dispatches a vessel once every three weeks, and the Nord Deutsche Lloyd one every four weeks. Once every two weeks the Orient Line dispatches a steamer, Boulder Brothers another, the Lund Company another, the Tyser Company another. The New Zealand Company keeps up a regular service, dispatching a steamer once every four weeks, and Shaw, Savill & Albion alternate with them, sending thirteen steamers a year. This is besides the steam service of the Anglo-Australasian Company and the Aberdeen Company; it does not reckon the tramp steamers which, when freights are low elsewhere, run into Melbourne for wool or wheat, and pick up a return cargo of coal at Sydney or Newcastle.

If the phenomenal growth of Melbourne, as compared with San Francisco, is not due to the larger development of the maritime intercourse of the former city with Europe, it must be admitted that it is a curious coincidence. Here are two cities, which start simultaneously in the race of life, with pretty nearly equal advantages; and after forty years, one of them is found to be far ahead of the other in population, wealth, and all the elements of civilization. Simultaneously it is found that one of them has practically no maritime intercourse with the rest of the world, while the other has constant and rapid intercourse by sea. Is it not natural to detect here a case of cause and effect?

We are told that allowance must be made for the superior quality of the race or races from which the population of Melbourne sprang. It was mainly peopled by Scotch and English, while San Francisco was largely peopled by immigrants from France, Italy, and Ireland. The difference deserves consideration, but it can not account for the whole superiority of the colonial city. Victorians have certainly been more enterprising than San Franciscans—why, it might be worth while trying to discover. Meantime, it is still better worth while inquiring whether it is not possible, at this late day, to try to repair the errors of the past, and to see if the agencies which have built up Melbourne might not be beneficially enlisted in the service of San Francisco.

It has been supposed that, pending the conclusion of a treaty for policing Behring Sea, the *modus vivendi* agreed upon last spring would last throughout this year. But, for some reason which has not been disclosed, Lord Salisbury seems to object to that arrangement. A pressure from Canada probably indisposed him to assent to an understanding which practically excluded British Columbian sealers from pursuing their vocation of pelagic sealing in Behring Ocean.

Readers of the *Argonaut* have been familiar with this controversy all through. From the time when John Sherman assumed control of the Treasury Department, in 1877, to the time when Mr. Blaine was compelled to consider it as an international question, in 1890, the United States occupied an attitude which was indefensible in theory and was irreconcilable with American tradition. They allowed their concern for the preservation of the fur-seal to drive them into maintaining that territorial jurisdiction could extend over high seas, and that it was in the power of the American Government to prohibit fishing on one of the oceans of the globe. They permitted the Alaska Commercial Company to persuade them to adopt a policy which stultified the action of the United States in the dispute over the sound dues, and which repudiated the contention of Mr. Adams in 1825 and that of Mr. Seward in 1866. It was not till Mr. Blaine was brought face to face with the danger of such a policy that the government abated its pretensions, so as to acquiesce in the undisputed proposition of international law that territorial jurisdiction is bounded by the three-league limit, and that seizures of foreign sealers beyond that limit in Behring Sea, or any other sea, are unjustifiable.

This concession being forced on the government by the ruling of the Supreme Court in the Sayward case, the rest was easy. It is the interest of all civilized peoples that the fur-seal should not be exterminated in Behring Sea, as it has been exterminated in the South Pacific. In comparison with such a calamity, the private gains of a few sealing steamers owned in San Francisco or at Victoria are not to be considered for a moment. All nations, and especially the most active maritime nations—the United States and Great Britain—are interested in preserving an animal whose pelt is of large value and universal use. The moment, therefore, that the United States admitted that Behring Sea was not an American lake, it became a mere matter of detail to provide a system by which the Sea of Behring should be policed, and that sealing should be conducted therein under regulations which guarded the fur-seal from extinction. It was understood that this detail work would be arranged in 1891, either by a joint squadron such as patroled the Coast of Guinea against the slave trade between 1845 and 1860, or by restrictions upon the sale of the products of pelagic sealing. This expectation has not been realized, and the present prospect is that sealing will continue this season in the Sea of Behring, because there is no authority anywhere to check it.

This is much to be regretted. But so far as is known—whatever has been the case in the past—no blame now attaches to the United States. Every facility has been afforded to the owners of Canadian vessels, seized by American revenue-cutters, to sue for damages in the court of claims. When they recover, as they must do, no obstacle will be thrown in the way of the passage of an appropriation to indemnify them. The government at Washington has evinced a disposition to meet Great Britain half-way in adopting measures to prevent such controversies in future—we were quite willing to stop the seizures; but we expected in return that the authorities of British Columbia should use proper endeavors to prevent pelagic sealing in Behring Sea by vessels flying the British flag. Whether there have been any such endeavors is not known. It is feared that there have been none this year.

The Canadians appear to take the ground that it is better that the fur-seal should perish than that the owners of sealing-craft at Victoria should not make money. They say that the sea is open, as it undoubtedly is, and they object to a treaty which would keep them out of it. Lord Salisbury seems to be so afraid of offending them that he allows them to coerce him into a position which is inconsistent with a due concern for the broad interests of commerce and industry. If he is rightly reported, he takes the ground that, on due consideration, her majesty's government does not see its way to excluding any class of British subjects from an industry which is in itself legitimate, and is only blameworthy because of its ultimate effects. Such an attitude can only be described in one word—it is disgraceful.

The United States is not going to war with England for the sake of a few fur-seals. But neither will it acquiesce in the extermination of the fur-seal to satisfy Canadian greed without a bitter afterthought. Americans are ready to make every allowance for the straits in which the tottering administration of Lord Salisbury has placed itself. They understand that the Canadians have friends in Parliament, and that the Tory government would rather do wrong than offend them. But they observe with regret that the tendency of Lord Salisbury's policy will be to confirm the impression that British governments are all the same—always ready to sacrifice principle to expediency, and to venture as far in the direction of being offensive to foreign nations as a wholesome dread of war will permit them to go.

But the United States holds the whip hand. If Canada persists in her selfish and greedy policy, this country will retaliate in a most effective manner. A change in some few lines of Treasury regulations will prohibit the passage through this country of goods in bond shipped over Canadian railway lines. This will mean the loss to Canada of many millions of dollars annually. The United States is all right.

A short time ago the Chicago *Tribune* conceived the idea of making an inquiry to determine whether the provisions of the Interstate Commerce Law were being carried out in the Western States, and if not, why not. That journal knew, by common report, that the law was being evaded, and not only evaded but flatly violated, and it determined to probe the matter to the bottom, and determine whether the fault lay in the law itself or in the way it was administered.

The *Tribune* sent its representatives through five of the great Western States—Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, and Minnesota. Both shippers and railway men were seen, State officials and members of State Railway Commissions were interviewed, and bankers, merchants, and others interested in the commerce of the country and in the effects of railway management were talked with. There were more than one hundred separate interviews had and their results collated before any expression of opinion was ventured on or any conclusion sought to be drawn. When, however, the preliminary work was done and the testimony assembled and digested, the *Tribune* announced its conclusion, namely, that the Interstate Commerce Law was being systematically violated by fraudulent collusion between the railroad companies and certain preferred shippers, whom the paper did not hesitate to name and denounce.

The Interstate Commerce Law, as is well known, forbids discrimination for or against shippers similarly situated—that is to say, if there be two men in the same town shipping wheat to the same place, the man who ships one car-load is entitled to just the same rate as the man who ships a hundred or a thousand car-loads. This rule, which is the very basis and substratum of the law, was found to be violated by nearly every railroad doing any considerable portion of the grain hauling from the West. The *modus operandi* was simplicity itself. The shipper was furnished with expense bills with each shipment, which he retained. On presentation of these bills, showing the amount of grain shipped and the freight paid according to the regular published tariff, the favored shipper received from some official high in the management of the company a cash rebate. There were no papers, bills, or receipts passing either way in the matter, and there was not a scrap of written evidence of the transaction. The tracks were covered so completely as to defy investigation, the money paid for the rebates being charged to some account which required no vouchers to support it. To such an extent was this rebate business carried by one road last year, that when the annual accounts came to be fixed up the auditor was at a loss to know how to handle the account, and a special meeting of the board of directors had to be called to devise some way of absorbing the amount of cash rebates that had been paid back to the favored shippers of that particular road.

A firm in Baltimore, which was the favorite of the Ohio and Mississippi Road and the Baltimore and Ohio Road, sold corn in Baltimore which they had bought in Nebraska at a price which would have entailed a loss of four cents a bushel had regular railway rates been paid. Another firm in New York, one of the favored few, sold Toledo corn in New York at a rate which would mean a loss of 3.76 cents a bushel, if schedule rates had been paid. Minneapolis millers have been able to send flour to the Atlantic seaboard to the extent of eighteen hundred car-loads a day, while Kansas millers could not ship flour of equal quality, and which would command just as good a price, without losing money on every shipment, the explanation being that the Minneapolis millers were "taken care of" somewhere between the shipping-point and the seaboard, and the Kansas millers were not.

The evasion and violation of the law can not be denied in face of this exposure, of which the foregoing is only the merest outline. The next question is: Can anything be done to remedy this state of things?

The *Tribune* concludes, after careful study and examination, that the law is all right in principle, but that its administration is so defective that it puts a premium on dishonesty, for the railroads that obey it in good faith can not compete with those which offer special inducements to heavy shippers in the way of *sub rosa* rebates in cash, which tells no tales.

One obstacle to the success of the Interstate Commerce Law has been the frequent changes in the personnel of the commission. The government pays each commissioner seven thousand five hundred dollars a year; but so soon as one learns his business some railway company comes along and offers him twenty thousand dollars a year to enter its employ, and he naturally accepts, carrying to his new employer the knowledge and experience he has gained while in the service of the government. To such an extent has this prevailed, that President Harrison is said to have required recent appointees to promise that they would serve out their term of office.

But even if this difficulty were removed, it would not better matters materially. The system of rebates could go on, no matter who the commissioners might be. There must be some effectual remedy discovered, and that the *Tribune* believes it has found in what it calls government pooling of earnings, making government officers commissioners so they can control the situation, and providing adequate penalties

for violation. This plan would include a clearing-house, through which the earnings of all roads should go, and this would result in putting the roads of the United States where they could earn something on the money invested; and, on the other side, would secure to the people stable rates.

The natural and inevitable sequence of government control of earnings would be government ownership of the roads, and it is to this conclusion that the *Tribune* points, although it does not say so in exact terms.

Mr. Deacon's shot in Cannes and Lieutenant Hetherington's in Yokohama have drawn world-wide attention to our "colonies" abroad, and momentarily lifted the veil from their social life. The glimpses given are not agreeable, morally or otherwise. It is quite extraordinary the amount of notice that is taken of these menageries of Americans in foreign lands. Their business, pleasures, and scandals occupy a quantity of space in the newspaper dispatches ridiculously out of proportion to their importance. This occurs because of the assumption that the colonies are composed of superior people, which assumption is founded on the circumstance that they usually have a good deal of money. As a matter of fact, these expatriated Americans, when not kept where they are by business, are, generally speaking, small-bore idlers, devoid of any respectable purpose in life. The men are for the most part club-loungers who gamble and drink more than is good for them, in the effort to dispel that ennui which is the curse of a contracted mind. The women are usually absorbed wholly in dress, social struggling, and amusement—fit mates for their yawning lords. The colony itself, instead of having that broad, cosmopolitan spirit with which it is admiringly and enviously credited at home, is in reality a petty village, planted amid a population differing wholly from it in language and customs, neither understanding or respecting it except for its money. No village, lost in the God-fearing wilds of New England, could be narrower or pettier than the American fashionable colonies of London and Paris, for example, nor more completely absorbed in its own small affairs. They are as provincial as Stockton, and neither of them is much larger.

In the accounts that have been printed of Lieutenant Hetherington's shooting of his wife's paramour, much has been said of "public opinion" in Yokohama, as though it made the least difference to anybody on earth what view that hamlet chose to take of the facts. The foreign colony at Yokohama, made up of English, Americans, and Germans, numbers, all told, about three thousand—not twice the population of Los Gatos, including the bichloridians. And we venture to say that Los Gatos is by far the more civilized community. The newspapers of a place are a pretty good index to its intelligence and culture. Those of Yokohama are as fine in their way as our esteemed contemporary, the *Arizona Kicker*, is in its own. The day after the inquest on the body of Robinson, the Japan *Mail* had a noble article raking the coroner's jury for finding Hetherington guilty of "willful murder," the *Mail* taking the ground that it had not been proved that Hetherington did the shooting! It is in the best colonial style, as witness:

"We do not say that the jury were right or wrong in their conclusion. Any assertion in that sense would be improper. But we do say that without the previous knowledge which the three jurors carried with them into the box, they could never have returned such a verdict. . . . The jury, however, can not be criticised for discharging its original duties to the full. But it may certainly be criticised for delivering a verdict obviously founded, for the most part, on local opinion, not on the testimony produced."

That judicious mixture of blame and praise, one would think, ought to have pleased everybody in the village, but it did not, for on the same evening the Japan *Daily Herald* arose to remark that, "after a long experience in journalism," it had to confess that it had never seen "anything so flagrantly scandalous" as the *Mail's* article; which further impressed the *Herald* as being "as indecent as outrageous." It did not occur to the powerful brain of the *Herald* that the *Mail* was merely idiotic. For his own part, the editor of the *Herald* would have liked to express the opinion that Hetherington killed Robinson, but (he says)—

"We are embarrassed by the circumstances that the person charged with the crime, and whom the coroner's jury as a matter of fact has declared to be guilty, has yet to be formally arraigned before a jury of his peers, in a court of competent jurisdiction, and then to take his trial."

The atmosphere being by this deliverance cleaned of dubiety, the organ of the intellect of Yokohama's foreign village heaves this sigh of relief:

"Having thus discharged a duty which devolved upon us, of denouncing in strong terms the unjustifiable conduct of the *Mail* in its article of to-day as a scandal to the foreign press, and a libel on the judgment of the jury, we feel bound to refrain for the present from expressing any further observations on the subject, since we have no desire to attempt that of which the *Mail* may be suspected by the tenor of its article—of a wish to bias the judgment of those upon whom the judicial responsibility of arriving at an impartial decision will ultimately rest."

Tokio is to Yokohama what Milpitas is to Los Gatos, and the Tokio *Spectator* hurried down reinforcements to the Yokohama press. The death of Robinson, for persistently meddling with another man's wife, appears to have swept the *Spectator* man away in a perfect cloud-burst of grief. The deceased was the "idol of Yokohama society," and

"A young man so accomplished, so handsome, so successful, so alluring, so full of pride and faith in himself, with a vitality of individuality so powerful that it seems a freak of the imagination to think of him as dead!"

Terrible as was the grief of the editor of the *Spectator*, however, he nevertheless paused in his frenzy to reflect that he had American advertisers and subscribers, so:

"Yet he has fallen a victim to the just indignation of one whose exclusive rights he ignored. . . . We are electrified by the energy and cool determination of this one man who dared to protect his own sacred rights and honor, who dared to protect society and produce a revolution of feeling, instead of the criminal indifference and negative morality that so eminently distinguish our nineteenth-century society."

Then, for the benefit of the British advertiser and subscriber, but still with an eye out for the American colonist:

"And that beautiful, cold form, lying in lonely silence in the undertaker's room; that heart that was generous, affectionate, and kind; that voice that could discourse such sweet harmonies; those lips whose last words were forgiveness for him who took his life, and entreaties for his freedom from punishment; ah, if once again the large blue eyes could open, and he who has been crushed in the flush of his manhood could speak, would he not tell us: 'It is the fault of society itself'—of the laxity of morals and the conniving of public opinion—that dwarfed his moral sense and robbed him of life and usefulness."

Nobody debarred from the advantages of village life could write like that. And they seem to go a good deal on looks over there in Japan. Not only was Robinson "beautiful," but the *Spectator* creature sobs out that Hetherington is a "handsome" officer of the United States navy.

Well, the expatriated villagers everywhere have been given a fright that haply may cause them to remember that the Seventh Commandment is loaded. The female colonist in particular — frivolous, idle, luxury-loving, and excitement-seeking — has been taught that the freedom of life in foreign countries does not release her from the vow of fidelity—that men, even club-loungers, who spend their lives in yawning their heads off, are still men, and hold to the just code that he who scales the fence of another's matrimonial paddock places his life in the husband's hands. The masculine sense of the world acquits both Hetherington and Deacon. They did exactly right.

The advocates in Congress of unlimited free coinage of silver—the dollar of 412½ grains—appear determined to force through the passage of the Bland Bill in the popular branch during this session. In this they will receive the support and vote of a number of Democrats who are not in favor of unlimited free coinage, and of others who do not believe in making the silver dollar, worth only seventy cents, the equivalent of the dollar of gold that is worth one hundred cents. But these Democrats of divergent views will alike join in the passage of the bill by the Lower House, aware as they are that in the Senate it will force Senator Hill to declare himself.

Aside from the political feature of the silver question, there is all the time dominant the constitutional basis upon which to stand. The constitution ordains gold and silver to be the legal-tender money of the States. Congress has not the authority to ordain otherwise; it can not go beyond the constitution. The demonetization of either gold or silver, as legal tender, by act of Congress, without the authority of the constitution, is still a debatable question, and it will so continue until decisive judgment by the Supreme Court of the United States finally determines it. The province of Congress is to direct and regulate the mint coinage, which embraces the regulation of the standard of the precious metals and the weight of the coin, to the end that there shall be uniformity maintained between coinage of gold and silver. Unlimited free coinage of silver, as proposed in the Bland Bill now before Congress, would seriously affect this essential uniformity of gold and silver coinage, to the confusion of finance and business, to the detriment of trade generally, and to the injury of a large proportion of the people. It would work to the benefit of comparatively few — only to the advantage of capital at the expense of labor, and disastrously to the country. It would virtually require the government to receive the silver of foreign countries without limit, and pay for it the mint price in American dollars of one hundred cents each, although in foreign markets silver brought much less than one hundred cents for the quantity and quality coined at the United States Mint into the American silver dollar. The Bland Bill proposes to open our mints to all the silver of the whole world on equal terms with the silver produced in mines of the United States. The consequence would be the unloading at our mints of the vast stores of silver held in the countries of South America and Europe, in which millions are lying idle through demonetization and discriminating laws. The price of silver in those countries is now about or less than seventy cents for that 371¼ grains fine—the quantity of the coined American dollar of 412½ grains standard silver. The Bland Bill would pay them one hundred cents.

The product of silver in the United States is ample for the wants of the people. It is impossible to maintain an exact uniform value of the white metal on account of market fluctuations, which do not affect gold, for reasons that are obvious—gold being the standard coinage of England, of Germany, and the leading nations of finance and commerce with which the United States has important financial and commercial relations. The need in our own country is to maintain the parity of gold and silver and the supply of both sufficient for the uses of the people, in finance and trade, in industries and labor. Over-issue of silver would impair this parity and cause the hoarding at home of gold, or its export abroad, and the deterioration in value of silver.

It is only a few days since President Huntington, of the Southern Pacific Company, waxed eloquent in print over the future of California as a manufacturing and producing State, provided certain conditions were observed which he pointed out with some degree of particularity. Mr. Huntington said:

"The way to get lower rates is to increase the tonnage. . . . It could be done if the people of San Francisco and California would turn their attention to developing the resources of their State by building manufactories, so as to convert fiber into fabric, the ores of their mines into shapes, the product of the forest into all the necessary forms for the use of man. The products of the farm could be increased a hundred-fold, as nearly everything raised in California can be so prepared as not to be classed as 'perishable' goods, and will therefore bear transportation and can thus have the world's market."

This sounds well. It so happened, however, that coincidental with the publication of the Huntington article, a plan was set on foot to establish a fruit cannery in the San Joaquin Valley. The account of this fruitless attempt is an amusing commentary upon Mr. Huntington's benevolent advice. It is thus reported:

"A striking instance of the discrimination in the local rates by the Southern Pacific Company has just been called to the attention of the members of the Traffic Association. Capitalists in this city planned to establish a large cannery at Tulare. The railroad people were interviewed as to the rate of charges for transportation that might be expected. The capitalists were informed that the rate for hauling sugar from this city to Tulare would be twenty dollars per ton, and that the rate on tin would also be twenty dollars per ton. Upon learning this to be the situation it was decided to abandon the enterprise projected. The discrimination against California local points in this transaction is manifested by the fact that the rate on sugar from San Francisco to the Missouri River is thirteen dollars per ton, or seven dollars less than it was proposed to charge for the haul to Tulare. It may be instanced, in this connection, that the coffee rate from San Francisco to Chicago is only sixteen dollars per ton."

That is the way the Southern Pacific Company helps the people of California to "convert fiber into fabric," and to develop the resources of the State by building manufactories and the like. That is the encouragement the railroad gives to "increase the products of the farm a hundred-fold," and prepare them "so as not to be classed as perishable goods." To charge seven dollars a ton more for hauling sugar to Tulare than for hauling it to the Missouri River must make the fruit-growers of California very anxious to increase the tonnage of the Southern Pacific Company. Tin, too, is charged twenty dollars a ton from here to Tulare, while coffee is hauled from here to Chicago for sixteen dollars a ton. Is tin any more perishable or liable to damage in transit than coffee?

If Mr. Huntington wants to commend his increased tonnage scheme to the people of California, he is taking a very queer way to do it.

The last chapter in the famous Sharon suit is madness. The woman in the case is now a lunatic. Sarah Althea Terry has been examined before judges and commissioners, and has been sent to an asylum for the insane.

It is a curious ending to this most curious case. The woman who claimed to have been the wife of a millionaire has been wandering through the streets of San Francisco, with no place to lay her head. Hotels were closed against her. Lodging-house-keepers took alarm. Doors were shut in her face. The unfortunate woman had caused so much trouble and bloodshed that she was feared.

Almost in rags, she wandered through the streets, hearkening to the spirits that impelled her ever onward. Yet, although in rags, she possessed, at her home in Fresno, rich gowns and laces, gems and jewels. But no one knew it, and she least of all.

She was deserted at the end. Friends fled, and relatives were conveniently called away. Her loneliness was pitiable. Yet there was one who remained loyal—one who had been a servant, but was more faithful than a friend. This was the colored woman, "Mammy" Pleasance. Even when the poor madwoman turned against her, and reproached her in bitter terms in the court-room, "Mammy" did not swerve in her loyalty.

We of the white race are prone to think that we are the superior race in all things. We may be in most, but we are not in some. "Mammy" Pleasance's devotion shows that a loyal heart may often beat beneath a black bosom.

THE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN.

A Story of Strange Happenings in a Quiet Southern Town.

When Alfred Shea and his wife went to live for a time at Platte City, the question of house-accommodation bade fair to give them some inconvenience. This was a long-settled district, and almost every family in the community bad dwelt in the same house througbout the whole time of residence there. When young people married, it was either to abide in one of their respective old homes, or else, more usually, to swarm to a new establisbment of their own. The people bere were somewhat unprogressive; for the most part being widely inter-allied by blood or marriage with their neighbors, they and their collaterals were sufficient unto tbemselves, and immigration was hardly desired, certainly not courted, and no temporal provision was made for the inducement of potential settlers.

It seemed to Alfred Shea that there was not a bouse to let in the townsbip. He certainly had been unsuccessful in finding one within the "city" limits. His wife was newly married from a large household, reared on Southern principles, and the publicity of the hotel distressed and wearied her. Moreover, both were of a domestic turn, and they had the true and natural instinct of home-making.

The busband was returning from about the fiftieth unsuccessful trip in search of a house, when he was hailed by his brother-in-law, wbo owned and edited the local newspaper.

"Come with me," be said; "I think I bave found a man who has a house to rent. I think you bad better take it, althougb it is not large, nor near the business center."

The man they went to see was a planter from some twenty miles "in the country." The house was quite large enough, he said, for a bride and groom; in fact, it bad been built for just such occupancy—for his own daugbter, who did not like country life; hut just before her marriage, her hushand had had a good business opening in St. Louis, wbich, of course, said ber father, "suited Sis a heap better tban Platte City. It's a little one-horse town, even if it *is* nice."

It was really not a large bouse, but it was large enougb. There was one spare bedroom—"so all of Betty's folks can come over, one or two at a time, to visit us," tbought the young busband.

"But I thought you told me," he said, "that the house had not been occupied. It sbows all over it bas been lived in. Not tbat it looks worn or dirty—except this"—he qualified as they opened tbe door to tbe kitcben—"this looks like it bad been used for a charcoal-kiln."

"Well," said tbe owner, "I told you my daugbter didn't live bere, but not that no one else did. The fact is, I felt a little queer about it—about telling you that a young couple did live here—tbey bad not been married very long, and one nigbt tbe wife she upped and left ber busband. He was terribly upset. I think the reason she left him was because he spoke pretty sharp to her about tbis very charring of tbis kitchen. She wasn't used to keeping house, be said, and sbe let tbe fat catcb fire as sbe was frying some nut-cakes tbat afternoon, and it blazed up and burned out tbe kitchen like you see it, and he was pretty well tuckered in putting it out, and spoke to her pretty hinding. He made tbe damage good before be left, but I never done had the kitchen done over—they's not mucb call for bouses. I'll send the carpenters around if you say you take it."

Mr. Shea said he took it. He was sure his wife would be contented; anytbing would he better than to stay on at the hotel. And, in effect, sbe was delighted at the prospect of getting into private quarters. Witbin tbe week, the little bouse was modestly furnished, and they were installed. Two days after they moved in, Betty's younger brother, James, a lad of fifteen, came to make them a visit. It was very convenient to live in Platte City, for Betty's family lived only about eleven miles away, in the large town across the river, and it was very easy for them to ride or drive over to visit Betty.

James passed part of the day at bis brother's office, part at bis brother-in-law's store, and part in a rampage witb tbe many lads of his age of Platte City and its environs. He was thorougbly tired at nigbt, and went to bed early. His hosts retired some hours later, but tbey bad been asleep some little time when they were awakened by a most insufferable yell from the youth, and the next moment he burst into their room, panting and sobbing, and bounded upon them in the bed with more force than was at all pleasant. Alfred Shea caught him and put him out on the floor again, with a vigorous remonstrance and an admonition to go back to his own bed and stay tbere.

"Oh, Mr. Shea!" cried the boy, "I can't! I can't! Indeed, I dassn't. Please don't ask me! It scared me so! I felt it!"

"*Felt* it! What did you feel? *What* scared you?"

"Oh, I don't know! It was—I don't know what! It waked me—it was pulling off my covers, and when I pulled 'em back, it got up and lay down on the hed close by me—almost on top o' me!"

"Oh, pshaw! rank nonsense!" declared his brother-in-law.

But Betty piped up, sleepily: "Oh, Alfred, don't scold the poor boy—dear Jem was always timid. Suppose you go and look in his room. We may have shut a dog in the house without knowing it, and it would get on the bed for warmth."

So Mr. Shea went out, with Jem holding fast to his brother-in-law's night-gown, and a thorougb inspection was made, not only of Jem's room, but of all the premises. Mr. Shea looked into and under everything where even a cat might hide, but there was no dog nor cat hidden; no, not even a rat, nor so much as a cockroach or a waterbug—nothing in the world to warrant Jem's unseemly panic. The doors and windows were all fast, as they had been left at bedtime.

But nothing that could be said would induce that absurd boy to go back to his bedroom. No, he would not do it, he said; he would rather go down-town, and wake his brother, and sleep at the hotel witb him. And he brought his clothes into the hall, and was actually putting them on to go away, when his brother-in-law stopped him.

"Now there's no sense in your disturbing your brother, too, and you are not to do it. I will take your mattress into our room, and let you sleep there. I had no idea you were sucb a hahy! You ought to have a trundle-hed under your mother's big four-poster. Before I'd be such a coward!"

But Jem accepted the contumely as an offset to the solace of companionship, and went to his lowly pallet with great meekness.

The next night, in discussing Jem's inglorious fright, his sister and elder hrotber remembered that he had been subject to nightmares when younger, and they concluded that his excessive exertions the day before had caused a recurrence of the old trouble. That night his hrotber took tbe hoy to the botel, where he stayed three nights, seeing his sister in the day-time. And those three nights Jem heard never a whinny of even the colt of a nightmare.

Then the lad returned to sleep at his sister's, and promptly repeated his former interesting performance, with added fervor. This time nothing would dissuade him from finishing the night in the hed behind his sister, and he would not so much as peep from heneath tbe blankets until daylight. After breakfast, he saddled his pony and departed, and his brother-in-law said, "Good riddance! hut we'll get some of the rest over, Betty, so you shan't be lonesome."

The next day, Betty's editor brotber came in just before sunset, and told her that Shea had business whicb would keep him later than usual, and that he, Draper, had come to tell her, lest she be uneasy. The fact was that they had agreed she must never he left alone in the evening, as a good many bad negroes were thereabouts.

Brother and sister were standing near the garden-gate, watching for Mr. Shea's return. It was the gloaming; forms could be seen and dark color discerned from light, but detail could not he distinguished.

"Who can tbat be?" said Betty. Her hrother turned toward the house, whither sbe was looking, and saw a tallish, slender woman, in a light-colored frock, skirting the narrow gallery. Sbe had something wbitisb on her head and wbat looked like a dark tippet over her shoulders.

Betty and her brother started to meet her, but she was before them at the steps, up wbich she went, passing across the porch into the house. They followed close hehind her, calling, but she was out of sight, nor could they discover her.

"How sorry I am!" said Betty; "how very sorry! I suppose sbe went on out through the kitchen door—it was open—when she found the house not ligbted, supposing we were away. Do you suppose she is deaf, that she did not hear us calling? So sorry! I would like so much to have a 'run-in neigbbor'! I *am* quite lonesome."

This burt her brotber, for be bad heen in Platte for some time, and felt tbat he ought to have made acquaintances wbo should call on his sister, who had been used to a deal of company. But the Platte citizens were very conservative, and distrustful of strangers as probably being "Yankees," and even "the editor" was not acquainted, except in a business way. These considerations, and the arguments they led to—for Draper deplored ber isolation, and Betty stoutly protested she cared not a pin about it—turned their thougbts from the light-frocked woman, for that day; hut the next morning, as tbe three sat on the porch, they saw the same woman walking near the gate, within the garden.

"Tbere's your 'run-in neighbor,' Betty," said tbe hrother; "I'll go and speak to her."

At the moment he was rising, a gun-shot sounded at the corner of tbe house. It must have been even with the gallery, for its flare lighted up their faces. Draper off the porch and Alfred Shea on it, hoth ran to the end, but nothing was to be seen of the shooter. They at once searched the place. In the back-yard were no bushes, nothing higher than some late vegetables just cropping up, and the country was open for some distance heyond. He could hardly bave slipped past them into the front garden, but they nevertheless beat up tbe garden thoroughly. Only wben they were shaking the yellow four-o'clock hushes, where they had seen her, did they remember the woman.

"Of course she made off when sbe beard the gun," said Draper; "who wouldn't?"

And Betty was so much alarmed by the shot, she did not grieve for her visitor. "Oh! it's because they take us for Yankees! I just know it. Brotber, do put in the next *Starry Flag* that we are Southern."

From that time the woman was about the place almost daily. Nearly every evening—they saw her at no other time—she was either on the porch or in the garden; always the other place from where they were. Without seeming to notice them, she contrived to avoid them. Betty said she was sure it was some one wbo loved flowers, but who was in humble circumstances, and, on account, probably, of deficiencies in apparel, ashamed to meet people; and Betty thought she slipped in to enjoy the flowers under cover of the twilight. Alfred Shea thought, but did not say, that this theory did not account for the stranger's eccentricities, such as going into the house, for instance. But he was careful not to call Betty's attention to this, lest she might share, and he alarmed by, his own suspicion, which was that the woman was one of those poor creatures, demented, yet considered—until a frenzy seizes them and they do ghastly things—"entirely harmless." He knew that very many small rural towns hold one or more such "innocents," kept out of an asylum through poverty, apathy, or mistaken affection. However, his cautious inquiries led to no knowledge of any such subject in Platte city; Draper might have learned more readily, but he was gone to St. Louis on business.

About ten days after he left, Betty's mother came over for a visit. Betty was very fond of her mother; Alfred Shea, too, loved her dearly, and they spent a very happy evening, whicb they prolonged until an unusually late hour.

Mr. Shea was awakened from a sound slumber by a hand tugging gently at his shoulder. He sat upright: "Mother! what is the matter?"

Betty was up in an instant, and echoing his question.

"There!" said her mother, "I boped I could arouse you without awaking Betty. Mr. Shea, will you bring my bed into this room, if you do not mind my sleeping here to-night? It is so cold—I mean so warm!—in my room, and I think you have a little hreeze here. I have heen so uncomfortable."

Now this was a lady who never complained; she would suffer almost any inconvenience rather than cause another person even so much—or so little—trouble as she was giving her son-in-law. He went at once to move her hed. He noticed that she did not leave the room, but went and stood with her face to the window while he effected the transfer. After they were all back in hed, he heard her shivering.

This arrangement remained in force for three or four nights, then the guest moved her bed back to the spare room. In the middle of the night Alfred Shea heard a little low cry from across the hall. His mother-in-law was a woman of lovely, mild manner, and all her demonstrations were very gentle. He knew that that faint cry from her meant as much as a shriek from other women. He threw on a dressing-gown and hurried to her. She had made a light, and was sitting up in bed. Her face was blanched, and she looked greatly disturbed.

She motioned to close the door, and then asked, in a strained voice: "Have you—have you a dog here?—a *big* dog—mastiff or Newfoundland."

"There is no dog here," said Alfred Shea. "I have been trying to get one to protect 'Betty in my absence, but have not found the kind I want, yet."

"I was quite sure it was no dog," tbe lady murmured to herself; "I—I *knew* it was not."

"What—what is it you mean, dear mother?"

"Listen! I was awakened by something pulling at the covers. I tbought tbey had slipped off and were going to the floor of their own weight. I tried to pull them up, hut at first sometbing held them—hard—fast. Then they came loose with a jerk. I pulled them up, and then something came upon the bed and lay down beside me—close against me. It was as large and as heavy as a very large dog or as—A PERSON!" Tbe tone in which she spoke the last words was one of intense, concentrated borror.

"Oh, that explains it all," said Alfred Shea, contentedly; "Jem told you about his nightmare, and you have dreamed it over after him. There is a marvelous sympathy between you."

"Did such a thing happen Jem when be was bere? No wonder he came bome—you have no idea what a horrible sensation it gives one. I wondered why Jem returned so soon. I feared he had vexed one of you, hut would not press him—I would not urge the confidence of a child more tban of another person. But—Mr. Shea! this was no dream with me, and I believe that Jem's experience was no nightmare. I reached over tbe—THING!—and lighted the candle; tbere was nothing on the hed that I could see, but the covers were pressed down in exactly the form they would take from a body upon them—and the weigbt was still against me. It left me just as you came."

"And—the other nigbt, when you came to our room?"

"Tbe self-same thing had happened, only I made no light. As soon as I could throw the—*Weight*—off, I ran to your chamber."

"You had better go there now and sleep with Betty. I will stay here tbe rest of the night and see what happens." But nothing happened.

The next night, by collusion between mother and hushand, Betty's motber began telling her a long family matter just as they were separating. Mr. Shea then proposed to change rooms with his mother-in-law, that she might finish her talk. The others had arisen that morning hefore Betty woke.

Alfred Shea awakened in the black depths of the night, in the grasp of a sick fear that made his soul seem to die within his body. His perceptions were keenly alive, and he recognized in detail the experience of his mother-in-law and Jem. He made no effort to strike a light, being absorbed in resisting the profound horror that beset him. That mental effort seemed to prevail over the agent that caused it, since presently the *Weight* was lifted, like the removal of a contiguous human body, and he turned his gaze upon the interior of the room in time to see upon its darkness a tall stain of luminosity, that swiftly condensed itself into human shape—the form of the woman who prowled ahout the garden. He saw it clearly defined for some seconds, and then it faded.

Simultaneously with this, a loud report and a loud scream rang from the other hedroom. Alfred Shea felt that this night tbey were beset in earnest, as he sprang to the rescue.

"Mother! Betty!" he cried; "say what has happened——" but cutting short his words came another detonation; the flasb tbat accompanied it seemed to leap from the very wall of the chamber, and it was succeeded by several groans, prolonged and deathly.

There was no further sleep that night for the house of Shea. The three sat together in one room, with several lamps burning brightly, and longed for daylight. Very early in the morning, Mr. Shea sent his mother-in-law home, in the care of a liveryman, to prepare for Betty's comfort. That young woman positively refused to depart until the next day, when her husband could accompany her; and she refused, moreover, to adjourn to the hotel until the time of starting. In short, though badly frightened, she was not demoralized, unless in the direction of developing obstinacy. Her husband procured the loan of an old "mammy" to accompany Betty during the day, the negress being told, of course, notbing of the conditions. Mr. Shea thought he observed a certain repugnance toward the house on the part of the old woman, but attributed the impression to his own consciousness.

For some days the weather had been very cloudy, so that the nights were exceedingly dark, notwithstanding it was "the light of the moon." But now the weather cleared rapidly about sunset, and the night came on flooded with moonlight of uncommon clearness and brilliancy. Bed-time found the Sheas, what with the interval of the day's exemption and the fatigues of preparation, full of hope tbat this

last night might pass without disturbance—a hope destined to prove fallacious.

About midnight, Betty found herself quite wide-awake suddenly, with no consciousness of the process of awaking. Her eyes were fixed upon a table whose top was flush with the sill of a window opening on the garden; the curtain was up, the moon shone full in the window, and the veining of the wood in the top were visible. As she looked, a faint haze—like smoke, or haze, or mist—seemed to gather upon the table, moving slightly upon itself, like fog-wreaths faintly stirred by mild air-currents, and growing meanwhile denser, until it shaped itself into definite form—the image of a dead baby, very young and tiny, but beautiful as a little angel.

Now, Betty Shea was not an imaginative woman, and nothing that had happened had suggested fears of superstitious nature; to her, all that had happened proceeded from some malevolent human agency; and she now found in this sight cause for alarm, indeed, but matter-of-factly assigned as its cause the phenomena of her own physical condition. She was a practical little woman, as has been said already. She promptly called her husband.

"Do you think I'd better have the doctor? I am afraid something is going to happen—my baby. Yes, I have had a warning—I thought I saw—I think yet I am seeing—a poor little dead babe yonder on the table. I would not have such notions if all were well."

Her husband looked. "By Jove! there *is* a baby on that table; some one has laid it there through the window."

He leaped up and rushed thither—and before their gaze the apparition disappeared, as suddenly as the bursting of a bubble.

Betty trembled a good bit, and even whimpered a little; but, as she said, to make matters worse by giving way was foolish. And her sound good sense and plucky self-control stood her in such good stead that she reached her mother's home safely, and, after a time, passed through her ordeal with no evil results from the shocks that might have proved black ruin to a more nervous woman.

Alfred Shea, after seeing his wife to her mother's house, returned to Platte for the settling of his business, having decided to remove to where social and domestic conditions were more favorable. He found his brother-in-law returned, and in high hopeful feather, and somewhat disposed to resent this summary fiat of departure. On his trip to "Sin Louie," he had met several "prominent citizens" of Platte, who now seemed inclined to act as social sponsors for these aliens, and he thought it foolish to abandon the field just as opportunity was opening before them. He introduced Mr. Shea to one of these new friends, whose material magnitude and individuality seemed to fill the office of the *Starry Flag* to overflowing. After the introduction and a few casual remarks, Draper continued his tempered invective against his brother-in-law's removal, and Alfred Shea replied, in explanation and justification of his course.

Judge Owens was visibly disturbed by the dialogue, into which he presently broke, at a reference to Betty.

"Do you mean to say, sih," he demanded, "do you mean to tell me that you took a lady—a *delikit* lady—to live in that-ah infernal Baine ho'se?"

Mr. Shea admitted committing that error.

"And—no one told yo'—no one warned yo'?"

Mr. Shea explained that he had seen no one but the owner, with whom the bargain was closed off-hand.

"Oh—Baine—yes! *he'd* never tell yo'. *He'd* rent his motheh's grave if he c'u'd find a tenant. We do suspect, sih, that Baine used to be a slave-driveh in the fah Sothe—we do, indeed, sih. If I only had b'en heah, yo' sh'd never gone theah—not tho' I'd paid yeh fohfeit. But *some* of ouh prominent citizens ought to warned yo'. Now that's the wohst, sih, of ouh Soth'en social system—we'h too exclusive—too much given oveh to convention. Jus' because no one had the honoh of yo'h acquaintance, yo' weh let into such a trap. Yes, sih! I say a trap, sih!"

Mr. Shea ventured to ask Judge Owens's grounds for this qualification, in the hope of having explained the remarkable experiences his family had suffered.

"I always distrusted that man Howland," said Judge Owens; "theh was somethin' suspicious about him for me. But the sacred laws of hospitality made me show him such cou'tesies as I could, sih! The lady was ill whilst the' lived in the Baine ho'se—heh infant was hohn dead, sih. I loaned them the loan of Juley to assist heh—Juley is an ol' black woman of my people—she tells me you hiahed her to stay with your good wife one day. I've neveh talked with any one else but Juley aho't the matteh, an' Juley to no one but me—she's close, is Juley, close as the hahk on a hickory. She stayed theah o' nights, an' she says that many a time an' oft, as she was goin' oveh—yo' may have obsehved that the house is isolated—she'd heah him hlazin' away with his rifle—the lady was scahed to death o' fiah-ahms—an' doin' everything he could to fright and tohment heh. Juley said she did believe he wanted to worry heh to death. The lady suffehed greatly an' couldn't help showin' that she suffehed, an' that seemed to infuriate him, 'nstead o' makin' him tenderer to'a'ds heh, as any true man would be. Afteh heh sickness, she got heh stren'th hut slowly, an' all the while he was indiffehent and scohnful to heh, but she seemed jus' to live only on the sight of him. Juley says the po' thing used to go at night across the passage to the room wheah he slept, and lie softly down on the outside of the covehs. He'd snahl at heh, say she distuhbed his sleep, an' drive heh away, an' she'd go back to heh own room, all sad an' meek, sih!—the—the evehlastin' *hound*, sih!

"Well, I was away at the last, sih, when he came downtown an' told that the kitchen had caught fiah, an' he rehuked heh foh it, an' she left him. But he didn't tell that tale until a peddleh-man stopped by theah, an' found the house vacant an' the kitchen all chahhed out. My own opinion is, he set it afiah himself, sih! Since then, the Baine ho'se has had a bad name, sih! Vulgah supehstition declahes that the strange lady walks theah—that strange sights and sounds ah hea'd and seen theah—in shoht, sih, that the house is ha'anted.

"Well, when I retuhned that time from Sin Louie, he was gone. I would 'a' made investigation, but—I ask you, sih, to what puhpose?—I ask you that, sih! We did not know who the po' lady was, noh who was heh people; noh what was that man's true name, wheah he went, nor wheah he came from. We have not got the advantage of a railroad, an' the telegraph is often out of ohdeh. Ouh facilities heah ah not great, sih! Ahfteh they weh gone, Juley was walkin' by the fence one day—yo' couldn't hiah her to go into the gahden alone!—an' she found a letteh, blown into the weeds theah. Well, I buhned it—but—sih! it showed that she was not his wife at all, po' lady! But she'd left everything for the love of him, sih, an' now heh company was a trouble an' a dangeh to him. May the good Lohd fohgive me if I wrong him, but—well, I thought an investigation would not undo what was done, an' it would bring scandal an' discredit on ouh peaceful little town foh no good end. The good Lohd fohgive me if I took on myse'f too much responsibility!"

The old gentleman walked once or twice across the office, and then went out with a strangely husky "Good-morning."

Mr. Shea had had the furniture put in by the local upholstering establishment, but the venture had cost him so much that he and Draper went out to the house to economize by doing the dismantling themselves.

"Those fellows of Towne's did not hurt themselves by thoroughness," said the young man, as they ripped up the carpet in the bedroom where Mr. Shea had gotten the worst fright of his life-time; "they put the carpet down over the old oil-cloth. See here, Alf! the oil-cloth's untacked on one side—let's lift it and look under."

The displaced oil-cloth covered a space of perhaps four feet wide, across the chamber, of flooring that had been removed, and the boards laid back loosely. When these were lifted up, beneath appeared a spot, perhaps six feet by three, where the earth was banked up somewhat, and showed recent displacement. A soft lavender ribbon trailed partly out of the loose dirt.

The first letter that Alfred Shea received from Draper after the former had left Platte, chronicled the mysterious and complete burning, the preceding night, of "the Baine house."

LOS ANGELES, March, 1892. Y. H. ADDIS.

[The parties concerned, in relating their experiences, recited additional manifestations, whose details I have forgotten. They were not superstitious people. They recounted these incidents merely as facts, without comment or attempt at explanation.—Y. H. A.]

OLD FAVORITES.

Two Queens in Westminster.

In the chapel of Henry the Seventh,
Where the sculptured ceilings rare
Show the conquered stone-work hanging
Like cobweb films in air,
There are held two shrines in keeping,
Whose memories closely press—
The tomb of the Rose of Scotland,
And that of stout Queen Bess.

Each side of the sleeping Tudor
They lie; and over their dust
The canopies mold and blacken,
And the gilding gathers rust;
While, low on the marble tablet,
Each effigied in stone,
They lie, as they went to judgment,
Uncrowned, and cold, and alone.

Beside them pass the thousands
Each day; and hundreds strive
To read the whole of the lesson
That is known to no man alive—
Of which was the more to be pitied,
Or which the more to be feared,
The half-masculine, petulant ruler,
Or the woman too close endeared.

One weakened her land with faction,
One strengthened with hands of steel;
One died on the black-draped scaffold,
One broke on old age's wheel.
And both—O sweet heaven, the pity!—
Felt the thorns in the rim of the crown,
Far more than the sweep of the ermine,
Or the ease of the regal down.

Was the Stuart of Scotland plotting
For her royal sister's all?
Was it hatred, in crown or in person,
Drove the Tudor to wish her fall?
Was there guilty marriage with Bothwell,
And black crime at the Kirk of Field?
And what meed how the smothered passion
That for Essex stood half-revealed?

Dark questions!—and who shall solve them?
Not one, till the great assize
When royal secrets and motives
Shall be opened to commonest eyes.
Not even by bookworm students,
Who shall dig, and cavil, and grope,
And keep to the ear learned promise,
While they break it to the hope.

Ah, well!—there is one sad lesson
Made clear to us all, at the worst—
Of two forces, made quite incarnate,
And that equally blessed and cursed:
With the English woman, all conquering,
Was Power, with its handmaid Pride;
With the Scottish walked hot-browed Passion,
Calling lovers to her side.

And the paths were the paths of ruin,
Of disease and of woe, to both—
With their guerdon the sleepless pillow,
And their weapon the broken troth;
And each, when she died, must have shuddered
To know she had failed to find
So near an approach to contentment
As that felt by some landless hind.

Ah, well, again!—they are sleeping,
Divided, yet side by side;
And the lesson were far less heedful
If their sepulchers severed wide;
And well for Bess and Mary
That the Eyes to judge them at last
Will be free from the veils and the glamours
Blinding all, in the present and past.

—*Henry Morford.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

A Chicago newspaper says that B. P. Hutchinson, the great speculator, who is now in New York, is broken in spirit, and that the fortune of ten millions of dollars he possessed a few years ago has dwindled to an insignificant sum.

It is reported that Prince George of Wales will not marry his cousin, the daughter of Prince Christian, as it was reported that he would. The lady is said to be so unattractive, and to possess so long and sharp a nose that since her sister was married she has been dubbed "The Solitary Snipe" by certain heartless people.

Those who read Secretary Blaine's vigorous defense of his son will be interested in the report which comes up from Washington that the young man is ambitious of marrying again. The object of his attentions is one of the Misses Patten, wealthy orphans, who are well known both in Washington and San Francisco.

Eugene Field, in one of his moments of unusual veracity, says that Paderewski was a suitor for Helena Modjeska's heart and hand as far back as 1864, at which time he was professor of piano-playing in the Conservatory of Cracow. But he was cut out by Count Charles Bozenta Chlapowski, political editor of the Cracow *Daily Pkzylxkzski.*

Bab tells a story of the first meeting of Brough, the comedian, and Lady Wilde. Oscar introduced them, murmuring in his sweet, velvety voice: "Mother, I want to have the pleasure of introducing Mr. Brough to you." A deep, supulchral voice announced: "I am glad to meet you, Mr. Brough," and the comedian was so surprised and startled that he almost fell over.

The peers of Scotland are directly interested in the liquor traffic, either as distillers or owners of public-houses. Among the principal offenders are the Dukes of Richmond, Hamilton, Athole, Sutherland, and Fife; the Marquises of Bute, Ailsa, Breadalbane; the Earls of Rosebery, Aberdeen, Moray, Zetland, Haddington, Home, Elgin, Wemyss, Stair, and Galloway. Sir John Gladstone, the nephew of the "Grand Old Man," is one of the most extensive whisky distillers in North Britain.

The close of the present Parliament during the summer will witness the termination of the political career of Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, the interesting brother of the young American who married the aged Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Mr. Bartlett, who was born in Brooklyn, is bound by a promise to the husband of Lady Blanche Hosier to retire into private life at the expiration of his present legislative mandate. It was only in consideration of this promise and of a pecuniary consolation that Captain Hosier agreed to abstain from pressing the divorce proceedings which he had instituted against his wife and in which Mr. Bartlett was to figure as co-respondent.

One peculiarity in the library of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the clergyman and author, is a series of market-baskets filled with pamphlets, and suspended from the ceiling in such a way that they can be raised or lowered by means of a pulley and a clothes-line. Dr. Hale is now seventy, but he grows busier in literary productiveness every year, and, in addition to what he writes, he edits several journals and magazines, and preaches two sermons every week. He is a man of notable absence of mind, and is reputed to have left a prospective bride and groom waiting at the altar while he went on a fishing trip. Dr. Hale has been blessed in his children, who have all done well in the world, and some of whom have inherited their father's talent.

Emile Abeille, who perished the other day at the muzzle of Edward Deacon's revolver, was one of the three children of Abeille, the great contractor who made his fortune in Suez Canal times. The Abeilles were very prominent during the reign of Napoleon the Third. One of the brothers has long been renowned for his racing-stud. A sister was married some years ago to Count Gouy d'Arcy, and was married again, three months ago, to Vicomte de la Redorte. She was at Nice when the tragedy occurred, and she hurried over to Cannes at once. Emile Abeille, rich and well educated, but rather delicate, was at one time an attaché of a French embassy. He ran for the Chamber of Deputies during the Boulanger excitement, but was not elected. He was a clever speaker. When in Paris, in the early morning hours he appeared in the Bois on horseback. Back from his ride, he breakfasted frugally either in his own home or at a club in the Rue Royale. The early afternoons he spent looking at pictures in the exhibitions, then he made a few calls in the *grand monde*, skipped in to a five-o'clock tea in the *demi-monde*, and invariably dined at the Café Anglais. At the Café Anglais he had his own private cabinet, and every evening four plates were laid in it and dinner was served for four. It was a fancy of Abeille's to step out on to the boulevard at seven o'clock, and to bring in to dinner with him any of his friends whom he happened to encounter. Emile Abeille was a great figure at Aix-les-Bains, where he went every summer to take the waters. At the theatre there last season the public was much amused to see him every evening visit the box of a well-known marquise and then go round at the close of the next act and call at the box of a well-known *demi-mondaine* directly opposite. Abeille suffered much from illness, and sometimes passed weeks in bed, swathed in flannels. He was thin and pale, with fine eyes, an elegant mustache, and courteous and engaging manners. He was cool and collected, even in trying circumstances, as when two rival dames threw plates at each other at a dinner at Aix, which he was giving in their honor. He lived in his mother's mansion in the Rue de Faubourg Saint Honoré, in a superb suite of rooms on the lofty second floor. His bedroom was vast, and filled with sumptuous objects of art, family portraits, Louis the Fifteenth furniture, an immense bed from which he could look into a pretty salon, hung with fine paintings. His tastes were artistic, and he was as fond of bibelots as a woman.

FRENCH OPINIONS OF AMERICANS.

Some Parisian Journals on the Tragedy at Cannes.

The general opinion in this country has been that, if the newspaper accounts of the Deacon-Abeille case are true, Deacon's course was justifiable, and Abeille got just what he deserved. No principle of the unwritten law is more firmly rooted in the American mind than that the seducer carries his life in his hand, and that the wronged husband may, if he pleases, avenge his wrong in person. It appears that a different opinion prevails in France. There the practice has been that the wronged man should challenge the seducer, and give him a chance of killing the husband after he had ruined the wife. This view has never commended itself to American common sense. But the comments of the Paris papers on the Cannes tragedy show that it is firmly adhered to in Parisian society. There is a very general feeling in Paris that Deacon acted like a savage, and if the courts are swayed by the same feeling as the press, it may go hard with him. The French papers which are now arriving are quite curious reading.

The *Figaro* does not indulge in much comment, but it narrates the facts in a way which reflects severely on Mr. Deacon. In an article in its issue of February 20th, it blames Mr. Deacon for having attempted to mislead justice by incorrect statements. Following this up on the twenty-second, it says:

"The American did not catch his wife and M. Abeille *in flagrante delicto*. The drama occurred between half-past ten and a quarter to eleven, when the receptions were in full blast, and hotel life was still active. Mr. Deacon found M. Abeille full dressed, sitting on a sofa. . . . He had authorized his wife to receive Abeille; the two men met constantly at Deacon's house; Deacon never gave a dinner or a fête without asking Abeille. He never said a word which indicated that he suspected him or was jealous of him. Quite recently Mme. Deacon had expressed a desire to obtain a divorce, possibly in order to marry Abeille. Deacon violently opposed the project, as the income on which the couple lived came from the wife's father, and if a divorce had been granted, the husband would have been left without means. . . . On February 15th, Mr. Deacon arrived at Cannes, as he had informed his wife on the fourteenth that he would do. She occupied a bedroom and salon on the *entresol*, her mother and children had rooms on the story above. Deacon took a room on the same story, and breakfasted and dined with his wife and family. His humor as usual was gloomy and irritable."

The *Figaro* goes on to describe the bloody affair of the seventeenth, always speaking of Abeille as "the unfortunate young man," and of Deacon as a ruffian *(forcené)*. It suggests that the former could easily have escaped, but remained, probably to shield Mrs. Deacon. It sums up with the words:

"The revengeful conduct of Deacon appears quite inexplicable, and this painful mystery, which has plunged one of the most respected and popular families in Paris into distress, becomes more and more impenetrable."

L'Illustration, which, by the way, like the other Paris picture papers, sets our illustrated journals a lesson of propriety by abstaining from pictorial representations of the tragedy, is inclined to philosophize. It says:

"The American revolver has struck down one of the leading members of high Parisian society. A Yankee, who sees everything in red and does not hesitate to draw the trigger, has himself executed justice. The heroine of the drama would be more interesting if she did not have four children. . . . What is the good of a law of divorce if it does not put a stop to murders, and if the revolver is the only resource for an injured husband? We begged for a law of divorce to end such scandals. It was supposed that it would stop the butcheries which were the only road to freedom for a wronged husband. But if revolvers are to continue to crack, what is the use of divorce? Perhaps a divorce does not end suffering and rage. A man may be divorced and yet have his heart broken. . . . All the laws in the world can not kill human passion—it will pierce them as a Lebel bullet pierces a plate of zinc."

The most venomous of all the Paris papers is the *Gil Blas*, which publishes an article, by Carle des Perrières, on the subject. In this article, the whisky-drinking, loud-mouthed, pistol-carrying, blatant American of the bar-rooms is taken as a type of the race, and Mr. Deacon is cast for the part. It says:

"Is Mr. Deacon a husband who, suddenly made aware of his disgrace and blinded by jealousy, rushes upon the seducer and kills him, or is he a contemptible assassin who killed a defenseless man, possibly in consequence of money differences between them? This is a question which the evidence in the case will determine. One thing is certain: Deacon acted with brutal savagery, which is quite inexcusable; and if the jury, taking a lenient view of his case by reason of his foreign birth, should acquit him, he will not be acquitted by the world of Paris."

Passing for the moment from the case in hand to the general character of the American people, the French journalist draws a picture of them which is amusing if it is not easily recognized:

"The American has always been devoid of generosity and bravery. His character lacks the chivalrous instincts which the French character has always preserved in spite of revolutions and vicissitudes. Examine American institutions as they exist to-day. At first blush, lynch law appears to be logical and equitable. But how is it administered in America to-day? A section of country is terrorized by a couple of bandits. They go round, revolver in hand, levying contributions on people who are defenseless, and blowing out the brains of those who object to their proceedings. No one dares to interfere with them. They hold the country under their heel. A day comes when a new judge is installed, and they are jailed. Then, all at once, the populace, seeing them helpless, bursts into a fury of indignation against them. It rushes to the jail, overpowers sheriff and keepers, seizes the prisoners—two against ten thousand—and puts them to death with frightful tortures, every member of the mob seeking to snatch a piece of flesh from the bodies of the very men to whom he had cringed only a few days before. After the execution, the crowd goes home, exulting in a consciousness of duty done."

M. de Perrières then points out that we are a nation of cowards, and that our chief characteristic is treachery:

"Americans ignore dueling; they refuse to fight. When a quarrel takes place among them which ought to be adjusted by a duel and with blood, they resort to treachery. In places where tempers, inflamed by gin, are apt to lead to encounters, everybody goes armed, but no one carries his pistol in his pistol-pocket, and that for the simple reason that a man who stretches his hand to that pocket is sure to receive a couple of bullets. The other day, in a bar-room, an American met a creditor, who, drawing a pistol, advanced on him, and, using the language customary in that interesting country, cried: 'Are you going to pay me? If not, I'll kill you now.' The debtor smiled, put his hand in his side-pocket, and replied: 'Let me see how much I have in my purse.' Instead of drawing a purse, he grasps his pistol, and, without drawing it, shoots through his coat, killing his creditor. The dead man is carried out; the slayer walks the street with a hole in his coat, and everybody applauds his dexterity. This is the custom of the country; it was borrowed from the Indian wars and the customs of miners in California."

The French man evidently understands all about our civilization and our methods. He goes on:

"American civilization does not resemble French civilization. The American knows nothing of elevated sentiment. He is wholly practical, and always holds that he who is down was wrong, however he got down. He ignores education, but is not without a certain subtle intelligence. He gave us the phonograph and the telephone, but has never been able to learn not to spit on the carpet.

"The American man is often good-natured, heavy, irritable, coarse, violent, and never-fond of whisky and bar-rooms; but he is enduring, vigorous, and intelligent. Utterly unconscious of feminine delicacy, he treats women rudely, and does not pretend to understand their aspirations. His idea of flirtation consists in asking a girl about her father's business. On the other hand, American women are exquisitely fine, pretty, delicate, born coquettes, and accustomed from their youth to be surrounded by a swarm of adorers."

The writer describes the advent of an American couple in Paris:

"A couple so assorted arrives in Paris with a fortune, which opens the doors of Parisian society. The husband, unaccustomed to social life, devotes his own to congenial pleasures at clubs, race-courses, and bars, and often returns to America on visits, and leaves his wife to enjoy receptions, balls, and five-o'clock teas. The wife, who is generally pretty and engaging, soon forms intimacies; her foreign origin enables her to mix in the best society. She has no thought but the cultivation of elegance and refinement, no day without a visit to fashionable milliners. She misses no pleasure of the season from the opening at Auteuil to the most select gatherings for charity. By dint of association with duchesses and marquises, she becomes tainted with snobbery and counts herself among the *grand monde;* she forgets her husband, her house, her children, and is ready to sacrifice everything to hold her position in society."

The *Gil Blas* writer now turns his pen to congenial themes. He describes the chivalrous French lover:

"Compliments and declarations, murmured in the seductive language of the Latin races—the only language in which love can be told—are not wanting. When she returns from a ball, at which she has laid her queenly head on manly shoulders, where she has heard words of love, witty, delicate, and sparkling, mingled with passionate avowals, she finds in her home a heavy, stupid, irritable husband, who is only half sober. She can not help making comparisons, and they are not in favor of the conjugal hearth."

The French writer then justifies the wavering American woman by pointing out how French women conduct themselves:

"Every one of her best friends, fashionable and titled, has a *cavalière servente*, a regular official *patito*, who is accepted by society and recognized as legitimate. It is an established custom in the elegant world, a thing indispensable. In following the fashion, she is not so much accepting unlawful love as regularizing her position. But after she has accepted the homage and the attentions of one whom she has singled out of the crowd, who has been officially presented and authorized to call, nothing is wanting but an opportunity. Let a rival rouse her jealousy, or let her pass through one of those crises when a woman surrenders to nervous sentimentalities, becomes unconscious of her acts, and loses her volition, the great step is taken, and she has a lover."

And he closes by commenting on the proverbial blindness of husbands:

"Uncle Sam has noticed nothing. He has neither perceived the evolution that was proceeding in his wife, nor the change in her habits, nor her periodical fits of depression and anxiety. All that he has observed has been that a devilish good fellow has taken to calling and has relieved him of doing duty as his wife's escort. Suddenly he wakes; a woman opens his eyes; an anonymous letter reveals his dishonor, and, like a typical American as he is, between two gin-cocktails, he knocks everybody down, breaks open his wife's door, draws his revolver, and kills."

M. de Perrière, of the *Gil Blas*, knows all about us, no doubt. But he proves too much for the side on which he has evidently been retained. According to his own theory, Mrs. Deacon became untrue to her husband through love of fashion and frivolity. If so, her paramour deserved his fate, and she will deserve the seclusion which awaits her. And again, if no American woman can go into the best French society without being corrupted, if she must take a lover to "regularize her position," the less American ladies see of Paris the better it will be for their happiness and for the honor of their husbands.

An American was recently in the dining-room of a hotel in Berlin (says *Harper's Weekly*), and observing that two young officers who entered after him were served before him, he expostulated with the waiter very sharply, and was interrupted by one of the officers as if the remarks were intended for him. "I have not addressed myself to you," said the American, in fluent German, "and I will thank you not to interfere." The young officer haughtily demanded an apology, and the American promptly knocked him down. There was instantly general confusion, and the host hurried into the room, begging the American to leave, on the plea that such an insult to an army officer would ruin his house. The American explained, and the host acknowledged the justice of the explanation, but still begged him to leave. "Certainly," said the American, "if you wish. But I give you fair notice that I shall publish a statement of the facts in every important newspaper in the United States, warning all Americans to avoid your house if they do not wish to be insulted." The host ruefully begged him then to remain, and wringing his hands, departed.

The Rev. Dr. Paxton says that Jay Gould told him that, after many years' deliberation, he had become convinced that the Presbyterian Church was the best and truest religious organization in the country, and that its work of church extension was the most hopeful for humanity. Still it is not likely that the other churches will dismiss their pastors and close their doors—not this year.

Ex-Senator Ingalls is again reported to have declined a ten-thousand-dollar editorship. The frequency with which statesmen out of a job decline these big-salaried plums in journalism is calculated to arouse the suspicion that there are strings attached to these plums.

A French officer has devised a rifle that will throw a stream of vitriol for a distance of over two hundred feet, to be used against savages when they attempt rushes.

Professor John Fiske lays down the opinion that "there is not a competent scientific man in the world who is not an evolutionist."

ENGLISH INGRATITUDE.

"Cockaigne" on the Briton's Treatment of his Former Hosts.

Perhaps one of the strongest proofs of the slack support from home, of which the British tradesman complains, is found in the delight which warms the heart of London retail trade upon the coming of so many American visitors every season, and especially those who, like Mrs. Mackay and the Astors, take up their residence in the West End. American dollars, paid out with the lavish hand for which these "foreign invaders" are so notorious, are most acceptable in Regent Street, Bond Street, and Piccadilly.

I do not think that the sojourns of English tourists in America confer like benefits upon the shopkeepers of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, or San Francisco. Of course the hotels reap a profit from every guest. But that is the end and limit of the gain. Yet, stay. I must not forget the railroads. But who or what else sees a farthing of the money of an English traveler or sight-seer in America? Whatever your Englishman may do on the continent, I think I am not far wrong in claiming that, when "doing the States," he shaves his outlay of cash down to bare traveling expenses, and no matter how large his means may be, does everything as cheaply as he can. He buys nothing, drinks nothing. No man, I venture to say, so thoroughly grudges the expenditure of a penny, beyond what is absolutely necessary, as does the British tourist in America. If he could travel and board free, he would. And this is so whether he be a duke or a "drummer," a baronet or a brewer. When you get down to money-matters, there are no class distinctions among Englishmen. They are all just exactly alike. Indeed, I am not sure if, when you do encounter an exception, that the *rara avis* will not be a member of the middle classes, for if you want to put your finger on an Englishman (when traveling in America—I limit it to that), who is always ready and willing to get all he can without paying for it, you can not do better than look for his name and title in the peerage.

Doubtless there are many Americans who from experience will agree with me. No one so thoroughly and keenly enjoys the money-saving delights of American hospitality and railroad-passes as your Englishman of title. The hope of their enjoyment sends him to America, the offer and acceptance of them keep him there. To him it can not be too "free" a country. The best (or the worst) of it is that he never dreams of making any return. If he thought he would have to do that, he would sooner pay his way, as he would think it cheaper.

I would like to record another instance of this sort of English meanness which came to my knowledge some time ago. The eldest son of a baronet of wealth and position (which all baronets are not, by any manner of means) brought a letter of introduction to a family of distinction in one of America's largest cities. He had no earthly claim upon these people in any way, save that he was the friend of another Englishman whom the family had previously entertained, and who, therefore, gave him a letter of introduction to them. This sort of thing is very English, when Americans are concerned, and the bearers of letters of introduction become somewhat like the successive links in a long chain. One can not help seeing in it a resemblance to the Corsican vendetta. But when an Englishman gives any one a letter to one of his own countrymen, as Englishmen do *sometimes*, he wants more ground to stand upon than the fact that he himself is deeply in debt to his countryman for unrequited hospitality. Well, the American family received the English baronet's eldest son kindly and warmly, made much of him, dined him, wined him, and finally, when he wanted to go on a hunting expedition (he called it shooting), passed him on to a big ranch owned by one of their friends, where, on their introduction, he stayed and lived free for several weeks.

Shortly after this Englishman's return home, a son of the American family went to Europe, and, being in London, thought he would call on the baronet's son. So he went to Carlton House Terrace, where the baronet and his son lived when in town, and not finding the son in, left his card. It is needless to say the call was never returned, nor was any notice taken of the young American by the baronet himself, his eldest son, or any member of his family. There could be no excuse of the card being lost or never reaching, for some mutual friends, to whom the young American spoke of the affair with wonder, volunteered to call the attention of the baronet's son to the matter, and did so. I do not know what the baronet's son said to the mutual friends, but I do know that still no notice was taken of the young American's existence, and the two never met again. Since then, the Englishman has succeeded his father in the title. He is a great swell, is very rich, and is married to a niece of Gladstone.

I know both the parties in this little international episode, and have stated the facts as they are. I should not hesitate to mention names, only I do not wish to draw the American family before the public or into an unpleasant position. If it was not for that, I should take great pleasure in gibbeting so miserable an ingrate as the baronet before the eyes of the world. I do not think *he* sent another friend to the care of that American family. No doubt he would have done so had their son stayed at home. COCKAIGNE.

London, February 27, 1892.

The composer Rossini was one of the laziest of mortals After he had produced his crowning triumph, "Guillaume Tell," composed at the age of thirty-seven, he passed thirty-nine years in inactivity, amusing himself at Bologna by fishing and pig-farming.

Policeman Henry Hand, of New York, has fallen heir to seventy-five thousand dollars, but he will complete his twenty years' term on the force, so that he may be entitled to a pension of six hundred dollars a year.

GIBSON'S PICTURES.

"Van Gryse" tells of the Originals of His Drawings in "Life."

Gibson, the artist and illustrator, who has come up so brilliantly in the last year, has opened a small exhibition of his *Life* etchings at a little picture-place on Twenty-Third Street. There were fifty-eight studies there, a day or two ago, the exhibition having been opened to the public on March the first, and of these fully two-thirds were already sold. A subscriber of *Life* has seen every picture there, in the reduced scale in which they are represented in the paper. Most of the "Delicious Moment" series were on view, also some ten of the "Social Nuisance" set, the studies of Bishop Gullum and Miss Autumn, and a few of the little illustrations that Gibson has contributed to Mitchell's fairy-tale series now running in *Life*.

Accustomed to admire the neat fineness and smallness of these clever illustrations, we are surprised to see how large they are in the original and how bold and almost coarse the workmanship is sometimes. Some of the "Delicious Moment" cartoons are from two to three feet long and fully a foot and a half high. The strokes of the pen are hard and black, and in many of them the picture has been pieced out, and some of the figures have been set on in different pieces of bristol-board. The studies of only two figures are charming and exquisitely finished and true.

Here are the two extremely tight-waisted, high-collared, large-hatted, stylish young women, who are looking at a cast of the Venus of Milo. One remarks to the other that she thinks Hebe Hardy has a figure very much like that of the Venus, to which her companion answers, in aggrieved surprise: "Why, Sally, I think Hebe has a very good figure." Here are several of Bishop Gullum's pictures—the figure quite a creation, and one that Du Maurier might be proud of. Here are a number of those smooth-shaven, broad-shouldered, good-looking young men, discussing the question of engagements of marriage with slim young women, who have the indescribable stamp of Gotham in the coils of their hair, in the shape of their features, the set of their skirts, and the cut of their bodices.

Gibson's women are not to-day so ethereally slender and fragile as they were when he first drew for *Life*. He now presents as his ideal a larger type—a girl with broad shoulders and hips, a thick throat, large arms, and an exquisitely posed head. The features are small and patrician, the style distinguished rather than *chic*. His women are the best style of New York beauties, but not the most dashing and stunning, by any means. They belong to good families, and are well brought up, but they do not get their clothes from Paris or belong to a particularly gay set. But their charm is apparent, and the way they arrange their hair is absolutely lovely. There is only one fault to be found with them—they always wear the same sort of evening-dress. Mr. Gibson ought to get some new frocks in which to clothe these fine creatures when they are arrayed *en grande toilette*. We are tired of the plainly hanging skirt, the pointed waist cut low round the shoulders, with a piece of some sort of gauze trimming the edge.

The prices of the pictures varied according to size. The larger ones, such as "Running the Gauntlet," a study of a fine-looking damsel entering what appears to be a hall-room alone and bending her head as she buttons her glove while all the men and women stare at her, was marked one hundred dollars, and was sold. Some of the "Delicious Moment" pictures ran up to this price. From that they declined from sixty to forty and from forty to twenty. The twenty ones were studies of two figures without backgrounds, such as that of the handsome young man, whose *fiancée*, a slim girl with a flat sailor-hat on and an irregularly pretty profile, is telling him that she wants to wear her engagement-ring at the next hop, so be sure and get it on time. He answers: "Oh, they have already told me they would let me have it on time."

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There are people who accuse the New Yorker of selfishness. They say our city is a great, big, hard, self-satisfied place, where the only things that are thought of are wealth and fashion, and where the poverty-stricken, the fallen, and the weak go to the wall.

It does appear this way at first sight. The outward semblance of things would make one suppose that all the Gothamite cared for was good clothes, good eating, and good times. In that press and hurry of sumptuous life which rolls along from Union Square to the Park, there seems to be no time for a thought of those whom some one has christened "the other half"; no leisure for a passing glimpse into the side alleys of the great city, where poverty pinches and sickness rages.

Of course, as all the world knows, this is all wrong. The average New Yorker is a generous, if a somewhat careless, soul. He will give to a beggar though he knows that the encouragement of pauperism is as bad as possible. He does not distribute alms carefully; he throws them about, wherever the claim for them arises, just to quiet his conscience and from the fullness of a light heart easily moved to pity. In the rich circles of the high life, thousands go every year in charities. Some fine ladies—energetic and devoted—superintend their own especial benevolent institutions, and make a life-work of some charity which, under their management, has grown into a great public benefaction.

The Vanderbilts are among the most charitable people in New York. They are personally interested in the various institutions they have founded. The principal of these is the hospital, maternity house, and clinic that the family have clubbed together to establish. The late Miss Catherine Wolfe, on the other hand, gave annually to Bishop Potter the sum of twenty thousand dollars to be distributed among the poor as he thought fit. She said, and with a great show of reason, that he knew better than she did where it would do most good. Mrs. Astor's pet charity is the annual shipping of car-loads of boys to the West, where employment is found for them and they are given a fair start in life. Mrs. Anson Stokes has established the great summer home for the children of the poor at Bath on Long Island. Though this lady has a large family, continually entertains, and is in the van of fashionable life, she has found time to develop her summer home from a small affair of a few inmates to one of the largest charitable institutions of its kind in the country. The money expended would represent a good-sized fortune. The number of children benefited would run well up into the thousands.

But these are the charities of millionaires. Smaller ones go on all the time. What is called "The College Settlement" of Rivington Street does untold good in the ugly quarter which it has chosen for its local habitation. There are six girls and the manager—a cultivated lady of marked executive ability—in the building, their business being to teach the children and help the women of the district to a better ideal of life and a more cleanly and comfortable domestic régime. The quarter where the house is situated is just off the streets where the Russian Jews are congregating, and, though outwardly it is not so repulsive as one might expect, the interior life of the tenements is said to be low and wretched. The College Settlement, so called because its original members were all girls who had graduated from various colleges, has already benefited the neighborhood. The girls pay a trifling sum for their room and board, and stay for different lengths of time—some for years, others for months. The house can accommodate only from six to seven, and those who enter are expected to work faithfully, and they invariably do so. They have located themselves in the very midst of the squalid life of the city, as living among the people is the only way to gain any real power over their lives.

Still a smaller charity, but one which is largely practiced, is that of the adopting of homeless or deserted children. In a great metropolis like this, the number of these unfortunate little creatures is appalling. Some of them are the children of a good stock, the untimely death of their parents and entire absence of relatives rendering them absolutely friendless and homeless. They go to an orphanage or are adopted. Others, again, come of a horrible heredity, against which the adopted parents may struggle in vain. Strangely enough, many of the adoptions are made by people living in the West, who come to the metropolis to look for a child to bring up. Many of the children are taken by people of the poorer class, who, from a pure spirit of charity, will take the miserable little pauper in with their numerous brood and give it as good as they give their own.

VAN GRYSE.

NEW YORK, March 8, 1892.

UNLIMITED FREE SILVER A DEMOCRATIC PLANK.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* claims to be a Republican organ. If so, why does it advocate unlimited free-silver coinage? That is a Democratic plank, and not a Republican one. Those who doubt it should read the following from leading journals of varying shades of opinion:

The action of the Democratic House in deciding to take up the subject of free silver two weeks hence settles the question of that party's attitude with regard to free coinage during the national campaign. It means, in short, that the Democratic party will stand or fall by free silver, and there can be no doubt that it will fall. After this declaration the only consistent course for the Democratic National Convention will be to adopt a free-silver plank.—*Philadelphia Inquirer (Rep.), March 8th.*

The free-coinage advocates never will give up the agitation any more than the old Greenbackers did, until they are overwhelmingly defeated. The desperate attempt of a few of the Northern Democratic politicians to obscure this issue or postpone it until next year was hypocritical, cowardly, and infamous. It failed as it ought to fail. The attitude of the Democratic party on this great issue of the currency can no longer be misrepresented or misunderstood.—*Boston Journal (Rep.), March 8th.*

The free-silverites are doing more to assure President Harrison renomination and perhaps election than the Republicans. By forcing a free-silver bill through both Houses, a political lever of gigantic proportions will be placed in the President's hands. There is plausibility in the argument that President Harrison would esteem a chance to veto a free-silver bill as the crowning opportunity of his career.—*Chicago News (Ind.), March 7th.*

The Democracy is for free coinage as much as it is for free trade. Most of the Democrats who voted to postpone consideration of the Bland Bill yesterday were free-silver men at heart. They knew that if their party carried the next election a free-coinage law would be enacted. But they lacked the honesty of the outspoken "cheap"-money fanatics of the Southern and Western States.—*New York Press (Rep.), March 8th.*

Here is a perfectly frank statement of the motive for a large part of the demand for the free coinage of silver. The speaker is George P. Freeman, interviewed by the Washington *Post*. He says: "The amount of benefit Colorado would realize from the passing of a bill even to give free and unlimited coinage to the American product inside of the first thirty days from its passage, can hardly be realized. It would be away up in millions. Denver to-day has locked up in the vaults of the smelters and banks tons and tons of bar-silver, worth millions. It is in most cases deposited as collateral, and about thirty per cent. of its actual value has been loaned on it. The owners do not like to sell at a low market, and, so long as they can secure enough money to pay expenses, propose to wait. This has been continued for a long enough time now to force the banks to refuse loans; not on account of the security, but because they have not the necessary money." It is purely business, don't you see? With free coinage, the miners could get one dollar and twenty-nine cents per ounce for their silver, and, if they can get that price, they care as little about the effect of free coinage upon the business interests of the country as Mr. Vanderbilt has been said to care about the public.—*Springfield Republican (Ind.), March 8th.*

The Bland Bill is yet, of course, to be considered on its merits, and its fate is uncertain. But the country will consider yesterday's act the act of the Democratic party, and hold that party responsible.—*Baltimore Sun (Dem.).*

The Democratic House has declared the platform of the party in the Presidential contest. The Republicans are for the tariff law, with the crowning reciprocity policy, the protection of our national interests and the vindication of national honor, the maintenance of the public credit with and by the highest standard of money. The Democratic party is the party of British Toryism and thirty per cent. repudiation. There can no longer be any obscurity as to the issues.—*Brooklyn Standard-Union (Rep.).*

Should the Democrats carry the Bland Bill in March, there would be no salvation for the party in November, unless the Chicago convention should take the bull by the horns, nominate Grover Cleveland, and go to the country on a sound tariff-reform and honest-money platform.—*Philadelphia Record (Dem.).*

Free silver and free trade are twin heresies, either and both tending to reduce the wages and the home comforts of the workman. It is well that the Democratic position on both of these questions should be clearly defined and understood.—*Brooklyn Times (Rep.).*

There is no doubt that the great majority of the Democrats of the country favor free coinage.—*New Orleans Picayune (Dem.).*

There were no less than 953 suicides in Paris during the year 1891—231 sought watery graves, 113 blew out their brains, 89 hanged, 71 stabbed themselves, 62 used poison, 84 enjoyed asphyxiation, 75 threw themselves from high elevations, 154 deaths were from unknown causes, and 74 were crushed under trains or machinery. This is considered the greatest suicidal year the French capital has ever experienced, and is attributed to la grippe.

Bob Ingersoll says that the sublimest line in the English language is: "Love is not love that alters when it alteration finds."

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Dr. Metzger declares that the sufferings of the Empress of Austria are due to the fact that she has spent too much of her life in the side-saddle.

Mme. Patti somewhat surprised her manager, on her recent trip from Louisville to Pittsburg, when she had a special train, by asking to have the speed slackened, or rather the train stopped. At that particular moment it was making remarkable time. Her request having been complied with, she stepped off the cars and exercised her pet Skye for fifteen minutes, and then allowed the journey to be resumed.

The date of the marriage of Mme. Barrios and Señor Don José Martinez de Roda is not yet set. Long engagements, however, are not usual among people of the Spanish race. According to the Spanish custom, a fortnight before the wedding, cards are sent out officially announcing the engagement. These are followed in the course of a week or so by the invitations to the wedding. This custom will be followed in the present instance. It is said that Mme. de Barrios will return with her husband to Madrid and make her home in Spain. Although for seven years a widow and the mother of seven children, three of whom are now abroad at school, she has just reached her thirty-second year. She was a little maid of thirteen, a pupil in the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Quezaltenango, in the highlands of Guatemala, where she was born, when General de Barrios, the president, saw her in her father's house, and straightway lost his heart to her. De Barrios was in his second term as president when he took his wife on a trip around the world, and the handsome house at 855 Fifth Avenue, in which she now resides, marks one of their stopping-places. He purchased it in 1881, when they were in New York. General de Barrios was killed in the battle of Chalchuapa on April 2, 1885, and not long after his widow went with her children to New York city. Her father and the other members of the family also left Guatemala and went to New York, where they have since resided near her. Her father, Señor Aparicio, has a large commission business, his office being at 101 Pearl Street. Mme. de Barrios's fortune is supposed to exceed five million dollars, and her jewels are famous.

Mrs. Blaine is descended from old Puritan stock. Her ancestors came to this country in 1634, and landed at Salem, where they lived for many years. Mrs. Blaine's maiden name was Harriet Stanwood. Her father was Jacob Stanwood, and her mother Miss Sallie Caldwell. Jacob Stanwood and his wife came to Augusta from Ipswich. Ten children were born to them, six boys and four girls. Of the ten children, but one sister is left to Mrs. Blaine—Mrs. Marble, Oakland, Cal. Mrs. Blaine, when she was a little girl, was passionately fond of reading. She had read Shakespeare's works when she was but ten years of age. As a young lady she never went to dances and never seemed to care anything about them. An older sister, Caroline, went to Kentucky and stayed with a friend. One winter, Harriet went to Kentucky to join her sister and to teach in an academy. It was there that she first met Mr. Blaine, who was a teacher in the same school. She and Mr. Blaine afterwards both taught in a school for the blind in Philadelphia; but shortly after, returning to Augusta, they were married. Being poor they kept no servants, and Mrs. Blaine did her own work and took care of her children, in about the same manner as did most of the New England women of those days. Mr. Blaine and her brother, Jacob Stanwood, about that time bought the *Advertiser*, in Portland, Stanwood furnishing the money and Blaine the brains, and, for a number of years, the latter spent his time in Portland, only coming home Saturday night to stay over Sunday with his wife. In Augusta it is said of Mrs. Blaine that she is generous almost to a fault, and among the poor she is continually doing good.

Unless it is settled beforehand, the great Wood will case is to come to trial on the twenty-fourth of March. The chief living figure is Mrs. Parnell. Old Mrs. Wood, whose fortune of one million dollars is in dispute, was a weirdly eccentric character, and, in her latest years, grew blind, deaf, and quite silly. She never read newspapers or any books, save the Bible and the classical poets. Her servants were compelled to memorize verses from these and recite them daily in her presence. One of the witnesses at the coming trial will be a young English footman who revolted at this. One of her favorite occupations was to draw wills. There is a whole series of these. In the first of these she devised her property in an equitable way. Gradually, as her niece Kitty grew up from girlhood, they show changes increasingly in her favor; the last of all, every line of which, save the feebly scrawled signature, is in Mrs. Parnell's writing, leaves to the latter everything. The story of the fight she made to keep her brothers and sisters from getting at their aunt, rivals one of Wilkie Collins's plots. One sister, Lady Leonard, declares that the old woman had been kept under the impression for some years that her nephew, Sir Evelyn Wood, had been killed in Zululand. About this time—that is, four years ago—Sir Evelyn applied for a commission in lunacy for his aunt. This application thereafter made it easy for Mrs. O'Shea to keep the whole brood of relatives at a distance. Once, it seems, a rumor of the Parnell scandal in some way got to the old lady, who was a Puritan of the grimmest type. But it is alleged that she was told and convinced that it related to one of her other nieces. Sir Evelyn and six brothers and sisters are claimants, the charge being lunacy and undue influence. The counsel chosen curiously reproduces the famous Parnell commission. Sir Charles Russell is for the plaintiff, while Attorney-General Webster is for the Woods. Sir Henry James is for Mrs. Steele. The only difference is that George Lewis is not in the case. It is said this occurs because he had such violent and prolonged labor to get his tenth of the five thousand pounds sterling damages he won for Parnell from the London *Times* that he refused all further dealings with the family.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A suit at law has been brought against the Press Publishing Company, of New York, by Maurice M. Minton, general manager of the Illustrated American Publishing Company, to recover statutory damages for alleged infringement of copyright under the new American act, which went into effect on July 1st. Any paper or publisher reproducing and offering for sale a copyrighted picture, without the permission of the owner, is liable for damages of one dollar for every print he may have made of it. Mr. Minton has secured two thousand five hundred copies of the paper containing the alleged piracy. The picture is a portrait of the Princess Hatzfeldt, formerly Miss Huntington, a drawing from life, by Arthur Jules Goodman.

"The Oak: A Study in Botany," by H. Marshall Ward, F. R. S., is the third volume of the Modern Science Series which Sir John Lubbock is editing. It is to be published at once by D. Appleton & Co.

President Harrison, of the London Library, in talking about the authors he had known officially, confesses that Carlyle had a bad habit of writing in the margins of the books, some of the notes being so characteristic that even a librarian was prone to let them stand; *e. g.*, after Rule Britannia, Carlyle had written simply "cock-a-doodle doo! ! !"

Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. H. S. Wilkinson (author of "The Brain of an Army") are jointly preparing a book on the "Defenses of England," which will be published at an early date.

The following curious story shows that the schoolmaster stays at home:

In the private office of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., on Park Street, Boston, hangs a letter written in October, 1887, by the principal of a school in a Pennsylvania town to Nathaniel Hawthorne. The teacher asks Mr. Hawthorne for a donation of one or two of his books for the school library, and communicates his expression of admiration and that of his neighbors for Mr. Hawthorne. "It seems very strange," a visitor once remarked to a member of the firm, "that a school-teacher should not have heard of the novelist's death twenty-three years after his decease." "That is not the strangest feature of the matter," was the reply; "the letter was directed to Mr. Hawthorne at Salem, and, after remaining unclaimed in the post-office there for the usual time, it was sent to us with a request to forward."

Professor David Starr Jordan makes the inspiring influence of a great teacher of science strongly felt in the account of "Agassiz at Penikese," with which he opens the April *Popular Science Monthly*.

The New York *Herald* offers a prize of one hundred dollars for the best completion of a story, making between seven and eight thousand words in all, of which John Habberton wrote the commencement, one thousand words in length, for the *Herald* of March 13th. Manuscripts, type-written, and signed not with the writer's name but with a motto, must be submitted by April 16th.

There is to be brought out in England an "International Series of Humor," each volume of which will be profusely illustrated. The humorists of most countries will be sought out.

Marion Crawford's new novel, "The Three Fates: A Story of New York Life," will be published in April.

Of Maurice Maeterlinck, the young Belgian poet who has lately sprung into notoriety, the *Nation* says:

"He has published a volume of poems, 'Serres Chaudes,' which are but amusing French parodies of Walt Whitman, the tragedy of 'La Princesse Maleine,' and two short plays, 'L'Intruse' and 'Les Aveugles.' Until last spring, his notoriety had scarcely spread beyond a small circle of admirers among the *décadents* and *symbolistes* of Paris; but in May, "L'Intruse' was given at the Vaudeville matinée for Verlaine, and the next day Octave Mirbeau came out with an eloquent article, in which the play was extolled as the greatest and most daring of modern times, and Maeterlinck himself called the Belgian Shakespeare. Mallarmé was the next to lead the chorus of his praise, and the Belgian poet's reputation was made for better or worse. Maeterlinck has been sadly handicapped by the injudicious name bestowed upon him by his French friends. To live up to his reputation as Belgian Shakespeare is no light matter. His force lies in his power to imagine the horror of certain situations, and to express it by the most realistic methods. His people talk simply, as in real life. In the conversation of several people, the natural repetitions which occur are made to tell, like the refrain in a ballad. But, once the interest falters, then the dialogue dwindles into mere Ollendorff. Take a page from the 'Princesse Maleine'—it is but one of many:

"'Je vois le phare.'
"'Vous voyez le phare?'
"'Oui, je crois que c'est le phare.'
"'Mais alors vous dever voir la ville.'
"'Je ne vois pas la ville.'
"'Vous ne voyez pas la ville?'
"'Je ne vois pas la ville.'
"'Vous ne voyez pas le beffroi?'
"'Non.'"

D. Appleton & Co. are to publish in book-form Carlyle's much-talked-of novel, "Wotton Reinfred." James Anthony Froude has said that it reveals the suave power that characterizes Carlyle's other works, while it has an added interest in the characters presented, many of whom are well-known men.

Baring Gould is engaged on a novel called "In the Road of the Sea: A Tale of the Cornish Coast," and another book on "Survivals and Superstitions."

Rudyard Kipling has a volume of ballads in press. Several of them have not been published before. The volume includes "East and West," "The Flag of England," and "The Lament of the Border Cattle-Thief."

Apropos of the story of "A Fellowe and His Wife," written in collaboration by Blanche Willis Howard (Frau Teuffel) and William Sharp, which is told in a correspondence between a German husband and wife, it is interesting to learn that Mr. Sharp has written Countess Ilse's letters and Miss Howard those of Count Odo.

George Sand's works, it is said, have gone out of fashion in England. There is but little demand for them; but Dumas's books and Balzac's continue to be extremely popular.

Ada Cambridge, whose "Three Miss Kings" and "Not All in Vain" have been enjoyed by many American readers, has written a new novel, "My Guardian," which the Appletons will publish in their Town and Country Library at once.

The suggestion has been made that the Laureateship be allowed to pass with the passing of Tennyson. The *Critic* says:

"Swinburne, who would naturally get it if it were awarded on purely poetic grounds, has too often turned his gift of words into a lash, and applied it with dithyrambic vigor to the back of respectability in high places, to hope for the prize, even if he wanted it. William Morris, who otherwise might get it, is a flannel-shirted socialist. If I were to award it myself among the 'eligibles,' I should bestow it upon Austin Dobson, who in a day of small things has done small things more perfectly than any one else. But Messrs. Swinburne, Dobson, and William Morris are not seeking the tierce of Canary (or its equivalent in pounds sterling), and other verse-writers are, and one of them will get it—unless an interregnum is allowed, such as that which followed, for over sixty years, the death of rare Ben Jonson."

Mary Agnes Tincker, the author of one of the successful novels in the No Name Series of ten years ago, has a new book in press called "San Salvador."

W. H. Mallock has written a love story which was suggested by a reading of Marie Bashkirtseff's journal. It is called "A Human Document," and is about to be published in book-form, after having run its course serially in the *Fortnightly*.

Lord Lytton's daughter and son-in-law will edit for publication a small volume of the poet's unprinted verse. A short preface will be written by Lady Lytton. The volume will contain a work called "King Poppy," on which Lytton had been many years engaged.

Tennyson's woodland drama, which Mr. Daly has in preparation for the stage, is to be published this month under the title of "The Forester Robin Hood and Maid Marian."

Mrs. Humphry Ward did not receive one hundred thousand dollars for the copyright of "David Grieve," in spite of a statement to that effect. The book, however, has been very successful in England.

Concerning religion and science, this is of interest:

An authentic account of what treatment the Catholic Church actually gave to Galileo and his discoveries and writings is given by Dr. Andrew D. White, in one of his Warfare of Science Papers in the *Popular Science Monthly* for April. Attempts have been made to disprove or explain away much of this ecclesiastical persecution, but Dr. White's statements are fortified by copious citations from authors of unquestioned orthodoxy. The same article tells just how far into the present century the Catholic Church held to the notion that the earth does not move, and shows that certain Protestant sects displayed much less wisdom by clinging to the antiquated delusion even longer.

"Marah" is to be the title of the new volume of (hitherto unpublished) poems by the late Owen Meredith. "Potiphar's Wife and Other Poems" is the title of Sir Edwin Arnold's new book.

Mr. Froude will soon publish a new volume collected from several magazines, and bearing the title "The Spanish Story of the Armada, and Other Essays, Historical and Descriptive."

New Publications.

Balzac's novel of "The Country Doctor," translated by Mrs. Frederick M. Dey, has been issued in the Choice Series published by Robert Bonner's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Nameless Castle," translated by M. Dassel from the German of Maurus Jokai, the Hungarian novelist, has been issued in the Idle Moments Series published by the Price-McGill Company, St. Paul; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Story of Gottlieb," by President William F. Warren, of Boston University, is a little tale of a young German's aspirations for the spiritual life. Published by Flood & Vincent, Meadville, Pa.; price, 60 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Unrest" is the title of a volume of short poems by Madame Higgins-Glenerne (Lida Lewis Watson). She is one of the rhymers who receive the title "a modern Sappho." Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York; price, $1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"A Study in Girls," is the title of seven stories by Edmund Smith Middleton, in which he describes such types as the literary girl, the shop girl, the stage girl, the summer girl, the wayward girl, etc. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Nearly Lost," by Annie M. Hucker; "The Scalp-Hunters," by Captain Mayne Reid; "Was he Successful?" by Richard B. Kimball; and "Bound, not Blessed," by A. Lyndsay MacGregor, are recent issues of paper-covered novels published by G. W. Dillingham, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Adversary: A Study in Satanology," by William Matson, D. D., is a somewhat curious compilation, constituting a study of the powers of evil as mentioned in the Bible and of necromancy, occultism, spiritualism, and other more modern branches of the black art. Published by Wilbur B. Ketcham, New York; price, $1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Miss Bagg's Secretary," by Clara Louise Burnham, is a story in which a spinster, who has led a pinched existence in a New England village is suddenly raised to the command of a great fortune. She goes to New York to live and has for private secretary a West Point man who furnishes one side of the romance that constitutes much of the story. The tale is well told and the characters are all fairly well drawn. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, $1.25; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Early Days of My Episcopate," by the Right Reverend William Ingraham Kip, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of California, was written in the years 1859–60, and was intended for publication after its author's death; but as he has lived beyond the allotted span of man's life, the book is given to the public while he is yet alive. It is a record of his journey to this State in 1853, and of his early visits to the towns of his diocese. It is of much historical value as a picture of California society in the early days. Published by Thomas Whittaker, New York; price, $1.50; for sale by C. Beach.

"The Early Renaissance" is a volume of essays on art topics by Professor James M. Hoppin, professor of the history of art in Yale University. There are a dozen of the essays, their titles being "The Early Renaissance," "Principles of Art," "Tendencies of Modern Art," "French Landscape-Painting," "Murillo," "Art in Education," "Art and Religion," "Bourges Cathedral," "The Zeus-Altar of Pergamon," "Critique of a Greek Statue," "The Masterpiece of Scopas," and "Hellas." Their range, it will be seen, is wide, but all are treated with broad intelligence and pleasing clearness. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, $2 00; for sale by the booksellers.

A volume of "Letters of Field-Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke to his Mother and Brothers," translated by Clara Bell and Henry W. Fisher, covers a period of sixty-five years, ranging from June 5, 1823, to a short time before his death. They are a curious revelation of the growth of character, beginning with careful letters, in which the future great general was often studiously playful—in one of them is a sketch of his brother Adolf studying law and smoking a pipe—and show the crystallization of his mind as only intimate, family letters can show it. Their matter, too, is interesting in itself. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, $3 00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Princess Mazaroff," by Joseph Hatton, is a story of lively action. A returned African traveler has an *affaire du cœur* with the princess, and, tiring of her, wishes to marry an "advanced" young woman. The princess thereupon stabs herself in his presence, and with her dying breath accuses him of having murdered her. Things look very black for him at the trial, until an accommodating person comes forward and swears that he was behind the door—which he was not—and saw her kill herself—which he did not. His cheerful perjury frees the lover, and he marries the girl of his somewhat damaged heart. Published by the John W. Lovell Company, New York; price, $1.50; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

"Darkness and Daylight: or, Lights and Shadows of New York Life" is the kind of book one used to find lying in solitary state on the parlor table in a little country hotel. It is distinctly sensational in subject and in the way it is printed, bound, and illustrated. But it contains much that is of value to the social student and the philanthropist. It is a woman's narrative of mission-work among the criminal classes, by Mrs. Helen Campbell, with further accounts of the same seamy side of life in the metropolis by Colonel Thomas W. Knox and Inspector Byrnes, of the New York detective force. There are two hundred and fifty illustrations from photographs. Published by A. D. Worthington & Co., Hartford, Conn.; for sale only by subscription.

"The Youth of the Duchess of Angoulême" is the latest volume of Imbert de Saint-Amand's historical series on the Famous Women of the French Court, which has been translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. It is a deeply interesting narrative, following the fortunes of this sole survivor of the family of Louis the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette from the time she, a girl of fourteen, imprisoned with her parents in the Temple Tower, kept a journal of the terrible events that took place about her, until the arrival of Louis the Eighteenth at Calais, when she has a brief respite from the exile that was to begin again eleven months later. It is a very pathetic story of womanly suffering and fortitude, but the author has not departed from the truths of history in his sympathy for his subject. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, $1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

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VANITY FAIR.

There will be no ice-carnival at Montreal this year; indeed, there may never be another. Cause—the expense of encouraging carnivals fell on a few trades which have not recently profited by them. The carnivals encourage a spirit of athleticism (says the New York *Times*). Nobody was in the swim unless he chose to don a suit of blankets and spend his evenings sliding down a hill or tramping over the frozen snow. It spread to the female population. The concert-rooms, the theatres, and the lecture-halls were deserted. Even balls were forsaken, and the only conversation was of tobogganing, skating, and snow-shoeing. A delicate girl was compelled, by the force of public opinion, to walk on snow-shoes two or three miles to the slide. A half-mile dash down the icy slope gave a sensation of delight; but then there was the long, toiling walk up the hill, with skirts bedraggled and heavy with snow. At first the natural hills were used, and, the descent being shorter and more gradual, the task of returning was not so great; but some one introduced the Russian method of erecting a high wooden structure, with a long flight of steep steps, up which one climbed to be shot down again like a rocket. All this added to the excitement of the dashing flights. The hills were lit by torches stuck in the snow, and afterward by the electric light suspended overhead and by huge bonfires, around which clustered the picturesque groups. But the doctors began to notice that their consulting-rooms were being visited by girls, pale and anæmic, in spite of their "out-door exercise." More exercise was ordered, till it dawned upon the doctors that the troubles were due to tobogganing. Girls who became breathless with the exertion of climbing up an ordinary flight of stairs, found no difficulty in toiling up miles of steps under the excitement of company, frosty air, and blazing bonfires, which threw the snow into darkness. One doctor stated publicly that so long as the present generation of girls lived, traces of the toboggan craze would be found in their impaired motherhood, and that the evils would extend even to the next generation. It is hard to say how tobogganing, as it used to be practiced, fell into disrepute. Though no impropriety was charged, many persons found fault with a sport which permitted two young people to tramp together for miles in the night and unattended. Then the Roman Catholic Church denounced it openly, and the curés from the pulpit warned the faithful against permitting their daughters to take part in the sport. Tobogganing was doomed.

Baron Raymond Seillière, who was in San Francisco some years ago, as the guest of Edmond Carrey, the French consul, is now in New York city. He has come over to carry away an American bride. The American baroness will find his home in Paris a palatial one. The Princesse de Sagan, Baron Seillière's sister, has a house adjoining his in the Rue St. Dominique, in the midst of a garden of five acres. It is so admirably arranged for entertaining that the Princesse de Sagan can give a ball of fifteen hundred guests without being incommoded in her living-rooms. The adjoining hotel of the Baron Seillière is connected with it by a private passage. Her collection of *objets d'art* is second to none in France but that of the government. The *bal des bêtes*, given at this residence four years ago, has become quite historical. It was a costume affair, every one representing some bird or animal. What with the vivacity of the French, it must have been like the chattering of many magpies. The princess herself, a very handsome woman, was a peacock, and the long sweeping train was the tail. A very ingenious contrivance was used that can be confidently recommended to the haughty birds who seem to have a difficulty and irregularity in the management of their feathers. The princess, by the aid of a pretty bauble, could spread hers at will. She stood to receive her guests on the landing of the flight of marble stairs. As to Baron Seillière, he flatly declined to be a bird, and simply wore a court costume and had an edition of Audubon's book under his arm. In other words, he was Audubon for the nonce. The Princesse de Sagan is, by way of variety, on equally good terms with both the Prince and Princess of Wales, and both or either invariably dines with her on their first evening of any stay in Paris. The princess has fine places both at Cannes and Trouville. François Seillière, the Baron Seillière's brother, married a daughter of General Marquis Gallifet, and though the couple have not always altogether agreed, she has always, according to the French expression, espoused his cause.

"Many years ago, a young American girl," said Colonel T. W. Higginson, in a recent lecture, "found herself in London as the guest of a relative, who was the wife of an embassador to England from a continental state, and a person of great social standing and influence. This young lady, only seventeen years of age, was, in a way, to enter upon easy terms the most exclusive society. You can imagine how she enjoyed it. At the first of these entertainments to which she went, her eye fell on one very distinguished-looking old man in the opposite corner, who seemed to her a person who might be worthy of any social position; not handsome, rather ugly than otherwise, but keenly intellectual, and in every way distinguished. After a while, the summons was given to the dinner-table—they were summoned to the dining-hall in that complicated and elaborate order of precedence which you will find at the end of the English books on etiquette. This young girl saw every stripling lordship and every young damsel, the scion of an honorable house, pass her by, and she watched from her corner. Last of all, at the very end of that brilliant procession, walked the only two untitled plebeians in the room, that young American girl and that distinguished-looking old man, who turned out to be Samuel Rogers, the distinguished poet of those days, and the recognized head of literary society in London. It was a lesson in the utter shallowness and folly of hereditary rank that would last a lifetime. Samuel Rogers's poems are not read so much now as formerly, but at that time the highest literary honor a man could have was to dine with Rogers. He was one of the richest bankers in London, and was probably or possibly the only person in the room who had won for himself a reputation outside of his own little island; but he was next to nobody in that company, and the little American girl was the nobody."

The following interesting notes on climbing the New York social ladder are by Julian Ralph, writing to the Providence *Journal*: Whoever should write an analysis of affairs in New York to-day and should leave out the strain of social ambition would miss the most serious thing in the life of the metropolis. We are apt to think the hardest thing a man can do is to come to New York, establish a foothold, and eventually make a fortune, as so many thousands of country boys have done. But my observation is, that if you will go to those same men after they have put the city under their feet, they will tell you that what they have accomplished was nothing as compared with what they have yet to do—and that is to get into society. I do not mean McAllister's Four Hundred when I say "society"; I mean polite society of any sort. I mean the *entrée* into any one of a hundred far more desirable circles than McAllister's band of self-instituted aristocrats. The day was when a man had the *entrée* of any such circle if he was a respectable man of any profession, or if he was rich. That is the case in the smaller cities to-day. Any doctor, lawyer, judge, or rich man, whose reputation is clean, can instantly gain admission to the nicest circles in the small cities. But he can not do so in New York. The only sure passport to such circles that I know of in New York to-day is to be born in such a circle. The next best thing is to boast a commission in the army or navy. The city is old and rich, and suspicious of all new-comers. That makes its society the most rigid and cruel in America.

The New York *Tribune* printed last summer a mock dialogue that lets a flood of light on the subject. Two little girls are supposed to have met at a watering-place, near New York. "I like you," says one little girl; "I wonder if we can't play together. My mamma is from New York. She is rich, but she doesn't know any one. She came here to see if she couldn't get acquainted with nice people." "Oh," said the other little girl, "that's just like my mamma. She is here for the same reason. I guess we had better not know one another. Sorry. Good-bye." That sounds exaggerated, but the only exaggeration is in putting the dialogue into the mouths of children. The situation it reveals is a common one. All around me I know men and women who are placed and who feel just as the mothers of those little girls are represented as feeling. If I should publish here the names of the men I know whose hearts are being eaten out with the worry of striving for social recognition, the reader would be amazed. More than that, I would not be believed. The list would embrace lawyers of national fame, presidents of great corporations, millionaires, leading officers in the National Guard, public officials—men whose names are very familiar—names the reader thinks of as the names of exceedingly successful men.

In the multiplicity of the clubs in town, we see a reflex of this pursuit of gentility. Originally, men joined the Union and Manhattan Clubs to get acquainted with the social leaders and edge their families in behind them. The trick was seen through long ago. Now the clubs are not used in that way, but new clubs are started by a dozen, in order that men may have masculine circles of their own choosing. In those clubs they meet one another and enjoy what they can of the society that is denied to their wives. What the wives do, God alone knows. If they are part and parcel of a self-made household, they are bidden to cut their old-time friends and to wait for new ones of the standing to which they have risen. And there comes the rub. They rely on their husbands to find new circles for them, and this their husbands do or do not do. In most cases they fail, and the wives drag out artificial existences, having only their relatives for friends. I have spoken of men's hearts being eaten out by worry over this longing and struggle, but the pain is keenest with the women. Everywhere I see them or know of them, immured in fine houses and apartments, growing old while they wait. At first, they wait for their husbands to introduce them into a select little world of gentility; then they send their sons to college and their daughters to fashionable schools, and wait for them to make youthful acquaintanceship among nice people. This plan often succeeds.

The thing is simple enough if either a husband or wife has talent for the task. I know women who have built up very charming circles of the nicest acquaintances—circles which thousands desire to get into. Sometimes this is done by entertaining, sometimes by the utmost tact and address, or beauty and tact, or wealth and tact. I have in mind now a little woman who is queen of such a band of devotees—a country girl and not rich. But her husband is a good second to her, is influential, and has deliberately set apart his whole salary to the work, so that he spends as much as a millionaire's income. Sometimes it is the husband who devotes his every spare hour to a shrewd study of the subject; gets himself put on committees in church, in the clubs, in public affairs, in his professional organizations. Thus he makes his way into fine houses, and is entertained. Then he entertains in his own house in return. I have known several men to succeed in that way. One of them told me, less than a month ago, of the trouble he had to get into a fine set, of the humiliations and disappointments he suffered, of the falls his pride got. "And God knows," said he, with moist eyes, "it was not a bit of it for me. It was for the little wife and my girls. What good is my money going to be to them if they know no one and belong to no good social clique? I would have spent half my fortune any day, and left them only half, if money would give them good connections."

Then there are the bogus circles of alleged select people. There are a dozen in town made up of stupid people of wealth, or of so-called geniuses, who are a little shady of reputation, and who surround themselves with poets, poetesses, palm-readers, actors, opera-singers, adventurers, and authors. These are the sets that feed the cheap newspapers with accounts of the doings of high society. It is in these so-called "salons" of the Countess This and the Baroness So-and-So that are started stories of movements to discard corsets and to band against the marriage of American girls with foreign noblemen. It is from such salons that we get news of the general wearing of black silk underclothing and the universal smoking of cigarettes by ladies. These are not "shoddy" circles—they are worse; they are disreputable.

It takes patience to succeed in establishing a foothold in the most desirable combinations of men and women, and I am often amused by those who tire of the chase and seek to buy their way. Such persons hire excellent cooks and give dinners at which famous entertainers assist. They have cards printed, with receiving days announced upon them. They aim to leap into social recognition with a bound. Alas! the only women who come to their houses are the women who are in the same social strait—women who smile upon one another, and yet despise each other. It does not work. They drink their own wines and eat their own dinners, that is all. The surest way to succeed that I know of is to begin young, and never rest or marry, until as a dancing man, or a beau, or a wit, you have made yourself desired everywhere that your male friends go. Then if you marry in the best set to which you have the *entrée*, you will start well on the road. Is it worth the devotion of a bachelor's life and energy? Ah, I don't know. I judge so from the scenes I witness around me, from the lives I study daily. It must be worth a great deal, if it is worth the anxiety, and money, and yearning, and struggle that men give to it wherever I see them.

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COMMUNICATIONS.

Lieutenant Hetherington's Action.

Editors Argonaut: As an expnnent of truth and justiee and an enemy to prejudice, I hope the *Argonaut* will lend its voice tnward prnperly representing tn the American press and public the position of Lieutenant Hetherington, United States Navy, nnw awaiting trial before the consular court under a charge of murder for fatally shooting Mr. Gower Rnbinson, an Anglo-Italian resident of Ynkobama.

Aside from the unqualified testimonial which I here make of Lieutenant Hetherington's high rooral character, official and social reputation as an officer and gentleman of unblemished integrity, and his great popularity in the service, covering a period of nearly eigbteen years, I refrain frnm commeoting oo this distressing case to avoid a suggestion of hias in his favor.

But I leave the *Argonaut* to judge in an impartial aod dispassiooate manner, if his action in shooting dead a man whom he knew had invaded the sanctity nf his home and honor, and menaced his doroestic peace and happiness, is deserving of blame, or if he should he condemned hy a court nf justice for aveoging this crime witb the life of the seducer.

The accused has been dennuneed as a "brutal murderer" and "cowardly assassin" hy the friends nf the deceased, and declared *guilty*, by a coroner's jury (English), of "willful murder" in a community and age too prone to regard such "trivialities" as seduction witb criminal indifference, or, at the most, submit such affairs to the arbitration of the divoree courts.

Thank heaven, tbe spirit nf chivalry and honor is not entirely dead.

That this high-minded and honorable American officer should senrn such a cowardly method, and shoot the villaio dead instead, has naturally paralyzed "society," and raised against him many enemies whn would gladly see him coovicted of an "atrneinus crime."

Will tbe *Argonaut* express its opinion?

A Brother Officer.

Yokohama, Japan, February 23, 1892.

The will nf the late Lord Lytton has some highly interesting referenees wbieb will attract attention wberever Bulwer Lyttnn has been read. After dealing with his fnrtune, be goes on to say:

"And whereas, there now exist in the hands of persons unrestrained hy any sense of honor or decency certain letters which I believe to be garbled and certain written statements which I know to be wicked and cruel falsehoods relative to the domestic life of my father and mother; and

"Whereas, also, there is no misstatement, however impudent, and no imputation, however baseless, which biographers are incapable of adopting in their pursuit of seosational novelides about the private lives of eminent persons;

"Therefore it is my wish and request that, immediately after my death, all letters and papers bequeathed to me hy my father should be collected hy my wife, and placed hy her under lock and seal, in a box or boxes, unless this has been previously dooe hy me.

"And I do furtherooore earnestly request my said eldest son, or whoever else may succeed as Earl of Lytton, to bequeath the said papers oo the same conditions and with the same request to his or her successor, in order that the heirs and representatives of the name rendered illustrious hy my dear and hoored father may at no future time he without the means of refuting, if oecessary, the calumnies originated hy Rosina, Lady Lytton; for which reason and with which object I do herehy exhort my said wife and my executors not to destroy, or permit to be destroyed, the above menfiooed letters and papers, which contain the complete refotatioo of the said calumnies."

This is, of course, directed against his dead mother, Rosina, Lady Lytton, whnse dnmestie relatinns were not nf the happiest, and who fioally separated from her hushand. She died in 1882; hut later nn Miss Louisa Devey published letters of Lord Lytton tn his wife, the documents having heen bequeathed to her by Rosina. They dwelt upon the causes of the separation. The late Lord Lyttoo obtained an injunction and the book was suppressed.

EXPOSED THE FRAUD.

Hnw a Lady Caught One nf the Baking Powder Fiends.

Binghamton (N. Y.) Leader.

The eity fnr several days has heen canvassed hy a company of wnmen, who have called at private residenees to explain the purity aod superior merits of their baking powder through a series nf simple chemical experiments. A lady nf Winding Way, whn has been annnyed hy the agents, determined to test the efficacy nf the experiments, and she hrnught nut some nf the baking powder which they are advertising. The agent submitted the substance tn the usual tests and called the lady's attentinn tn the presence nf alum, ammnnia, and nther alleged injurious ingredients which could be distinguished hy the peculiar odnr, the residuum, etc. The lady nf course saw all these unmistakable signs of so-called impurities and allnwed the agent full swing tn expand upoo the merits of her own cooking powder. The agent finally inquired of the lady what brand of baking powder she had been experimenting with. "That baking powder," replied the lady, "is the same that you have been cracking up so high." The agent turned all colnrs, and beat a hasty retreat. Winding Way has nnt been bothered with baking-powder agents sinee.

Fred Yates will visit San Francisco this summer, remaining here through May and June. He has been devoting himself to portrait-painting during his residence in England, and has achieved a notable success. It is probable that he will do some portrait-work during his stay io town.

LENTEN VERSE.

The Girl in Front.

She sat before me down the aisle,
She looked so sweet, so free from guile,
I sat and watched her for awhile,
Thoughtless of pray'r.
She had a fashionable hat
In shape the opposite of flat,
And all that I could see was that
And her back-hair.

Unheeded was the organ's noise,
The crew of small, white oight-gowned boys,
While I admired her small head's poise,
Her shoulders trim;
And, mediating on her dress,
While others sang with zealousness,
I sat alone, and, I coofess,
Forgot the hymn.

Such shoulders, such a perfect waist
A Grecian Venus might have graced,
Her toilet was in perfect taste
And fashion oew.
"I know that she is fair," I said,
"As fair as dainty and well-bred,"
Theo, when she turoed her pretty head,
She turned mine, too.—*Ex.*

Saint and Sinner.

Half-hidden in the pew, she sits,
A truant sunbeam softly flits
Across her modest, saint-like face,
As if the angels thought to trace
Upon those features that they love
An Easter blessing from above.
Demure, with modest eyes downcast
My angel sits. Ah, I would fast
For forty days for just one look
From those sweet eyes bent on the book;
And if she'd give me three or four,
I'd be content to eat no more.

HER THOUGHTS.

Those horrid aisles (that dress *is* brown),
I wish those people would sit down.
Now where could she have got that fan?
Oh, I suppose some silly man.
Dear, dear, that choir-boy has a cold.
How that man stares! He's really bold.
My bonnet! Can it have a crook?
I wish I'd taken ooe more look.
Umph! Who *is* that with the Pratts?
What sights they are io those oew hats.
There's Percy—won't he be enraged
When Clara tells him she's engaged.
My! What a fright Bess is io blue;
It cost her ninety dollars, too;
Well, I paid eighty (what a muss!
But then, pa *always* makes a fuss).
Oh, my! there's Smithy—such a face!
(Those horrid psalms! I've lost my place.)
I hope his sermoo won't he loog;
The poor, dear fellow isn't stroog.
Why, there is Fred! Dear me, what next!
I hope I won't forget the text.
—*Tom Masson in Ex.*

A Lenten Fancy.

The maid in the pew that's before me
Is daintily dressed, and her face
Has attractions that surely doo't bore me
To gaze on. I eovy the lace
That circles her oeck. What a grace
Characterizes this maideo so fair,
Who sits in the pew that's hefore me,
From her heels to her hair!

Her waist is so tapering, slender!
Her arms might he christened divine;
If I knew who the maid was I'd send her
A message from St. Valentine,
Of neat, inexpensive design,
To tell her how greatly I love
This maid in the pew that's before me,
This heautiful dove!

"Let us pray," says the pastor, and kneeling,
The maid bows her bonnet so prim,
As softly the organ is pealing
The last dying chords of the hymn,
When I'm totally stunned by the shim-
Mering shine of a boot 'neath the pew;
'Tis the foot of that maiden before me—
Fugaces eheu!

The vision of beauty has faded,
Oh, would that the boot would fade, too!
It fairly makes Pegasus jaded
To thiok of that gigantic shoe
That reached back to me under the pew.
'Twas a horrible shock to me when
I saw that this vision hefore me
Wore geotleman's size No. 10.—*Life.*

In Lent.

My Angelice erstwhile in lace and pearls,
Danced, smiled, and flirted all the whole night through,
The maddest minx and merriest of girls,
With wicked flashes in her eyes of hlue;
But now she's cast aside her gowns of gauze,
Retires each night when early church-bells chime;
Reads history, and thinks, and sews, because,
It is the proper thing in Lenten time.

She goes each morning early to the church
With eyes demure under her dotted veil,
In frock subdoed, like a hrown hird a-perch,
Prim, pretty, quiet, and a trifle pale;
She reads the service from a little book,
Whispers a sileot prayer—ah, not in vain!
With such a tender, sweet, religious look,
Beneath dim sunheams through the chaocel pane.

Lovelier she looks than when 'neath candles' glow
We strolled together from the music's hlare,
When, as we waltzed, I whispered to her low,
Aod felt the fragrance from her nut-hrown hair.
That saintly droop becomes her pretty eyes,
She looks quite well in sparrow-hrown arrayed.
For though it's all a dainty sacrifice
Be sure her sackcloth gown is tailor-made.

Ah, Angelice! send up one little prayer
For one who stands without the iron gate
Watching each day to see you passing there,
As erring ones on pitying angels wait.
Pray that your heart may know—as your eyes see—
The one who's loved you through the winter's rime,
Give hut yourself, sweet little saint, to me—
'Twould be a gracious act in Lenten time.
—*Kate Masterson in New York Herald.*

The Loodon *Telegraph* says of Oscar Wilde's new play, "Lady Windermere's Fan," that all the characters in it are hut mionr representations of the apostle nf æstheticism himself. "From their 'little lips,' like his own ideal puppets of Paris, we seem to feel the breath nf his own 'beautiful voice.' The duchess and the dude, the maiden and the washer, the lnafer and the libertine, all exhibit a eurious propensity fnr parroting his own paradnxes. When the ladies are assembled at afternoon tea, or strnll around the ball-ronm, the very air seems to be impregnated with Oscar Wildeisnt. When the men chat in the smoking-room over their cigars and cigarettes, the smart retnrt and the sham epigram gn off like so many crackers."

Sale of the Gump Collection.

The sale of the Gump Colleetion nf paintings has been going on in Irving Hall eaeb afternoon and evening nf the week since Wednesday evening. The titles nf the paintings, the names of their purchasers, and the prices brought oo Wednesday aod Thursday were as follows:

Gilbert's "Start for Fishing," A. H. Evans	$ 17.50
Salzedo's "Twilight, Bordeaux," J. W. Burliog	27.50
Ricciardi's "Ferry Maid," J. D. Spreckels	40.00
Barucci's "Roman Compaoions," J. D. Spreckels	300.00
Puig Roda's "Washiog-Day," J. D. Spreckels	190.00
Tarenghi's "Vesper Hour," Mrs. Zimmerman	195.00
Haquette's "Hauling the Net," Mrs. Zimmerman	7.50
Herpfer's "Introductioo," J. D. Spreckels	1,150.00
T. da Rin's "Romessa Sposa," J. D. Spreckels	1,000.00
Vinceote March's "Baptism," J. D. Spreckels	1,025.00
Lesrel's "The Connoisseur," Mrs. Zimmerman	1,225.00
Gonzales's "Wedding of Royalty," Mrs. Zimmerman	1,000.00
Ballavoine's "The Almee," Mr. Sanger	400.00
Eiseohut's "Captive," J. D. Spreckels	325.00
Zenisek's "In Thought," J. D. Spreckels	115 00
Perez's "Fishermaids," J. D. Spreckels	125.00
M. Davico's "Venice," Mrs. O. C. Pratt	45.00
G. Martin's "Pompeiiao Girl," Mrs. O. C. Pratt	105.00
Nowey's "Sheep," Mrs. O. C. Pratt	22.50
M. Munoz's "Shepherds," Mrs. O. C. Pratt	55.00
Steffani's "Clam Gatherers," J. D. Spreckels	90.00
Steffani's "Expectancy," J. D. Spreckels	90.00
M. Munoz's "Capri," Mrs. Pratt	55.00
Brissot's "Return of Flock," J. D. Spreckels	500.00
Martin's "Veoice," Mrs. Pratt	70.00
Brissot's "Sheep Pasture," A. Roos	175.00
De Franceschi "Market Entrance," A. Roos	310.00
S. Simoni's "Calabrian Brigands," J. D. Spreckels	1,200.00
Caille's "Return from Hunt," Mr. Brown	500.00
G. Martin's "Venice," C. A. Camphell	40.00
Siehert's "Difficult Undertaking," J. Newman	375.00
Bianchi's "Village Doctor," J. D. Spreckels	800.00
Dupré's "Milkmaid," Mr. Brown	135.00
Seifert's "Head, the Blonde," E. L. Campbell	120.00

It will be seen frnm the above that the pictures are nnt hringing high prices. Twelve hundred and twenty-five dollars is the largest sum, and from this the prices range dowo to seven dollars and fifty eents—whieh is a veritable windfall fnr the purchaser, for any painting that is wortb buying at all is wnrth a gnod deal more tban seven dollars and fifty eents. It is safe tn say tbat an intelligent purebaser can piek up an occasional picture in this sale whieb he can readily sell again at private sale at a very handsoroe profit.

But most purehasers of paintings dn not buy them to make mnney. They huy them hecause they enjny seeing works nf art in tbeir homes, and nf these paintings tbat it is a pleasure and pride to possess, the Gump Cnlleetinn enntains a bnuntiful supply. The sale of paintings, even at auction, can nnt be carried through with a rush, and so, thnugh the sale bas been going on fnr two days and three nights, but few of the real gems have heen sold yet. There is nnt a poor painting in the cnlleetinn, and the range nf subjects and styles is so great that every nne is sure tn find something amnng tbem whieh will please botb his taste and his pocket.

The paintings are nn exhihitinn in Irving Hall, on Pnst Street, from ten o'clock in tbe morning until ten at night, so tbat ample nppnrtunity is afforded the public to inspeet the canvases and tn make selections; and the sales are ennducted in tbe hall—commeneing at twn in the afternoon and again at eigbt in the evening, eaeh day—by the well-knnwn art-auctioneer, Mr. B. Scntt, Jr., nf New York.

Superinr tn vaseline and eucumbers—Crème Simon, marvelous for the coroplexinn and light eutaneous affeetinns; it whitens, perfumes, fnrtifies the skin. J. Simon, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York, druggists, perfumers, faney-goods stnres.

In the eriminal enurt of Düsseldorf, a man has been condemned tn five years' penal servitude for robbery and to death for murder, in strict conformity with the letter nf the law. The legal bother now is which senteoce should he carried out first.

— The Costikyan Collection of Oriental rugs, antique furniture, rare brie-à-hrac, embrnideries, etc., comprising many rare and heautiful nbjects, will be sold at auetion at the San Francisco Real-Estate Exebange, 16 Pnst Street, commeneing at half-past eleven on Wednesday mnrning, March 23d, tbe goods being nnw nn exhibition there. Mr. Knbert McCann, tbe well-knnwn auetinneer of New York city, has heen specially engaged tn cnnduct this sale.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

Miss Harriet Pullman and Mr. Frank J. Carnlan will be married in Chicagn nn Wednesday, June 1st.

Mrs. John H. Jewett will give a mi-carême-party next Thursday evening at her residence, 931 Bush Street.

Mrs. J. F. Foster gave an enjoyable lunch-party last Wednesday at her home, 1001 Pine Street, in honor of Miss Severance, nf Honnlulu. The table decorations were of vinlets and the menu was a ninst delicious one. Mrs. Fnster's guests were Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant, Mrs. George M. Stoney, Miss Severance, Miss Dimond, Miss Jennie Sandersnn, Miss Irwin, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Bessie Hooker, and Miss Mamie Holbrook.

Consul and Mrs. Henry Lund gave a delightful dinner-party recently at their residence, 1914 Washington Street, complimentary to Dr. and Mrs. J. Thnmas Boyson, who have returned from a year's tour of Europe. The table was beautifully decorated with pink roses and violets, and the menu was elahorate.

Mrs. William H. Wallace and her daughter, Miss Cora Wallace, gave a charming matinée tea recently at their residence, 2220 Broadway, and delightfully entertained about nne hundred of their friends.

The managers of the Woman's Exchange invite the friends and patrons of that institution to an informal reception to he held in the new quarters, 26 Post Street, next Wednesday afternoon from three until five o'clock.

The travesty of "Rnmeo and Juliet up to Date" will he presented this (Saturday) evening at the San Francisco Verein.

Mr. George W. Cable, the authnr, was tendered a reception last Monday afternoon hy Mr. and Mrs. John Vance Cheney at their residence, 900 O'Farrell Street. About one hundred guests called to meet the distinguished nnvelist, among them heing a number nf professors from the University of California and the Leland Stanford Junior University. Mrs. Cheney was ahly assisted hy a hevy of charming ynung ladies. Delicious refreshments were served and the afternoon was one of enjoyment to all. Mr. Cable returned to the East on the evening train.

The net proceeds frnm the cnncert given by the Saturday Morning Orchestra on February 16th, in aid of the San Francisco Ladies' Protection and Relief Sncietv, was $985.30, which amount has been handed over to the society.

The engagement is announced nf Miss Goldena Gump, ynngest daughter nf Mr. Snlnmon Gump, of this city, to Mr. Louis Swahacher, of Wheeling, W. V. Miss Gump is at present visiting her sister, Mrs. William H. Bronner, in New Ynrk city.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will he found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Miss Virginia Fair arrived in New York city on Friday.

Mrs. E. B. Coleman and Miss Lena Blanding are enjoying a visit to San Diego.

Mrs. William M. Lent and Mrs. Fannie Alexander are in Denver.

Mrs. James de la Montanya, Jr., has been enjoying a visit to her mother, Mrs. F. E. Spencer, in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward McCutchen and Miss McCutchen have returned to their home in Ross Valley after passing the winter in this city.

Mr. William H. Howard left on the *Bourgogne* for Havre a week ago to join his family in Paris.

Mr. A. C. Morse and the Misses Jessie and Kate Morse are now residing at The Colonial.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Van Bergen are expected to return from the East on March 19th.

Mr. Fred L. Wooster, who has been dangerously ill for several weeks, is convalescing rapidly.

Mrs. W. S. Raymond is passing a couple of months at The Colonial.

Mr. Frank S. Johnson has gone to San Rafael to reside.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Simpson, of Stockton, are in the city on a visit.

Mr. J. A. Fillmore, general superintendent of the Southern Pacific Company, left for the East last Tuesday.

Mr. R. F. Westbee and family, Mrs. A. M. Garland, Mrs. J. T. Rowand, Mr. Arthnr W. Spear, Mr. F. L. Keller, and Mr. John G. Barker are among the recent arrivals at The Colonial.

Mrs. James A. Robinson has returned from a month's visit to Southern Califoroia.

Mrs. J. C. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood are passing a fortnight in San José.

Captain and Mrs. William B. Colliier and Miss Collier are occupying their country residence, Villa Ka Bel, near Clear Lake.

Miss Bessie Shreve has returned from an enjoyable visit to Miss Childs in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Henry McLean Martin is occupying her cottage in Santa Cruz.

Miss Hilda Castle will go East next month to visit friends in Chicago and Portland, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels will leave in a couple of weeks to visit the Eastern States and Europe.

Mrs. Richard Ivers will arrive here in a few days from New York on a visit to friends. Miss Aileen Ivers will remain in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Jerome Smith, of Stockton, have returned from Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Henshaw have returned to their home in Oakland after making a tour of Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. James S. Fearon, *née* Torbert, of New York, are enjoying a visit here and are stopping at The Colonial.

Mrs. Francis Blake, of Oakland, with her daughters, Mrs. W. V. Witcher and Miss Alice Blake, her granddaughter, Miss Ethel Pomroy, and Mr. E. B. Pomroy returned last Wednesday from a prolonged visit at Monterey.

Mrs. H. M. Newhall and Mr. George A. Newhall are making a tour of Australia.

Mr. Walter S. Newhall has been in Santa Barhara dnring the past week.

Misses Alice and Carrie Griffith have returned from a pleasant visit to the Misses Bourn at St. Helena.

Mrs. J. C. Tucker and the Misses Tucker, of Oakland, will leave soon to make a trip to Europe.

Judge William T. Wallace and Miss Marguerite Wallace visited Fresno during the past week.

Mr. E. Y. Judd returned from Santa Barbara last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Sperry, and Miss Beth Sperry were in Los Angeles several days during the past week.

Mrs. Anstin C. Sperry left on the steamer last Tuesday to pay a visit to Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sonntag have left the Palace Hotel and are now residing in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Bancroft have returned from a prolonged visit to Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Robinson and Miss Edna Robinson are at their ranch in Santa Barbara County.

Mrs. Belle Donahue is occupying her residence in San Rafael.

Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Burgess and their nepbew, Mr. Otis B. Spalding, returned last Wednesday from Mooterey after a pleasant visit there.

Mr. John E. Shawhan, Jr., has gone to Chicago, where be will reside permanently.

Miss Clark, of Sacramento, is visiting General and Mrs. George B. Williams in Old Point Comfort, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan are enjoying a visit to Jacksonville, Fla.

Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Burnett and Miss Burnett, of this city, are in Jacksonville, Fla.

Mr. A. E. Forbes is at the Astor Honse in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank F. Moulton will leave early in April to occupy their cuuntry residence near Mayfield.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Nevin, *née* Norton, have returned from their wedding trip and are at The Colonial.

Mrs. D. B. Hinckley, of Oakland, is enjoying a visit to Santa Barbara.

A party comprising Mr. and Mrs. Sidney M. Smith, Miss Ethel Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Winsor L. Brown, Mrs. Nat T. Messer, and Mr. W. E. Brown are making an extensive tour of Southern Califoroia, visiting all places of interest.

Mrs. E. J. Bowen and Miss Mary Bowen will leave soon to make a six months' tour of the East and Europe.

Dr. R. H. McDonald and the Misses Lanra and Blythe McDonald have returned from a tour of Sonthern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Le Grand Cannon Tibbitts, of New York, are the guests of Mrs. J. A. Folger, at her residence, in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. William E. Bond, *née* Dore, are making a tonr of Southern California.

Mr. Calvin Fargo and his niece, Mrs. Jennie Fish, have been in Los Angeles during the past week.

Mr. Bert R. Hecht has gone East on a pleasure tour, and will be absent abont two months.

Mr. J. Fred Burgin returned early in the week from an enjoyable visit to Fresno.

Mrs. Frank K. Zook and Mrs. William Holbert Morrow were in Petaluma for a few days during the past week on a visit to Mrs. J. P. Rodgers.

Mrs. W. H. Reed, of China, is visiting Mrs. Henry Wetherbee at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Edward C. Powell and Miss Powell, of this city, left New York a week ago on the *Fulda* for Genoa, Italy.

Mr. P. E. Bowles, of Oakland, is in Paris.

Mrs. J. H. Dickinson has been paying a visit to Mrs. Walter M. Field, in San José.

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, who bas been passing the winter at the Palace Hotel, will go to her home in Fruit Vale in April.

Colonel and Mrs. Isaac Trumbo are in Washington, D. C.

Mr. A. T. Badlam is convalescent after bis prolonged and severe illness, and is able to go out occasioonally. He will pass the next three months at various health-resorts.

Mrs. A. L. Stone and Miss Kittie Stone are visiting Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace W. Ball, of Tbe Colonial, are visiting New Orleans.

Major Frank McLaughlin, of Oroville, has gone to New York, and will be away several weeks.

Mrs. M. M. Estee and Miss Estee will occupy "Hedgeside," their country villa near Napa, early in April.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Admiral Belknap, U. S. N., Lientenant L. L. Reamey, U. S. N., and Ensign S. S. Woods U. S. N., arrived from the Asiatic Station last Tuesday on the *Oceanic*. They have been away three years. Admiral Belknap will remain bere until the arrival of the next steamer from China, which will convey his wife and daughter, who remained behind, owing to illness.

Captain George C. Remy, U. S. N., of the *Charleston*, has gone to Washington, D. C., and will be away a couple of months.

Mrs. Edward W. Eberle is expected bere daily from Washington, D. C., en ronte to Japan where she will join her husband, who is attached to the United States flagship *Lancaster*. During her brief visit bere she will be the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Harrison, at their residence, 2135 Pine Street.

General Thomas H. Ruger, U. S. A., has been visiting Santa Cruz during the past week.

Captain and Mrs. Glass, U. S. N., are en route bere from Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Joseph S. Oyster, U. S. A., have arrived at Fort Hamilton, N. Y.

SAN FRANCISCO RUSSIAN RELIEF FUND.

The following is a list of the subscriptions received and deposited in the Nevada Bank up to date:

Previously acknowledged	$393 00
J. G. Smith	5 00
T. S. Williams	5 00
San Francisco Bridge Company	25 00
B. M Atkinson & Co	5 00
Wieland Brothers	5 00
Charles F. Pike	5 00
J. Rndolph	5 00
Collected by Matthias Gray Co	100 00
Girvin, Baldwin & Eyre	100 00
Ames & Detrick	50 00
Total	$698 00

MATTHIAS GRAY CO.,
F. W. Ludovici, Vice-President.

MARCH 16, 1892.

MUSICAL NOTES.

A Musicat Sunday Afternoon.

The sixth Musical Sunday Afternoon of the secnnd series was held in Steinway Hall on Sunday, March 13th. An appreciative audience was in attendance. Mr. O'Sullivan's accnmpaniments were played in a finished manner hy Mrs. Walter McGavin and the vocalist had tn respond tn two encores. The programme comprised the fnllowing selections:

String quartet, D major, op. 44, No. 1. *(1)* molto allegro, *(2)* minuetto un poco allegretto, *(3)* andante, expressive ma con moto, *(4)* presto, con brio, Mendelssohn. Hermann Brandt Quartet—Messrs. Hermann Brandt, J. Josephs, Louis Schmidt, and Louis Heine; "Air de Pygmalion" ("Galathée"), Massé, Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan; piano solo, "Toccata con Fuga," Bach, Signora Ursomando; song, "Israfel," Oliver King, Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan; string quartet *(a)* "Music of the Spheres," Rubinstein, *(b)* gavotte, Bazzini, Hermann Brandt Quartet: two four-part songs *(a)* "The Nightingale, *(b)* "The Lark," Mendelssohn, First Unitarian Church Choir—Mrs. J. M. Pierce, Miss Loleta Levet, Mr. Alfred Wilkie, and Mr. Charles B. Stone.

Two extra concerts will he given on Sundays April 10th and May 8th.

A Saturday Popular Cnncert.

The twentieth Saturday Popular Concert took place in Irving Hall on the afternnon of March 12th, and it was enjoyed hy a large audience. The following excellent programme was presented:

Serenade, op. 8, for violin, viola, and 'cello, *I.* marcia, *II.* adagio, *III.* minnetto, *IV.* adagio, *V.* alla polacca, *VI.* andante quasi allegretto, Beethoven, Messrs. Beel, Siering, and Heine; "Patria," Mattei, Mrs. J. E. Birmingham; concerto in G minor, op. 26, *I.* vorspiel, allegro moderato, *II.* adagio, *III.* allegro energico, M. Broch, Mr. Sigmund Beel; songs, *(a)* "Still wie die Nacht," Bohm, *(b)* "Spring," R. Sapio, Mrs. J. E. Birmingham; quartet for piano and striogs, op. 38, *I.* allegro non troppo, *II.* adagio, *III.* minuetto, *IV.* finale, allegro, Rheinberger, Mrs. Carr, Messrs. Beel, Siering, and Heine.

Mrs. Carr and Mr. Beel announce that the Saturday Popular Concerts will he resumed on the seventeenth of September, 1892, in Irving Hall.

Mr. Louis Heine announces a grand sacred concert to take place on Saturday evening, April 8th, in which he will have the assistance of Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, Mr. Sigmund Beel, and others. This is the first concert Mr. Heine has given during the seven years he has been in California, though he has played at thnse of many others, and the public will dnuhtless he glad of the opportunity to testify their appreciation of the talented young 'celloist.

The Hermann Brandt String Quartet will give its first concert of this season in Steinway Hall on Wednesday evening, March 9th. These cnncerts are to be given under the patronage of Mr. John Parrott and Mr. F. W. Ludovici and they will take place on the last Wednesday evening nf each month.

Max O'Rell, the celebrated French wit and satirist, will appear at the Grand Opera House on March 24th, 26th, and 29th, under the auspices nf the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society. The lectures will be as follows: Thursday, March 24th, "Americans as Seen Thrnugh French Spectacles"; Saturday, March 26th, "The British Trinity" (John Bull, Pat, and Sandy). The farewell lecture will he on Tuesday evening, March 29th, "Her Highness, Woman." These will he Max O'Rell's first and nnly appearances in this city. From here he gnes direct to Australia to give fifty lectures. His voice is clear and round, and his slight French accent lends piquancy to his witty remarks. The sale for season tickets begins at Sherman & Clay's music-store, corner Sutter and Kearny Streets, this (Saturday) morning, and will continue until Monday evening at five o'clock. On Tuesday mnrning, the sale of single tickets commences, and will continue till five P. M. Thursday. The prices are popular, and the nutlook for a most brilliant season is very good.

The Hotel Rafael will reopen on May 1st, and accommodations can he secured from Charles Petersen, 124 Sansome Street, or from the manager nf the hotel.

For My Lady's Writing-Table.

The hest way to keep posted on the constant changes that take place in the materials fnr fashionable correspondence is to take an occasional glance at the show-cases on the street-floor of Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s new store on Market Street, just opposite the end of Grant Avenue. It is very little trouhle to drnp in there as ynu are going hy, and you will he more than repaid hy the knnwledge that ynur nntes are written on paper and sealed in envelnpes that are in the very latest style. Just at present the most *chic* papers are English rep and Coquille, both nf which are much like the hest grades of nrdinary paper, hut differ from them in the small hut essential points that mark the latest refinements of taste.

Another hit of advice to those who wish to do as the leaders do—get your engraved wnrk done hy Sanborn, Vail & Co. They have been turning out some very handsome work in visiting-cards engraved on copper-plate, most delicately printed, and they are already husy on orders for invitations for several of the swell weddings that are to come off right after Lent.

Of course they have, too, the indispensahle sealing-wax that is used on all my lady's dainty notes; tinted inks tn suit the tinted paper that is cnming in again; paper-cutters and fnlders, and all the useful and pretty little articles used in correspondence. In this line there is no hetter equipped store outside of New York.

— A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO BUY SOME OF the hest real-estate in Oakland is affnrded hy the sale of the hlock bounded by Myrtle, Tenth, Filbert, and Twelfth Streets, which will he sold in thirty subdivisions, at puhlic auction, hy Mr. William Dingee. The sale will take place on the grounds at two P. M., Saturday, March 26th.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest United States Government Food Report.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

MANLY PURITY

To cleanse tha blood, akin, and scalp of every eruption, imparity, and disease, whether simple, scrofnlous, hereditary, or ulcerative, no agency in the world is so speedy, economical, and unfailing as the

CUTICURA

Remedies, conelsting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exqnisite skin purifier and heautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier and greatest of hnmor remedies. In a word, they are the greatest skin cures, blood pnrifiers, and hnmor remedies of modern times, and may be used in the treatment of every hnmor and disease, from eczema to scrofula, with the most gratifying and nnfailing success. Sold everywhere.

POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORP., Boston.
"How to Cnre Blood Hnmors" mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough hands and falling hair cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

RHEUMATIC PAINS

In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rhenmatic, sciatic, hip, kidney, chest, and muscular pains and weaknesses. Price, 25c.

"LARKSPUR INN" Just 12¾ miles from S. F., via Sausalito, on N. P. Coast (narrow-gauge) Railroad. Open all the Year round. Climate famons for relief from asthmatic and pulmonary affections. Plenty of trees and Fine Drives.

WE MAKE THE TABLE OUR SPECIALTY.

It will pay Eastern tourists to spend their winters with us. Trains and boats to San Francisco every two hours. Write or telegranh. HEPBURN & TERRY, Larkspur, Cal.

THE SECOND

Souther Farm Sale

Will take place at the

SOUTHER FARM

NEAR SAN LEANDRO,

Wednesday, April 20, 1892,

THEN WILL BE SOLD

Sixty-five head of Trotting, Rnad, and General Purpose Hnrses, withnut hy hid, limit, or reserve.

Full particulars later.

DIPHTHERIA and BLOOD POISONING

The tide ebbs and flows twice in every twenty-four bours, forcing sewer-gas into your house, through wash-stands and water-closets, causing diphtheria Open windows mean draughts and colds. A cold means diphtheria and pnenmonia. Save doctor's bills. One visit from the doctor will cost more than the

"ABRAHAMSON PATENT SYSTEM OF VENTILATORS,"

Withont draughts. Try it and preserve yours and ynur children's health. Office and factory—12 Bosh Street, opposite Market. Call or send for catalogne and price-list. Free on application

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Children, Boys, and Men

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LOW PRICES PREVAIL, AT

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THE ORACLE.

How a Seeress Solved a Lover's Problem.

I have never believed much in fortune-telling, or palmistry, or anything of that kind; but when my two dear cousins, Amy and Dolly, who were devout believers, urged me to go with them to Fatima—Fatima was the last new prophetess—I could not refuse them. I felt that they, or one of them, had a right to know what there was to be known about my future, because I was going to marry one of them. Both were delightful girls—Amy a lovely blonde, Dolly a sparkling brunette. Each had fifty thousand dollars, and each, I think I may say, was quite ready to marry me. I only hesitated between them because I could not bear to gratify one at the expense of the other; and, in spite of their amiability, I had seen unmistakable signs of a little rivalry between them.

We went all together to Fatima's, and I took my stand before her, exactly equi-distant from a cousin on either hand—I was not going to give Fatima a lead if I could help it. The prophetess was a plain woman of about thirty, and she looked rather sour when I insisted on both the young ladies being present. However, she went to work and droned out some details of my past life, giving special attention to my smoking habits—I knew I smelled of cigars—and my debts; which latter information she might just as well have kept to herself. At last she could not shirk the question of my matrimonial future any longer. She cast puzzled glances, first at Amy, then at Dolly—both were looking at me with sweet affection. She turned to me; I gently took a hand of each and pressed it affectionately. Fatima sighed and gave it up.

"You are loved," she said, in deep tones, "by two beautiful women (the girls looked pleased); one is fair (Amy blushed), the other dark (Dolly colored). You love both in a measure (I pressed the two hands), and"—Fatima paused.

"Well, which is it to be?" I asked.

She bent over my hand. "I see a double line, once broken. I see a wedding, and a death, and a wedding; and the time for all this is short. You will wed one; but let the other endure; the joy of the one will be destroyed with her life in a little space, and the other shall be satisfied. I have spoken. The charge is one dollar."

"But stop," I cried. "Which is to marry me first?"

"The lines say naught as to that. One you will marry, and she must die; and the other follows."

"But hang it! is there no way out of this?"

She knitted her brows and looked again. "Aye, if you will; but that way lies a red hand—a hand dyed as though in blood. Ah, 'tis a woman causes it!"

The girls shivered, and I hastily flung down the dollar and went out, considerably impressed, in spite of my skepticism, with the somber prophecy. My cousins were rather silent on the way home and met all my somewhat forced attempts at making fun of Fatima with coldness; both were distant in their manner to me and not over cordial to one another. I daresay this behavior was natural enough, for, if Fatima spoke true, one of them was doomed to early death, leaving her rival triumphant; and this doom was only to be averted if I committed a murder. Was I to murder one of them? Horrid thought!

Before many days were over I wished heartily that we had never been to Fatima's. No more pleasant talks tête-à-tête, now with Amy, now with Dolly! They both avoided me sedulously. On the other hand, they began to show almost exaggerated affection for one another; they were never apart, and treated one another with the most loving, almost anxious, friendship. In fact, I should have found my stay in the house very dull had not Mrs. Girdlestone, a pretty little widow, with great hazel eyes and a mass of auburn curls, consoled me a little.

I soon found out the meaning of the girls' changed behavior.

I was smoking in the study one morning, when I heard them talking in the verandah outside.

"My darling," Amy was saying, "why think any more of such nonsense? I know you love him. Accept my willing, willing sacrifice, and be happy with him; he loves you."

"My sweet Dolly, you are too, too generous. I think Fatima's story all nonsense, and, just for that reason, I can not, will not, purchase happiness at the cost of your misery. I resign him—but what do I say? It is you he loves."

"I'm sure it's you, Dolly," resumed Amy. "He's always looking at you. I wouldn't say so if I didn't believe it; and how you can pay any attention to that stuff, I don't know."

"You're quite wrong, Amy. He all but told me it was you. It's absurd of you to pretend not to know it."

Something followed I did not hear; then the tone of the voices changed, and Amy said, with the sound of a choked sob:

"You're a horrid girl; you want me to die, and then you'll marry B-B-Bob."

"I thought you loved me," sobbed Dolly, in reply; "and now you're planning my death. I hate you, Amy."

Lunch was a somber meal that day. The girls would speak neither to me nor to one another; only Mrs. Girdlestone tried to keep up the conversation. It was just as bad all day; they snapped at one another and they snapped at the little widow, and, worst of all, they snapped at me until really the horrid thought that had struck me before would have seemed less horrid if only I could have relied on the inefficiency of the bloodhounds of justice; but the police happened to arrest a murderer about then—he walked into the station, and that stayed my fell imaginings. Besides, I should not have known which to murder any more than I had known which to marry.

In very low spirits, I started on a solitary walk next afternoon, thinking I would come to a definite conclusion. I arrived at no such thing. I knew they would both refuse me as matters stood, and, although justly incensed, I knew I should not have the nerve to take the alternative fate offered. The rain came down, and I turned to go home. To my surprise, I met Mrs. Girdlestone.

"Why have you ventured out such a day as this?"

"Oh, I had some shopping to do."

"Could not I have done it for you?"

"Indeed, no," she answered, with a laugh and a blush.

"Or one of the servants?"

"No; servants chatter so."

"It's a secret, then?"

"Well, yes, it is — from you, anyhow, Mr. Thompson."

"Did you get what you wanted?"

"Yes; I have it here."

I noticed she was carrying a fair-sized parcel, wrapped in tissue-paper.

"Oh, let me take it for you?"

"Will you be very careful? I don't know what I should do if it came to grief."

I promised to guard it like my life, and we walked on. Presently the rain stopped, the sun came out, and we lengthened our walk. She was very kind and sympathetic, and, at last, I told her the whole story. Nothing could be nicer than the way she spoke, and I became quite engrossed in our conversation. It lasted up to the very door, and we paused in front of the house, while she stopped to say a last word, pressing my hand, and telling me "how grieved, how very——"

At this point, a butcher-boy came along, carrying a basket. The boy ran against Mrs. Girdlestone's parcel. There was a sound of breaking glass. I dropped the thing, but not before my hand was covered with blood—as I thought.

"Oh, oh, oh!" I cried; "my hand's cut to bits."

The widow looked at it.

"I must stanch the blood!" I cried.

"Nonsense, Mr. Thompson. It's not blood; it's—it's—well, it's my hair-wash!" and she blushed very becomingly.

"Hair-wash!"

"Yes," she murmured; "my hair is——"

"Woman, don't hesitate at such a moment!"

"Well, pale red; and that dries a lovely auburn."

Her hair might have been blue for all I cared. She was a charming woman, and had rescued me from a fearful temptation and one of my cousins from an early death. I proposed to her on the spot.

Then I went in and told my cousins. They leaped up and rushed into one another's arms, exclaiming, in furious tones: "The old cat!"

We were married in a month. I have no word to say against my wife; only it is a fact that she had nothing but one thousand dollars a year, which ceased on re-marriage. Each of the girls had, as I said, fifty thousand dollars.

So my visit to Fatima cost me exactly fifty thousand and one dollars.

I think the law should be impartially administered and all such people put in prison.—*St. James's Gazette.*

A Death-Bearing Change.

A slight change of temperature, especially to a delicate person, may bear death with it. Against the effect of variations of temperature, of damp or exposure in rigorous, stormy weather Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a reliable means of protection. It checks the progress of la grippe with marvelous success. For malaria, rheumatism, dyspepsia, and biliousness it is highly efficacious.

Young Mr. Billington—"Amy, my love, I wish we lived in the good old days, when a knight could fight for his lady-love." *Miss Coolington*—"Why, George, dear, as for that, you haven't asked papa's consent to our engagement yet, you know."—*Puck.*

Ho! Traveller, take BEECHAM'S PILLS with you.

— J. W. HARBOURNE, FORMERLY BILLINGS, Harbourne & Co., has reopened at the old stand, No. 5 Montgomery Street. Latest novelties in wedding and social stationery.

— DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist. Painless extraction. 1841 Polk Street, San Francisco.

— GO TO SWAIN'S NEW DINING-ROOM, SUTTER Street, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

—MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

Crab-Apple Blossoms.

The fashionable perfume. Favorite of palace, mansion, and cottage. Once tried, always used. Reject imitations.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Bichloridyl.

Once upon a midnight dreary, when my eyes grew rather bleary,
From my nearly empty bottle I another drink did pour;
While sweet solace I was drawing, and again my heart was thawing,
Suddenly there came a gnawing just outside my chamber door.
"'Tis a cursed mouse," I muttered, "gnawing at my chamber door;
Only this, and nothing more."

Presently the gnaws grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Mouse," said I, "believe me, your cessation I implore;
For the fact is I was drinking to suspend this cursed thinking,
And in slumber fast was sinking when you roused me at the door;
Get you gone, and let me snore."

Deep into that bottle peering, long I sat there wondering, fearing
That if I refilled the bottle I would get the snakes once more;
But the silence was unbroken, and I needed but one token,
And the only words there spoken were the whispered words, "Some more."
These I whispered, and an echo murmured back, "Behind the door,
Fill the bottle there once more."

Toward the demijohn then turning, all the man within me burning,
Was I, when I heard a racket something louder than before.
"Maybe," said I, "there a rat is; wonder where on earth the cat is;
Let me then see what thereat is;" then most earnestly I swore;
For my heart was sore within me, and I deeply, sweetly swore
At the mouse, and nothing more.

Here I opened wide the casement, when, to my profound amazement,
In there came a scaly serpent, such as I'd ne'er seen before;
Not an instant stopped or stayed he; nor to me attention paid he;
But with wondrous instinct made he for the jug behind the door,
For the demijohn of Bourbon just behind my chamber door,
And I sat down on the floor.

Then the cunning snake beguiling my sad visage into smiling,
By the quite unusual number of the many tails he wore;
"Though my troubles thou dost thicken, thou," I said, "art no spring chicken,
And my pulses you do quicken, as you roost behind my door;
For from out that jug of Bourbon I would like a few drinks more."
Quoth the serpent, "Fifty more?"

Much I marveled this ungainly snake to hear speak so inanely,
For its countenance a look of deep and wondrous wisdom bore;
For we can not help agreeing we were never blessed with seeing
Any living human being who had room for fifty more,
Any mortal man who'd taken all the drinks I had before
And had room for fifty more.

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if snake or devil!
Whether real or whether like the snakes I've often seen before,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on my demijohn implanted,
Is this home by D. T.'s haunted—tell me truly, I implore,
Is there balm in Keeley's gold-cure? Tell me, tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the serpent, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, snake or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting,
"Get thee back to outer darkness—quit the jug behind my door!"
Then a missile sent I dashing where the serpent's eyes were flashing,
When I heard an ominous crashing, and a chill my heart ran o'er;
For the demijohn was broken, and upon my chamber floor
Flows the whisky evermore!

And the serpent in it floating, still is gloating, still is gloating
On the ruined jug of Bourbon just behind my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the whisky o'er him streaming floats forever on the floor;
And my soul from out that whisky that is floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

—*J. G. Thacker in New York World.*

He—"My wife never got the better of me but once." *She*—"Lucky man—when was that?" *He* (sighing)—"When she married me."—*Life.*

Another Victory for Cleveland's.

On March 4th the contract for supplying the U. S. Army with baking powder, was again awarded to the Cleveland Baking Powder Co. This makes the sixth consecutive order for Cleveland's Baking Powder from the government, and now the proposals specify that baking powder offered must be "in quality equal to Cleveland's."

That is commendation that speaks volumes.

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Complying with general request, BEECHAM'S PILLS will in future for the United States be covered with a Quickly Soluble, Pleasant Coating, completely disguising the taste of the Pill without in any way impairing its efficacy.
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T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigramroatic and Otherwise.

One day in Milan, St. Charles Borromeo was playing cards with two of his priests, when the talk turned on the moment of deatb and on what each would do if he, then and there, heard the last summons. "I would flee to the church," said one. "I would call on the name of the Lord," said another. "And I," said St. Charles, "would go on with the game."

"The Country Parson"—"A. K. H. B."—the Rev. Dr. Boyd, tells a delightful story against himself in his just puhlisbed reminiscences. It is of the senior wrangler, who—when the parson told him of his intention to leave Edinhurgh for the higbly desirahle incumbency of St. Andrew's—naïvely said: "Bless me! are you going there? Why, that's a place for one of the first men in the church!"

A Washington capitalist who bought some land in Florida recently went down to look at it. In the midst of a swampy waste he found a very dilapidated cahin. In the doorway bung a worn, gray blanket and over the top of the hlanket a grizzled "cracker" looked out at his visitor. The tenant surveyed his landlord and the landlord his tenant for a moment, until the latter broke the embarrassing silence. "Stranger," he said, "I ain't so poor as you think I he. I don't own this land hereabouts."

Two lone, lorn Buffalo women, when they reached home after a lecture one night (says the *Courier*), found that they had forgotten tneir latch-key. So they rang the bell. They waited and waited, and rang again. After fifteen minutes of waiting and hell-ringing, the girl opened the door. "Katie, why on earth have you kept us waiting so? Didn't you hear me ring?" cried one of the women. "Yes, ma'am," cried Katie, with an air of some confusion; "but I t'ought it was me young man, ma'am, an' me an' him bad a fallin' out last Soondah, an' I t'ought I'd learn him a lesson, ma'am."

David Wolfe Bishop was the largest heneficiary hy the will of his late cousin, the eccentric Miss Catharine Wolfe (says the New York *Recorder*). It is related of him that he once met the Bishop of New York at his cousin's home during her last illness. Bishop Potter was also interested in a legacy. As they came down the steps together, David Wolfe remarked to the ecclesiastic: "Two bishops and only one lamb. Singular, is it not?" To which Dr. Potter is said to have pleasantly replied: "Ah, yes. Two bishops and only one crook"—a remark that has caused, perhaps, as mucb speculation as anytbing the clergyman ever said.

In the course of a temperance address at Detroit, the other evening, ex-Senator T. W. Palmer said that if young men must drink whisky, they had hetter buy jugs of it and drink it at home rather than visit saloons. The speaker meant well, and hy putting a strong accent on the word "must," supposed that he bad guarded himself from misconception. But an unscrupulous Detroit saloon-keeper bought a large number of stone jugs, which he filled with wbisky, and flooded the town with circulars, telling all young men who wish "to follow the advice of ex-Senator Palmer" that he is prepared to sell them jugs of whisky, "recommended by ex-Senator Thomas W. Palmer." As a result, he is doing a hig jug business.

One of the leading residents at Raincy, in the Department of Seine-et-Oise, was tbe Widow Tardiveau, wealthy, fat, fair, and forty. Among her special favorites was young Raoul Gaullin. He was not enamored of the widow, but found it profitable to allow her to suppose that he was. In time sbe set bim up in business. Raoul fell in love with Rosalie Bertol, and an engagement and betrothal soon took place. The widow at first was furious, hut hy degrees she grew more calm, and then professed herself heart-broken. She soon fell into a decline, and died of rapid consumption after a hrief illness. On her death-bed, Mme. Tardiveau granted a full and free pardon to the two amorous young people, and in her will left the prospective bride a small gift of money, accompanied hy a pint of rare old Malaga, with a yellow seal. The bottle was not to be opened until the wedding day, when it was to he drunk to the memory of tbe dear departed. During the joyous festivities and at the end of the supper, the wine was uncorked, and the hride and groom, together with the hest man, drank the contents. In a second they had fallen to the floor, dead. The wine had heen mixed with prussic acid. The widow was avenged.

A careless and unsuspecting American, who was sight-seeing in Berlin, was wandering along, with his umbrella sticking out behind him almost at a right-angle, when he suddenly felt a blow upon it which sent it to the ground with a crash. Looking around in some vexation as well as surprise, he encountered the stern gaze of a citizen of Berlin, who, on discovering the gentleman's inability to understand German, explained with some difficulty in broken English that he had only followed the law of the city. "I see I bave you astonish," he remarked, with severity; "but it is the law in this our city; it is not *allow* so to carry a stick," and, with a how, he passed on. The American learned by inquiry that such is the universal case. Every one is permitted, even encouraged, by the authorities to strike down an offending walking stick or umhrella in this way whenever he sees it, and the one whose property receives tbe hlow had hest accept the reproof with good grace, as popular opinion is against him, and his complaint would elicit no sympathy.

During the agrarian riots, which disturhed England in 1832, a moh of rick-hurners and machine-breakers appeared at the old mansion of two elderly maiden ladies. The walls of the hall were decorated with suits of armor and antique weapons—pikes, halberds, swords, and battle-axes. The mob clamored for the weapons and for drink. The ladies refused their demands, and when the moh seemed ready to resort to violence, Miss Betty, the elder of the ladies, went up to the leader, a hideous-looking man, and said: "*You, too*, of all the people in the world! I'm not surprised at these poor misguided creatures. But that such a good-looking, intelligent man as you should attack two defenseless women does astonish me! *You* are the man I should have looked to for protection. But you are not the man I took you for! Never again will I trust to good looks!" There was no standing up against tbat compliment. The man took off his hat, and said: "Come, old lady, we ain't so had as all that! only give us some heer. We would not harm a hair of your head!" "No; I know tbat," retorted Miss Betty. "You can't; I wear a wig!" The moh roared witb laughter, and retired without another word.

Some years ago, when Sir Charles Smith was traveling hy special train in Dakota, be told his private secretary to instruct the conductor that he should not say "Mr. Smitb" but "Sir Charles" in speaking to so great a man. Next time the conductor came round he said: "Well, sir—Charles—the next station is Glyndon." And always thereafter he continued to use the same form, "Well, sir, Charles." Last year, when Sir James Homlake and a numher of other prominent Englishmen were traveling in this country as guests of tbe American Iron and Steel Institute, the company had a special train. The porter of the car in which Sir James traveled for two days was a singularly polite hut slightly deaf negro. He always addressed Sir James as "Misser Omelette." After this had occurred several times, Sir James, whose sense of personal importance is well developed, said, in an appalling and loud tone: "My good fellow, you must not speak to *me* in that manner. When you address *me* you are to say Sir James Homlake—*Sir James Homlake*, remember that!" "Porter, have you remembered to say *Sir James Homlake?*" asked one of the Americans next day, when he happened to meet the darky where the knight was not. "Oh, no, sah! I don' say no such thing. Dis yer's a free country." "What do you call him, then?" "Jus' Misser Omelette, yessah. Jus' Misser Omelette, sah." "Aren't you afraid?" "Yessah—scared mos' to deff, hut I'se a 'Merican citizen, sah."

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BRANDRETH'S PILLS are the safest and most effective remedy for Indigestion, Irregularity of the Bowels, Constipation, Biliousness, Headacbe, Dizziness, Malaria, or any disease arising from an impure state of the blood. They have been in use in this country for over fifty years, and the thousands of unimpeachable testimonials from those who have used them, and their constantly increasing sale, is incontrovertible evidence that they perform all that is claimed for tbem.

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The rate of interest on Term Deposits for six months ending December 31, 1891, was at **5 40-100** per cent. per annum, and on Ordinary Deposits at **4 50-100** per cent. per annum.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, **3 o'clock P. M.**, for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong. **1892.**
Oceanic.....**Saturday, March 26**
Gaelic.....**Saturday, April 16**
Belgic.....**Tuesday, May 10**
Oceanic.....**Thursday, June 2**

Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.
For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.
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PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama.

Steamers will sail at **noon** on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—March 25th, SS. Acapulco; April 5th, SS. San José; April 15th, SS. San Juan.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamer sails at **noon** 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—Friday, March 18th, SS. City of Panama.

Where the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the preceding Saturday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.:
City of Rio de Janeiro .....Tuesday, April 5, at 3 P. M.
China....(via Honolulu).....Thursday, April 28, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking.....Saturday, May 21, at 3 P. M.

Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 209 Front Street.
ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From Dec. 6, 1891.	ARRIVE.
7.00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jnsé	* 12.15 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga	6.15 P.
* 8.00 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa	* 6.15 P.
8.00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	Second-class Ogden and East, and first-class locally	10.45 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San Jnsé, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	4 45 P.
9.00 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	12.15 P.
12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore	7.15 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	* 9.00 P.
3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, & Stockton	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10 45 A.
4.30 P.	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P
5.00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 P.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	7.45 A.
.....	Niles and San José	‡ 6.15 P.
6.00 P.	Ogden Route Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	11.45 A.
‡ 7.00 P.	Vallejo	† 8 45 P.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	8.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

8.15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
* 2.15 P.	Centreville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	* 10 50 A
4.15 P.	Centreville, San José, and Los Gatos	9.50 A.
† 1 .45 P.	Hunters' Train to Newark, Alviso, San José, and Los Gatos	‡ 8.05 P.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7.00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations	6.10 P.
10.37 A.	San José and Way Stations	5.10 P
12.15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations	4.00 P.
* 2.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way stations	* 10 48 A.
* 3.30 P.	Menlo Park San José, and principal Way Stations	* 10.03 A.
* 4 15 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.06 A.
5.15 P.	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
† 11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	† 7.30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 29, 1891, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7.40, 9.20, 11.40 A. M.; 3.30. 5.00, 6.20 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1.50 P. M.
Sundays—8, 9.30, 11 A. M.; 2, 5, 6.15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6.25, 7.55, 9.30 A. M.; 12.45, 3.40, 5.05 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.30 P. M.
Sundays—8.10, 9.40, A. M.; 12.15, 3.40, 5, 6.25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6.50, 8.20, 9.55 A. M.; 1.10, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.55 P. M.
Sundays—8.35, 10.05 A. M 12 40, 4.05, 5.30, 6.50 P. M

Leave San Francisco.		DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco	
WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.		SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M. 5.00 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 9.30 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M. 7.25 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7.25 P. M.	6 10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6 10 P. M
7.40 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydesville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays, to Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa, $2.25; to Healdsburg, $3.40; to Cloverdale, $4.50; to Hopland, $5.70; to Ukiah, $6.75; to Sebastopol, $2.70; to Guerneville, $3.75; to Sonoma, $1.50; to Glen Ellen, $1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, $1; to Santa Rosa, $1.50; to Healdsburg, $2.25; to Cloverdale, $3; to Ukiah, $4.50: to Hopland, $3.80; to Sebastopol, $1.80; to Guerneville $2.50; to Sonoma, $1; to Glen Ellen, $1.20.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager.
PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.
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PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., March 11, 25, April 9, 24, May 9, 24.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M. every Friday. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, the 1st of each month. Ticket office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents.
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The revival of a play like "The Heir-at-Law" serves the useful purpose of teaching us how much better work we do now than they did in the days of good King George the Third. It is like going to one of those museums in the East, where the kitchen utensils, the machinery of ordinary life, and the dress of a past age are preserved, to the end that by comparison with them, the beholder shall be reconciled to the shortcomings of our period, and shall appreciate at its true value the adulation of the past in which old men indulge. An evening with Dick Dowlas and Cicely Homespun makes one think of flints and tinder-boxes. To the Emperor of Germany it seems to be a joy to recall the days of pipe-clay and pig-tails; the rest of the world prefer to take their pleasure with less grease and less ramrod.

"The Heir-at-Law" was one of some fifty odd comedies which were written by George Colman the younger, between 1785 and 1820—that is to say, in the period of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars. All that was best in British intellect at that period drifted into the army or the navy. The true path to fame was martial glory. For the time, letters took a back seat. In the last fifteen years of the eighteenth and the first fifteen years of the nineteenth century, there was hardly a book written in our tongue which is read now—except Walter Scott's poems. Yet then, as now, people went to the theatre, and managers had to produce plays, and as Goldsmith was dead, and Sheridan had gone into politics, people had to put up with George Colman and writers of his type. The king's mantle had fallen upon the shoulders of pretenders who hung round his gates.

The elder Colman came up like a flower in the middle of the eighteenth century, wrote a play in collaboration with Garrick, tried in vain to crush Oliver Goldsmith, and finally went mad. His son, Colman the younger, succeeded him in the management of the Haymarket. He was a young blood of twenty-three; a glib talker, a man of fashion, a writer of verses which would have brought him into collision with Anthony Comstock, if that eminent censor of morals had been flourishing at the time. In a very few years his management of the Haymarket landed him in a debtors' prison; from which, however, he continued to run his theatre for several years, until George the Fourth met him at a supper. It was at the town-house of the Duke of York. Colman had been let out of jail, with a turnkey as his valet, for the joyous occasion. He was full of deviltry over his unaccustomed liberty. Pointing to the regent, he asked his host who the fat man was. The duke was shocked, and remarked, in a whisper, that the regent would not appreciate the liberty. Nothing abashed, Colman went on to say, in a loud voice, that the regent could sing as good a song as any man in London, and that if he would sing one then and there, he (Colman) would take him into his company. George was proud of his voice, and sang the song; applause put him in good humor, he gave the manager a post in the Yeomen's Guard, got him out of jail, and soon afterward had him appointed examiner of plays. This office he filled for twelve years, to the wrath and disgust of playwrights. He is said to have been the most unreasonable critic ever intrusted with power. Nothing pleased him. Toward the end of his life, he was an uncompromising stickler for the proprieties. He cut every "damn," "demme," and "oh, lud" out of the manuscripts submitted to him; he objected to "Providence," and would not hear of "hell" or "paradise."

His own plays—of which the best are "The Heir-at-Law" and "John Bull"—are not genuine comedies, but rather domestic dramas with a moral purpose. He was the inventor of the virtuous peasant, who, in uncouth dialect, was free to triumph over the laws of grammar in consideration of the soundness of his morals. He—the peasant—was forever rescuing hapless maidens, in short skirts, from the clutch of the ravisher, and garnishing the rescue with apothegms borrowed from rural sermons. He expressed his joy at the ultimate triumph of virtue by stamping with clogged boots and singing fol-de-rol-de-ido, while the robber-baron slunk into the wings abashed and overwhelmed with contrition. From the moral standpoint, the Zekiels of Colman were all that the most severe critic could demand, but they were bores—awful bores. They engendered a desire in wicked minds to see the villain get the best of them and carry off "Cis" to his robber's cave.

Like many better playwrights, he took his property where he found it, and was a notorious plagiarist. He stole his first successful play from "Roderick Random." The name of the leading person-age in "The Heir-at-Law" he found in Voltaire's novel of "Candide"; though he was too prudent even to hint at the little adventure of Dr. Pangloss with the lovely but hapless Cunegonde. As to the main situation of the play—the attempt of Lord Duberly to educate himself for his new rank—Colman found that all ready done to his hand in Molière's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and much better done in the original than he did it in the copy. M. Jourdain is far more amusing than the ex-tallow-chandler. It may be legitimate for a playwriter to take characters, scenes, situations, and even dialogue from his predecessors, but the theft can only be forgiven where the thief improves upon his victim. Colman stole, and did not improve.

Mr. Jefferson's revival of this old play can only be explained on the theory that he fell in love with the part of Dr. Pangloss. It is to be feared that, like many men, he bestowed his love where no adequate return could be expected. His conception of the part is quite different from the author's, but no conception could make it acceptable to a modern audience. Even when people laughed the loudest on Monday, they wondered to see so much genius, such admirable play of feature, and such humor of tone wasted on so barren a part. Colman's idea was to make Pangloss a stupid pedant, greedy for money, and bent on exhibiting his erudition by interlarding his talk with quotations. Jefferson makes him a gentleman, with a keen sense of the proprieties and of the ridiculous; his satisfaction at getting a good salary and his relapses into the classics are mere trifling oddities in a character which is otherwise agreeable. Colman designed Pangloss to be the ridiculous person in the play; in Jefferson's rendering he is not ridiculous at all, though he makes every one else so.

The change which has come over our habit of speech and composition of late years takes away the point of Dr. Pangloss's quotations. Half a century ago, public taste ran to quotations. Scott prefixed a stanza of verse to his chapters. Cooper did the like. A speaker in Parliament thought no oration perfect unless it was larded with lines from Virgil or Juvenal. Pitt could not withdraw from the ministry without assuring his hearers, in a few lines from Horace, that he wrapped himself in his virtue, and betook himself cheerfully to honest poverty. We have got over all that kind of thing. We find, in this country, the United States language adequate to express our thoughts. Once in a way, when a quotation is remarkably apposite—as when Butler answered a diatribe of Sunset Cox with the familiar line, "Shoo, fly! Don't bodder me!"—a good memory and a quick eye for parallels may help a speaker or a writer; but, as a rule, a man who quotes the classics is supposed to desire rather to parade his learning than to move his audience. In fact, nobody does so. If Mr. Cleveland should launch an extract from the poets at the head of a Democratic audience, everybody would laugh at him. That is the reason why Dr. Pangloss fails to make a point when he dips into Shakespeare or Plato. His audience display a guilty consciousness of their ignorance of the passages he quotes, and they do not know why he puts them to such needless discomfiture.

But the law of the world is changed—in public taste as elsewhere. Time was when Zekiel Homespun and Cicely Homespun were considered fine parts, and aspirants for fame on the boards were eager to play them. To-day it seems to us that that admirable actor, Mr. Louis James, was absolutely throwo away on the representation of a country lout, who froths over with Sunday-school platitudes, like the mangy street-orators who hold forth on the water-front on Sundays. He has not a chance of doing or saying anything that is worth seeing or hearing. The gallery, as in duty bound, applauded his fine sentiments. The gods are nothing if not moral. But an actor who can appreciate art as he does, must have sighed for one little relapse from virtue just to show that he still belonged to the human race. Mr. Owen, of course, did all that can be done with the ennobled tallow-chandler. The trouble is that Colman did not get out of the situation all the fun that is in it. When M. Jourdain experiences the metamorphosis which overtakes Dan Dowlas, he is told that the son of the Grand Turk is in love with his daughter, alludes to her as Cacaracamouchen — which means "my soul" — and has appointed her father Mamamouchi—which means "paladin." The honest old Frenchman falls to studying Turkish forthwith, wishes his visitors the wisdom of serpents and the prudence of lions, and prays that the rain of prosperity will forever water their garden. Fancy what an actor like Owens could do with such a part as that!

It is, perhaps, well that, from time to time, old plays should be revived just to show modern audiences what their forefathers enjoyed. We shall probably never witness on the stage more delightful plays than "The School for Scandal," "The Rivals," or the comedies of Shakespeare. But they did not know everything down in Judea, and art, like everything else, is progressive. It can only develop if it receives proper encouragement. When every play, and every actor, and almost every manager was English, there was no such thing as an American comedy. There was no inducement to write one, and if it had been written, no manager would have taken the risk of producing it. Since the war, Americans have, here and there, hired theatres; and, here and there, Americans have written plays which have made money for author and theatre. It is, perhaps, better that we should follow this path. Mr. Jefferson will be chiefly known to posterity as the impersonator of a purely American character; perhaps he had better follow his own example, and, after a trifling flirtation with a piece like "The Rivals," crown his career with another work which may be bracketed with Rip Van Winkle.

At the theatres during the week commencing March 21st: The Bostonians (Tuesday) in "Robin Hood"; Leavitt's Company in "Spider and Fly"; The Tivoli Company in "Nanon"; "All the Comforts of Home"; and "Ole Oleson."

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Bob Thingum—"Watts Hysname's funeral cost eight hundred dollars." *Tom Bigbee*—"Well, it was worth every cent of it."—*Puck.*

Poet—"I am going to write a poem to night." *Wife*—"Have you an inspiration, dear?" *Poet*—"No; but I need three dollars."—*Puck.*

"Shave, sir?" asked the barber, of the bald-beaded man. "No," retorted the sarcastic patient; "I came here for a little conversazione."—*Puck.*

"Dora must have suffered some terrible disappointment. One never sees her smile now. What is the matter?" "Two front teeth pulled."—*Life.*

First duke—"Why don't you travel incognito, as I do? It's far pleasanter." *Second duke*—"Yes; but my wife always goes with me, and I married an American."—*Life.*

Larkin—"I read the other day of a Cincinnati man who says he saw a brown rat with a blue tail." *Staggers*—"He must be a jay to give himself away in that style."—*Truth.*

Skidds—"You look disconsolate, Gurley. What's the trouble? Doesn't Miss Munn smile on your suit?" *Gurley*—"She does more than that." "How so?" "She laughs at it."—*Bazar.*

"Paul, sit still, or you'll get a thrashing." "Mamma, if you punish me, I shall tell the conductor that I was four years old yesterday; then you'll have to pay."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

"Now let's see," said the playwright; "you want a play with one star part and——" "One star part? Sixteen, my dear sir. I forgot to tell you—this play is for amateurs," returned the manager.—*Ex.*

He (of Boston)—"Professor Skibigh is going to lecture on sun spots to-morrow." *She* (of Chicago)—"Well, if I thought he could tell of a real, sure enough cure for them, I'd go to hear him. I freckle so easily."—*Life.*

"What's the matter, Parker? You look blue." "I am. I asked Miss Morrison to be my wife." "Ah! Rejected?" "No. Referred me to her mother, and—well, her mother rejected me herself last September at Narragansett."—*Bazar.*

First customer—"I wish to select a vase." *Floor-walker*—"Yes, madam. James, show the lady to the crockery department." *Second customer*—"I wish to select a vawz." *Floor-walker*—"Yes, madam. George, show the lady to the bric-à-brac department."—*New York Weekly.*

Breaking it gently: *Foreman* (quarry gang)—"It's sad news Oi bov' fur yez, Mrs. McGaharraghty. Yr husband's new watch is broken. It waz a foine watch, an' it's smashed all to paces." *Mrs. McG.*—"Dearie me! How did that happen?" *Foreman*—"A ten-ton rock fell on 'im."—*New York Weekly.*

American girl—"And if I marry you, will I live in an old English castle, with turrets and battlements, famed in song and story?" *English lord*—"Yes; you shall." *American girl*—"And you will introduce me to the Prince of Wales's set?" *English lord*—"Um—er—not until I begin to get tired of you."—*New York Weekly.*

Doctor—"I see what the matter is. You do not get sleep enough. Take this prescription to a druggist's." *Mr. Blinkers*—"Thank you. I presume that's what's the matter." *Doctor* (next day)—"Ah, good-morning! You are looking much better to-day. Slept last night, didn't you?" *Mr. Blinkers*—"Slept like a top. I feel first-rate." *Doctor*—"How many doses of that opiate did you take?" *Mr. Blinkers* (in surprise)—"I didn't take any. I gave it to the baby."—*New York Weekly.*

"In writing up the burglary," cried the excited caller, "you can say the thieves in their hurry overlooked seven hundred and fifty dollars' worth of jewelry and solid silver-plate in one of the closets." "Might not that bring the burglars to your house a second time?" suggested the city-editor. "I don't care if it does!" exclaimed the other; "I don't want the public to get the impression that a gang of robbers can go through my house and only find twenty-five dollars' worth of stuff worth stealing."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Alma Stuart Stanley, who had a meteoric career in this city with "Painting Her Red," recently essayed a skirt-dance in a London music-hall and made a peculiarly flat failure of it. She had a wrong idea of the skirt-dance. Her skirts were so stout and so tight that she kicked herself off her feet. The management deemed it unnecessary for her to proceed. Mrs. Langtry, by the way, has attempted a minuet all by herself in what are termed "convoluted skirts," but she proved too bovine for skirt-dancing and gave it up.

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"Where," asks the American man, "are our wives? In the streets," he answers, "at teas, luncheons, dinners, in the shops, traveling abroad, at Browning Clubs, faith-cure séances, women's rights' meetings, Ibsen reunions, Meredith mornings, Blavatsky circles, indigent female rescues, immigrants' shelters, mothers' meetings, Jewish refugees, Bulgarian bazaars—anywhere, everywhere, except at home."

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Signor Antonio Farini, the Italian baritone, who was famous in concerts and operas twenty and thirty years ago, when he supported Parepa-Rosa, Nilsson, Lucca, La Grange, and Medora, has retired from the stage. Among his pupils was Marie Selika, the phenomenal soprano, who has had great triumphs in Europe in the past few seasons. Selika is an octoroon, and this circumstance has proved no bar to her success. Signor Farini, seeing this, has conceived the idea of training others of Selika's race for the operatic stage, and be now has quite a little company of octoroons, quadroons, and mulattoes in training. Those who have heard these pupils sing say that the methods of Milan, applied to the genius of Mississippi, have produced marvelous results.

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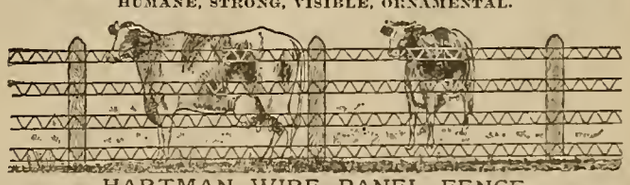

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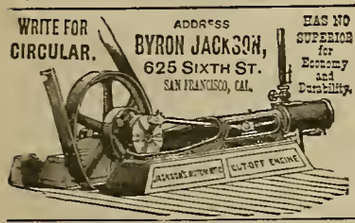

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The Argonaut.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, ... EDITOR.

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A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supplying: what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

On the twenty-ninth of this month there is to be held in San Francisco a Nicaragua Canal Convention. Delegates to this body have been appointed by the governor of California, the mayor of San Francisco, and the president of the Traffic Association. The convention should earnestly urge upon the present Congress the vital necessity of this water-way from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The United States ought to *own* the canal—any other enlightened government would; but as that is impossible with a Democratic House of Representatives, this government should at least see that the canal is constructed.

Apart from the political and strategic arguments for American ownership of the Nicaragua Canal, there are others of a financial and commercial nature which to some people may be more potent than those involving a national principle. The alternative at issue is whether the United States shall secure control of this interoceanic water-way, or whether we shall allow some other nation to gain that control by the purchase of stock. Whether the United States assumes all responsibilities, or only guarantees the interest on the bonds of the constructing company, is simply a question of method and measure. What is to be considered here is something in the nature of such a balance-sheet as any careful business man would wish to study before embarking in an undertaking of serious investment. The outlay required to complete the Nicaragua Canal is said to be liberally estimated when the figures are set down at $100,000,000, made up as follows: Cost of construction, $73,166,308; specified and unspecified contingencies of construction, $14,633,262; accruing interest on money actually invested, for six years, $13,000,000. The only returns that can be counted on, and these not until the completion of the canal, are the tolls that would be secured from the passage of tonnage directly tributary to the canal. From statistical records it appears that in 1879 the number of ships trading from Atlantic domestic and from European ports to North and South Pacific points was 2,647, with an aggregate tonnage of 2,671,886 tons. Eight years later, in 1887, statistics which were furnished to the last Congress show the following facts:

	Tons.
Trade across the Isthmus of Panama	1,217,685
Trade between Atlantic and Pacific ports of the United States	145,713
Trade between Atlantic ports of the United States and foreign countries west of Cape Horn	752,585
Trade between Pacific ports of the United States and foreign countries east of Cape Horn	879,844
Trade around Cape Horn of European countries (Austria, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Russia, not included, as statistics are not accessible)	1,471,399
Trade of British Columbia with Europe	39,818
	4,507,044

The increase from 2,671,886 tons, in 1879, to 4,507,044 tons, in 1887, shows a percentage of increase of nearly 69 per cent., and that increase applied to the natural accretion of commerce between 1887 and 1896, by which time it is hoped the canal will be completed, would make the tributary commerce of the latter year 7,616,904 tons. To accept this estimate, however, as the extent of canal commerce would be far too conservative a proceeding, since no account whatever is taken of the vast sources of traffic which are only waiting facilities of transportation to spring into development. The natural growth and development of the Pacific States and Territories will furnish thousands of tons of traffic to the canal for the hundreds that exist under present circumstances. Take, for example, the timber trade alone. In 1886, the total shipment of lumber from Oregon and Washington was 6,000,000 cubic feet; in 1888, it amounted to 48,000,000 feet; while the total amount cut in 1888 is estimated at 706,985,000 feet, and its value at $7,750,000. Large as are these figures, they really represent but the commencement of a possible lumber commerce, the forests of Washington alone containing, according to government authorities, not less than 175,000,000,000 feet of uncut yellow and red fir, while the timber-land of Oregon is set down at 25,000 square miles, or a quarter of the entire superficial area of the State. Every locality and enterprise will feel a new life, and there will be an unheard-of activity from the fur-fields of Alaska to the wheat-plains of the San Joaquin, and from the fishing-grounds of the Fraser to the sheep-plains of Oregon. As has been well stated, "the opening of the canal will practically make our coast line continuous from Maine to Alaska," and the coasting trade will thereby receive an impetus that can hardly be over-estimated. This, on the Eastern shores, already amounts to over 500,000 tons per annum between Atlantic and Gulf ports on the one hand, and those on the Atlantic Coast of Central America and Colombia on the other. Galveston, New Orleans, Mobile, Pearl River, Pensacola, Savannah, Brunswick, Beaufort, Wilmington, Norfolk, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and Portland are all interested in the total. Steamers built for the purpose trade along the shores of the Caribbean Sea, exchanging our articles of commerce for the products of the tropics, but the best harbors, the richest districts, and the most valuable products of these neighbors of ours are on the Pacific side, and as San Francisco is supine in the matter, the trade has fallen to the British and other foreign steamers that ply on the west coast. When the opening of the canal shall have enabled the little steamers and coasting schooners to push through from the Atlantic to the Pacific side and compete for its rich trade, with the advantages of home ports and markets thousands of miles nearer than those of Europe, it will not be long before this country's coasting trade shall have grown to many times its present volume. These are conditions which will tend to make San Francisco and New York the markets of the world.

England has not been slow to see these things, and, in a burst of splenetic truthfulness, a London journal recently said:

"In estimating the future for a water-way connecting the Pacific and Atlantic, it must be remembered that India has now 7,250,000 tons of shipping annually clearing from her ports; Australasia, 16,000,000; Hong Kong, 7,000,000; and the Straits Settlements, 7,000,000, most of which comes to Great Britain, and a very large part of which would find its way through the Nicaragua Canal; but incalculable as the advantages would be to this country (Great Britain), it is probable that the United States would benefit to a still greater extent. That this is so is clear from the fact that the greater part of the huge coasting commerce of that country would be saved, sometimes between 5,000 to 12,000 miles of travel, by using the canal."

In view of all these conditions it surely will be allowed that the expectation is a most moderate one which counts on a tonnage of not less than 7,000,000 tons ready for transit when the canal shall be opened to the traffic of the world. Accepting this as a safe basis for calculation and putting the toll at the moderate tariff of $2.25 per ton, this means a revenue of $15,750,000 per annum, exclusive of receipts from tolls on passengers, from which must be deducted the expenses of operation and the payment of interest. The operating expenses of the Suez Canal last year were about $1,200,000, and while some engineers are of the opinion that the operating expenses of the Nicaragua Canal would be less than those of operating the Suez Canal, it would be following the same conservative spirit in which these other calculations have been made to put the operating expenses at $2,000,000. This added to $3,000,000, interest on the bonds at three per cent., at which rate there is no doubt of being able to market them, and there will be $5,000,000 to subtract from the $17,750,000 of tolls, leaving $10,700,000 to be divided amongst the stockholders in dividends. That this is not an extravagant estimate of dividends is well shown by the fact that the Suez Canal, between whose commercial operations and those of the Nicaragua there would be much parallelism, paid over eleven per cent. in 1886 on ordinary shares, and seventeen per cent. on preferred shares, and that in 1888 ordinary shares of $100 par value were selling in London and Paris at over $400.

San Francisco was not born great; she has never achieved greatness; but when the Nicaragua Canal is completed, she will have greatness thrust upon her.

The arrival of the steamer *Indiana* at Lihau, with a cargo of food for the starving people of Russia, has been duly reported by telegraph, and the people of Courland seem to have been as rejoiced to see her arrive as the people of Philadelphia were to see her depart. The event is one of the pleasantest which the wires have lately chronicled.

When the news first came that men, women, and children were dying of hunger in Russian provinces where the rye-crop had failed, every American heart was stirred with sympathy, and various propositions were made to relieve so appalling a case of distress. They were for a long time unsuccessful—Congress could not see its way to an appropriation of public money for the relief of famine in a foreign country; strict constructionists even objected to allowing the

idle vessels of the navy to be put to use in carrying food to the starving. An appeal to New York elicited no response from individuals or from the State or municipal governments; the chamber of commerce of the city of New York subscribed seven thousand dollars, and that was all. It looked as though the United States, which had given Greece a ship, and had given Ireland ship-load after ship-load of flour, had no bowels of compassion left for the only European country which sympathized with the North during the War of the Rebellion.

Happily there were men in the grain States with hearts broad enough and heads clear enough to grasp the situation and act for the country. A syndicate of grain-growers, millers, and elevator men in Minnesota resolved to do their part toward feeding the starving Russians. They found allies in Wisconsin, Michigan, Nebraska, and other States, and among them they collected grain and flour enough to supply a good many mouths. The next question was how to get this food to Russia, without eating itself up on the way in transportation charges. This matter was placed in the hands of Mr. W. C. Edgar, of Minnesota, editor of the *Northwestern Miller*. He applied to the grain roads for free transportation, and every one of the roads but one promptly acceded to his request. The one which constituted an exception to the rule was the Chicago, Kansas City & St. Paul, which refused to carry a pound of flour over its track unless it was paid its regular rate of freight.

The next question was how to get the flour and grain across the ocean free. No steamship sailing out of New York was willing to do so much for charity. But the American Transport Company, with head-quarters at Philadelphia, offered the use of its fleet of freight-steamers free of charge, and the *Indiana* was promptly loaded and sailed. She reached Libau about two weeks ago. Then the *Missouri* was dispatched to New York to be loaded there. She is a large vessel, and holds far more stuff than Mr. Edgar had reckoned. It was necessary to convert the small seven-thousand-dollar donation of the chamber of commerce into spot flour to fill her up. But the job was done at last. She was filled to the deck, sailed some ten or twelve days ago, and is now in mid-ocean. She will be followed by a third vessel belonging to the American Transport Company. That company, whose conduct gives the lie to the adage that a corporation has no soul, has not only donated its vessels to the service of charity, but has presented the Russian Relief Fund with the freight-money which it is receiving for certain space on its ships, which it had sold before this emergency arose.

It is not to be supposed that a few ship-loads of American grain and flour will stop the famine in Russia. But they will feed some mouths, and perhaps save the lives of some men, women, and children. If other communities which raise cereals had done as much as Minnesota, the destitution in Russia might have been measurably relieved, and the consequences of the emperor's obstinate folly in refusing to buy food abroad when he was warned that the rye-crop was going to prove a failure might even now be partially cured.

It would be very gratifying, indeed, to be able to announce that California was likely to do its share in the work of benevolence. Wheat is cheap enough, heaven knows—say one dollar and sixty cents a cental—and freights at fifteen shillings are ridiculously low; it would not cost much to take up one of the idle ships in port, fill it up with flour and wheat, and send it to Russia. It would be a tardy relief for the present sufferers, but the vessel would arrive in the Baltic before this year's crop in Russia can entirely relieve the prevailing destitution. And the event would attract attention all over the world. It would remind Europe that this is not only a country of plenty, but also a country where generous hearts abound and no tale of human suffering falls on deaf ears. Best of all, it would relieve distress which no Christian can contemplate with indifference, and which fills Californians with the closer sympathy, because they run no risk of ever encountering such misery at home.

When lawyers run short of facts, they meet the needs of the situation by adding a new member to that large and interesting family which goes under the name of Legal Fictions. The Legal Fictions have done a deal of harm in the world, and accomplished much in the way of bedeviling the laity, wherefore the Fictions are in high favor with the followers of the law—a profession which has the modesty to make and the ability to enforce the claim that the Ten Commandments shall be suspended in its favor for business reasons. The latest addition to the Fictions is the phantasmal heir. It is a queer, a puissant, an elusive, and a terrible child, as was to be expected from its parentage. That it ought to be strangled without delay, in the interest of sense and justice, is made apparent by the briefest statement of the facts of its birth, and Judge Coffey—we record it to his credit—has lent a hand in the good work of removal.

About two years ago Hiram A. Pearsons, a young millionaire of San Francisco, met his death by drowning near Chicago. At the time of his death he was out boating with a young actress. Some land on the water-front here, included in his estate, was sold at probate auction a few months ago. Pearsons was a bachelor, and as he had no children, his property went to his aunts, cousins, and other collateral heirs. The attorneys for the purchasers in searching title encountered the phantasmal heir, created by our supreme court, which in one of its many celebrated decisions uttered the dictum, just enough in the abstract, that the executors of an estate have no right to give a title which shall dispose of the interests of an unknown wife or child. The highly technical attorneys have stretched this decision so as to include the presumption that every bachelor has an unknown wife or child until he has proved the contrary to a demonstration. To the non-technical intellect it would appear to be sufficient to have it understood that when the possible wife or child shall make her or its existence manifest it will be time enough to take cognizance of the same. That is the view accepted by Judge Coffey, who is a man of sense. He simply held that the executors of the Pearsons estate did not agree to give any better title than they had, and as all purchasers understood that, there was no occasion to relieve them. There is to be an appeal to the supreme court. Evidently the purchasers of the land have repented of their bargain, and hence the introduction of the phantasmal child.

Everything that encourages marriage is, of course, to be approved, and a bachelor, perhaps, deserves the worst that can happen to him. Nevertheless the bachelor is a man and a brother, and has some rights under the Declaration of Independence and the Federal Constitution. Among these rights (which are inalienable even to the unmarried) are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, lawyers or no lawyers, and the supreme court of California to the contrary, notwithstanding. It is possible that a citizen, reputed to be a bachelor, may in reality not be a bachelor, or, being one, has forgotten the obligation of celibacy; but it is monstrous, and lawyer-like, to insist upon it as a proposition of law that an unmarried man is to be presumed to be a fraud—that in considering the disposal of his property after death it is right to assume that he might, could, or should have been, and probably was, in his wickedness, married; that, if married, he might have and probably had a legitimate heir; that the heir must be deemed living; that the bachelor, if unmarried (and bachelors, it has to be confessed, are sometimes wifeless), might have had an illegitimate heir; that the illegitimate heir might have lived; that, if alive, he would probably turn up to unsettle real-estate titles and play the deuce generally in a perfectly legitimate and fee-producing manner.

Mr. Jarboe, the lawyer who has trotted out the bachelor's spectral brat, in order, we should judge, to tie up an estate, is, of course, a leader of the bar. An inferior attorney could not be suspected of such ingenuity. It is only the first-class practitioner who is looked to for such assaults on common sense. It is only those who perch on the topmost boughs of the legal tree who are enabled to grow rich by the cultivation of the ability to befog, bemuddle, bemuse, tie-up, procrastinate, linger, involve, tangle, twist, delay, and generally bend the law aside from what ought to be its real purpose—the doing of justice.

What the result of the appeal from Judge Coffey's sane decision may be, heaven alone can determine in advance, and the provisions of heaven are as little beneficial to mankind as the judgments of the supreme court. But this one thing is apparent—if the Bachelor's Possible Child is to be erected into a recognized legal institution, then the bachelors of the land will be justified in organizing themselves into a Protective League. They outnumber the lawyers a hundred to one—yes, they are numerous enough to be able to offer battle not only to the bar and bench, but even to the married men, whose interest is hostile. The bachelors, if properly marshaled and led, might not only, by their votes, carry a Presidential election, but amend the constitution in their own interest, slaughter the Jarboe child, and even in time hope to simplify the administration of the law and bring it into harmony with good sense. This may seem to the conservative an iridescent dream, but once in a century or so an apparently impossible thing is accomplished.

One reason why the maritime trade of San Francisco is not growing so fast as that of some other ports similarly situated and of the same age is that whereas in those ports every effort is made to attract shipping from all parts of the world, the policy of San Francisco has been to treat foreign vessels as the Bahama wreckers used to treat vessels cast on the coral reefs, and to rob them wherever an opportunity offered. This is a fact which is within the knowledge of merchants; but in order to bring the information to the notice of all, the *Argonaut* desires to draw attention to the disbursement accounts of one vessel which has lately been here, namely, the *General Roberts*.

This ship sailed from England to Melbourne, Australia, thence to San Francisco, thence again to Melbourne, and thence by way of Calcutta to England. The accounts are kept partly in sterling money and partly in American currency, the rate of exchange being calculated at $4.80 to the pound. For convenience of comparison, we shall reckon them all in dollars and cents at the above rate of exchange.

On arriving at Melbourne, the *General Roberts* paid entry dues amounting to $9.60; at San Francisco the charge for entry and clearance was $32.70. At Melbourne the towage bill, including removals, was $322; at San Francisco it was $355. At Melbourne the charge for pilotage was $302.50; at San Francisco it was $258.50. At Melbourne the tonnage dues were $549; at San Francisco they were $114.84, and the wharf dues $261—in all $375. The cost of discharging cargo at Melbourne was $849; in San Francisco, $1,290. The cost of shipping a crew at Melbourne was $26; in San Francisco, $128. The cost of water in Melbourne was $5.80; in San Francisco it was $17.40. The butcher's bill at Melbourne was $153; in San Francisco it was $235, besides $216 for salt provisions. Altogether, the *General Roberts's* bill of expense during her stay at Melbourne was $3,446, which, under a recent reduction in tonnage dues, would now be $3,221, while her bill at this port was $4,520. In two items only—tonnage dues and pilotage—were the Melbourne dues less than the dues at San Francisco; of these, the former has been reduced since the *General Roberts* sailed, and as to the pilotage, it will be remembered that the Melbourne tugs have a long and crooked haul up the Port Philip Estuary and the Yarra Yarra River, while our tugs have a straight and simple haul of a few miles from the bar to the upper bay.

Take another port. The same *General Roberts* sailed from Calcutta to London. She had to be piloted and towed up the Thames, say seventy miles, and on arrival she had to pay tonnage dues. She paid for pilotage, $86; for tonnage, $240; for tonnage dues, $30—in all $356, as against $727 for the same service here, exclusive of wharf dues.

The secret of the difference simply is that at London and Melbourne they court maritime traffic and encourage it in every way in their power, while here we are indifferent to it, and we allow politicians to fix high schedules of charges for tonnage dues, the towing companies to make a fortune every year with their boats, the members of the pilots' association to grow rich out of pilotages, and the stevedores and shipping-masters to charge what they please for loading and unloading ships and shipping crews. We get our reward in a steadily diminishing volume of tonnage arriving here. We are taxing out of existence the only traffic by which the city can thrive.

When Bismarck tried to induce the free cities of Hamburg and Bremen to enter the German Zollverein, he was met by the stubborn refusal of both cities to throw any obstacles in the way of the foreign trade of their ports. They had been built up, in the face of shallow water, distance from the ocean, and other obstacles; and they were not willing to sacrifice what they had gained for fanciful advantages to grow out of German unity. Hamburg, which is a marvelous instance of the triumph of human perseverance and human ingenuity over natural drawbacks, finally agreed to allow the German tariff to go into effect over the bulk of its territory, retaining freedom for the old city; Bremen, rather than have trouble with Germany, compromised by agreeing to pay a round sum yearly in lieu of customs duties. Both cities adhered to their traditional policy of drawing trade instead of repelling it.

London affords another example of the same spirit. When the great warehouses which border and in places encircle the London docks were built, the question arose what charges should be made for storing merchandise therein. Various rates were named which would yield interest on the investment, but it was finally resolved that the city of London would be benefited if the question of profit were put out of sight, and the sole point considered was how to draw goods to the warehouses. Accordingly mere nominal storage charges were adopted, and the consequence has been that non-perishable goods from all parts of the world, for which there is no immediate demand, drift into the London docks as a haven of refuge. There they lie waiting for a purchaser, and this has gone on for so long a period of time that the warehouses are crammed with every imaginable article of merchandise, and new warehouses have to be built every year. It is said that there is nothing which is or ever was in this century an article of purchase and sale that can not be found in the London docks. Needless to point out that this universal bazaar has become the center of a trade which it is difficult to measure in figures, and which explains in a large degree the population and wealth of the commercial metropolis of the world.

The discussion of the nice question whether Mr. Hallett Borrowe should have been challenged by Mr. Coleman Drayton, and whether Mr. Deacon should have invited M. Abeille to the field of honor, is tempting some of our contemporaries to revive the threadbare controversy over the

ethics of dueling. In its issue of last Sunday, a morning journal, the *Examiner*, of this city, summed up the arguments pro and con, and while conceding that a duel is an anachronism, deplored the abolition of single combat on the ground that it "bred politeness among men and deference to women—that it was the parent of punctiliousness, and gave grace and meaning to manners."

The *Argonaut* will take leave to say that this reasoning begs the question and confounds coincidence with cause and effect. It is true that in certain societies, in various countries, and at various periods in which dueling prevailed, manners were polished, and courtesy was usual. But there is no more reason for ascribing the polish and the courtesy to the practice of dueling than to the practice of drinking, which, as it happens, also prevailed in the societies referred to, at the periods in question. Courtesy and polish are the fruit of the high civilization which affluence brings in its train. Where people are well off, do not have to engage in death-struggles for a living, and have before their eyes the example of persons who are well-bred, considerate of each other, and forbearing in their mutual intercourse, they are generally polite, deferential to women, and punctilious in manner to all. They are not polite and punctilious through fear of being called out, but because their breeding teaches them that impoliteness and discourtesy mark the boor. Before the war, the South excused the duel on the very ground which our contemporary takes. It was nevertheless a fallacy which had not a leg to stand on.

As a matter of fact, dueling has not always, or even generally, been a guaranty of polite behavior in dueling communities. In no country in the world has dueling been more common than it was in Ireland in the last century; but Dr. Swift's countrymen carried the sobriquet of Teague by the roughness of their manners. Now that the war is over, a sociologist may be permitted to say that the old slave-holding planters, who fought duels constantly, were by no means uniformly Chesterfields; a few, here and there, were fair types of the gentleman—but many of them were of such a hectoring disposition that Southern chivalry and the slave-driver's whip have become by-words. There is but one society at the present day in which the duel is not only tolerated, but, under certain circumstances, is obligatory—that is the German army and the German student class. No one who has been to Germany will maintain that either in the one or the other are manners polished or conversation courteous. As for "deference to women," there is no nation so lacking in that regard as the German. In fact, judging from actual experience, the converse of the *Examiner's* proposition might be upheld—it might be argued that the practice of dueling tends to make a society coarse and rude, instead of refining and polishing it. Certain it is that the men who have been known as habitual duelists have been also known as brawlers, rude in speech, and uncivil in behavior.

It would not be treating our readers fairly to thrash the beaten straw about the illogical principle of the duel. It is strange that it should ever have been seriously held that the wrongs of an injured husband could be mended by exposing himself at ten paces to Lothario's pistol. And yet the system of dueling prevailed in every Christian country until quite recent times, and, indeed, prevails in some of them yet, as M. Floquet's duel with Boulanger proves. It grew out of the idea that a duel was an appeal to the decision of God—that the Almighty was sure to give the victory to the combatant who was in the right. This notion received a rude shock when Legris was accused of crime, claimed an appeal to battle, was overcome, and was duly banged; after which, another man turned up and confessed the crime. But even militant monarchs in military times have striven to repress the duello. Henry the Fourth forbade dueling, under pain of death. Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden set up a gallows to hang duelists on.

When some prominent personage fell in a duel, the laws were made more stringent, and dueling fell into disrepute for a time. When Lord Mohun killed the Duke of Hamilton, the death stroke being given by a hired assassin (the combat being by a party of four, the seconds engaging), all England protested against duels, but the protest did not prevent Pitt, Fox, and Sheridan from going out. A very severe law against dueling was passed in the last year of George the Third's reign; but Wellington met Lord Winchelsea, and Daniel O'Connell killed his man. In France, killing in a duel is murder; but Girardin killed Armand Carrel, and Thiers fought with Bixio. There is no instance of a Frenchman being punished severely for killing his man. Dueling used to be very common in the United States. Everybody remembers the affairs in which Alexander Hamilton and Commodore Decatur lost their lives; the Cilley and Graves duel is, perhaps, quite as fresh in people's memory. Sixty or seventy years ago every prominent public man had been out.

The trouble with the laws against dueling is that, in former times, they were not in harmony with public sentiment, and therefore could not be enforced. The natural pugnacity of mankind found a vent in single combat; when Sir Lucius O'Trigger spoke of a little meeting as "the fairest duel I ever saw in my life, sir," people at large thought it unjust to punish the survivor of so very fair a transaction. It is at least doubtful whether this sentiment prevails in our time. It is just possible that civilization, instead of being ripened by dueling, as the *Examiner* contends, has refined the duels out of existence. It is not to be denied that the survivors of three fatal duels fought in this century never recovered caste after the affair. After killing Hamilton, Aaron Burr became a pariah and an outcast on the face of the earth; with the highest abilities, the most fascinating manners, and learning unsurpassed, he was fain to bide his face in an obscure lodging whose door no visitor ever opened. Girardin, the friend of kings and the leader of French journalism, wore the brand of Cain on his brow to the day of his death; the blood of Armand Carrel seemed to stain his hand. It is not seemly to disturb the turf on a newly made grave in order to point out the fact that, in this State, the duelist who kills his man will never be forgiven. He may be a born leader of men, but he has done that which people will never forget and for which there can be no atonement. It will not be surprising if a similar revulsion of feeling should be evoked in France by the killing of M. Isaacs by the Marquis de Mores. The French look with contemptuous forbearance on duels with small-swords which result in nothing worse than a prick that takes a month to heal. But when it results in taking the lives of valuable citizens for trivial disputes, they may come to the conclusions at which Americans long ago arrived.

On the whole, we think most Americans—who, as a rule, are extremely practical men—will differ with the *Examiner* about the revival of the duello. They will not go out upon the "field of honor" and shoot each other over a trivial quarrel. But they will continue to shoot poachers upon their matrimonial preserves—they will shoot them "brutally," "ferociously," "savagely," as our Gallic cousins complain. But, however they shoot them, they generally kill them, and they do it without the slightest punctilio about the "code of honor."

For fifteen years the *Argonaut* has steadily battled against unrestricted foreign immigration. For fifteen years, single-handed and alone, it has kept up this warfare. When we entered upon this crusade, not a public man in either hall of Congress would have dared to lift his voice against the foreign invasion. Now there are many. These eleventh-hour laborers in the vineyard may take all the credit, of which much belongs to this journal, but we welcome them, none the less heartily, among the ranks of those engaged in this good cause. It seems as though the time had come when our labors are to be crowned with success. The filthy tide of European immigration is becoming a menace to the nation. The people have taken alarm.

During 1891 a total of nearly six hundred thousand immigrants from European countries landed in the United States, besides the considerable number who crossed from Canada and the Chinese who were allowed to land or who stole in from Mexico and British Columbia. The great proportion of this very large total came from the southern, central, and eastern portions of the continent, and do not speak or understand the language of this country. They are not generally desirable immigrants, and the country would be better without them. It is the largest immigration since 1882—which exceeded that of any previous year—quite two hundred thousand more than came in 1890 and 1889. Of late years, the bulk of immigration has come from Germany, Norway and Sweden, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Russia, and Poland. There has been a material decrease in the immigration from England, Scotland, and Ireland—an immigration which is decreasing every year, while that from Southern and Eastern Europe is largely increasing. In defiance of the immigration law and despite the vigilance of the inspection officers, there constantly make their way to landing thousands who are forbidden by law and should be excluded and returned by the vessels on which they were brought. A few days ago, at New York, twenty Italians—ex-convicts from ports of Italy—were detected and kept from landing, and occasionally word comes of a few having been sent back; but for one that is compelled to return there are one thousand of the same kind who are allowed to land. Laws for crimes can do no more than impose penalties upon offenders; they can not prevent the commission of crime. But the law to restrict or exclude offensive immigration can be administered so as to be effectual. Officers of the law not infrequently connive at flagrant crimes and offenses, and magistrates condone therefor. But proper vigilance can prevent the landing from vessels of immigrants who are excluded by law, and this vigilance should be observed and the law rigorously applied. Congress very properly provides against Chinese immigration. It should as thoroughly provide against the actually more objectionable, because more dangerous, immigration from Europe—the spawn of pauperism, the scum of crime, the decrepid and incurably diseased, the criminal and insurrectionary—those whom European governments deport and thrust upon the shores of the United States as too pestilential and too dangerous to infect and infest communities there. Emigrant agents in Europe, and owners, agents, and masters of vessels bound from European ports to ports of the United States, can be effectively brought to respect for and obedience of American laws in regard to immigration. American consuls must exercise vigilance in the immigration to this country, and in the United States, masters of vessels who transgress these laws can be duly dealt with. The evil is increasing to dangerous degree. The patience of our people is exhausted.

It would, of course, be a very sad thing if war between the United States and Great Britain should result from the Behring Sea complication. We have heard so much from after-dinner speakers and other well-meaning persons about the "hereditary friendship," the "ties of blood," and the "kinship" existing between the two countries, that the very idea of war would come with a distinct shock—to the after-dinner speakers and the other well-meaning persons. But to the rest of the people of the United States it would come with no shock at all. There is no nation on the globe so thoroughly hated by Americans as is England.

The people of the United States are not peculiar in this feeling. England is regarded by nearly every other nation with either dislike or fear. She is disliked by the great powers and feared by the smaller ones. She has not a sincere friend and ally to-day. She stands alone. And it is the legitimate result of the tortuous, selfish, and disingenuous policy which she has invariably pursued toward other nations.

It is not probable that war will result from this Behring Sea dispute. But if it did, England would find the world bristling with bayonets. Russia would take the opportunity to carry out certain ideas concerning Constantinople and the Indian frontier. France would have something to say about English domination in Egypt. Spain would like to annex a certain crown colony of Great Britain's, called Gibraltar. Canada, with three thousand miles of frontier exposed to the invasion of a hostile people numbering over sixty-five millions, would hasten to cut loose from the mother country. These are but a few of Great Britain's dangers should Salisbury unlock the doors of the Temple of Janus.

But here is a phase of the matter which promises great comfort to the United States. In 1856, when privateering was abolished by the European nations, the United States refused to sign the treaty. As we have practically no mercantile marine, Great Britain's navy could do us no harm upon the high seas. But think of the rich pickings in store for the American privateer. During the Napoleonic wars, 10,871 British ships, with over five hundred millions of dollars, were taken by French privateers. The single Breton privateer *Surcouf* took, during two months of 1807, prizes worth £291,250—about a million and a half of dollars. But all this was nearly a century ago. To-day the treasure is infinitely richer. There were registered in 1888 at Lloyd's 21,896 British vessels, sail and steam. Of these, many are the stately steamships of the Peninsular and other great transportation companies, often carrying two or three millions in specie. A navy ten times as large as England's could not protect her enormous mercantile marine. When the war was over, the United States, which now has no mercantile marine, would have a fine one, while England would have none.

Rarely is it given to a newspaper man to cause such an unchecked sensation as in the Drayton-Borrowe duel story. The journalist who sprung this upon the world just as the *Majestic* sailed from Queenstown is a newspaper genius. He had six days during which his imagination might run riot in sanguinary hypotheses—six days to luxuriate in visions of gore. And no man could dispute him. Until the *Majestic* reached Sandy Hook, the reporter wandered like a pleased child through the Garden of Fancy, plucking the Flowers of Fake.

But everything must come to an end in this world. When the steamer arrived, the journalistic dream was over. Nothing had occurred—nothing whatever. The two bloody-minded men on the *Majestic* had treated each other with the most distinguished consideration.

We should all be unfeignedly happy that the *Majestic* arrived in safety. Had she been lost, with all on board, the newspaper vista is awful to contemplate. Whether Borrowe had killed Drayton; whether Drayton had killed Borrowe; whether each had killed the other; whether one had mysteriously disappeared upon the voyage; whether this disappearance was due to cowardice or treachery; whether Drayton and Borrowe were really on board the *Majestic*; denials of this; accounts of duel fought by them in Belgium; the *Majestic* passage a ruse—etc., etc., etc. When one thinks of what the reporter can do when he is absolutely untrammeled by facts, and no *Majestic* spirit can be called from the vasty deep to say him nay, the most hardened newspaper reader shudders and grows sick.

HIS MASTER'S WIFE.

A Story of a Struggle.

For two hours the battle had been waging. It was an autumn afternoon, obscured by fog; Poles and Mussulmans had hurled themselves upon one another with furious shock, and now men and horses were hid in clouds of mist, and dust, and smoke. The shrill neighing of the horses and the thunder of their hoofs mingled with the cries of the combatants, the rattling of the fusilade, and the ringing clash of lance and sword.

Vainly the general, stationed on a green hill, on which he had planted his standard, tried to follow the combat. All that could give him a clew of the state of affairs was the continued flashes of the batteries of guns.

Nothing was to be seen in the whole expanse of the plain but one great red blur, illuminating with its fires the murky heavens, with here and there a riderless horse or a wounded man. The troops had scattered in isolated combats: friends and enemies, Poles, Cossacks, Turks, and Tartars, were mingled, as if themselves blown about by the tempest wind that sweeps down from the Ural across the Sarmatian plain and makes the many-colored leaves dance about in a mad saraband.

The fog favored the resistance of the Poles; without its veil they would soon have seen that they were fighting ten to one. Savage cries of "Allah!" rose now and then above the roar of the guns; arrows fell thick as hail, lances clashed against other lances, yataghans were crossed with other menacing curved blades. Often the adversaries went at it with their hands, knifing one another with short blows; even the horses bit one another in the fury of the combat. Here a trunkless head bounded into the air, and the horse dashed away in the fog, still bearing a decapitated torso; there, a soldier, pinned to the ground by a lance, clutched desperately at the empty air.

All at once a savage hurrah sounded on the flanks and rear of the Polish army. A horde of Turks burst at a mad gallop from the forest and threw themselves between the Poles and the river. The general did not detect the danger until it was too late. On all sides arose the cry of "Treachery! Treachery!" and each turned to flee for his life, trying to gain the bridge across the river. Before engaging in battle, the Staroste Tarnowski had proposed in the council of war not to attack the Turks until they had crossed the river. The fate that the Poles had reserved for the enemy became their own portion by a sudden turn of fortune.

Almost stunned by this brusque reverse, but in nowise losing his courage, the intrepid commander of the cavalry forced his scattered troops to turn back. He threw himself before the flying horsemen, stopping them with gestures and cries, and finally succeeded in rallying some hundreds of fugitives, with whom he hurled himself upon the Turks.

It was in vain. The field-pieces of the Poles had already been taken, and all at once an immense fire flamed up behind the conquered army. The camp-followers had set fire to the bridge. At sight of this, the bravest gave up the struggle; each thought only of saving himself, and those who fell into the hands of the enemy let themselves be massacred without resistance. The general had perished in the mêlée, and soon his skin, stretched and dried, covered the head of a drum offered as a trophy to the Sultan.

Thousands of men had been massacred and mangled by the hoofs of horses; thousands of soldiers, made prisoners, were tied to the tails of horses and led away to slavery. Of those who succeeded in gaining the river, the greater part were drowned; some, a mere handful—composed for the most part of Cossacks—reached the further bank, thanks to the vigor of their horses, and found themselves for the time being in safety.

Two lance-thrusts had wounded the Staroste Tarnowski. Just then, a stray bullet struck him, and he sank down upon his horse's neck like a marionette when the string that sustains it is broken. There was nobody to assist him except Godomine, his young Cossack servant. The latter, who had many times given his master proof of his fidelity and devotion, sought once more to save him.

A pasha, in a flowing robe of blood-red velvet, bordered with sable, bore down with flapping rein upon the wounded man. With incomparable skill he threw toward the Staroste the noose of his lasso, which instantly enfolded the neck of the Pole. He was about to choke him, and was already rejoicing in the conquest of so noble a slave, when the Cossack severed the cord with a stroke of his knife and disappeared with his master into the mists that rolled though the valley.

All at once the Staroste's horse staggered and fell. The Cossack caught his master, threw him across his own saddle, and resumed his wild dash for the river.

They had already reached, in their headlong course, the edge of the willows that lined the river, when the Staroste signified a desire to leave the horse. He could go no further; he felt that the end was approaching.

The Cossack dismounted, took his well-beloved master in his arms, and bore him to the nearest tree; there he unfastened his tunic, and tried to stanch the blood that trickled from his bared chest.

"Do not take so much trouble," said Tarnowski; "God is calling me."

"May His will be done!" murmured the Cossack; "but if that is the case, I will accompany you, my master, to Paradise."

"No, no!" said the Staroste, with an effort, for his voice was beginning to fail him. "My wife—shall it be her fate to end her days in the seraglio of the Sultan? No, no!"

He took breath, spat out the blood that choked him, and looked long at the Cossack, as if he would read his very soul.

Two riderless horses passed in their neighborhood; one of them approached the dying man, neighed wistfully, and then, frightened, galloped away.

"Save yourself," continued the Staroste; "you alone of all my servitors I can trust as I would myself. Hasten home to Horgg; there, with your own hands, strangle my wife—'twere better so than that she become the prey of the Turks, 'twere better than to think that she will belong to another—so, no one shall have her."

Godomine looked at his master in awed astonishment.

"Do you comprehend?"

The Cossack made an affirmative sign with his head.

"You will carry out my command?"

Godomine nodded his head for the second time.

"Swear it to me."

The Cossack raised his hand and took the required oath.

"Good. Now I can die in peace, and you—go, and may God protect you!"

The Staroste fell back, and from his lips came a last orison. Then his eyes turned toward the north, like those of a man who, as he embarks upon a long voyage, casts a last look upon his native land.

When the Pole had breathed his last, Godomine leaped into the saddle and urged his horse fiercely across the stream. A troop of Turks, coming up at full gallop, sent after the fleeing man a cloud of arrows, but none of them reached Godomine. He only turned his head disdainfully and spat toward them. When his horse had climbed the opposite bank, the animal, as if sharing his master's sentiment, shook his waving mane and neighed joyfully. The Cossack threw his animal into a gallop, and presently the field of battle and the torrent of fugitives disappeared, lost in the violet shadows.

A sparsely wooded country spread itself out before the Cossack. He made his way over the carpet of velvety green moss that lay beneath the beeches, oaks, and birches, which, growing at generous intervals, were aligned in long avenues, spreading their great branches in all directions. The tops of these forest giants were so bushy that they hid the sky from sight, and only a few isolated rays of the sun filtered furtively through their foliage.

After having journeyed long under the fluttering leaves in the midst of the thousand noises of the forest, he slackened the pace of his foam-flecked horse. In this solitude the clamor of conflict could no longer be heard: one might almost have thought that there were no men upon the earth. The dry taps of the woodpecker, drilling with its beak the bark of the oak, or the cry of the vulture, alone was heard in that realm of peace.

It was night when Godomine, leaving behind him the wooded country, found himself amid the great marshes and pools of water, in whose calm surface was mirrored the pale light of the stars—little seas and lakes bordered with waving reeds. The intelligent Cossack horse advanced with much caution, now and then sounding with his hoof the treacherous soil. A pale mist rose in light clouds from beneath the earth, and about the horseman began the dance of the false fires of the marsh lights. The Cossack almost thought himself flying, like the Czarowitch in the story, on the back of a winged wolf across the heavenly vault; above him floated the clouds, and all about twinkled the reflections of the stars.

It was not until the morning, on his arrival at a miserable village, that Godomine resolved to take a little rest. A dog greeted the unknown horseman with savage barking; a young girl in a short garment of sheep-skin ran out, bare-footed and with unbound hair, bearing upon her shoulders a yoke from which hung two buckets.

The Cossack helped her draw the water, and, in turn, she let him drink, and his horse as well. After that the young girl pastured her goats, and as to appease his hunger he plucked and ate the berries that grew everywhere among the hedges, Godomine recounted to the frightened peasants all that had happened.

After a little he set out again, traversing fields and pastures, passing by villages and manors, saluted here by the peal of bells and there by the croaking of ravens that dotted the freshly harvested fields. And so he went on, hour after hour, across field and forest, moor and upland, never letting his horse rest an instant except at a spring or at the edge of a grain-field.

Day was falling as he reached the sandy steppe on which was situated the estate of Horgg. The green and somber avenues of pines reached out to the horizon, monotonous and sad, in majestic silence. Suddenly a flight of ravens rose behind him and passed silently over his head, advancing before him like a black army bearing a lugubrious message, and was lost in the distance, among the ruddy mists of the morning.

Already the château, locked in its belt of gray, moss-covered walls, rose before him on a gently inclined hill. At the side of the road stood a cross, presenting to the passer-by the image of the dying Saviour. The windows of the castle gleamed in the first rays of the sun, and when Godomine arrived at the court the rooks greeted him from the height of the belfry with a discordant clamor.

The Cossack tied his horse in the court, mounted the narrow servants' stair, passed unnoticed through the antechamber, and heaved a profound sigh as he stopped before the door of the bed-chamber.

When he entered, a sort of rosy twilight flooded the great room. The sunlight came in, tempered by the curtains of the windows and of the bed that stood in the midst of the room; and on the Persian carpet which covered the floor, and on the bear-skins of the bed, it made shifting golden circles.

On the bed, half-hidden amid its snowy pillows and soft furs, lay a golden-haired woman of marvelous beauty.

The Cossack stopped before her, gazing on her with dumb emotion. One of the great blonde tresses of the Starostin flowed over her breast, uncoiled like a golden serpent guarding an enchanted treasure; her gracious head, with its crimson, half-opened lips, rested upon one of her arms; she breathed tranquilly, regularly, like a sleeping child, and the dazzling ermine on her gown, made of some soft stuff worked with gold, gently rose and fell in the even rhythm of her respiration. He felt pity for this beautiful young creature who slept so free from care, and it seemed to Godomine as if he felt the quickening of some new and unknown feeling, compassion or love, that had just been born within his breast.

But his oath!—he had sworn to make the wife follow her husband into the other world. Should he kill her in her sleep? Could he do it when she had opened her eyes? Ought she to pass away from life without a prayer?

No. He approached her slowly, nearer still, and pronounced her name aloud.

She sighed deeply and turned on her couch.

"My gracious lady."

She made another movement, and, lying on her back, she slowly opened her blue eyes wider and wider.

Godomine felt his heart beating like a drum.

"Oh, it is you," she murmured, and she quickly drew the coverings about her; "what is it? What has happened? Whence come you?"

"From the field of battle, madame."

"Where is the Staroste, my husband?"

"Dead, madame, dead; but, God be praised, madame, he perished like a hero."

The shocked Starostin stared fixedly at this bearer of evil tidings, but she did not weep.

"Dead," she murmured, slowly.

"We lost the day," continued the Cossack, "and the conquering infidels are pursuing us—are at our heels now. You can not, you must not, madame, be their prey."

"Well, let us fly!" cried the beautiful widow.

"The last wish of my master," continued Godomine, "was that I save you from shame, and he enjoined me to——"

"To accompany me."

"No, madame, no——"

"What, then?"

"To kill you."

The Starostin stared at Godomine with terror; then she set to rubbing her eyes.

"No; I am not dreaming, I am awake. But you—you are mad!"

"No, madame; but I must obey, as becomes a faithful servant."

"You will never execute such a command!"

"I have sworn a sacred oath to the dying Staroste. Pray, madam, for you are about to die."

"To die!" She drew herself up, and, proudly lifting her beautiful head, she said: "Am I then so powerless? Go, miserable varlet, or I——"

She was about to pull the bell-rope to summon help, when Godomine swiftly drew the poniard from his belt and severed the cord with a single stroke.

"Pray before it is too late," said the Cossack, slowly.

"But I do not wish to die!" she moaned.

"Pray!"

"I do not wish to!"

"Then may God pardon me!"

And Godomine took in his arms the beautiful widow, who shuddered through all her body and menaced him with her eyes; in the right hand of the servitor the steel of the poniard gleamed ominously.

"Pity!" cried the Starostin.

The Cossack stopped.

"Pardon me what I have said in this mortal panic," she continued; "I was mad! You are not cruel, your heart is good, you will have pity on me."

"Pray!"

"My God! my God! Must such a command be executed?"

She began to weep and pray. A burning tear fell upon the bronzed hand of the Cossack. He shivered, and released his victim.

"Take all that I possess," said the Starostin, suddenly; "take this necklace——"

"You are very generous, madame," responded Godomine; "but I will not betray my master for no matter what treasure. I come not of a race of traitors——"

"What do you wish, then?" stammered the Starostin. "You wish my blood? Why? Rather take me living, body and soul—take me, I belong to you——"

"Fear God, madame!" cried the startled peasant.

"Ah, my soul, my treasure!" continued the beautiful siren, and she threw herself upon Godomine's breast, making of her arms a lasso like that which the Tartars throw in battle, the noose of which paralyzes its victim and makes of him a slave. Godomine fell on his knees and hid his face in the soft white billows of the fur that undulated about the Starostin's divine form.

"You are so strong, so handsome!" she murmured; "I always preferred you to my husband, and you—have not I in my turn pleased you?" She laughed softly. "Oh, I knew it, too—deny it if you dare."

Slowly she drew to her the Cossack's face and kissed him full upon the lips.

"Have pity on me!" murmured the unhappy man.

For all response, the Starostin pressed him more closely to her and covered his face with fiery kisses.

"Unloose me, madame!" cried Godomine; "let me go! I have not the blood of Judas in my veins!"

"Life is just beginning for us," continued the snarer of souls; "for us the future is all rose-color—for the dead, ashes and silence. Is it not good to live and love?"

"I do not wish to," said the Cossack; "I have given my oath."

"And what is an oath, what is fidelity?" replied the Starostin, with a delicious laugh.

Again she sought to draw the Cossack toward her. But her very abandon finally capped the climax of Godomine's indignation and gave him back his strength.

"Unloose me, woman!" he cried. "Demon, tempt me no further!"

And, winding her golden tresses about his hand, he thrust his poniard into the Starostin's heart. She gave one cry, a convulsive tremor shook her beautiful form, and, with a rattle in the throat, she sank down, dead.

The Cossack knelt down by her bed and prayed in silence.

When he had made the sign of the cross he arose. The oath to his master was accomplished, his wife was dead. Ah, but she was beautiful, even in death, stretched upon the

billows of blood-dyed ermine and half-covered by her heavy golden locks!

The Cossack made upon her the sign of the cross. Then he left the chamber of death, hastened down the narrow stair, and leaped into his saddle, with a cry to those who gathered about him, "Our master is dead! The infidels are upon us! Save yourselves who can!"

Indescribable confusion followed this announcement.

But the Cossack had passed the portals and was off at a mad gallop, across fields and prairies, ditches and streams, his horse clearing all obstacles with mighty leaps. To see his wild career, one might have thought that the dead beauty rode behind him on the horse, lashing both horse and rider with her golden tresses.

Arrived on the steppes, surrounded by a green and undulating sea of flower-dotted grasses on whose slender fronds the sunlight danced, the Cossack curbed his smoking horse to a walk.

Then he cast a profound sigh, and, lifting his head, gazed long into the face of the heavens, like one who, fearless of reproach, looks straight into the eye of God himself.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Sacher-Masoch by L. S. V.*

OLD FAVORITES.

The Statue in Clay.

"Make me a statue," said the king,
"Of marble white as snow.
It must be pure enough to stand
Before my throne at my right hand;
The niche is waiting. Go!"

The sculptor heard the king's command,
And went upon his way;
He had no marble, but he went,
With willing hands and high intent,
To mold his thoughts in clay.

Day after day he wrought the clay,
But knew not what he wrought;
He sought the help of heart and brain,
But could not make the riddle plain—
It lay beyond his thought.

To-day the statue seemed to grow,
To-morrow it stood sull;
The third day all was well again;
Thus, year by year, in joy and pain,
He wrought his master's will.

At last his life-long work was done—
It was a happy day;
He took his statue to the king,
But trembled like a guilty thing,
Because it was but clay.

"Where is my statue?" asked the king.
"Here, lord," the sculptor said.
"But I commanded marble." "True,
But, lacking that, what could I do
But mold in clay instead."

"Thou shalt not unrewarded go,
Since thou hast done thy best;
Thy statue shall acceptance win—
It shall be as it should have been,
For I will do the rest."

He touched the statue, and it changed;
The clay falls off, and lo!
A marble shape before him stands,
The perfect work of heavenly hands—
An angel pure as snow!

The King's Picture.

The king from his council chamber
Came weary and sore of heart;
He called for Iliff, the painter,
And spake to him thus apart:
"I am sickened of faces ignoble,
Hypocrites, cowards, and slaves!
I shall shrink to their shrunken measure,
Chief slave of a race of slaves!

"Paint me a true man's picture,
Gracious, and wise, and good,
Endowed with the strength of heroes
And the beauty of womanhood.
It shall hang in my inmost chamber,
That thither when I retire
It may fill my soul with grandeur
And warm it with sacred fire."

So the artist painted the picture,
It hung in the palace hall;
Never a thing so goodly
Had garnished the stately wall.
The king, with head uncovered,
Gazed on it with rapt delight,
Till it suddenly bore strange meaning
And baffled his questioning sight.

For the form was his supplest courtier's,
Perfect in every limb,
But the bearing was that of the henchman
Who filled the flagons for him;
The brow was a priest's who pondered
His parchments early and late;
The eye was a wandering minstrel's
Who sang at the palace gate.

The lips, half-sad and half-mirthful,
With a flitting, tremulous grace,
Were the very lips of a woman
He had kissed in the market-place;
But the smiles which her curves transfigured,
As a rose with its shimmer of dew,
Was the smile of the wife who loved him,
Queen Ethelyn, good and true.

"Then learn, O king," said the artist,
"This truth that the picture tells—
How that in every form of the human
Some hint of the highest dwells;
How, scanning the living temple
For the place where the veil is thin,
We may gather, by beautiful glimpses,
The form of the god within."

—*Helen B. Bostwick.*

Richard Wagner left his autobiography to be published when his son Siegfried reached his majority. Siegfried is now twenty-one, and the autobiography will soon appear.

FRENCH JUDGES AND JURORS.

"Parisina" Foreshadows the Punishment of Parker Deacon.

Had the flirtation—or the *liaison*—between Mrs. Deacon and M. Abeille not ended in so tragic a fashion, we should soon all have been admiring her portrait by Wauters, destined, of course, to the Salon. A few weeks since, I was fortunate enough to get a glimpse of the picture, and this was what I saw: A face rather round than oval, straight nose, extremely small mouth and ripe, full lips, a somewhat massive chin, and a pair of real blue eyes, the whole surmounted by light-brown hair. The complexion is fair, with a trace of rich, warm blood, the figure full yet lithe, the arms superb. She is depicted in a creamy robe of satin, the shoulders and waist encircled with pearls, against a background of violet plush. The portrait is a striking likeness, and gives that combination of candor with sensuality which struggle for mastery in the eyes and mouth.

The picture will not be exhibited—this goes without saying—at the Salon or elsewhere; moreover, the artist has been warned not to allow it to be seen by any one.

Of late it has been a secret to none that the Deacon méoage was not a particularly happy one. The husband's somber visage did not inspire much sympathy. The least scandalously inclined attributed his somber humor to the fact that he had mismanaged his fortune so completely as to be left entirely dependent on his wife—not a pleasant situation for a man under any circumstances, and particularly so when the couple are not on good terms. After all, it was nobody's affair but their own, and if the husband's scowl was not inviting, the wife smiled for two; and so people were very glad to go to their house and profit by their hospitalities, exercised with no niggard hand. Mrs. Deacon had come into two hundred thousand dollars at the death of her father, Admiral Baldwin, and was lavish with her money, on the whole, though she thought fit to cut down "Parker's" allowance to sixty dollars a month. During the early part of their sojourn among us, the pair lived in the Rue Pierre Charron, but afterward removed to the other side of the water, having secured a magnificent suite in the Rue de Grenelle, formerly occupied by the Marquise d'Harcourt. It was here that they gave several "at homes" during the winter, the last of which was held about three weeks before Mrs. Deacon, with her four little girls, removed to Cannes.

In this fashionable resort, Mrs. Deacon was in great request. She and her great friend, Mrs. Moore, went to everything that was worth going to. They belonged to the set which recognize the Comtesse de Pourtalès and the Princesse de Sagan as its leaders, and were quite the life and joy of the place. Mrs. Deacon had taken up her abode at the Hôtel Windsor, but her situation was perfectly *en règle*, for her step-mother, the widow of Admiral Baldwin, joined her at Cannes, and, in the eyes of the world, was sufficient chaperon. Mr. Parker Deacon did not accompany his wife, but remained in Paris.

There was also staying at the Hôtel Windsor M. Emile Abeille—a gentleman no longer in his first youth, but still enjoying the reputation of a man *à bonnes fortunes*. The Abeilles are rich people, standing well in the world. Mme. Abeille, the mother of this somewhat middle-aged Lothario, played no mean part in the society of the Second Empire, when her salon was frequented by the brightest in the land as well as by the *literati* and artists of the time, attracted by her wit and intelligence. Emile Abeille had taken up diplomacy as his career, and acted as secretary at the French Legations of Buenos Ayres and Rio Janeiro, where his splendid behavior during an epidemic of yellow fever earned for him the cross of the Legion of Honor. About ten years ago he left the service and took to finance, for which he seems to have had a special gift; everything he touched succeeded. For a time politics attracted him. Having made the acquaintance of General Boulanger, he threw himself into the cause with fervor, was put up as one of the Boulanger candidates, and lost his election by only a few votes. Subsequently he distinguished himself by his systematic attacks on the Panama Company.

M. Abeille and Mrs. Deacon had known each other for some time; Mr. Parker Deacon viewed the acquaintance with disapprobation, but does not seem to have been able to exercise his marital authority sufficiently to insist on her giving it up. Last May, coming home one evening earlier than was expected, he found M. Abeille in his wife's room, concealed behind the curtains of her bed. The husband fell into a fury and accused both of bad behavior, but from weakness, or because—as he declares—he had too much consideration for his wife, who was then in delicate health (she had only lately recovered from her confinement), he did not kick the gentleman out of the house. True, he bitterly regretted not having done so afterward, when he found that some of those who had got wind of the affair looked askance at him. No wonder he grew gloomy and ill-tempered.

There is no one so blind as a husband; that we all know, and therefore we find Mr. Parker Deacon flattering himself that his lovely better half could not possibly have been in love with this middle-aged admirer, and more ready to believe that she made use of his financial talents. That Mrs. Parker Deacon was eager to get a divorce, however, he admits. It seems that she said something to this effect during the dinner which preceded the drama, and this helped to exasperate her husband, who must have been pretty sure that once his wife regained her freedom she would marry M. Abeille, who was still a good-looking man and quite ready to marry the pretty American with her tidy fortune.

I said that Mr. Deacon was not with his wife at Cannes, that he had remained in Paris. Suddenly, however—she had been away a fortnight—he made up his mind to follow, and telegraphed to that effect. It is generally understood that this determination was due to the receipt of several anonymous epistles, warning him that M. Abeille was staying at the same hotel as his wife.

On hearing that she was to be joined by Mr. Deacon, Mrs. Deacon left the Hotel Windsor and took rooms at the Splendide Hotel, a suite on the first-floor for the use of the family generally, and a private apartment for herself, composed of a bedroom and sitting-room beneath on the *entresol*. According to Mr. Deacon's account, he asked his wife if she continued to receive M. Abeille, and was assured that he had left Cannes. This he did not believe, and, pretending an excursion to Monte Carlo, said he should not return until the next day—the old stratagem which almost always succeeds. Late in the evening, the husband returned to the hotel, and, putting his ear to the key-hole of his wife's room, heard voices within. Whereat he rushed upstairs and seized his revolver—an American weapon, of a size quite unusual here—and came down again. On the way he met the hotel secretary, carrying a lighted candle.

"You are the very man I want," he cried; "follow me!"

They stopped outside Mrs. Deacon's bedroom-door, at which her husband began to batter with his feet and fists. After a few moments, the door was opened by the lady, white and trembling. She had a candle in her hand, and the draught from the door blew it out; the secretary lighted it again from the one he carried. Mr. Deacon dashed into the room and began hunting about, probing the curtains and upsetting the furniture. There was no one there; having satisfied himself on this point, the enraged husband, in a white heat by this time, burst open the door leading into the salon.

Up to this moment all the accounts tally pretty nearly, those of the husband and wife, when examined before the magistrate, as well as others. But, whereas the advocates of Mr. Deacon declare that on the drawing-room door being opened, M. Abeille was discovered in hiding behind a lounge, and that his adversary rushed toward it, discharging his pistol three times over the back, others are equally positive that when Mr. Deacon entered, his victim was *seated* on the sofa, and that he only got up and hid behind it after the first shot was fired.

Be this as it may, the unfortunate man was mortally wounded, two of the balls were lodged in his body, and either must have caused death—as proved by the *post-mortem* examination. Nevertheless, he arose unaided, and was strong enough to walk to his own room, which was on the same floor, but did not communicate directly with Mrs. Deacon's apartment. M. Abeille's *sang froid* never abandoned him. On reaching his room, he summoned his valet, asked for pen and paper to make his will, which he wrote out and signed, and then sent for a doctor and priest. After ten hours of frightful, hideous suffering, he died. It was found quite impossible to extract the balls, and all the medical men could do was to try and mitigate his agony. Mrs. Deacon tended him to the last, aided by a Sister of Charity.

In the meanwhile the avenger, who had given himself up to the police, was put in prison, where he still remains.

At Cannes, public opinion runs rather in favor of Mrs. Deacon. Had her husband taken revenge on the man last May, when he found him behind his wife's bed-curtains, in all probability it would not have been so; but the fact of his having delayed months to wreak a bloody vengeance, somewhat changes the aspect of the affair and predisposes people to judge the husband with unusual harshness. It is considered, too, that he exhibited a certain ferocity in shooting at such close quarters, while the sufferings of his victim are taken into account. And also his courage. There is no doubt whatsoever but what M. Abeille could easily have got away; the door of the salon opening on to the passage was open, and, moreover, the windows of the apartment are so near the ground that he could have eluded his pursuer by jumping out into the garden. Naturally the stricken family of the deceased made all they could out of these facts.

Many things will come out at the trial, and we shall doubtless learn whether it is true that the husband was excited to commit murder by the receipt of letters which, public reports insinuate, were written by a love-lorn countess out of jealousy of the lovely American whom Emile Abeille preferred to her.

So far, Mrs. Deacon positively declares there was no criminal intimacy between her and the deceased. She has sworn it before the magistrate. Whether any one believes her is another thing. Were she French, I do not think there could be two opinions on the matter; but, being American, some allow her the benefit of the doubt.

Of course the Cannes tragedy has brought up again the old question of the right of the husband to murder his wife's lover. Here, as elsewhere, opinions differ, but on the whole the husband has the worst of it. "He has no right to kill a man, whatever he has suffered at his hands," are the words of many. The ridicule, too, which is invariably attached here to the name of a man whose wife is unfaithful to him, prevents people from sympathizing with his sorrows and condoning his offense. What right has a man, who is already the laughing-stock of his friends and acquaintances, to get angry and wipe out the joke in blood? A number of severe ladies, it is true, uphold that the murder of the paramour is the only way—and a just one—for the wronged husband to avenge the affront; and at trials the jury is generally lenient toward murderers of this class—possibly because the majority of jurors have a wife at home. But they are severely taken to task by the newspapers for thus showing their partiality. The law, too, is severe, for according to the French Criminal Code the crime committed by the revengeful spouse may be excused but not justified, and the lowest punishment allotted is a term of imprisonment of from one to five years. I suspect that with Frenchmen the somewhat antiquated mode of patching up honor by fighting a duel is still most in favor. Truly, if this were not left to them, poor French husbands would have to suffer in secret, or run the risk of imprisonment for manslaughter, for the idea of putting the matter before a court of law, according to the American and English custom, would be considered here highly ridiculous and laughable. Mr. Deacon chose the more brutal of the two solutions, and will doubtless have to pay a heavy penalty; a French jury is not likely to make it the lighter because the victim was a Frenchman.

Paris, February 29, 1892.

THE SIWASH MAID.

An Indian Idyl with a Dramatic Ending.

At the north, far away from guide-book indications, is a short railroad line, following through marshy lake-shores hedged in lines of green rushes topped with feathery brown blooms bending and trembling to the movement of frivolous little waves; out into patches of cultivated valleys, tucked under and shadowed by mountains of fir and pine-trees, whose dense depths are broken in tiers by the airiest veiling of pearly mist, opening the varying green and gray fastnesses and appearing to uphold giant trees by fairy power: on through a roughly hewn forest, inclosing acres of charred trunks of great height, reminders of a destructive fire—altogether this scene might be some hobgoblin etching, so fantastic are the forked and blackened branches which form the background for the careless work of a less picturesque destroyer. Out of half-sawn stumps immense splints, torn from the fallen parent trunk, point sharply upward like wraiths shrieking for redress.

The mournful toots of the locomotive seem, to the dreamer, to voice the sorrow of the surrounding desolation, though, in fact, a cross-line station is the real cause of the continuous steam prelude. This place is interesting as any other of the kind. Scattered about are the same odds and ends of humanity, and the same commotion at train-time, which mean to all settlers in out-of-the-way places the objective point of the day's pleasure.

Never will a lounger move from the sustaining side of the station-house to explore the interior of a car. There is sufficient diversion for him in staring at the windows from his post of observation. Always, as now, some big country girl, with sunburned locks and a stippled complexion, flirts with ponderous earnestness at the trainmen, while others, quite as coquettish in spirit, coyly giggle at the daring of their leader.

More whistling, a mixed view of fleeting hop-poles, rail-fences, earth, stumps, and rocks, appearing and falling away, and then the delightful, exhilarating consciousness that the topmost point of those towering timber-slopes is reached, and a simple forgetfulness stealing into the mind until the sky-world of misty softness becomes lost in long stretches of spreading branches, distorted from their primitive grace by lumpy cushions of moss inclosing every twig and bough. Swiftly winding on over twistings of shining track, above deep cañons cradling tiny waterfalls and glinting brooks, until an outburst of bell-clanging, shrill whistling, a jerk of the train, sudden quiet, and a station outside tell of the end of the trip, though the engineer runs his train into a cool and shady spot a little ahead, where it may be easy and comfortable for several hours.

The station is a rickety shanty, displaying lemonade and ice-cream legends over the front-door. There is not a single other mark of civilization. Extravagant waste of opportunity—what a massive slab of shining rock opposite for something pretty in soap or baking-powder ladies; with all those drooping vines cut off, a taking and effective advertisement would show up finely.

Something painted does at last come into view: a huge pink index-finger, pointing to a sign which reads:

FOR BEST VIEW OF FALLS
CROSS TO OTHER SIDE.

A plank leads out to the edge of a cliff, several hundred feet above a mass of curling mist. "The other side" is about an equal distance away; so the problem of managing a scientific expedition into unknown quantity without the necessary appendages has to be abandoned.

The air is tingling with repeating sounds of *hush, hu-sh*, caught up by the breeze through the forest, swelling and diminishing with every sway of the foliage. Below, the mists are looped by interlacing rainbows, and occasional glimpses of a stretch of falling waters show through the thickness.

"If yez wouldn't moind givin' a quarther to Jamesie there, he'd be afther takin' yez acrost beyant," called a voice from the direction of the shanty.

Here, then, was the possessor of some instrument for navigating space; though after stumbling along over a rocky bank for some distance, the key to the difficulty proved to be an odd flat-boat, propelled by a windlass and quantities of clothes-line strung through the trees on opposite sides over a wide, placid-seeming stream, not more than a few feet deep.

"Jamesie," notwithstanding his name, looked a full-bred Indian lad. After first collecting the round-trip fare, he unwound some clothes-line by a turn of the wheel, the odd ferry made a lazy swing, and it lolled along through water of icy clearness to the promising "beyant."

Slippery narrow trails run uphill into a delightful ferny forest, sweet with woody scents of pine and cypress. Shimmering tints of yellowy lights flit on delicate green vines which overhang the way. The path becomes steeper and muddier; all at once, there is a thunderous roar, the earth vibrates for a short distance, the trail turns and is lost at the foot of a magnificent maple growing from the edge of the bluff. The opening thickets uncover a column of snowy loveliness.

Darting, powdery arrow-heads tumble in masses where the stream drops over an abrupt precipice into undiscovered depths directly below, leaving but a demure little river to trip over the rocky bottom of the gorge. The fascination of seeing unceasing rolls of downy fleece form from the advancing water above is indescribable.

"Kla-how-ya!" a Chinook greeting, rings out repeatedly through the woods. It is the dusky pilot who calls; being evidently moved by a pecuniary instinct to linger no longer on the visitors' side, away from the chance of trade, he continues calling, each time becoming more hard and business-like.

"Two-bits" is a trifle cheap for a special round trip and a rhapsody; so I hasten past all the alluring sights down to the boat, which is about to start.

Midway over, rising above a semicircle of fringing pine-points at the upview, a mountain tinted in soft rosy and violet hues grandly overlooks the delicious revel of nature beneath his majestic view. The regular creaking of the ferry-wheel is the only disturbing sound.

I was curious to meet a wild man of the woods, the local hermit, or whatever strange creature it was who spoke only from ambush; and, while I was peering through the branches, an old man came toward me, carrying a basket filled with Indian work. Quite close, under a picturesque wickiup, was squatted a sad-looking *klootchman* deftly braiding strips of brown and yellow bark into a long mat, and muttering while she worked.

I asked the old man what she said.

"*Me-sah-chie tum-wa-ta ni-ka tenas Mimie*—wicked watherfall, me little Mimie, an' it's good raysin to he a moanin' an' moanin' over ag'in an' ag'in. Four year ago the comin' summer, me, Jamesie, the ould woman, an' Mimie—me darter, ma'm, God bless her—lived in a bit of a cozy shack behind thim woods on the road to the big hop-ranch. Sure, thin, you'd 'a' thought this place wuz hiven itsilf.

"You see, Injuns is the ould b'y himsilf whin unther the inflooince—savin' yure prisince, ma'm—an' whin the agints sint thim fer the hop-pickin' he the car-load, the salooners wuzn't far behoind in followin' wid lots uv the craythe fer pay-noights. Lo an' behold you, thare wuz woild toimes of a Sathurday avenin' down to the camp, ma'm.

"Well, you knows how gurruls do be, ma'm. Now whin Oi first set me oies on the ould woman thare—let me think, wuz it in sixty-three or sixty-four? Yis, it wuz in sixty-foive whin Oi landed in Victhoria fer the Hudson Bay Company, ma'm. Sure an' she wuz standin' on the dock a-throwin' foine looks at me, an' it's mesilf who made thim back. Now, whither Mimie tuk most afther me or the mother, it's hard tellin'. Here's her pictur, see fer yuresilf. Jamesie lanes to the Injun soide an' no misthake, sure.

"Anyhow, whin the bucks got a gallavantin' an' dancin' around, Mimie ups wid hersilf an' shows thim a nate step or two, takin' frum her dad's soide, ma'm, if it is mesilf what sez it. An' such courtin' a-goin' on! Sure it's no lie Oi'm spakin', but ivery mother's son uv the young wans got a-fightin' fer me gurrul.

"Tahl-kir, wan uv the ring-leaders uv the goin's-on, come a-tearin' on horsehack down to me shanty wan noight, a-yellin' an' shoutin' fer Mimie, just loike a wild divil.

"'Mimie,' sez Oi, 'don't you lave this room. Oi'm a-thinkin' this flirtin' is afther gettin' too rampageous.' Oi goes out, an' me an' Tahl-kir had an untherstandin' loike.

"Whin Oi goes back, nayther hoide nor hair uv the little gurrul did Oi see, an' the ould woman wuz snorin' an' sound aslape.

"'Arrah, you rascal,' thinks Oi, 'yure off in the canoe or Oi'm a-lyin'.' Sure the bit of a boat wuz gone from the rocks hack uv the shanty. 'So that's what yure up to, me lady'—an' off Oi put fer the landin'; just here, ma'm.

"Oi wuz howldin' a lantirn fer to see wid, whin—down Oi wint on the flat uv me back, an' a couple uv fightin' Siwashes a-kickin' me an' lavin' me more dead than aloive. Such a hollerin' the divils kept up! Thin Oi hears Tahl-kir scr'amin', 'Mimie, *kloshe nannitsh!*—Mimie, take care!' over an' over ag'in, loike a wail.

"Jamesie found me here the nixt mornin' an'——"

"*Klootchman, hyak, hyak!*" ("woman, hurry, hurry!") screeched Jamesie from the bank above, and I had a sharp run to catch the train.

In arranging some mats I had bought, the small tin-type Mimie's father had given me to look at fell from my hand. The half-wild eyes seemed fear-stricken—just as they must have looked when the swift current left your small paddle useless, poor little one! The face grew more sweetly pathetic, and, in the tarns of the vapory cataract, I fancied a slender figure, wrapped in sweeps of cloudy softness.

I felt that the poor old people were sorrowing for having lost the picture. I could not go back to return it, neither could it be mailed with a certainty of reaching them. The old man was so like many other "squaw-men," the postmaster might not trouble to make inquiry among them. My careless forgetfulness distressed me greatly.

Finally I determined to ask the conductor of the train to assist me in my trouble and take charge of the picture. I described the father to him, and repeated the sad story.

"I'll go down there and look him up, miss, but I'm pretty green about this here country. Just the same, if the old fellow is around, I'll give it to him. Just hand the gal over. Well! if that don't beat all! As sure as my name's Billy Davis, if that isn't Indian Mame, song-and-dance artist at the Comique, down in 'Frisco!" Therese M. Robertson.

San Francisco, March, 1892.

A fresh story from abroad, illustrating what is delicately termed the brusque humor of Tennyson, but what might be stigmatized as blunt discourtesy, concerns Professor Oscar Browning, of Cambridge. The professor being snubbed in the street by the poet, whom he had met before, rushed up to the laureate and said, enthusiastically: "Why, Mr. Tennyson, have you forgotten me? Don't you know me? I'm Browning." Tennyson glared at the professor with a glare of great stoniness and retorted, gruffly: "So *you* are *Browning!* No, I'm —— if you are!" And with these words he stalked away gloomily.

It is said that, at the reception given by Mrs. Potter Palmer to the hundred and ten congressmen, even Western etiquette was shocked at the performance of some of its guests. These hundred and ten representatives each brought his wife and children, and the wife of the "Honorable Member from Texas" came in a linen duster, and put her child to sleep in the library at ten o'clock! Another offspring of this same Texan family amused herself by skating on the mosaic floor of the drawing-room!

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The late W. H. Smith, the London newsman, who became a cabinet minister, left twenty millions of dollars.

N. C. Creede, who recently roamed the mountains of Colorado a poor and friendless prospector, is said to have been offered one million dollars by D. H. Moffat for his interest in the Amethyst Mine. The offer was refused.

Some one recently spoke of Frederic Remington as the one American artist who has done anything for the American army. The person who made this mistake must have forgotten that Zogbaum drew and painted American soldiers while Remington was playing foot-ball in Walter Camp's Yale team, and that Zogbaum is to-day, by reason of his service to the army, the most popular civilian with the soldiers. It was his reputation with the army that made him an honorary member of the United Service Club in New York city and of the West Point Mess.

Emperor William does not allow the recent death of his near relative, the Duke of Clarence, to interfere in any way with his enjoyments. At his request his sister, Princess Charlotte of Meiningen, gave a masked ball the other day at which about three hundred guests were present. The emperor amused himself by changing his costumes and his disguise at least a dozen times during the course of the evening, and fondly imagined that his identity was concealed, perfectly oblivious of the fact that his strut is absolutely inimitable and sufficient to cause him to be recognized anywhere.

J. R. Delamar, a silver king from Idaho, has been surprising himself this winter with the delights of Washington society. He has maintained a suite of apartments at the Arlington during the winter, decorated and furnished in the most extravagant style, and his heavy-wheeled T-cart and high-stepping sorrel horses, with their gold-tipped harnesses, have attracted more attention on the road than any turnout in the city. At a dinner given by him, a fitting climax to a series of splendid surprises was the fall of a shower of roses from the ceiling, upon an electric button being pressed.

Major-General O. O. Howard lost his right arm at the battle of Fair Oaks, and it was to him that General Phil Kearny, who had lost his left arm at Chapultepec, is said to have made the famous remark: "Howard, you and I will have to buy our gloves in partnership" General Howard is sixty-two years of age. His head-quarters, as commander of the Department of the East, are on Governor's Island, and he is not infrequently seen in New York. The abundant leisure which his official position gives him is devoted to his books, and particularly to studies in military science. Just at present he is at work on a "Life of Zachary Taylor."

Roland B. Mabany, of Buffalo, whom President Harrison has appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Ecuador, is a very clever young lawyer, not yet twenty-eight years old. He is a recent graduate of Harvard, where he acquired a reputation for brilliant scholarship and industry, and since leaving college he has made an especial study of international law. During the Presidential campaign he was an editorial writer on the Buffalo *Express*, and his merit attracted the attention of Secretary Blaine, who offered him the position of secretary of the Chilean Legation. Mr. Mahany will in all probability be the most youthful American diplomat to hold the post of minister.

William Steinway (says *Truth*) when considering any one of the numerous applicants who are constantly before him for positions, has one crucial question which he applies to them all. He will examine a man's qualifications, look into his antecedents, and balance him personally with a few careful questions, and then he asks the applicant if he is married. There is some secret about the answer which Mr. Steinway alone knows. If a man answers in a certain fashion, the great piano millionaire concludes that the applicant is happily married; but if there is a certain intonation of the voice, or a hesitancy which indicates a separation or a lack of domestic tranquillity, the applicant's doom is sealed. An unmarried man has a very small chance with him.

Rev. Father Thomas J. Ducey—"Father Tom," as he is called—is a rollicking, good-natured man, about forty-five. He loves the good things of this life, and one of his favorite stamping-grounds is Delmonico's Restaurant. He is quite a favorite diner-out. At this time it is not known how "Father Tom" will explain his part in the secret marriage between young Blaine and Miss Nevins. It looks as though the entire responsibility would be cast upon him, and it would not be at all surprising if the affair resulted in his separation from the church. "Father Tom" has a penchant, it seems, for quiet and shady transactions. When John C. Eno, the giddy and speculative president of the Second National Bank, found it desirable, a few years ago, to take up his abode in Canada, he was last seen moving stealthily upon the Grand Central Station, in early twilight, leaning upon the arm of the Rev. Thomas J. Ducey.

Abbas the Second, the new Khedive, although but eighteen years of age, seems destined to become a source of great trouble to England. A little over a week ago, Sir Evelyn Baring, who has known Prince Abbas from his earliest childhood, and who has often had him romping with his own boys at the British Legation, called at the palace to pay a friendly visit to the boy Khedive. He was kept cooling his heels in the antechamber for about three-quarters of an hour. Finally a native chamberlain appeared, who informed him that the Khedive regretted his inability to accord an audience to the British envoy without being notified thereof in advance. The chamberlain added that he had, moreover, received his master's instructions to draw the attention of Sir Evelyn to the fact that the garb of the latter—a gray top-hat, gray frock-coat, and trousers—was scarcely of a suitable character in which to present himself before the sovereign to whose court he was accredited as envoy. Sir Evelyn became almost purple in the face, and departed in high indignation.

THE GIRL WITH THE SUITORS.

"Van Gryse" tells how that Wise Young Person Manages Them.

The young lady with the suitors is a prominent figure in all societies, but a particularly prominent one in those circles of Gotham where money is not so plentiful as leaves upon the brooks of Vallombrosa, but where gentility is flourishing and vigorous.

All young ladies, from the ages of eighteen to thirty-five, are supposed to have suitors, and most of them do. A recent authority has said that the most popular maiden rarely has more than twelve offers of marriage, and these go down on a receding scale to the one of the girl who marries at seventeen or the peosive Mariana of a New England village. Young women in New York have probably more than young women in the other Atlantic Coast cities, there being more eligible men to be had. The general average is about three to the ordinary girl who marries at from twenty-two to twenty-five. Of course, if she is possessed of remarkable charm, brilliancy, beauty, or a fortune, the number of *soupirants* mouots up to quite an imposing figure.

The girl with the suitors, however, appears, like Penelope, to be besieged by battalions of men who pine to call her theirs, and who are possessed of every advantage of fortune, appearance, and disposition that ever distinguished tbe male biped. The heart-breaker herself, who causes much depredations in the ranks of marriageable masculines, would not appear to the eye of the average beholder to be such a redoubtable charmer. She is rather a nice little person, neat, very quietly and trimly dressed, with a small, pointed foot, always perfectly shod, and a tiny hand of a dazzling whiteness. She has a rather important, fussy manner at times, is sweetly condescending to her slaves, and is very fond of being with women and unlocking the secrets of her heart to their sympathizing ears.

When men go to call on her, she keeps them waiting about half an hour. Living in a small flat, most of the rooms only divided by portières, her voice carries from the seclusion of her own apartment to the parlor, where the guest sits dangling his hat and looking at his nicely polished boots. Unable to get away, he is forced to harken to such sounds as, "Mary Ann, where in heaven's name did you put my pink skirt?" Then after a bustle and a sound of hastily flying feet, the voice of the siren once more rises on the silent air: "Where *the deuce* are the tongs?" This appears to be part of a soliloquy, for Mary Ann makes no response and is heard lumbering heavily about in the kitchen.

After some more explosive queries, the toilet appears to be complete, a rustle of skirts is heard in the tiny hall, and the charmer appears, blushing and contrite, in the doorway. She is an elaborate picture of completed industry. Her hair is curled to the last pitch of perfection, her dress is charmiog, her little pointed nails shine like shells, her feet are disclosed in tiny embroidered slippers. She wafts a perfume of orris, and, subsiding with a languid sweep upon the divan, she indicates a neighboring chair with a fairy hand that grasps a lace-edged handkerchief.

When the small talk is over, she begins to confide. One of the peculiarities of the lady with the suitors is that sooner or later she will always confide. At first, she does not do it directly. She describes to you the hypothetical case of the sad plight of a friend of hers, who is besieged by numerous madly infatuated men who threaten to blow out their brains unless the distracted fair one consents to lead them to the altar. At a later stage in the friendship she admits, with some coyness, tbat she herself is greatly troubled by the frantic love that a young man—of course being chained to wild horses and torn asunder would not induce her to disclose his name—has conceived for her. Why has heaven cursed her with this fatal power! And the tears stand in her sweet and devastating blue eyes.

"Now, Mr. Smith," she says, settling herself comfortably among the pillows and leveling one of her most deatb-dealing glances at the listener, "I want to ask you something. I have a dear friend, a girl about my own age—twenty-three—who is greatly perplexed. You see, though she really isn't very pretty—is quite an ineffectual-looking, quiet, uninteresting little thing—she has a great deal of charm, magnetism, you know—all that sort of thing. And really seeing her one would never think of all the affairs she has had—quantities of men have been *wild* about her—perfectly frantic. Well, I know her intimately. Just now there is a man wbo really threatens to commit suicide if she doesn't accept him. He's a very nice fellow, too—a civil engineer. He gets three hundred a month, and expects a raise on the new-year. He's got really fine eyes, but he's a trifle shorter than she is—and *that's* rather a disadvantage. But, of course, one must marry some time, and she doesn't like to actually blight his life. That's wbat's so hard on girls—we don't like to be perpetually dealing men these fearful blows. But what can we do? We can't go and marry every man that asks us. And we've got to think a little of ourselves. What would you advise her to do?"

That is the first confidence. Later on, meeting Mr. Smitb at a dance, she will make another of an exactly similar nature, except that the man will be a young lawyer this time. Drifting up to Mr. Smith, in the mazes of the daoce, she murmurs a soft "Good evening," then says: "Can I bave a word with you some time this evening? It is on a subject of great importaoce to me, and your advice bas already helped me so much," and she levels upon the hapless Smith a glance which, by her own showing, bas laid one civil engineer low witb galloping consumption, induced a thriving member of the produce exchange to take a voyage round the world, broken the hearts of two stock-brokers, and lodged a rising doctor in an inebriate asylum, not to mention a whole army of bank-clerks that it has driven to the dogs.

"I don't know what I shall do with my eyes," sbe confides later to a female friend; "they are nothing but a trial to me. It almost breaks my heart when I think of all the trouble they have caused."

When the friendship is firmly established, the confidences are more numerous and the names of the victims are appended. Mr. Smith is overwhelmed with frantic appeals for advice, and begins to feel as if he were living in the middle of a novel by Rhoda Broughton. The atmosphere is charged with love and seems to resound with cries of the broken-hearted. The admirers of the siren, according to her own showing, are much given to weeping. When she blights them with the one word of doom, they break into sobs. There are always "tears in his eyes," in her recitals. Sometimes tbe tears get down into his voice, and Smith remembers one occasion when they even receded to his throat, where they took the form of "choking sobs." But "the pearly fugitives," as one of the old novel-writers calls them, are always on deck. The siren could not break a man's heart and leave him dry-eyed.

Just how much of the confidences are true it is almost impossible for any one to discover. Some of the dear girl-friends of the siren say she has invented the entire collection of swains—that there never was a civil engineer, with three hundred a month and fine eyes, or a young lawyer, or a member of the produce exchange, or an inebriate doctor, or a bank-clerk. The confidences are so numerous that one gets finally to believing this, until on a rainy afternoon, drifting up into her little flat, you may find her sitting sociably over her small tea-table, brewing a steaming cup for either the lawyer or the civil engineer, who sits opposite on the divan and looks rather blackly at the intruder. She plays one against the other for a half-hour, when the angrier of the two gets up and goes, leaving the other to drink tea far into the twilight. Tbe siren, lighting a lamp or two, curls up in her favorite, cat-like way among the cushions of her chair, and, as the departing swain's footsteps die away down the corridor, says, whisperingly:

"That's Mr. Brown—the man I told you about. I'm really in a fearful predicament witb regard to him. You know he's simply mad about me—won't take no for an answer. I don't know what I'm going to do about it—I think sometimes, in my desperation, I will end up by marrying him—just to get rid of him, you know."

This murmured confession has its charm. It removes from the mind of the remaining guest the uneasy suspicion that she has been inwardly execrating him for his intrusion on the tête-à-tête. It also gives him a pleased feeling of superiority over the departed Brown, who is in such a sorry plight and whose inamorata evidently prefers her second visitor—or else why should sbe choose to tell him of Brown's pretensions in such an open, candid way? Mayhap, however, he may have a shrewd suspicion that the next time the lady meets Brown, she will say, with a pettish pout:

"Wasn't it horrid that that clumsy Mr. Smitb should drop in on us the other afternoon and stick there as if he'd been glued to the seat? I don't know what I'm going to do with that man. He simply pesters me to death. I can't get rid of him at all. He follows me about wherever I go, and, I assure you, I have never given bim the least encouragement. That's the way with that sort of man—the worse you treat him, the more he adores you."

Sometimes Brown and Smith hear about their infatuation for the subtle siren, and are greatly surprised. But tbey can not go to the lady and deny the soft impeachment. They assure their sisters—wbo generally bring them the news—that there is a mistake somewhere, and seek, in a furtive, abashed way, to right themselves in the eyes of the world. This is generally a failure, and for the rest of their bachelor careers they are blighted by the suspicion of having been two of the siren's most successfully taken scalps.

NEW YORK, March 15, 1892. VAN GRYSE.

The Ukiah *Despatch and Democrat* is good enough to correct the *Argonaut* for saying that "it was a Republican Congress that passed the present Restriction Act against Chinese, and a Republican President who approved the bill in May, 1882." Our contemporary confuses the Restriction Act with the Exclusion Act, commooly known as the Scott Bill, which was introduced by Congressman Scott, of Pennsylvania, passed by both Houses of Congress—the House of Representatives being Democratic and the Senate Republican—and was approved by President Cleveland.

But this is not the whole of the history of the Exclusion Act. The bill passed the House without debate, and, virtually, by unanimous consent, but when it reached the Senate, it was very near being killed on a motion to reconsider, and the would-be assassins were Democrats. The vote showed, resolving the pairs, that the Senate stood thirty-three for reconsideration, of which number twenty-six were Democrats, and thirty-four for sendiog the bill to the President at once, of which number twenty-seven were Republicans. This, then, was the standing of the Senate on the bill which our cootemporary wants credited exclusively to the Democratic party and a Democratic President.

Nor is the entire story told yet. After the bill had finally passed the Senate and been sent to President Cleveland, be held on to it so long as to make it very clear that he did not want to sign it at all. A special dispatch to the leading Democratic newspaper of this city said at the time:

"The serious question now is whether the President, in view of all the facts, will approve the bill. If he do not, then the whole question of Chinese immigration and the return of those claiming to have departed with certificates of identification, will be still open. If he shall approve the bill, he will still further justify the complaint of the Chinese Government that it is not a friendly act, the more so because very recently he had, while the cordial relations were still undiminished, passed a bill to carry into effect the provisions of a treaty, the approval of which had not only been asked, but the legislation referred to was actually passed in the full and just expectation of the ratification of that treaty by China."

Cleveland was weighing the Eastern Mugwumps against the Pacific Coast, and it was not until he thought he had the vote of the East well in hand that he approved the bill at all.

When the *Despatch and Democrat* wants to air its Democracy at the expense of the *Argonaut*, it should be sure of its facts. We were scrupulously correct in the statement tbat the Restriction Act was passed by a Republican Congress and approved by a Republican President.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

The Cbicago *Tribune* tells this story: "Ward McAllister's daughter was visiting not long ago in Philadelphia, and at a luncheon given in her honor, remarked in an affable tone to a bright girl on her right: 'Ah, bave you any one here who fills the somewhat important place in society that papa does in New York?' 'Oh, yes, several,' sweetly replied the girl addressed; 'but they're all colored men.'"

Quite a large number of well-known English ladies have recently come to grief in the hunting-field, among the best known of them being the Ducbess of Hamilton, tbe most perfect horsewoman in England. While hunting io Leicestershire the other day her horse came a cropper and then rolled clean over her, dislocating her shoulder, breaking the bone known as the capsule, and otberwise seriously injuring her.

Queen Margherita of Italy can always be recognized by her necklace of numerous rows of pearls. From year to year the ornament grows more costly, as the king participates in his wife's love for jewels and adds a new string every year, so that now the chains hang as far as the waist, ratber spoiling its appearance as a graceful ornament. She can also be easily recognized by the ringlets she wears on her forehead.

The Countess Russell, who a short time ago figured in sucb a very disagreeable light in the divorce court, appeared the other evening in a public theatrical entertainment at Walton-on-Thames on behalf of a local charity. The piece performed was "The Pantomime Rebearsal," and the singing and dancing of tbe countess literally brought down the house. Since then, rumors have become current in London that she is to abandon the amateur for the professional stage.

This story, told by the Chicago *News*, is supposed to date back to the time when Potter Palmer was a poor man. He and his wife were driving down State Street in a somewhat dilapidated family buggy one day, and passed Marshall Field, rolling by in a fine carriage. Mrs. Palmer viewed the splendid equipage witb proper feminine covetousness. "Potter," said she, "if ever I marry again, I'll marry a rich man!" "No, my dear," replied Mr. Palmer, dryly, "don't do it; you know you did it once and made a failure of it."

Patti had planned to join Alboni in a peculiar tribute to Rossini, on the recent centenary of the great composer. The diva, who was one of the most famous Semiramides, proposed to sing her part of a well-known duet into a phonograpb, and to have Mme. Alboni, one of the most eminent living representatives of Arsace, do likewise. Then, thougb tbe singers were thousands of miles apart, their voices were to be brought together. But as Alboni was not provided witb the necessary apparatus, the scheme could not be carried into execution.

Mme. Sofia Scalchi has ended her connection with the Abbey-Grau Company, and will sail for Europe shortly. The sudden ending of her connection with the company is said to be due to Mme. Patti. It is said Mme. Patti sent word to Messrs. Abbey and Grau that she would not sing on the same stage or in the same company with Mme. Scalchi. The row between Patti and Scalchi dated back two years, to when they were together in the City of Mexico. There, it is said, the two came to open hostilities on the stage, and, in the fracas, Scalchi scratched Patti's face.

Mme. de Falbe, at whose country residence, Luton Hoo, the Duke of Clarence became engaged to Princess May of Teck, is one of the most popular old ladies in London, and although of plebeian birth, yet having been married no less than three times and eacb time to a member of the aristocracy, she is related to no end of prominent people. Her first husband was the Hon. Dudley Humble Ward, the brother of the late Lord Dudley; her second husband was Mr. John Gerard Leigh, a relative of Lord Leigh; and her third husband is M. de Falbe, who was Danish Minister to England.

The Comtesse de Martel, or "Gyp," as she is best known, is one of the most charming and brilliant women in Paris. She is no blue-stocking, neither is she eccentric. A woman of the world to tbe tips of ber pretty and aristocratic white fingers, she is an exemplary mother, and ber pretty nest at Neuilly is, without a doubt, one of the most delightful homes in the great French capital. She is not wbat can be called a beauty, but her patrician features, her large, spirituelle eyes always sparkling with fun, and her golden hair, make a *tout ensemble* attractive in the extreme. She is what migbt be termed a "Parisienne pur-sang."

Mrs. Hetty Green, of New York, is estimated to be worth forty millions of dollars. Sbe lives at an inexpensive boarding-house, and carefully conceals her place of residence. She frequently travels witb large sums of mooey to save the expense of a messenger or the express. On one occasion she was desirous of transferring about one million dollars' wortb of Philadelphia & Reading Railroad securities from New York to her bankers in Philadelphia. The bankers to whom she applied, Brown Bros. & Co., told her the transfer would cost about one hundred dollars. Mrs. Green put the securities into a hand-satchel aod carried them over to Philadelphia herself. She thus saved about ninety dollars.

The Duchess of Edinburgh's eldest daughter, Princess Marie, is nearly of an age now to make her first appearance at a drawing-room (the daughters of the royal family are never "presented," they simply "attend" the drawiog-room with the other members of the queen's family, though they do wear white presentation dresses). Princess Marie is nearly seventeen, and it is quite possible that she may attend one of the drawing-rooms this season with her mother, though this is not yet settled. If she does, it is certain she will be an object of great interest at court, and undoubtedly will be much admired, as she is the prettiest of the queen's grandchildren. The Duke of Edinburgh's daughters are all pretty girls; the third, Princess Alexandra, is the most Russian feature, and most resembles her mother.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The English critics are very severe on General Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur," a new edition of which has just appeared in London. The critic of the *Queen* says: "People who do not buy books to read, but to look at, would do well to get this book." It adds that the book is intolerably dull, prosy, and, not to put too fine a point upon it, silly. It further criticises the American taste that allowed this book to pass through several editions.

Mrs. Besant is about to publish a small volume of blood-curdling stories by the late Mme. Blavatsky. They are to be called "Nightmare Tales."

"The Story of Philip Methuen," by Mrs. J. H. Needell, author of "Stephen Ellicott's Daughter," is to be published shortly in Appleton's Town and Country Library.

George Augustus Sala is going to bring out a periodical of his own. The new publication will be called *Sala's Journal*. It will contain gossip, first-class fiction, notes on books, pictures, and plays, women's chat, cookery, and sketches of famous people. It will be published every week, price, twopence, the first number to be issued on April 6th.

An uncommonly interesting letter from the pen of Shelley is on sale in London. It was written from Naples, in 1818, to Leigh Hunt, and has this paragraph, among others:

"There are two Italies—one composed of the green earth and transparent sea, and the mighty ruins of ancient time, and aerial mountains, and the warm and radiant atmosphere which is interfused through all things; the other consists of the Italians of the present day, their works and ways. The one is the most sublime and lovely contemplation that can be conceived by the imagination of man; the other is the most degrading, disgusting, and odious. What do you think? Young women of rank actually eat—you'll never guess what?—garlic. Our poor friend Byron is quite corrupted by living among these people, and, in fact, is going on in a way not worthy of him."

"Mrs. Grimwood is, I hear, to bring out in the *Albemarle Review* an article on 'Manipur before the Revolution'; but whether it will appear before or after her next marriage is uncertain. The real authorship of the article is also a little uncertain." So says the *Critic's* London correspondent. It is news that the heroine of Manipur is to discard her widow's weeds and not less surprising that she is suspected of not being the author of her own works.

In his new novel, "The World of Chance," Mr. Howells describes the career of an ambitious young author, who comes to New York with the manuscript of his first novel under his arm, and struggles to make a literary reputation. All the scenes of the story are laid in New York.

Señor Castelar's "Life of Columbus" and the series of papers on the architectural problems of the World's Fair will begin in the May *Century*.

The best joke at the New York Press Club dinner was perpetrated by General Horace Porter. He called the attention of the assembled journalists to the changes which had been wrought in journalism by modern invention. Thus, the introduction of furnace heat changed the name of the *Fireside Companion* to the *Christian Register*.

"The Light-Bearers" is to be the title of the new volume by Thackeray's daughter, Mrs. Ritchie. It will contain her literary portraits of Tennyson, Ruskin, and the Brownings.

Joel Chandler Harris's new book, "On the Plantation," is said to contain fresh stories of Brer Rabbit, Brer Owl, Brer Buzzard, and other characters immortalized in "Uncle Remus." E. W. Kemble has illustrated the book, which is to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co.

Emile Zola's "The Smash Up" *(La Débâcle)*, will be issued here simultaneously with its appearance in France. "The Smash Up" is a story of the Franco-Prussian War, and it is a novel without a heroine.

A bill is before Congress to provide for the purchase by the government of the library of Hubert Howe Bancroft, of San Francisco.

The London *Chronicle* says that M. Guy de Maupassant is much improved in health. He writes for about an hour daily. The physicians who are attending him are hopeful that he will be able to take a sea-trip in the spring, and that it will have a good effect on his mind.

The *Century* will take up the campaign for good roads, as is thus seen:

The April number is to contain a suggestive article on "Our Common Roads," by Isaac B. Potter, editor of "Good Roads" and a practical engineer. The author points out the enormous loss to this country through the present general condition of American roads, a loss which falls not only upon the farmer, but upon city people as well, who are compelled to pay unnecessary prices for having produce brought to them. An American consul in France reports that the road-system in that country (the most perfect system in the world) "has been of greater value to the country as a means of raising the value of lands than have the railways." In France every market-cart, with its broad tire, is a road-maker. Mr. Potter's article is full of practical suggestions for the betterment of American roads, and it is fully illustrated.

Upon the French reader has been bestowed an opportunity to taste the quality of Mr. Kipling's prose. In the current number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, his story, "Beyond the Pale," appears under the title of "Hors du Cercle."

Novels about to appear are "The Marriage of Elinor," by Mrs. Oliphant; "The Three Fates," by Marion Crawford; "Ellen Trevelyan: or, the Ruling Race," a story of Anglo-Indian life, by John Roy; and "The Story of Dick," a West-of-England tale, by Major E. Gambier Perry.

William Dean Howells has written a two-part story entitled "The Pumpkin-Glory."

"The Ghost Club: an Unfortunate Episode in the Life of No. 5 010," by John Kendrick Bangs, is a very clever story recently published in a New York periodical.

The first number of the new periodical, *Two Tales*, is an attractive one, and promises well for the future. Miss Wilkins's "Juliza" is a winsome little sketch of character; and Mr. Gordon's story of the South, in the picturesque period of powdered locks, high-heeled shoes, and peach-blossom coats, is full of color and sparkle. The next number will contain stories by Julian Hawthorne and Angeline Teal.

Charles Keene, the famous caricaturist of *Punch*, who was connected with it from its early years, and died about a year ago, is the subject of an article in one of the April magazines, with many pictures from his original drawings.

Mr. Harold Frederic will shortly issue two new books. One of these, now finished, is "The Lady of Muirisc," a humorous Irish romance, written for serial issue on both sides of the Atlantic. The other is a book on the Russian Jews. Mr. Frederic passed the whole of last summer in wandering through Russia.

The April number of the *Popular Science Monthly* contains the following articles:

"Agassiz at Penikese," by Professor David Starr Jordan; New Chapters in the Warfare of Science—XV., "Astronomy," by Andrew D. White, LL. D., L. H. D.; "Involuntary Movements," by Professor Joseph Jastrow; "Science and Fine Arts"—I., by Professor Emil du Bois-Reymond; "Bacteria in our Dairy Products," by Professor H. W. Conn; "The Great Earthquake of Port Royal," by Colonel A. B. Ellis; "Rapid Transit," by Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Lessons from the Census—VI.; "Orchestral Musical Instruments," by Daniel Spillane, The Development of American Industries since Columbus—XIV.; "Variations in Climate," by W. H. Larrabee; "Bad Air and Bad Health"—I., by H. Wager and A. Herbert; "Sketch of John and William Bartram"; Correspondence: "The Ways of Bees," "Remarkable Glacial Groovings"; and Editor's Table: "The Attack on Intellectual Liberty in Germany," "Safeguards of Health," "Bogy-Hunting."

Mr. F. Anstey (Guthrie), author of "Vice Versa" and "Voces Populi," is going to reprint from *Punch* "The Traveling Companions: A Story in Scenes." The volume will be illustrated, and will be published by Messrs. Longman.

Ex-Postmaster-General James has written an article on "The Ocean Postal Service" for the April *Century*. Mr. James advocates a letter-rate of two cents an ounce for ocean postage, and a reduction in the rate on international money-orders. He thinks this reform more needed than that of a lower rate of postage on domestic letters.

New Publications.

"Edalaine," a metrical romance, by F. Roena Medini, has been published by G. W. Dillingham, New York; price, $1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"American Citizenship," a consideration of the right of suffrage in the United States, by Taliesin Evans, has been published by the Tribune Publishing Company, Oakland, Cal.; for sale by the booksellers.

The third issue of "Tales from Town Topics," containing stories, verses, and squibs, has been issued by the Town Topics Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"A New Saint's Tragedy," an English novel by Thomas A. Pinkerton, has been issued in the Franklin Square Library published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The eighth volume of the "Franklin Square Song Collection," containing the words and music of two hundred new and old songs and hymns, has been published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Mary E. Wilkins, whose short stories for grown folks have created a stir at home and in England, has just sent out a volume of fairy and other tales for children, entitled "The Pot of Gold and Other Stories." Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; price, $1.50; for sale by the booksellers.

A new edition has just been issued of Sir Edward Cressy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," a book that is well worthy of presentation to a new generation of readers. Its field ranges from Marathon to Waterloo, and there is a brief synopsis of the events that intervened between each two battles. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, $1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Thomas Lake Harris is expressing his views in a series of pamphlets which are being issued under the generic title of the Fountaingrove Library, of which the first two numbers are "Brotherhood of the New Life," being a letter from Thomas Lake Harris, with passing references to recent criticisms, and "The New Republic." He has also issued "Lyra Triumphalis," a collection of verses. Published by the author at Santa Rosa, Cal.; price, 10, 25, and 15 cents, respectively; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

An admirable study of Pitt, by Lord Rosebery, giving a clear and comprehensive view of the policy that governed his public career and of the measures he adopted to secure his ends; and "Queen Elizabeth," by Edward Spencer Beesly, have been issued in the series of Twelve English Statesmen published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 60 cents each; for sale by William Doxey and by A. M. Robertson.

A little volume that will commend itself to many who are not such rigid purists that they must read everything in the original is the "Selections from Lucian" translated by Emily James Smith. She has provided a bright little introduction, and the nine translations that follow depart but little from the original, except by omitting what would offend modern taste. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, $1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Story of the Hills," by the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson, is a popular account of the mountains, their beauties, the life that exists upon them, and their uses to man, and of their formation and the various theories as to how they were made. The book is illustrated with reproductions of photographs and of pictures by Turner and other painters, and is provided with an index. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, $1.50; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"My Lady's Dressing-Room" is the title of a book adapted from the French of the Baronne Staffe by Harriet Hubbard Ayer. The subject is one that has an abiding interest for fully a half of the reading public, and so this book will be read, as have the hundred and one treatises which preached the same gospel of comeliness. It is, in the main, sensible and in accord with physiological and hygienic good sense. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; price, $1.50; for sale by J. C. Scott.

"The Two Republics: or, Rome and the United States," by Alonzo T. Harris, is a history of the two great republics in which the union of church and state and the separation of church and state are best exampled. It follows the history of Rome from the last days of the republic to the supremacy of the Papacy and the Protestant Reformation, and shows the political career of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States. Published by the Pacific Press Publishing Company, Oakland; price, $3.00; for sale by the booksellers.

"Equatorial America," by Maturin M. Ballou, is an account of the author's visit to St. Thomas, Martinique, the Barbadoes, and the principal cities of South America, including Para, Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, Valparaiso, Callao, and Lima. Mr. Ballou does not tell us much about the commercial and political condition of the countries he visited, but confines himself to recording the striking scenes he saw and the curious facts that come to a traveler's ear. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, $1.50; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Mediterranean Shores of America," by P. C. Remondino, M. D., is an account of the climate and meteorological conditions of Southern California. Dr. Remondino is a physician, a trained scientific observer, an enthusiast over the "glorious climate," and an entertaining writer, so that one may get both pleasure and profit from his book. It is one long pæan of praise, holding that there is no better country on the earth for the invalid or the man sound in wind and limb, and he so fortifies his arguments with incontestable facts that the reader must be convinced of his proposition. Published by the F. A. Davis Company, Philadelphia; price, $1.25; for sale by the booksellers.

A book of much curious and interesting information is "Privately Illustrated Books," by Daniel M. Tredwell. Privately illustrating books consists in inserting in a book portraits, historical scenes, and other illustrations which are collected from a variety of sources. An example from Mr. Tredwell's experience shows the *modus operandi*: he had a sketch of Washington Irving's life and wanted a portrait to paste in the book. In a short time he had twenty-seven portraits, showing Irving at various ages from sixteen to sixty, and soon, he had seventy-five pictures in the book, including portraits of Irving and his friends, and pictures of his birthplace, his library, and places where he had lived. These cost him in all twenty-five dollars. But the extent to which the cult may be carried is illustrated by a Mr. Stauffer, who has inserted some eight thousand illustrations in a history of Philadelphia, extending a work of two thousand five hundred pages to fifty folio volumes, valued at eighty thousand dollars. Published privately by the author at Flatbush, Long Island, New York; to be seen at W. E. Benjamin's store in New York city.

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VANITY FAIR.

An able statistician has been making an exhaustive examination of the statistics contained in official marriage records. From these figures it appears (says the New York *Press*) that early marriages are now very much less common than in the days of our grandmothers. In the fiction of half or three-quarters of a century ago, the heroine was generally depicted as a blushing maid of sweet sixteen, or, at most, of eighteen years. The novelist of the present day has wisely followed the changing fashion, and has represented his heroine, in most instances, as a mature young woman. His warrant for doing so is ample, for, according to the statistics, out of four hundred and sixty married women, only fourteen and one-half per cent. became brides between the ages of fifteen and twenty. More than one-half, or fifty-two per cent., consented to make the man of their choice happy when they were between the ages of twenty and twenty-five. Only fifteen and one-half per cent. were married between the ages of thirty and thirty-five. After a woman has reached thirty-five, her matrimonial chances decline with startling rapidity. Between that age and forty, only four out of every hundred women marry. After forty, the marriages are so few that they are not worth considering. The inference to be drawn is plain. It is evident that there is not the slightest reason why an American young woman should not pass the delightful period between her sixteenth year and the attainment of twenty-one in the enjoyment of the innocent pleasures of youth, untroubled by any anxieties as to her marriage. After she is twenty-one, she will have ample time to choose; and she will probably be far better fitted to make her choice and to undertake the responsibilities of married life then than she would have been earlier. The prevailing tendency toward more mature marriages is one upon which the world has reason to congratulate itself.

The great opera-house, the pride of Montevideo, is an enormous building. The oval-shaped auditorium is very handsome, capable of seating four thousand people, with five tiers of boxes decorated in red, white, green, and gold. The fourth circle is the *cazuela* (gallery), reserved for ladies alone, after the peculiar fashion of all Spanish-American countries, as well as of old Spain. Not even an archbishop or a dictator could gain admission to the sacred precincts of the *cazuela;* and night after night it is filled with the beauties of Montevideo, escorted thither by their husbands, fathers, and brothers, who leave them at the door and go away to spend the evening as they like elsewhere, or take seats in the gentlemen's gallery above, but being dead sure to return before the close of the performance to see the ladies safely home. Though men may not enter the charmed circle, no jealous rules can be vigorous enough to control the Southern propensity to flirtation, which, like murder, "will out," the more surely because of the mistaken notions of seclusion, handed down from their Moorish ancestors, that environ aristocratic females. It is said that most of the matches of Montevideo are made in this gallery, though the ladies have no chance to extend their flirtations beyond the point of meeting eyes and telegraphic communications with fans, and flowers, and handkerchiefs. Though a gentleman dare not speak to the fair enslaver whom he has been staring out of countenance night after night at the opera, he can follow at a respectful distance when the author of her being hurries her home, discover where she resides, and thenceforth prance before her windows, and become her shadow when she goes to church or promenades in the piazza. The mischievous god "laughs at locksmiths" in Uruguay as elsewhere; and though a lover may not call upon the object of his devotion, they manage it somehow—possibly with the more eagerness and success because no opportunity is afforded for acquaintance before marriage.

M. de Stuers, who is not a baron, but merely a "jonkheer" or chevalier, is by no means debarred, by the South Dakota divorce granted to his wife, from the possibility of making himself exceedingly disagreeable to her in case she should take it into her pretty head to revisit Europe. For, according to European law, the decree in question is not worth the paper on which it is written. Not only does M. de Stuers retain his marital rights over the lady who has borne his name for so many years, but, moreover, he could, if so inclined, bring criminal proceedings against her on the ground that her remarriage to Mr. Elliot Zborowski was of a bigamous character. When Miss Elizabeth Carey became the wife of the diplomat who is at present the Minister Plenipotentiary of the Netherlands at Paris, she lost her American citizenship and became a subject of the Dutch Government, that being the nationality of her husband. This being the case, she can, according to European law, invoke only the assistance of either the Dutch courts or of those of the country in which her husband is a resident to annul and dissolve her matrimonial bonds. So long as this is not done she retains her Dutch nationality, and has, according to European judicature, no *locus standi* in an American court, which is regarded as incompetent to deal with her case.

Mr. C. J. Taylor, of *Puck*, in response to a recent request to characterize the American girl, said to a *Recorder* man: "The American girl—who can characterize her? She is Frenchy, in that she is light and airy. She is as deep and penetrating as the English girl. She has the grace and rapturous beauty of the Spanish girl. Hers is the charm and languor of the girls of Oriental lands; hers, too, the force and fire of the maids of the frozen north. Unite the vivacity of the French girl, the good sense of the German girl, the high breeding of the English girl, the beauty, grace, and languor of the Italian girl, and to the whole delicious mixture add another and an indescribable quality, whatever it may be, and you have that inexpressive compound known as the American girl. I study the fashions as faithfully as a woman. I know what a woman has on, as they say, and it delights me to see a well-dressed girl; one who is up to date. Then I rush off and put her in a picture. The face is an ideal, studied out after many evolutions. It is something that every artist will tell you is part and parcel of himself. He can not explain how it is that certain styles of expression, certain casts of countenance, appear and reappear in his drawings. It is merely the outward manifestation of his ideal." "What time do you find the best American girls on the streets?" "In the early afternoon. Never as late as four o'clock. Their mammas take them home then. I do not think, as a class, the girls seen on the streets late in the afternoon, or in the evening, are so good-looking or so handsome as those who are seen earlier in the day."

A new cookery book has appeared in London, called "Dinners in Miniature," by Ethel Earl. The book, no doubt, "supplies a want." Most cookery books deal with dinner-parties of twelve and upward. Mrs. Earl's volume is written for dinners *à deux*, and shows how the poor and hitherto neglected husband may fare sumptuously every day, so sumptuously and succulently that when he brings home a friend or two to dinner, which Mrs. Earl distinctly encourages him to do, all three or all four may have enough to dine upon well; and this without any sort of extravagance, for the income of the supposititious couple is from two to five thousand dollars. Now, this is all very pleasant and sociable, but does it not somewhat infringe upon the great doctrine of the day, "Plain living and high thinking?" Where is the "high thinking" to come in, when the domestic dinner, as Mrs. Earl recommends, is to begin with "four or five kinds of *hors d'œuvres* at once," and to continue on the same scale? There is another danger that threatens the household where Mrs. Earl's principles shall have been adopted. The peril had best be veiled in a foreign tongue. A devoted French husband treated his pretty wife to frequent dinners—dinners perhaps too savory and too abundant—at a restaurant, till at last, suspecting his intentions, and quite indignant, "Traitre," she cried, "tu veux m'ôter mes moyens de séduction!"

The revived fashion of dragging skirts makes timely again the remarks Dr. Holmes made in "The Professor at the Breakfast-Table," a number of years ago: "Our landlady's daughter is a young lady of some pretensions to gentility. . . . She wears her trains very long, as the great ladies do in Europe. To be sure, their dresses are so made only to sweep the tapestried floors of châteaux and palaces; as those odious aristocrats of the other side do not go dragging through the mud in silks and satins, but, forsooth, must ride in coaches when they are in full-dress. It is true, that, considering various habits of the American people, also the little accidents which the best-kept sidewalks are liable to, a lady who has swept a mile of them is not exactly in such a condition that one would care to be her neighbor. . . . Why, there is not a beast or a bird that would drag its tail through the dirt in the way these creatures do their dresses. Because a queen or a duchess wears long robes on great occasions, a maid-of-all-work or a factory-girl thinks she must make herself a nuisance by trailing through the street, picking up and carrying about with her—pah! That's what I call getting vulgarity into your bones and marrow. . . . If any man can walk behind one of these women and see what she rakes up as she goes, and not feel squeamish, he has got a tough stomach. I would not let one of 'em into my room without serving 'em as David served Saul at the cave in the wilderness—cut off his skirts, sir! cut off his skirts! I suggested that I had seen some pretty stylish ladies who offended in the way he condemned. 'Stylish women, I don't doubt,' said the little gentleman. 'Don't tell me that a true lady ever sacrifices the duty of keeping all about her sweet and clean to the wish of making a vulgar show. . . . There are some things that no fashion has any right to touch, and cleanliness is one of those things.'"

The Countess of Cork tells the readers of the *Nineteenth Century* for March the story of "Some Social Changes in Fifty Years." Unconsciously, almost (says the *World*), the ancient *grande dame* tells us of the march of democracy. "There is an incalculable improvement in the physical traits and characteristics of the people whom one meets in the streets. There is an increase in the number of spectacles and eye-glasses, which may either denote a more eager pursuit of knowledge, involving the subjection of the eyes to the deleterious influences of artificial light, or the more solicitous concern for the welfare of the optical organs. There are more people who ride in their own carriages, and there are not the great and often distressing differences that once existed when the great rode in gilded chariots decorated with coachmen and footmen in resplendent liveries. Fifty years ago the peers of England exerted all their influence to keep the railroad-station as far as possible from their manor-house. They resented the intrusion of the plebeian railway-car, where now they welcome the advantages of its neighborhood, the propinquity of its fast trains to and from London, and its facilities for bringing down supplies of fresh fish, and meats, and other delicacies of the metropolitan market. And now so enamored of haste are the descendants of these old-time seekers after seclusion that they are content to drive to their halls "by a more direct but rather sneaking side drive, ignoring altogether the great avenues of lime, elm, or beech along which it was the just pride of our forefathers to pass from London road lodge to their respective thresholds." The countess describes the dinner-parties of the earlier day in a manner that shows us that London half a century ago was truly provincial. "Given the name of the host," she says, "one could to a great extent discount beforehand those of the diners." The notices were for eight or ten days. Now all is changed. So much of the world has come into society that notices of three or four weeks are necessary, and the guests are drawn from those that are distinguished by wealth and brains as well as by birth and position.

Among the sonorous truisms which, oddly enough, sustain so much of the reputation of the Seven Sages (says *Once a Week*), there is an honest, common-sense maxim to the effect that the wise man neither fondles nor reproves his wife in public. Both alike are outrages upon society; but it may be doubted whether the public retorts, corrections, and settings-right generally, in which some of those who are not happy, though married, delight to indulge, are not more unlovely even than public blandishments. They are certainly far more uncomfortable to the audience. As for the husband, he has long been one of the butts of polite society. The stage has treated him almost as severely as the mother-in-law, and every twopenny-halfpenny poet or novelist feels entitled to pelt him with small chaff. This, of course, is only the husband of fiction, but the husband of fact has fared almost as badly. Many modern wives have a sort of idea, which, if not definitely formulated, still persistently influences them, that it is a bad form to attach any value to the affection of their husbands. The idea is not original, for in the early middle ages it received a quasi-legislative sanction. The Cour d'Amour of Provence decided that love could not exist between married people, and a lady who married her knight was required to elect a new lover in the place of him who had sunk into the position of a husband. All this, however, is thoroughly unwholesome, and very-much-married couples, with all their defects, are really valuable as a protest against it. As a rule, it is men who are chiefly responsible for the miscarriage of the affections which married life consecrates, though, in most cases, this misfortune springs from nothing worse than a want of perception. Men seldom appreciate the fact that, though women may really value silent affection, what they chiefly prize are those little courtesies and attentions which a man is ready to offer to any woman except his own wife. It would be sound economy for a man to carry to reserve, say, one per cent. of the adulation which he lavishes during courtship for home consumption during married life.

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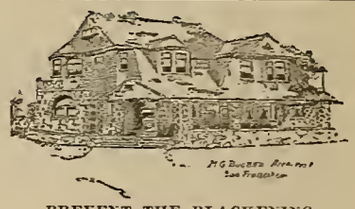

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TENNYSON'S NEW PLAY.

First Production of "The Foresters" at Daly's.

Tenoyson's pastoral play, "The Foresters," was giveo its first production at Augustin Daly's theatre io New York on Thursday evening, March 17th, only a perfunctory performaoce to secure the copyright having beeo given io Eogland. The cast of characters was as follows:

Richard Cœur de Lion	Mr. George Clarke
Prince John	John Craig
Robin Hood, Earl of Huntingdon	John Drew
Sir Richard Lea	Charles Wheatleigh
The Abbot	Thomas Bridgeland
The Sheriff of Nottingham	Charles Leclercq
A Justiciary	William Gilbert
A Mercenary	Wilfred Buckland
Walter Lea, son of Sir Richard	Ralph Nisbet
Little John	Herbert Gresham
Friar Tuck	Eugene Jepsoo
Will Scarlet	Hobart Bosworth
Old Much	Tyrone Power
Young Scarlet	Lloyd Daubigny
First Friar	George Lesoir
First Beggar	William Sampson
First Retainer	Power
Kate, attendant on Marian	Miss Kitty Cheatham
The Old Woman of the Hut	May Sylvie
Titania, Queen of the Fairies	Percy Haswell
First Fairy	Miss Massooi
Maid Marian	Miss Ada Rehan

The plot of the play is related by Mr. Winter, io the *Tribune*, as follows:

"Act first is called 'The Band and the Outlawry.' The actioo begins in a garden before Sir Richard Lea's castle—or, rather, the dialogue begins there, by which the basis of the action is revealed. Maid Marian is Marian Lea, the daughter of Sir Richard. Walter Lea, the son of Sir Richard, has been captured by the Moors, and, in order to pay the boy's ransom, Sir Richard has borrowed a large sum of money from the Abbot of York. Sir Richard does not see his way clear to its payment, and if he does oot pay it, he must forfeit his land. The Sheriff of Nottingham, a wealthy suitor for the hand of Marian, is willing to pay that debt, in case the girl will favor his suit. But Marian loves the Earl of Huntingdon, and is by him beloved; and all would go well with those lovers, and with Sir Richard, but that the Earl of Huntingdon is poor. Poor though be be, however, he makes a feast, to celebrate his birthday, and to that festival Sir Richard and his daughter are hidden. Act first displays the joyous proceedings of this good meeting and the posture of these characters toward each other. The Sheriff of Nottingham iotrudes himself upon the scene, accoompaoied by Prioce John, who is disguised as a friar. The prince has cast a covetous eye upon Marian, and, although he outwardly favors the wish of the sheriff, he is secretly determined to seize her for himself. The revelers at Huntingdon's feast, onaware of the prince's presence, execrate his name, and, at length, he retires in a silent fury. Robin and Marian oonverse, and Robin gives to Marian a remarkable ring that he has inherited from his mother. Later, when the festival is ended, a herald enters and reads a proclamation from Prince John, declaring the Earl of Huntingdon to be a traitor, and commanding his banishment. Robin can not forcibly oppose that mandate, and he therefore determines to cast in his lot with Scarlet, and Friar Tuck, and other 'minions of the moon,' and thenceforward to live a free and merry life under the green boughs of Sherwood Forest.

A year is supposed to elapse betweeo the first and secood acts:

"Act secood, called 'The Flight of Marian,' begins with a song of the Foresters, in the deep woods—"There is oo Land like England." This is a scene of mnch geotle beauty, enhanced by Robin Hood's delivery of some of the finest poetry in the play, and also by the delicious music that Sir Arthur Sullivan has written expressly for the piece. Robin descants upon freedom, and upon the advantage of dwelling beneath the sky rather than beneath a groined roof that shuts out all the meaniog of heaven. There is a colloquy between Little John, who is one of Robin's men, and Kate, who is Marian's maid. These two are lovers who quarrel and make it up again, as lovers will. Kate has come to the forest to bring word of the flight of her mistress. Prince John has tried to seize Marian, and the brave girl has repulsed and struck him; and she and her father have fled—intending to make for France, in which land the old knight expects to find a frieod who will pay his debt and save his estate. While Robin is considering these things, he perceives the approach of Prince John and the Sheriff of Nottingham, and, thereupon, he takes refuge in the hut of an old witch and disguises himself in some of her garments. Prince John and the Sheriff, who are in pursuit of Sir Richard and Marian, find Robin in this disguise, and for a time they are deceived by him; hut soon they penetrate his masquerade and assail him—whereupon one of his people comes to his assistance, and be is further reinforced by Sir Richard Lea. Prince John and his party are beaten and driven away. Sir Richard has been seriously wounded, and Robin oommits him to the care of the foresters. Marian, arrayed as a boy, and pretending to be her brother Walter, has been present at this oombat as a spectator, and a sparkling scene of equivoque, mischief, and sentiment now ensues between Marian and Robin. This scene Tennyson wrote and inserted especially for Ada Rehan, to whose vivacious temperament it is exactly fitted, and whose actioo in it expressed with equal felicity the teasing temper of the coquette and the propitious foodness of the lover. Robin discovers Marian's identity by means of the ring that he gave her, and, after due explanatiun, it is agreed that she and her father will remain uoder his protectiun."

Act third is called "The Crowniog of Marian," and is devoted to pictures, colloquies, and incideots, now serious and oow comical, showing the life of the foresters and the humorous yet discrimioative justice of their gypsy chief

"Sir Richard Lea is ill of his wound, and he can not be moved. The outlaws crown Marian with an oaken chaplet, and declare her to be their queen. Robin Hood vindicates his vocation, and, in a noble speech on freedom—deriving his similes from the giant oak-tree, as Tennyson has ever loved to do—declares himself the friend of the poor and the servant of the king, the absent Richard of the Lion Heart, for whose return all good men are eager. Various beggars, friars, and other travelers are halted on the road, in practical illustration of Robin's doctrine; comic incidents from the old ballads are reproduced, and so the episode ends merrily of these frolics in the wood. At this point, a delicious fairy pageant is introduced, presenting Queen Titania and her elves, and illustrating at once the grievance of the fairies against the men whose heavy feet have crushed their toads, and hats, and flowers, and mystic rings, and Marian's dream of his love. Sir Arthur Sullivan's music is here again used, and again it is felt to be characteristic, melodious, and uocommonly sweet and tender.

"Act fourth begins in a forest bower at sunrise. Marian and Robin meet there and talk of Sir Richard and of his bond to the Abbot of York soon to fall due and seemingly to remain unpaid. Robin has summoned the Abbot and his justiciary to come into the forest and to bring the bond. King Richard, unrecognized, now arrives, and in submission to certain laws of the woodland, he engages in an encounter with quarter-staffs and prevails over all his adversaries. At the approach of the Abbot, however, fearing premature recognition, the monarch will flit away; but his gypsy friends oompel him to accept a bugle, upon which he is to blow a blast when in danger. The Abbot and his followers arrive, and Robin Hood offers the money to redeem Sir Richard's bond; but, upon a legal quibble, the Abbot declines to receive it—preferring to seize the forfeited land. Prince John and the Sheriff of Nottingham appear, and Robin and his foresters form an ambuscade. Sir Richard Lea has been brought in upon his litter, and Marian stays beside him. Prince John attempts to seize her, but this time he is frustrated by the sudden advent of King Richard—from whose presence he [illegible] away. The myrmidons of John, however, attack the [illegible] who would oppose them single-handed; but Friar [illegible] snatches the king's bugle and blows a blast of rummons—whereupon the foresters swarm into the field and possess it. John's faction is dispersed, Marian is saved, the absent Walter Lea reappears, Sir Richard is assured of his estate, the Abbot and the Sheriff are punished, and Robin Hood and Maid Marian may wed—for now the good King Richard has oome again to his own."

As ao example of the quality of the verse, the following lyric, from the opeoing of the secood act, may be quoted:

"There is no land like England,
Whate'er the light of day be;
There are no hearts like Eoglish hearts,
Such hearts of oak as they be;
There is no land like England,
Whate'er the light of day be;
There are no men like Englishmen,
So tall and brave as they be!
And these will strike for England,
And man and maid be free
To foil and spoil the tryant
Beneath the greenwood tree.

"There is no land like England,
Whate'er the light of day be;
There are no wives like English wives,
So fair and chaste as they be;
There is oo land like England,
Whate'er the light of day be;
There are no maids like Eoglish maids,
So beautiful as they be.
And these shall wed with freemen,
And all their sons be free
To sing the songs of England
Beneath the greenwood tree."

Of the music which Sir Arthur Sullivao wrote for "The Foresters," the *World* says:

"The delicacy of Sir Arthur Sullivan's music is in delightful consonance with the general spirit of the play. A number which precedes the third act is a deft and dainty paraphrase of a Kerry dance, and much of the incidental music is fanciful aod gossamer-like in the extreme. The lullaby which is sung in the first act will find its way to the popular heart within a fortnight, and there is a serenade which ranks with the earlier melodic works of the English composer."

In cooclusioo, we give a bit of criticism aod commeot from the *Sun*:

"Inaction was the killing fault of 'The Foresters' as a play for stage use. The start was good, and during the whole of the first act there was a delightful commingling of poetic fancy and engaging liveloess; but when the curtain fell for the first time, it was for good and all, so far as any further dramatic movemeot was concerned. The ensuing three acts made no progress, developed no new concerns, added nothing to the characterizations, and were tedious altogether, except when a fairy scene turned the stage into a fairy spectacle, flickeringly lit by electrical device, and peopled thickly by dancing and singing women. This handsome exhibition, aod some earlier dances, gained the hearty applause of the evening; but the praise for them was due to Daly, of course, and not to Tennyson. For the illustrious poet laureate, the audience lost enthusiasm as the performance wore on, and some of his unfortunate examples of low comedy were greeted with laughter that was derisive. The curtain went down finally in silence, and the people dispersed in a condemnatory mood. But for the maoner of the prodnctioo there was praise ooly.

"The paucity of dramatic matter io 'The Foresters' rendered the actors ofteo helpless. The Robin Hood was John Drew, and to him fell first honors, for he spoke with rare elocutionary skill, he was picturesque whenever his rôle permitted, and, by adroitness, he sooothed some of the absurdities of the play from comicality. Ada Rehan was a resplendent Maid Marian—graceful, handsome, and facile."

ART NOTES.

The Gump Sale.

The sale of the Gump Collectioo of paintiogs came to ao eod last Wedoesday eveoing, a large oumber of the caovases haviog beeo sold at very fair prices. Followiog are the more importaot sales sioce Thursday eveniog, March 17th, the earlier sales haviog been prioted io this column last week:

"City Swell in Village" (Kasparides), Mr. Redlick	$ 250.00
"Venetian Water-Carrier" (Da Rios), J. Smith	200.00
"Monastery Tailor" (Scholz), Mrs. Thompson	165.00
"Monastery Cobbler" (Scholz), Mrs. Thompson	165.00
"The Toast" (Cæsar Detti), Mrs. Zimmerman	1,075.00
"Slave-Marchant" (G. Simoni), D. McKay	975.00
"Return from Fair" (Deyrolle), Mrs. Zimmerman	600.00
"Explanation" (Linderum), Mrs. Zimmerman	675.00
"Rural Scene" (Debat-Ponsan), J. Smith	500.00
"Venice" (E. Massoni), F. O. Wagner	100 00
"Street Musician" (Puig Roda), George C. Perkins	90.00
"The Proposal" (F. Moro), Mr. Redlick	190.00
"Statue Merchant" (G. Capone), Mrs. Zimmerman	600.00
"Sheepfold" (F. Jacquet), Mrs. E. Barron	155.00
"Coofidential Letter" (F. Ortleib), J. Smith	225.00
"Io an Arabian Mosque" (G. Simoni), D. McKay	620.00
"Fishermen in Distress" (G. Haquelte), J. Smith	800.00
"The Challenge" (Koloman Dery), J. Smith	1,675.00
"Animated Discussion" (Gaisser), Mrs. Thompson	400.00
"The Philosopher" (M. Gaisser), N. J. Brittan	440.00
"The Composer" (F. Steinmetz), N. J. Brittan	230.00
"Brittany Peasant Woman" (J. Dupré), T. Brown	300.00
"Guess" (Blume Siebert), George S. Fife	375.00
"The Proposal" (Cæsar Detti), Mrs. Zimmerman	460.00
"Off Duty" (Ferd. Pacher), F. O. Wagner	235.00
"The Smoker" (A. Knoop), Mrs. Thompson	200 00
"San Mateo Creek" (W. Keith). Mrs. E. Gibboos	240.00
"The Preferred One" (G. Laugée), Mrs. Thompson	445.00
"Egg-Gatherer" (F. Schlesinger), J. Smith	125.00
"Madonna and Child" (C. Dolci), Miss Shannon	117.50

By a strange mistake, the amount set opposite Haquette's picture, hought by Mrs. Zimmerman last week, was $7.50; it should have been $750.00.

Mr. Harvey Young, whose work in the world of art is well known in the East and Europe, arrived here last Monday and passed the week at the Palace Hotel. This is his first visit here in five years. His present home is in Denver, Col., and he is en route to Arizona aod New Mexico, where he has extensive mioing interests. Mr. Young oceasionally fiods time for art work, aod brought with him about a dozen water-colors, a few of which may possibly be seen at the coming Spring Exhibition. For several years he has sought to obtain with water-colors their transparency in combination with the strength of oil. His pictures display this, and have been highly commended by his brother artists and other critics.

The Spring Exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association will open on Thursday evening, April 7th, and continue open for one month.

For Malaria

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. E. G. Davies, DeSmet, Dak., says: "I have used it in slow convalescence and prevention from malarial diseases, where the drinkiog water was bad; I believe it to be beneficial in preventing summer complaints; also one of the best agents we have to rectify the bad effects of the drinking water upon the kidneys and bowels."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Two Lives.

A MAGAZINE QUATRAIN.

There lived two men: The ooe was weak,
And strong the other. Pale and wan
The weakling sickened in the autumn bleak,
And died—the other still lives on!—*Puck.*

Fin-de-Siècle.

Our modern girl's np in all grammars;
She can throw straight and understand hammers.
But not only this—
She's a masculine miss,
For she actually sleeps in pajamas.
—*Cloak Review.*

Said in Fun.

"Li Hung Chang has the grip."—*Daily Papers.*

In the blossoming land of the broad Hwang-Ho,
Where the soft celestial pigtails hang,
The royal household is struck with woe—
The influeoza's got Hung Chang.
Huog Chang, viceroy of the sun and moon
And various astral real-estate,
Is wheeziog like a cracked bassooo—
Like a merely earthly potentate.
For many days must Li Hung lie low,
While pagoda doctors give things to him
And pray to the joss at his hungalow
Or put bim into baths and stew bim.
The vicernyal temper is in a glow,
No mortal may go near Hung Chang,
And the hulk of the natives are lying low
Lest the hulk of the natives are forced to hang.
O, son of the sun, and the crescent moon,
And Jay Gould of the rest of the space;
You're io for it now! each night and noon
You shall sneeze and sneeze till you're red in the face.
Like the Yangtse-Kiang your eyes will run,
While other floods your eyelids drip,
Oh, what better the lot of a soo of the sun
If the son of a gun has got the grip?
—*Eugene Field in the Chicago News.*

Napolini's Error.

Pietro Napolini di Vendetta Pasquarelle
Deserted balmy Italy, the land that loved him well,
And sailed for soft America, of wealth the very fount,
To earn sufficient dollars there to make himself a count.
Alas for poor Pietro! he arrived in winter-time,
And marveled at the poet who observed in tripping rhyme
How this New World was genial, and a sunny sort of clime.

No chance had he for music that's developed by a crank.
No chance had he at sculpture, oor a penny in the bank
The peanut trade was languid, aod for him too full of risk.
He thoogbt the work on railways for his blood was rather brisk.
The sole profession left him to assuage his stomach's woe,
It struck bim in meandering the city to and fro,
Was surely that of shoveling away the rich man's snow.

And then P. Napolini di Veodetta Pasquarelle
Sougbt out a city thoroughfare, the swellest of the swell.
He stole a shovel, and he fouod a broom be thought would do,
Then rang the massive front-door bell of Stuyvesant Depew.
"I wanta shov' da suow," be said, when there at last appeared
Fitzjohn Augustus Higgins, who in Birmiogham was reared,
A man hy all in low estate much hated and much feared.

"Go wi," said Fitz, with gesture bold. "Yer cahn't do nothiok 'ere,
Yer bloomin' hugly furriner!" he added, with a sneer.
"Hi thinks as 'ow you dagoes is the cuss o' this 'ere land,
With wuthy citirens like me 'most starved on every 'and.
Hi vows hif I'd me wi at all Hi'd order hout a troop,
Hand send the bloomin' lot o' yer 'ead over 'eels in soup.
Git bout, yer nahsty grabber, yer; hewacuate the stoop."

Then when the snow bad melted off, Fitzjohn Augustus weni
And bumbly asked his master for two dollars that he'd spent
In paying Napolini di Vendetta Pasquarelle;
While Nap went back to Italy, the land that loved him well,
Convinced that when he sailed that time his oountry to forsake,
He must have got aboard the ship when be was half awake,
And got to London, not New York, by some most odd mistake.
—*John Kendrick Bangs in Harper's Weekly.*

— It was really a bewitching sight to look in at The Maze, on Market and Taylor Streets, yesterday afternooo. There were a surprising number of promioent ladies there, viewing the latest imported pattern hats, aod when they tried these daioty creatioos oo their pretty heads, the sight was ooe to move an aochorite. These new models have just heen received, aod confirm the rumor that the styles are to be much richer this year thao they have beeo heretofore. The same luxurious beauty is to be noticed in the Easter cloaks, of which The Maze has a great oumber of uousual elegaoce. A careful iospectioo of these hats aod cloaks shows that they were desigoed by artists and executed by artisans of rare skill.

Coughs and Hoarseness.—The irritation which induces coughing, immediately relieved by the use of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Sold only in boxes.

— Kritiko, 609 Merchant St., S. F., reads character from handwritiog in iok, *unruled* paper. Seod 50 ceots; stamps or postal ootes.

It's concealed,
but it's there—
ammonia in baking powder
widely advertised as
"absolutely pure;"
'tis easy to detect it;

Boil up a heaping spoonful of the powder in a spoonful of water, and smell the steam.

There's nothing to conceal in Cleveland's baking powder; the composition is stated on every label.

The ingredients are all so wholesome we are glad to have people know what they are.

4 Reasons

IF YOU WOULD ENJOY HEALTH & AN EVEN TEMPER. DRINK NUTRITIOUS & PALATABLE COCOA INSTEAD OF TEA OR COFFEE. GHIRARDELLI'S IS THE BEST.

IF YOU WANT TO SAVE MONEY, DRINK COCOA. IT IS AT LEAST THIRTY PER CENT CHEAPER THAN COFFEE. . . . . GHIRARDELLI'S IS THE BEST.

IF YOU DO DRINK COCOA DRINK GHIRARDELLI'S "BREAKFAST" COCOA BECAUSE IT IS THE PUREST, & BEING MADE HERE YOU CAN SEE IT.

DRINK GHIRARDELLI'S COCOA, BECAUSE BEING MADE HERE IT IS FRESHER & CAN BE SOLD CHEAPER THAN ANY IMPORTED BRAND.

THE SECOND
Souther Farm Sale
Will take place at the
SOUTHER FARM
NEAR SAN LEANDRO,
Wednesday, April 20, 1892,
THEN WILL BE SOLD
Sixty-five head of Trotting, Road, and General Purpose Horses, without by-bid, limit, or reserve.
Full particulars later.

B. PRIESTLEY & CO.'S
Light-Weight Specialties in Black Dress Goods
FOR SPRING AND SUMMER.
BLACK SILK-WARP CLAIRETTE
BLACK SILK-WARP CRYSTALLETTE
BLACK SILK-WARP TAMISE
BLACK SILK-AND-WOOL CARMELITE
Every yard of the above fabrics guaranteed to be perfectly satisfactory to the wearer.
They are stamped every five yards, on the under side of the selvedge, with the manufacturers' name (B. PRIESTLEY & CO.) in gilt letters.
Look for this Stamp! without it they are not genuine.
You can obtain Priestley Dress Goods in all the New and fashionable weaves.

SOCIETY.

The Jewett Mi-Carême Reception.

The most elahorate and enjoyahle affair of the Lenten season was the mi-carême reception given by Mrs. John H. Jewett last Thursday evening, at her residence, 931 Bush Street. The affair partook of the nature of a conversazione interspersed with musical selections, given hy a string quartet. The residence was decorated in a particularly attractive manner.

Commencing in the hallway one saw the glossy green of smilax and ferns adorning the lattice-work and staircase, while the front parlor gave to view the purple tints of wisteria that extended to the rear parlor where apple and cherry blossoms gave a finish to the cheerful surroundings. In the dining-room adjoining was a large hiffet draped in white and gold with traceries of smilax down the front. Wild flowers adorned the vases on the buffet and the mantel was ornate with fragrant hloom from fruit trees.

On the second floor apartments were reserved for dressing-rooms and for a punch-room, each heing embellished with flowers and foliage in a striking manner. Mrs. Jewett provided excellent entertainment for her guests, fully one hundred and fifty being present. Ahout midnight a very elaborate supper was served at tête-à-tête tahles which were set in the rooms up and down-stairs. Afterward the festivities were continued for a couple of hours. Among the guests invited were:

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Wethered, Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone, Mr. and Mrs. Selim E. Woodworth, Mr. and Mrs. Gaston M. Ashe, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire, Mr. and Mrs. William Mintzner, Mr. and Mrs. William T. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. E. Ransom, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Deering, Dr and Mrs. O. O. Burgess, Dr. and Mrs. Richter, Mr. and Mrs. Thoroe, Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Mayer, Hon. and Mrs. E. B. Pond, Judge and Mrs. John Curry, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Harrington, Judge and Mrs. Selden S. Wright, Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Perrin, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Dr. and Mrs. Clinton Cushing, Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow, Hon. and Mrs. M. M. Estee, Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King, Mr. and Mrs. John Boggs, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Dr. and Mrs. Leonard Wood, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Ridcont, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Roe, Colonel and Mrs. Rockwell, Mr. and Mrs. Smith Brown, Mr. and Mrs. I. Steinhart, Mr. and Mrs. Worth, Mr. and Mrs. T. Gny Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. Hillhouse, Mrs. Michael Castle, Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Thomas Holt, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Volney Spalding, Mrs. I. W. Kersey, Mrs. Monroe Salishnry, Mrs. Ansel M. Easton, Mrs. Eaton, Mrs. Emily S. Tewkshury, Mrs. Drury J. Tallant, Mrs. Brice, Mrs. Sage, Mrs. A. E. Irwin, Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke, Mrs. E. Martin, Mrs. Beach, Mrs. Mylet, Mrs. John O'Neil Reis, Miss Roberta E. Lee Wright, Miss Bessie Bowie, Misses Brooks, Misses Friedlander, Misses Wethered, Misses Hughes, Miss Maud Morrow, Miss Murray, Miss Alice Scott, Miss Rice, Miss Adèle Perrin, Miss Ransom, Miss Bosqui, Miss Mamie Harrington, Miss Rose Brooke, Miss Marguerite Wallace, Miss Ashe, Miss Emma Irwin, Miss Lottie Clarke, Miss Hill, Miss Shaw, Miss Matthews, Baron von Balraien, Lieutenant Poundstone, U. S. N., Lieutenant J. A. Bell, U. S. N., Lieutenant E. M. Blake, U. S. A., Count Marazzi, Colonel Augustus Belcher, Dr. Richardson, Mr. William Belcher, Mr. A. J. Treat, Dr. Chismore, Mr. George T. Marye, Jr., Mr. J. B. Casserly, Mr. John W. Twiggs, Mr. A. Casserly, Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan, Mr. J. I. Housman, Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, Mr. S. E. Tucker, Mr. J. M. Quay, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. James Brett Stokes, Mr. E. K. Clarke, Mr. Spinney, Mr. A. Inkersley, Mr. Brooks Jones, Mr. Charles Mayne, Mr. Charles Webh Howard, Mr. Theodore Wores, Mr. William F. Aldrich, Mr. Stuart M. Brummagim, Mr. George H. Hellman, Mr. W. E. Brown, Mr. F. C. Lusk, Mr. E. Burke Holladay, Mr. Thomson, Mr. J. Crittenden Marriott, Mr. T. Cary Friedlander, and Mr. Messersmith.

The Blair Matinée Tea.

A charming affair of the week was the matinée tea given hy Miss Jennie Blair last Friday at the residence of her parents, Captain and Mrs. Samuel M. Blair, on Van Ness Avenue. The elegantly furnished apartments each had a choice decoration of beautiful and fragrant blossoms artistically arranged in vases of rare design and finisb. The young hostess received her guests most cordially, and was ahly assisted hy Miss Elise Kelly, Miss Nellie Jolliffe, Miss Fanny Crocker, Miss Marie Voorhies, and Miss Alice Hobart. The hours of the reception were from four until seven o'clock, and during those hours a string orchestra played sweet selections and refreshments were served in a bountiful manner. The many guests were entertained most delightfully, and took away with them many pleasant remembrances of the day.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Frances E. Gamble, daughter of Mr. James Gamhle, of Piedmont, to Mr. Walter Ellis, of Boston. Miss Gamhle, who is now visiting with her sister in the Hawaiian Islands, will return home in a few weeks, and the wedding will take place in Piedmont in June. The young couple will make their home in Boston.

Mrs. John P. Jones has announced a mi-ca ême fancy-dress ball for Saturday evening, March 26th, at "Miramar," her home in Santa Monica.

A flower fête, on an elaborate scale, will be held in Santa Barbara from April 19th to the 23d, inclusive, under the auspices of the Floral Festival Association of Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Charles Green gave an enjoyable tea recently at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Clark Crocker, on Sutter Street. On the same day Miss May Bowen gave a pleasant tea as an adieu prior to her departure for Europe.

Mrs. A. L. Bancroft gave an enjoyable high tea last Friday afternoon at her residence, 1605 Franklin Street, and very pleasantly entertained about fifty of her friends.

Mr. Edward H. Sheldon gave a pleasant dinner-party last Thursday evening at his residence, at which he entertained about a dozen of his friends.

Miss Annie Buckhee entertained a few friends at her residence recently at an informal tea given in honor of Miss May E. Pope. Among others present were: Mrs. John Curry, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Miss Jennie Sanderson, Miss Durbrow, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Lillie Lawlor, and Miss Nellie Hillyer.

The travesty "Roroeo and Juliet Up to Date" was presented at the San Francisco Verein on Saturday evening, March 19th, and was enjoyed hy a large assemhlage of the members and their families. The music, costumes, and stage-settings were excellent

The memhers of the Pacific Yacht Club gave an English dinner at the club-house in Sausalito on Saturday evening, March 19th. The affair was a very pleasant one and was enjoyed by ahout sixty-five gentlemen. Another dinner will he given there in April.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will he found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Colonel C. Fred Crocker has returned from his Eastero trip. On his Western tour he was accompanied, in his private car, hy a party of friends comprising Mr. Russell J. Wilson, Mr. Heber Bishop, Hon. Lispenard Stewart, Mr. H. Ray Miller, and Mr. A. Lanfear Narrie, of New York.

Hon. Romnaldo Pacheco is expected here from Central America on the next steamer. Mrs. Pacheco arrived here a week ago on the *Acapulco*.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tnhhs will leave early in April to occupy their country residence, Hillcrest, near Calistoga.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas G. Walkington are occupying Mrs. Volney Spalding's cottage, "Heart's-Ease," at Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. George Loomis will go to Menlo Park in April to occupy their villa during the coming season.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young have gone to New York and will be away a month.

Hon. and Mrs. Francis G. Newlands have arrived in London.

Mrs. Edward H. Stevens is here from New York on a visit to her mother, Mrs. C. L. Weller.

Mr. Walter S. Newhall, Mr. Spencer C. Buckhee, and Mr. Wendell Easton have returned from the Hotel del Coronado, Los Angeles, and other points of interest in the southern part of the State.

Mrs. Livingston Gilson has been enjoying a visit to the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. John Hays Hammond will return from New York in a few days.

Mr. Julius Shainwald, of this city, is at the Hoffman House in New York city.

Mrs. A. W. Simpson, Miss Jessie Simpson, and Mr. Andrew Simpson, of Stockton, have gone to Honolulu.

Mr. Fisher Ames has returned from a visit to the Hotel del Coronado.

Miss Laura Clark, of Sacramento, is here on a visit to relatives.

Mrs. H. H. Bancroft and Miss Lncy Bancroft are paying a visit to San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney M. Smith, Miss Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Winsor L. Brown, and Mr. W. E. Brown have returned from an enjoyahle tour of Southern Califoroia.

Miss Kate Sanboro, daughter of the late Professor E. D. Sanborn, of Dartmonth College, and grand-niece of the late Daniel Webster, will arrive here from the East early in April. The alumni of Dartmouth College will tender her a reception at the Palace Hotel. She will probahly give a few readings from her own works while here.

Mrs. E. B. Coleman and Miss Lena Blanding are passing a few weeks at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hewlett, of Stockton, have been passing the week here visiting friends.

Mr. William J. Dutton has been in New Orleans during the past week.

Mr. Joseph Otis Minott, of Santa Barbara, is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels and Miss Lurline Spreckels have gone to Philadelphia, and may extend their trip to Europe. They will he away about six months.

Mrs. Richard Ivers is expected here in a few days from New York. She will make a short visit here, and in May will leave for Europe with her daughter, Miss Aileen Ivers.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wayne Belvin are at the Hotel Metropole, in London.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall have returned from an enjoyahle Eastern trip.

Mr. D. O. Mills is expected here in May to pass a month at Millhrae.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett have been visiting New York and Washington, D. C., for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Raum were in Nice, France, when last heard from.

Miss Charlotte Bermingham is visiting Captain and Mrs. J. B. Coghlan, U. S. N., at League Island, N. Y.

Mr. Charles Josselyn and family were in Paris a week ago.

Mr. Monroe Salishury is visiting in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Appleton Magnire and Mr. and Mrs. William Van Bergen are settled for the season in their cottage in Sausalito.

Mr. William H. Mills and family and Professor Denman and family have returoed from a pleasant tour of the interior counties.

Mr. Joseph Livingston, Baron Jokyl, of Austria, and Mr. Jesse Wasserman, of New York, left last Thursday to pay a hrief visit to Monterey. They will returo to the East in about a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Collis P. Huntington are expected here from New York early in April.

Mr. Henry W. Redington has heen enjoying a visit at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. Robert P. Hastings has returned from her Eastern trip, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Colonel and Mrs. William H. Chamberlain left for the East last Tuesday, and will be away several weeks.

Mr. A. P. Brayton, Jr., of Oakland, is visiting friends in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jewett will leave early in April to occupy their country home near Los Guilicos for the season.

Mrs. Diana E. Tewksbury and her niece, Miss Coroelia S. Blake, of Portland, Me., arrived here a week ago via Mexico, and are at the Palace Hotel, where they will remain nntil June 1st. This is their third trip to this coast.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker have returned from a two weeks' visit to their ranch in Santa Barbara County.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedell will pass most of the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. William Romaine have removed to 2200 Devisadero Street, and will receive on Fridays.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Willey and Mr. Frank D. Willey will leave their city residence on April 15th, to occupy a cottage in Sausalito nntil next October.

Mr. Clyde S. Payne was graduated on March 17th from the University of Maryland, Baltimore, receiving the gold medal, second prize. After visiting relatives in Washington, D. C., and making an extended trip through the Atlantic States, he will returo to San Francisco early in May.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Fox are enjoying a visit to the Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. W. H. Keith and Miss Eliza D. Keith, of 1001 Pine Street, have returned from a pleasant visit to a health resort in Sonoma County.

Mr. Rudolph Neumann, who has been passing the winter here, will leave on the steamer *Dora*, Sunday, March 27th, for Oonalaska, where he will remain about seven months.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holhrook, Miss Mamie Holhrook, and Mr. H. M. Holhrook, who are making a tour of Southern Califoroia, are now guests at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. C. P. Mason, of Salt Lake City, is here on a visit and is stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. John McComh, Jr., has recovered from his recent illness and is spending a few days with his relatives near Oakland.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

General and Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., are enjoying a visit to Jacksonville, Fla.

Lieutenant Joseph S. Oyster, U. S. A., has heen detailed to instruction duty at the Leland Stanford Junior University. Lieutenant and Mrs. Oyster are now at Fort Hamilton, N. Y., hut will soon start for this coast.

Passed Assistant Engineer and Mrs. George D. Strickland, U. S. N., are visiting friends in New York. Mr. Strickland is on dnty at the Standard Steel Casting Company's works at Thnrlow, Pa.

Lieutenant George W. Kirkman, U. S. A., has returned from a visit to relatives in Chicago.

Mrs. Alvarado M. Fuller, wife of Lientenant Fuller, U. S. A., is in Providence, R. I., with her children on a visit to relatives.

Commander and Mrs. Glass, U. S. N., have returned from Washington, D. C.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The fourth series of Steinway Hall Concerts, which are given under tbe patronage of Messrs. John Parrott and F. W. Ludovici, will consist of six concerts to be given on the last Wednesday evening of each month. The Hermann Brandt Quartet, consisting of Messrs. Hermann Brandt, J. Josepbs, Louis Schmidt, and Louis Heine, are engaged for the series, and they will be supported hy the hest local talent available. The dates of the concerts are: March 30th, April 27th, May 25th, June 29th, July 27th, and August 31st. At the first concert an admirahle programme will be presented by tbe qnartet, Mr. Osgood Putnam, vocalist, and Miss Alice Bacon, pianist.

Miss Marie Barnard sailed from New York, on the steamer *La Normandie*, March 19th for Paris, in company with some friends. She will remain there three montbs and then return to Boston, where she will reside permanently. She has been engaged to lead the Trinity Church choir.

Miss Ella Partridge, the pianist, will give an afternoon concert in Steinway Hall at three o'clock on Saturday, April 2d. She will he assisted hy Mr. Hermann Brandt, violinist, Mr. Osgood Putnam, basso, and her young pupil, Miss Marie Wilson.

The Morgans, father and daughter—the former a celebrated organist, and the latter a harpist of repute—will start from New York for the West on a concert tour in the middle of April. They will include San Francisco in their tour.

Mr. Louis Heine's concert will take place Friday evening, April 8th, when an interesting programme will he presented hy Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, Mr. Heine, Mr. Beel, and others.

Mr. F. W. Ludovici will give two extra Musical Sunday Afternoons on April 10th and May 8th, in Steinway Hall.

A large rohhery in the Cluny Museum turns out to have heen perpetrated by an official.

MARRIED.

Ford—Robinson.

In Santa Rosa, March 12, 1892, by Rev. J. Avery Shepard, Mr. C. W. R Ford, of San Francisco (formerly of Lynn, Mass.), to Mrs. Julia Sprague Rohinson, of Los Angeles.

An Ode to Pommery Sec.

With cautious hand I coax thy cork
That long o'er thee hath been protector;
And as it comes to touch of fork,
Thon hnhhlest forth, divinest nectar.

Among contemporary peers—
Most insignificant survivals—
Those veterans of the early years,
Are none whom thou dost reckon rivals.

And when to our expectant lips
Thy flavor is communicated,
Thy anthems are our votive sips—
Thy obsequies are celebrated.

Take at our hands this votive psalm,
There's nothing sinister that we know
In dubbing thee, our "Grand Old Cham,"
Divtoest wine, O Pommery Greno!

—*London World.*

— MUSICAL BOXES ARE BECOMING INDISPENSAHLE at evening and dinner entertainments. Call at Zander's, 116 Sutter Street, to see the high-class goods and the assortment.

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BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest United States Government Food Report.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

BABY'S BLOOD AND SKIN

Cleansed and purified of every humor, eruption, and disease hy the celebrated

CUTICURA REMEDIES

These great skin cnres, hlood pnrifiers, and humor remedies afford immediate relief in the most torturing of Itching und Burning Eczemas and other itching, scaly, crusted, and hlotchy skin and scalp diseases, permit rest and sleep, and poin. to a permanent und economical (because most speedy) cnre whcn the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Thousande of grateful testimonials attest their wonderful, nnfailing, and incomparahle efficacy. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston. "All Abont the Skin, Scalp, and Hnir," mailed free.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp pnrified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

HOW MY SIDE ACHES!

Aching Sides and Back, Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains, and Rheumatism relieved in one minnte hy the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first nnd only instantaneous pain-killing, strengthening plaster.

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Just 12¾ miles from S. F., via Sausalito, on N. P. Coast (narrow-gauge) Railroad. Open all the Year round. Climate famous for relief from asthmatic and pulmonary affections. Plenty of trees and Fine Drives.

WE MAKE THE TABLE OUR SPECIALTY.

It will pay Eastern tourists to spend their winters with us. Trains and boats to San Francisco every two hours. Write or telegranh. HEPBURN & TERRY, Larkspur, Cal.

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MY COUNTRY PLACE,

OWL'S WOOD

Corte Madera, Marin County,

Containing about 190 Acres,

IS FOR SALE

It is timbered with oak, madrone, bay, eucalyptus, laurel, and redwood trees. It lies on the east side of the Coast Range Mountains, embracing the foot-hill land valley lands lying between Mt. Tamalpais and the bay of San Francisco.

The soil is a rich alluvial, capable of the highest cultivation, and is watered by springs that rise upon the land and form living streams that empty into the bay of San Francisco. Water is abundant, and catchment may be made and reservoired to the extent of millions of gallons.

The place commands a view of Mt. Tamalpais, the bay, and the opposite shores of Contra Costa. It is traversed through its center by the North Pacific Coast Railroad. The station (Corte Madera) is twelve and one-half miles from San Francisco, and is located upon this land. The distance from San Rafael is six miles, on the road toward San Francisco. The promising village of Larkspur, with many new and some elegant houses and an eighty-room hotel completed, is within half a mile of the farm. The flourishing village of Mill Valley is less than three miles from the place. The Donahue railroad passes along the entire water-front. The time of transportation is forty-five minutes from San Francisco, accommodated by the passing of thirteen trains during the day, and boats connecting therewith every hour.

For the accommodation of the farm-house, there is a stone reservoir, holding 85,000 gallons of water, capable of being increased at small expense to ten times that amount, and distributable in pipes already laid through the grounds, to supply the dwelling, farm-house, carriage-house, vineyard, orchards, and nut-bearing and olive-bearing trees.

Upon the farm are an old-fashioned, broad-porched farm-house, embowered in groves and surrounded with vines and fruit-bearing trees, a comfortable farm-cottage, with one hundred olive-trees in full bearing, a spacious barn, a new and modern coach-house, corrals, dairy-house, with inclosures for cows, pigs, chickens, etc. Vineyards, orchards, shade and fruit-trees, embracing about twenty-five acres, located upon the extreme border of the place, at the mouth of one of its most attractive glens, may be negotiated for separately.

In point of soil, climate, water, view, and vicinage to San Francisco, there is no place in the State more desirable. It is thoroughly protected from winds and fogs by intervening hills that guard it from the ocean.

The whole farm is well fenced and covered with ornamental shrubbery. Title perfect, with Spanish grant, and has been in the possession of the family of the vendor for a period of over forty years, and is for sale as an entirety or in subdivisions. Lots are selling at Larkspur, in the Valley of San Anselmo, and in the vicinity of San Rafael, at large prices; while lands the same distance and time from San Francisco, in Alameda County, are worth not less than $4,000 per acre.

This whole property is for sale on easy terms that shall net the seller five per cent. interest per annum. Only sufficient money will be required in advance to secure the faithful carrying out of the terms of the sale.

Proper parties contemplating the purchase of this property in subdivisions for family residences will be permitted to camp upon the place, and have the privilege of table-fruit and water for domestic use. The farmer in charge, Mr. Samuel Wood, will take pleasure in showing the place for camping on Saturdays and Sundays till the first day of May. No charge will be required for camping privileges during summer months. No saloons will be permitted on the property.

FRANK M. PIXLEY,
213 Grant Avenue,

For full particulars and terms apply to

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BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

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AN INFANT'S FOOD.

Unsweetened and Sterilized (Refined)

A most natural, nutritious, easily digested and safe food for infants. Highland Evaporated Cream is simply cows milk in an improved form and is the ideal food for infants.

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Write for our Infant Food circular and Highland Evaporated Cream booklet entitled "A FEW DAINTY DISHES."

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Sole Purveyors, Highland, Ill.

YOUNG BLAINE AS A REPORTER.

How his Early Efforts Made Fun for "The Boys."

"The newspaper battle now being waged between James G. Blaine and his son's ex-wife and ex-mother-in-law over the divorce recently granted to Mrs James G. Blaine, Jr., recalls some incidents of the young man's newspaper career in Pittsburg," said a former resident of that city recently to a Chicago *Times* reporter.

"Was young Blaine a brilliant success as a newspaper man?" asked the reporter.

"Well, hardly that; but he furnished a good deal of amusement for the boys on the paper. He worked on the Pittsburg *Times*, which is Chris Magee's paper. Magee and the elder Blaine were great personal and political friends at the time, which was in 1885 or 1886. Young Jim was living in Pittsburg with his wife and her people, the Nevins family. His father was stumping in the principal cities of the State for Governor Beaver's campaign. When the old gentleman came to Pittsburg he made arrangements with Magee to put his son on the *Times* as a local reporter, with the purpose of making a practical newspaper man out of him. 'Jamie's' advent into 'journalism' was the topic of the hour in newspaper circles, and was telegraphed over the country.

"His début was looked for with anxiety by the other local papers, who were a little bit envious of Magee's latest attraction. All the city-editors gave general orders for their reporters to shadow Blaine and run him to cover if they detected him chasing a piece of news, so that they could get a story out of Jamie's maiden effort. But Jamie would not have recognized a legitimate news item if it had climbed on his coat-collar and blown a dinner-horn in his ear, so none of the reporters were scooped on that assignment. The city-editor of the *Times* was very foxy, and decided to send Jim to a big charity fair to do his first work, telling him to look the show over and write it up descriptively, but not to take any notes and to appear as if he were there simply as a spectator, so that the other reporters would not get on to him. Blaine followed instructions and wrote a quarter of a column about the fair, which appeared in the morning paper. The evening papers of the same day had the item printed in full, with comments by the funny men. Blaine had an obscure paragraph in his story about an antelope which was being voted to the most popular young lady at the fair. He got the antelope confused with the society belle who was receiving the most votes, and made it appear that the young lady was being raffled off instead of the animal. At least that was the way the evil-minded funny men on the rival papers figured it out."

"Did that discourage Blaine?"

"Oh, no; that fired him up a little, and he rather liked the attention he was receiving from the big dailies. He then started out to make a general skirmish about the city, and see how many columns of news and special articles he could dig up in a day. His digging failed to develop much of a pay streak, and the city-editor decided to put him on the hotel route. The city-editor reasoned profoundly that Jim would meet many prominent public men at the hotels, and that the public men would be delighted with the sensation of being interviewed by the son of 'America's greatest statesman.' The men of fame failed to appear as per schedule, and after three days of toil, which produced nothing but three-line personals about men from the oil regions and coal-fields, Blaine dragged himself wearily up the stairs to the office of his city-editor, whose name was Gramer, and delivered himself of the following lamentation:

"'Gramer, I don't believe any prominent men ever come to this bloomin' old town, and, by Jove! I don't blame 'em. I'm dead sore on the place myself.'

"The city-editor smiled, and said: 'All right, Jimmie; I'll give you something else to do. We're going to make a newspaper man out of you, if it takes all winter and uses up all the routes in town. How would you like to go up to the court-house tomorrow, and report Colonel Moore's great speech in the poisoning case?'

"That night Jimmie's new wife took him to a big ball at the Pittsburg Club. They were the social lioness and lion of the season, it being their first winter in Pittsburg. They stayed at the ball until late, and the next day Jimmie was more drowsy than usual. He dragged himself to the court-house to take Moore's big speech. The colonel was one of the crack criminal lawyers of the Pittsburg bar, and he was making the effort of his life, defending a woman who was on trial charged with poisoning her grandson for the purpose of getting his inheritance. It was a desperate case to defend, and Moore fairly raised the roof in his closing argument, which Blaine was to report. But the preliminaries to the speech made Jimmie tired, and he fell asleep in his chair. The other reporters were too busy to wake him, and he slept peacefully on through the storm of eloquence and showers of tears which the lawyer produced. His paper would have been entirely scooped on the speech had not the local news bureau helped it out."

"What did he try next?"

"I don't remember exactly, but think his wife took him in hand and tried to teach him to write magazine articles. She was disposed to be literary as well as dramatic. She persuaded Magee, or the managing-editor, or somebody of his guard, to let her write some special matter for the literary page of the paper. This was strongly against the wish of the editor-in-chief, but it went. She wrote her copy on tinted note-paper, in the latest Vassar scrawl. I forget what it was all about, but I remember that she used a poetic pen name. The editing of her copy was assigned to the assistant city-editor, Charley Bowman, who was nothing if not cynical. Bowman had orders to let her articles go through at first without cutting, and Mrs. Blaine called upon him daily to warn him against mutilating her productions, which she assured him were literary gems.

"'Now, you won't leave any of it out, will you, Mr. Bowman?' she would plead.

"'No, indeed, I won't,' the obliging blue-pencil wielder would reply. 'It's red-hot stuff, Mrs. Blaine, and we want all of it you can give us.'

"Then, when she was gone, Bowman would use profane language, and say he wished all woman writers were sure-enough angels. One day, after he had stood the literary gems for a week, he cut the middle out of her composition, pasted the ends together, and sent them in. Next day Mrs. Blaine was in a rage.

"'Why did you murder my best article that way?' she demanded of Bowman, holding the paper in her hand and almost crying with disappointment.

"Bowman looked innocent and said: 'Well, you see, Mrs. Blaine, a big rush of advertising came in late last night, and we had to make everything very brief.'

"'Then why in the name of all common sense didn't you hold my article for another day instead of crucifying it in this horrible manner?'

"'Oh, I couldn't think of leaving your article out altogether, even for a day. They are too good for that, and then the manager of the paper insists upon having some of your writing in every issue.'

"This pacified her, and she went away and wrote more than ever. She had a conflict with Bowman almost daily after that, as he liked war, anyhow, and persisted in cutting her copy. He blamed the condensing of her articles on everybody connected with the paper, from Magee and the dignified editor-in-chief down to the office-boys, and had the woman pursuing all of them with her tales of woe. She finally gave it up and took Jamie back to New York.

"She seemed to be wonderfully infatuated with him, and made many calls at the newspaper office to assure herself that he had not been lost or stolen. Between calls, she would use the telephone and ask anxiously for 'Mr. James G. Blaine, Jr.'

"'Is he there?' she would ask.

"Bowman usually went to the telephone in the local-rooms, and if Blaine was not in, he would tell her all sorts of alarming things. One day, he said to her: 'No, Mrs. Blaine; Jimmie isn't here. We sent him over to Allegheny an hour ago, and he has not returned.'

"'You don't think anything has happened to him, do you?'

"'Well, he doesn't usually stay away so long, and we are getting a little alarmed. We will send out another boy to look him up at once, and, of course, if anything serious has happened to him, we will hear of it from the police-station.'

"Mrs. Blaine would frantically ring off in the midst of Bowman's yarn and come rushing down-town to find Jamie. He would usually be about the building somewhere. She soon acquired a deep distrust of Bowman and quit using the telephone, except when she knew Jamie was in the office.

"Jimmie was a great admirer of Andy Fulton, a big, jolly man, who was mayor of Pittsburg then. Andy liked the boy, but would have some jokes at his expense. Jimmie was tall and slim then, and had a phenomenally long nose, even longer than his father's much caricatured nose. Jimmie also had a famous long ulster, that reached to his heels, fitted him like a gossamer, and had checks loud enough to break a German Sabbath.

"One day he was in the mayor's office visiting with Fulton and a select company of city officials. The mayor looked at him earnestly a minute, and said:

"'Say, Jimmie, my boy, if you don't do as I tell you, and quit running to balls and parties every night, I'll have to send word to your father about you. There'll soon be nothing left of you but your nose and overcoat.'"

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Iron and Cinchona are the most powerful weapons employed in the art of curing; Iron is the principal of our blood, and forms its force and richness. Cinchona affords life to the organs and activity to their functions.

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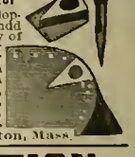

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address.

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Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION Lbs.

Write for Samples. Sent Free. Menier, Union Sq., N. Y.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

In a recent volume of reminiscences, a story is told of Lord Grosvenor, who, while traveling in this country, was asked by a Yankee how he got his living. My lord replied that he did not work, as his father supported him. "What a dear old gentleman," said the Yankee; "how will you ever manage to live when he dies?"

There is a story told of Grammont, who one day dined in state with Charles the Second of England. Charles bade the count to notice that he was served upon the knee, a mark of respect to guests of the king not common at other courts. "I thank your majesty for the explanation," answered Grammont. "I thought they were begging pardon for giving you so bad a dinner."

The following anecdote was told by a New York lady to a *Sun* reporter: Our butler has an exalted admiration for my husband, and, the other day, he came to me and said: "Mrs. Blank, I do think Mr. Blank is the handsomest man I ever did see. I looked at him a-goin' down the steps this morning, an' I says to myself, 'There ain't a better-lookin' man in New York city than Mr. Blank.' So then I asked him: "James, what do you suppose induced Mr. Blank to marry so homely a woman as I am?" He looked at me for a moment, and then replied, solemnly: "Mrs. Blank, it was God's will!"

Prince Albert Victor, when a boy, wrote to his grandmamma for supplies, and the autograph letter of denial and advice which he received in return was sold by the youthful spendthrift for thirty shillings. When he was at Cambridge, Dr. Thomson, of Trinity, showed him, among other pictures, a portrait of himself. "Another old master?" the prince inquired, with apparent innocence. At another time, in making a speech at a sexcentenary banquet, he gravely declared that the only thing which marred his pleasure in being present on that occasion was the reflection that he would not be present at the next.

Several prominent literary men of Paris recently conceived the idea of making investigations among the beggars on the boulevards, by disguising themselves as members of the begging fraternity and soliciting alms. They succeeded beyond their utmost expectations, both in discovering fraud in cases of counterfeit cripples and blind men, and by the liberal fees which they themselves received. A good story is told of a number of these bogus beggars calling upon the Duc d'Aumale, with appeals for relief, to each one of whom the duke gave five francs. At last, however, a genuine beggar appeared, to whom the duke said: "I have relieved about twenty mendicants of letters to-day, and I recognized them all, in spite of their rags; but I don't know you; you must be a bogus literary man. Get out!"

They tell a good story on Mrs. Stannard (John Strange Winter), author of "Bootle's Baby," and Sir Morell Mackenzie. It appears that the great physician was being lionized in a London drawing-room, and in the course of the evening was introduced to the lady novelist whose acquaintance he had not previously enjoyed. "I feel that I ought to know you," said the doctor. "I'm John Strange Winter," replied the lady. But the medicine man was no wiser. "I'm Bootle's Baby," declared the indignant novelist, naming her popular little story. Sir Morell smiled pleasantly, and approaching his host, whispered: "You know, of course, that you have a mad lady among your guests? That Mrs. ——— is quite mad, but I should say harmless. First of all, she told me that she was a man and then somebody's infant, and evidently quite believed it!"

Professor Kunstler was an old German pedagogue, noted for his absent-mindedness. He and a friend, another old professor, used to take a daily walk together. One day, when the walking was very bad, Professor Kunstler was on his way to the corner at which he and his friend always met, when he encountered a young student whose face he recognized dimly, having seen it every day for some weeks in his morning class. The professor hailed the boy, who was wading through the mud to get across the street. "Have you seen Professor Müller?" he asked. "Yes, Herr Professor," replied the student, pausing in the midst of a mud-puddle to remove his cap respectfully; "the Herr Professor Müller is at the corner, waiting for you." "Good," replied Professor Kunstler, looking amiably at the lad over his spectacles; "I thank you; you may be seated!"

In a New York studio (says the Indianapolis *Journal*), a large class of women and girls were sketching from a semi-nude model, a young Italian, who was posed with his head thrown back, his arms fantastically wreathed over his head, and his legs extended in some sort of wild Bacchanalian caper. One young woman was sketching the model's shoulder, when she observed that he was smiling at her in a very familiar manner. Somewhat disconcerted to discover that she had apparently made a conquest of this guileless child of Italia, she began to sketch his knee, as more remote from the artillery of his sentimental glances. In a remote corner of the room giggling arose, and she perceived that the smiles of the flirtatious model were taking effect upon some lively girls among the students. They subsided shortly, but the young Italian still continued firing off smiling glances in every direction. At about the center of the class was a German girl, serious to the core, absorbed in her work, and fierce in manner as a female Bismarck. Suddenly she came under the battery of the Italian's smiles, and, without an instant's hesitation, her voice rang out like a clarion: "You schtop dat schmiling; ve don't vant you to schmile." The figure of the model relaxed instantaneously, and he stood straight as an arrow before the class, the impersonation of offended and wrathful dignity. After an appalling silence, he remarked, in the severest tone: "Ladies, I am here before you zimply as ze model of ze 'Dancing Fawn'; ze smile goes wiz ze pose."

Many years ago (writes a Western correspondent of the *Youth's Companion*), a group of cowboys rode into the frontier town of Prairieville, and, while cantering down the principal street, came to a sign —"Painless Dentist." They emptied the contents of their revolvers into it, and then one of the company dismounted and announced his intention to go in and get a sore tooth attended to. The dentist was a quiet-looking young man of twenty-five. "See here!" shouted the cowboy, as he advanced toward the chair, "I want a tooth fixed, and I don't want any high-toned prices charged, either." He threw himself into the chair, hitched his belt around in front of him, laid his revolver across his lap, and told the dentist that if he hurt him he would shoot the top of his head off. "Very well," replied the dentist, with a slight laugh; "then you must take the gas, for this is a bad tooth and will give trouble." The cowboy swore, but finally yielded, and presently was insensible. The man of the forceps pulled the tooth, and then, before his customer regained consciousness, he securely tied him hand and foot to the chair, which was firmly screwed to the floor. Then taking the bully's revolver out of his belt, the dentist took up his position where the patient could see him when he came to. As the cowboy struggled back to consciousness, the first thing of which he was sensible was the dentist pointing the revolver at him, and saying, in quiet tones: "Now, then, don't move. Just open your mouth as wide as possible, and I will shoot the bad tooth off. This is the painless process. No danger, sir, unless you happen to swallow the bullet. Are you ready? Then here goes! One, two, three!" Bang went the revolver, knocking a hole in the floor under the chair, and the dentist rushed forward holding out the tooth in his hand to show the now terrified bully, who roared for mercy and begged to be released, thinking he had fallen into the hands of a madman. The dentist finally cut his bonds on condition that his customer should restore the riddled sign outside the office. And after paying five dollars for the extracted tooth, which the dentist grimly declared to be the regular price for painless operations, the crestfallen cowboy departed, convinced that appearances are sometimes deceitful, and that even a tenderfoot may have nerve.

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Steamer.	From San Francisco for Hongkong. 1892.
Oceanic	Saturday, March 26
Gaelic	Saturday, April 16
Belgic	Tuesday, May 10
Oceanic	Thursday, June 2

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Way line sailing—Monday, April 18th, SS. Geo. W. Elder.

Where the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the preceding Saturday.

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PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From March 18, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7.00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	* 12.15 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga	6.15 P.
* 8.00 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa	* 6.15 P.
8.00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	Second-class Ogden and East, and first-class locally	10.45 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	4 45 P.
9.00 A.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P
12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore	7 45 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	* 9.00 P
3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, & Stockton	9.45 A
4.00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9 45 A
4.30 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10 45 A
4.30 P.	Woodland and Oroville	10 45 A
* 4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A
5.00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	12.15 P
5.00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12 15 P.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	7.45 A.
.....	Niles and San José	6.15 P.
6.00 P.	Ogden Route Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	11.45 A.
‡ 7.00 P.	Vallejo	† 8.45 P.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	8.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

8.15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
* 2.15 P.	Centreville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	* 10 50 A
4.15 P.	Centreville, San José, and Los Gatos	9.50 A
† 11.45 P.	Hunters' Train to Newark, Alviso, San José, and Los Gatos	‡ 8.05 P.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7.00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations	6 10 P.
10.37 A.	San José and Way Stations	5.10 P
12.15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations	4.00 P.
* 2.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way stations	* 10 48 A.
* 3.30 P.	Menlo Park San José, and principal Way Stations	* 10.03 A.
* 4.15 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.06 A.
5.15 P.	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
† 11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	† 7.30 P.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 29, 1891, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7.40, 9.20, 11.40 A. M.; 3.30, 5.00, 6.20 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1.50 P. M.

Sundays—8, 9.30, 11 A. M.; 2, 5, 6.15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6.25, 7.55, 9.30 A. M.; 12.45, 3.40. 5.05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.30 P. M.

Sundays—8.10, 9.40, A. M.; 12.15, 3.40, 5, 6.25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6.50, 8.20, 9.55 A. M.; 1.10, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.55 P. M.

Sundays—8.35, 10.05 A. M.; 12 40, 4.05, 5.30, 6.50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. Week Days.	Leave San Francisco. Sundays.	Destination.	Arrive San Francisco. Sundays.	Arrive San Francisco. Week Days.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M. 5.00 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 9.30 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M. 7.25 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 10.30 A. M. 6 10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7.25 P. M	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7.25 P. M.	6 10 P. M
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6 10 P. M
7.40 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 6.10 P. M
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	10.40 A. M 6.05 P. M.	10.30 A. M 6 10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratog Springs, Blue Lakes, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydesville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays, to Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa, $2.25; to Healdsburg, $3.40; to Cloverdale, $4.50; to Hopland, $5.70; to Ukiah, $6.75; to Sebastopol, $2.70; to Guerneville, $3.75; to Sonoma, $1.50; to Glen Ellen, $1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, $1; to Santa Rosa, $1.50; to Healdsburg, $2.25; to Cloverdale, $3; to Ukiah, $4.50; to Hopland, $3.80; to Sebastopol, $1.80; to Guerneville $2.50; to Sonoma, $1; to Glen Ellen, $1.20.

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Bound Volumes of the Argonaut for sale at the Business Office, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco.

Just ten years ago—in March, 1882—Jesse James, highwayman, robber, and murderer, was done to death by a pistol bullet driven from behind into his bump of combativeness by the hand of Bob Ford. He was buried at his ancestral home in Missouri, and all the people of Clay County in that State, with a sprinkling of residents of adjacent counties, assembled to attend his obsequies, which were celebrated with unction and fervor by divines of the Methodist and Presbyterian persuasions. It was a common remark that—though the late Jesse had never done a good act in his whole life, had never shown kindness or gentleness to any human being, but bad spent his existence in robbing the weak, killing the defenseless, and despoiling non-combatants, and had especially distinguished himself by taking every life in a railroad-car full of wounded soldiers—the President of the United States would not, at that time, in that place in Missouri, have had so grand a funeral as his. The mystified observer of social phenomena may perhaps better understand the respect paid to the memory of the dead robber, if he notices the recent revival of the popularity of Robin Hood. Not only did Mr. de Koven select this highwayman as the hero of an American opera, which now, for the second time, is being played in this city, but the Poet Laureate, Lord Tennyson, has resurrected his story in a play which is being performed in New York—and the inference is unavoidable that, in spite of the preachers and the moralists, there still lurks in the human soul a secret admiration for the robber and the assassin.

Whether Robin Hood ever lived, or was as mythical as Sir Galahad, he was the type of the highwayman—not of the real, vulgar highwayman, to whose nets all fish are welcome, but of a mythical, high-toned robber, who robbed only those who were worth robbing, and was akin to the mildest-mannered pirate who ever scuttled ship or cut a throat. Said old Martin Parker:

> "Poore men might safely passe by him,
> And some that way would chuse,
> For well they knew that to helpe them
> He ever more did use.
> The widow and the fatherlesse
> He would send means unto;
> And those whom famine did oppresse
> Found him a friendly foe.
> Nor would he doe a woman wrong,
> But see her safe conveid;
> He would protect, with power strong,
> All those who craved his aide.
> His chiefest spite to th' clergie was,
> That lived in monstrous pride;
> No one of them he would let passe
> Along the highway side."

This precursor of Luther was the hero of a rude community. In real life it has not been found that robbers make distinctions of persons; the soldier-thief of the crusading era, the robber-baron of the middle ages, the more modern brigand of Spain, Greece, and the Abruzzi robbed high and low, rich and poor, the fatherless, the orphan, and the sleek millionaire with impartiality; but the blend of the ferocity of the outlaw with the benevolence of the philanthropist was a happy conceit. Nothing makes the Welsh giant so interesting as his fondness for Jack, just at the time the latter's intentions become obvious to the reader. Robin, too, endeared himself to the English race not only by his thews and sinews, but by the fairness with which he admits that he is whipped, when that accident befalls him; and above all by his tenderness for the sex. When Little John proposes to burn down Kirkley Hall Nunnery, the outlaw replies:

> "'Now nay, now nay,' quoth Robin Hood,
> 'That boon I'll not grant thee;
> I never burt woman in all my life,
> Nor man in woman's company.
> I never burt fair maid in all my time,
> Nor at my end shall it be.'"

As Robin was the ideal of the high-spirited Englishman whom bad laws and oppression by the great converted into an outlaw, so Friar Tuck was the type of the jolly rebel against ecclesiastical tyranny, and Little John of the roystering apprentice. Like many others, the latter makes Robin's acquaintance by giving him a thrashing, and is called "Stranger" in the ballad:

> "Though he was called Little, his limbs they were large,
> And his stature was seven feet high;
> Wherever he came, they quaked at his name,
> For soon he would make them to fly.
> At first Robin he gave the stranger a bang,
> So hard that it made his bones ring;
> The stranger, he said: 'This must be repaid,
> I'll give you as good as you bring.'
> The stranger gave Robin a crack on the crown,
> Which caused the blood to appear;
> Then Robin enraged, more fiercely engaged,
> And followed his blows more severe.
> Oh, then into fury the stranger he grew,
> And gave him a damnable look,
> And with it a blow that laid him full low,
> And tumbled him into the brook."

When the other outlaws made their appearance, Robin insists on enlisting so doughty a champion into the band, and Little John agrees:

> "They presently fetched a brace of fat does,
> With humming strong liquor likewise;
> They loved what was good; so, in the greenwood
> This pretty sweet babe they baptize.
> 'This infant was called John Little,' said one;
> 'Which name shall be changed anon;
> The words we'll transpose, so wherever he goes,
> His name shall be called Little John.'
> Then Robin he took up the pretty sweet babe,
> And clothed him from top to the toe
> In garments of green most gay to be seen,
> And gave him a curious long bow."

They were all thieves, the rascals, and nobody thought any the worse of them for it. In an age when church, nobility, and crown vied with each other in robbing the people, the only way in which the latter could get even was a little highway robbery, coupled, in case of recalcitrance, with a little corporeal discipline. Everybody rejoiced when Robin trussed a merchant, or rescued jail-birds from the gallows, or hung a sheriff who was doing his duty. Just so Fra Diavolo, who tied his captives up by the thumbs and shaved off their ears in idle moments, was the darling of Calabria because he typifies Italian enmity to the French.

It can not honestly be said that either librettist or stage-manager has done justice to his material. Mr. Harry B. Smith's verses are dull, and his dialogue is either commonplace or reminiscent. In order to enable Mr. Tom Karl to wear the doublet and plumed cap of an earl, which are far more becoming than the dress of a road-agent, he becomes in the play two single gentlemen rolled into one—the Earl of Huntingdon and Robin Hood—which is trying to the audience. This puts him in a false position in both rôles, for the outlaw has no right to wear fine clothes, and the earl should not cut purses. In one of the old ballads, also, the two personages are said to be one and the same; it runs:

> "The Earl of Huntingdon, nobly boro,
> That came of noble blood,
> To Marian went, with a good intent,
> By the name of Robin Hood."

But the duplication is incongruous. Again, Little John is always painted in the ballads as clad in green. Says one:

> "Now Little John came at the head of them all,
> Clothed in a rich mantle of green;
> And likewise the rest were gloriously drest,
> A delicate sight to be seen."

In another ballad, Robin himself,

> ". . . clothed his men in Lincoln green,
> And himself in scarlet red;
> Black hats, white feathers, all alike;
> Now bold Robin Hood is rid.

How little respect the costumer paid to tradition, the audience on Tuesday can bear witness. Perhaps he did well.

Interest in the Robin Hood legend always centers on Maid Marian. She had a rival who was called by the un-English name of Clorinda, yet who was not destitute of charm.

> "As the word was spoke, Clorinda came by,
> The queen of the shepherds was she;
> And her gown of velvet was green as the grass,
> And her buskin did reach to her knee.
> Her gait it was graceful, her body was straight,
> And her countenance free from pride;
> A bow in her hand and a quiver of arrows
> Hung dangling by her side."

But the fair shepherdess is forgotten, and everybody knows Maid Marian, the tender true love, who

> "Perplexed, and vexed, and troubled in mind,
> Drest herself as a page,
> And ranged the wood to find Robin Hood,
> The bravest of men in that age.
> With quiver and bow, sword, buckler, and all,
> Thus armed was Marian bold,
> Still wandering about to find Robin out,
> Whose person was better than gold."

Marian was played on Tuesday by Camille d'Arville, who, from her accent, appears to be French; on Wednesday, by Carrie Milzner, whom all San Francisco knows. Miss d'Arville is a graceful person, with an opulent figure, considerable stage experience, and a good vocal method. Her voice is not sympathetic, and, at times, is harsh in the upper register, but her acting is capital.

This is, perhaps, the place to say that while there is not a single air in the opera that is likely to capture the public bodily, it is full of lively melodies and excellent concerted pieces that are deservedly popular; and while the Bostonians do not include in their troupe one singer of the very highest rank, the leading members can all sing well, and have good voices. The choruses are particularly fetching, especially the tinkers' chorus, the huntsmen's chorus which opens the second act, and the milkmaids' chorus; and the Madrigal, "All is fair in love and war," and the sextet, "When lads have had enow," took immensely with the audience. While the honors of the night were taken—as was the case when the piece was last played here—by Barnabee, as sheriff of Nottingham, every singer had a chance. Mr. MacDonald scored a triumph with his rollicking song of "Brown October Ale." Mr. Cowles had a fine opportunity, which he improved, with his "It takes nine tailors to make a man"; in fact, no member of the cast could complain that he had had no show. The singer who is cast for Maid Marian has only herself to blame if she does not make a hit in the charming song or the love duet of the first act. Mlle. d'Arville will have no cause for self-reproach in regard to these airs.

The Bostonians were received with an enthusiasm which was remarkable even for San Francisco. It was a positive ovation; some of the popular melodies were so frequently encored that the performance was extended beyond its normal length. This was a deserved compliment to the author and to the artists. Mr. de Koven has not yet placed himself by the side of Sullivan or Offenbach, but he has given ground for believing that he will be their successful rival if he lives. And when criticism has exhausted itself upon the troupe which Karl, MacDonald, and Barnabee have enlisted in the service of comic opera, it must be admitted that they all do good, conscientious work, that they evince a true appreciation of art, and that, to the average audience, their performances are eminently satisfactory.

STAGE GOSSIP.

At the theatres during the week commencing March 28th: The Tivoli Opera Company in "Bluff King Hal"; the Bostonians in "Robin Hood"; "All the Comforts of Home"; Corinne in "Carmen up to Date"; and Dillon's Company in "Wanted the Earth."

Bernard Dyllyn, who thumped a chorus-girl in the eye just before the Kimball company reached San Francisco last year, has not been discharged from Corinne's support.

Camille d'Arville's last costume in "Robin Hood" is, possibly, a very beautiful gown—though it would be a bold man who, fatuously trusting to his own imperfect knowledge, would take oath to that effect—but of its incongruity there can be no question. Maid Marian, of the twelfth century, in a nineteenth-century ball-dress, is decidedly anachronistic.

The Tivoli management announces an elaborate production of Stewart and O'Connell's opera, "Bluff King Hal," next week. The Bostonians will repeat "Robin Hood" also, so that there will be abundant opportunity to compare the two American operas. The cast at the Tivoli will be as follows:

Bluff King Hal, Douglass A. Flint; Leonard, Warwick Ganor; Robert, Ferris Hartman; Ralph, E. N. Knight; Dickon, Phil. Branson; Hugo, William Henshaw; Bardolph, M. Coroell; Phyllis, Tillie Salinger; Dorothy, Gracie Plaisted; Elizabeth, Grace Vernon.

Presents for Men.

One of the new features of Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s new store is their large assortment of gold pens, manufactured by the celebrated firm of Mabie, Todd & Co. It includes all grades and varieties of gold pens, from the simplest to the most elaborately mounted, and from among them it is possible to select a very acceptable present for a gentleman. There are few articles that a lady can present to a man which he will appreciate so highly, both for the pleasure he has in using it and for the constant reminder it is of the giver. And another article which men are glad to receive from their fair friends is a good pack of playing-cards, of which Sanborn, Vail & Co. keep all the newest and best styles.

For the writing-desk, the firm has lately opened new invoices of the thin letter-paper that is so much used in foreign correspondence, such as the French quadrille, which is very popular among those who correspond with friends abroad. It is a curious fact that the people who spend money like water in order to do things in the proper fashion, use this thin paper exclusively in their foreign correspondence, apparently to save the few cents that heavier paper would cost in postage.

By the way, it is not out of place, now that Lent is drawing to a close and the weddings that precede the summer are coming on, to mention the fact that Sanborn, Vail & Co. are doing some exquisite copper-plate work, such as wedding invitations, visiting cards, and the like.

— THE LAST SALE OF ORIENTAL RUGS, ANTIQUE furniture, Turkish and Persian prayer-carpets, and the like, that Mr. Costikyan will hold this season, is being held at 16 Post Street, daily, commencing at 11:30 A. M. and 2:30 P. M. The sale is conducted by Mr. Robert McCann, of New York, the well-known art-auctioneer.

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Dentist. Painless filling.
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SATURDAY.....APRIL 9, 1892
At 2 o'clock P. M., on the Grounds,
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In 13 subdivisions, 25x100 feet each, opposite the new Macdonough Theatre building, now being constructed at a cost of over $300,000, and at the junction of Broadway, Telegraph, and San Pablo Avenues and Fourteenth Street, within a stone's throw of the Narrow-Gauge Depot on Fourteenth Street.
Absolutely the business centre of Oakland. This property will command the highest rents in the city. The Home Savings Bank has purchased the corner in this property, and will immediately erect a magnificent steel building. Already the bank has had numerous applications for stores and offices in the new edifice—in fact, more than they can supply—at large and very satisfactory rents. The value of this improvement and the new Macdonough Theatre opposite can not now be estimated. Arrangements have been completed so that the terms will suit all.
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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.
H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Bunting—"Why are you fellows always dodging Bloobumper?" *Larkins*—"His first baby has just commenced to talk."—*Ex.*

The groom—"I can't see that check your father placed among the wedding presents." *The bride*—"Papa is *so* absent-minded. He lit his cigar with it."—*Life.*

Mrs. Dix—"Isn't your mother very glad you are over the whooping-cough?" *Dick Hicks*—"I don't believe so, ma'am; you can't think how it amused the baby."—*Truth.*

It isn't always the struggle for daily bread that makes people feel the race with poverty. It is very often the struggle for terrapin and quail on toast.—*Washington Evening Star.*

"He seems very sober to-night. Did he apologize to you for being drunk at your ball?" "Yes, he said he understood it was to be a fancy dress affair and he came as Gambrinus."—*Life.*

Bride (just after the wedding)—"Alfred, you promised to give me a surprise after we were married. Say, what is it?" *Groom* (a widower)—"I've got six children, my pet."—*Comic.*

Thompson—"That girl ought not to hold her dress up so high when she crosses the street." *Simpson*—"Does it shock you?" *Thompson*—"No; but it displays very bad form."—*Truth.*

"Do I bore you already, dear?" said a young husband to his bride, who was yawning terribly. "Not at all, love. But now you and I are one, and I bore myself awfully when I'm alone."—*Truth.*

"'A word to the wise is sufficient' is a very highly respected proverb," soliloquized Mr. Kneehags; "but I must confess that I haven't found people tumbling over one another to speak to me."—*Herald.*

He (seriously)—"We must devise some means of obtaining your father's consent." *She*—"Well, let's put our heads together, and——" (but after that he did not care whether they had papa's consent or not.)—*Puck.*

Prattle (to his wife)—"You don't seem to have the courage of your convictions." *Mrs. Prattle*—"I'd like to know how you get at that conclusion." *Prattle*—"You say, 'There's no use talking,' and then you talk some more."—*Puck.*

"That odious Marie Harley has landed Jack Smithers at last." "Yes. Jack told me of his engagement last night." "When are they to be married?" "Oh, never. It's only a Lenten engagement. Jack thought he ought to do penance in some way."—*Bazar.*

He—"This quaint old flagon was made in Venice. It has been in the family for hundreds of years, and there is a legend that it had a strange influence over the happiness of my ancestors." *She*—"I suppose when it was low in spirits they immediately became melancholy."—*Life.*

St. Peter—"Did you ever tell a lie?" *Applicant*—"I told a man I was 'pretty well,' when I had a had cold, and was just recovering from a crick in my back, and had a touch of rheumatism, and a boil on my neck, and——" *St. Peter*—"Go on in; you make me tired."—*Ex.*

Mrs. Clancey—"Yis, Mrs. Muggins, Pat and Oi part to mate no more. Oi wint to the hoshpital to ax after him. 'Oi want to see me husbind,' sez Oi; 'the wan that got hlowed up.' 'Yez can't,' sez the docther; 'he's under the inflooence of Ann Estheticks.' 'Oi don't know the lady,' sez Oi, moighty dignified-like; 'but if me lawful wedded husbind kin act loike that when he's at dith's door, Oi'll have a divoorce from him if it foorces me to morgige the goat."—*Ex.*

Dr. Thomas L. Hill will give a series of three recitals for the benefit of the Elsmere Kindergarten, as follows: March 28th, "The Christmas Carol"; April 2d, a miscellaneous programme; and, April 6th, "The Rivals." The music will consist of a piano solo, Mrs. E. F. Weihe; baritone solo, Mr. A. M. Thornton; and selections on the mandolin and lute, Professor Adelstein.

—TOURISTS, AND VISITORS IN PARTICULAR, ARE invited to D. Samuels, The Lace House, 123 to 129 Post Street, Monday, March 29th, to inspect the beautiful selection of India, China, and Japanese embroideries and curiosities on exhibition. Embroidered shawls, fichus, table-covers, portières, silks, also real India camel's hair shawls and scarfs in Chudda, Stella, Valley, and Umriza. This consignment is to be sold at extremely low prices.

— "WHAT SHALL I BUY" FOR A BIRTHDAY or holiday present? This problem can be solved by the novelties offered at Zinder's, 116 Sutter Street.

— J. W. HARBOURNE, FORMERLY BILLINGS, Harbourne & Co., has reopened at the old stand, No. 5 Montgomery Street. Novelties in Easter cards.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

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Tomato Soup.
Baked Shad. Cucumber Salad.
Broiled Squabs. Lyonnaise Potatoes.
Asparagus. Spinach.
Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce.
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TOMATO SOUP.—Melt one and a half ounces of butter, add three small table-spoonfuls of sifted flour, add one pint of soup-stock, boil up, then add one can of best tomatoes previously strained, pepper, salt, one tea-spoonful of sugar, a pinch of mace, boil up, add one gill of sweet milk, boil once more, and serve with croûtons.

— KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made; makes delicious desserts. Just received gold medal American Institute Fair, New York city. Superior to all brands.

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Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc., use Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label. Sold by your grocer and druggist.

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Physicians recommend the Crystal hot sea-water tub and swimming baths, foot of Mason Street, terminus of all North Beach car lines.

— THE FINEST BUSINESS BLOCK IN THE CITY of Oakland is to be sold at auction by Mr. W. J. Dingee on Saturday, April 9th. It is situated in the heart of the city, fronting on Broadway and Fourteenth Street, and will undoubtedly command the highest rents in the city. Further particulars are given in the advertisement in another column.

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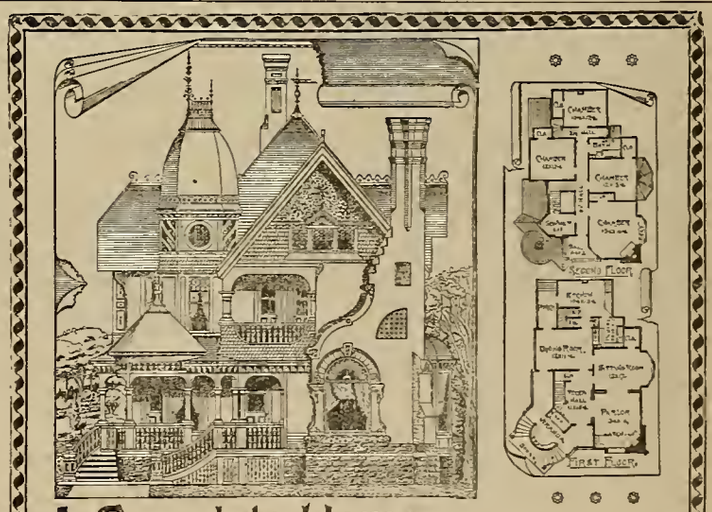

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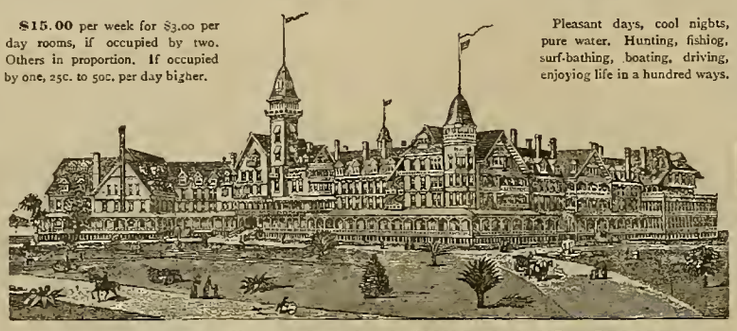

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THE NEW SALT-WATER SWIMMING-TANKS, with large sunny dressing-rooms and streams of hot and cold salt water constantly flowing into the tanks. Fishing for baracouda and Spanish mackerel begins April 1st. **This is the Sportsman's Paradise.**

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Not if the farmer throws it away.
Not if he spends an hour on a row of onions, which the "Planet Jr." Wheel Hoe would do better in six minutes.
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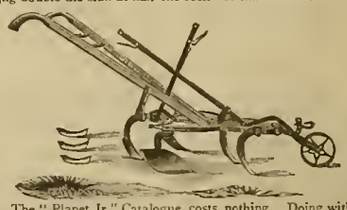

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supplying; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

When the free-coinage bill came up in the House last week, it was saved from practical annihilation only by the vote of Speaker Crisp, who decided a tie vote to table the bill by voting in the negative.

The political significance of the failure to carry the free-coinage bill may be stated in a single sentence. It opens the door to the nomination of Cleveland to the Presidency, without excluding Hill. It requires only a very slight effort of the memory to show that Cleveland could not have accepted a nomination on a free-silver platform without a violent somersault. From the writing of the Warner anti-silver letter, before he was inaugurated, to the time he left the Presidential chair, he recommended the suspension of silver coinage, as a review of his messages will show. For him to run on a free-coinage platform would be simply impossible.

Hill has steered clear of the silver question, declining to be cajoled or dragooned into any expression of opinion on the subject. A short time since, Congressman Harter, of Ohio—one of the anti-free-silver Democrats of the House—asked Hill's views on the question; but all the response he could get was that he—Harter—was a crank and a person seeking after a little cheap notoriety, which, to say the least, may be considered an evasive answer.

We may say, then, with some confidence, that the failure of the House to verify Bland's predictions and adopt a free-coinage bill by a large majority has brought Cleveland into a prominence as a candidate before the Chicago convention which he could not have occupied had the adherents of the white metal been successful in their plans. Indiana seems disposed to wheel into line for Cleveland, inasmuch as the Indianapolis *Sentinel*, the leading organ of the party in that State, calls upon Governor Gray to withdraw his pretensions to the nomination and to use his influence in favor of the ex-President. In Minnesota, too, the Cleveland sentiment is said to be growing and spreading very rapidly, and it is now claimed that the delegation will be sent to Chicago instructed for him, and with further instructions not to vote for Hill while there is any other candidate before the convention.

And yet there is the terrible fact that Cleveland has done worse than commit a crime—he has made a mistake—and mistakes in politics always outrank crimes. The Vicksburg *Herald* says:

"The real truth is that Cleveland has killed himself with the party in his own State, and the great leaders in New York could not carry the State for him. He snubbed the workers of the party and retained Republicans in office, and appointed Republicans to office, in the face of the most earnest protests of the rank and file of his party. The things which make Cleveland weak make Hill strong. He is a reliable party man. He has made New York a safe Democratic State, and he can carry it next November, in spite of all the forces, open or concealed, that can be brought against him."

If this may be taken as an index of the sentiment of the solid South, it is evident that Cleveland need not expect many votes from that powerful Democratic section when the party meets in convention at Chicago. The South believes very firmly in the maxim that nothing succeeds like success, and is ready to sing hosannas to the Democratic leader who seems to have the best prospect of winning, no matter who he may be. If the question were one of fitness for the office, it is likely that even the South would prefer Cleveland to Hill, but expediency is a much more potent factor in Democratic politics than principle or personal character, so Hill will stand at least an equal chance with Cleveland in the South.

Henry Watterson is disposed to throw overboard both Hill and Cleveland, and nominate either a Western man or Gorman, of Maryland; but Watterson seems to be performing the Dundreary feat of flocking by himself. His views do not meet the concurrence of any considerable portion of his party, which must disappoint Watterson, who always aspires to be a Warwick. The contest lies between Cleveland and Hill, and the event of the issue it is at this time impossible to predict.

It seems ridiculous, however, for Grover Cleveland to be seeking a third nomination for the Presidency, when we think of his very strong language relative to a second term. It can not have been forgotten that, in his letter of acceptance in 1884, he characterized the possibility of electing a President for more than one term as one of the chief dangers attendant upon a representative form of government. Some of his choicest adjectives and most polysyllabic phrases were centred about that proposition; and yet, after having been nominated a second time and defeated, he now appears upon the stage of politics as a candidate for what would be a third term had it not been that the voters of the United States took him at his word and credited him with a sincerity which it is evident he did not possess. Surely if his arguments against a second term were valid in 1884, they must be equally valid in 1892.

But, after all, this is a sort of a moot-court discussion. It really makes very little difference whether Hill be nominated or Cleveland, for it is believed by those who know the situation best that neither can carry New York, and what shall it avail a Democratic candidate if he carry Texas and lose the Empire State? Hill, in spite of the assertion of the Vicksburg *Herald*, can not carry New York in a Presidential year, and while Cleveland possibly might, Hill will not let him. The Republican party is almost as certain to carry New York in November as it is to carry California, and that is stating the case very strongly.

A seaport which compares still more strikingly with San Francisco than Hamburg, Bremen, Valparaiso, or Melbourne, is Marseilles. That city is just about the size of San Francisco, the population being something over three hundred thousand. Of course it is very much older, its early history losing itself in prehistoric times. But the commercial movement which has raised Marseilles to the fifth place among the seaports of Europe only began in this century. At the time of the revolution it had no foreign trade to speak of, and the port covered an area only of seventy acres.

Since then it has been enlarged and improved on three different occasions. The last enlargement was begun in 1887, and is not entirely completed yet. But it has already a wharf-frontage of nine miles, and the area of the port, in which there is a depth of water varying from twenty-five to thirty feet, is nine hundred and fifty-five acres. The figure seems small in comparison with the anchorage area of our bay; but the bay of Marseilles contains fleets which the untraveled San Franciscan can hardly conceive. In 1887, the arrivals and departures averaged forty-five per day, with an average tonnage of 26,000 tons. The total tonnage of the year was 9,500,000 tons register.

In 1885, there were registered at Marseilles two hundred and eighty-eight steamers, with an aggregate tonnage of 241,892 tons, twenty-six new steamers having been added in the previous year. Adding these to the foreign steamers which made Marseilles a terminal, or a point of departure, the following list of steamers cleared in that year from Marseilles for foreign ports:

Destination.	*Number of departures.*
Algiers direct	Five per week
Algiers and African Coast	Thirteen per week
Corsica	Ten per week
Coast of Italy	Sixteen per week
Coast of Spain	Four per week
Alexandria, Egypt	Two per week
Constantinople	Three per week
Syria	One per week
Morocco	Two per month
Tripoli	One per week
London	Five per month
Amsterdam	Three per month
Bombay	Three per month
Calcutta	One every six weeks
China	One every fortnight
Batavia	Four per month
Australia	One every four weeks

Since then the service has been increased and all the companies have enlarged their fleets. In 1889, the Messageries Maritimes Company had fifty-seven steamers; the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, thirty; Fraissinet & Co., twenty-four; the Société Générale, seventeen; the Compagnie Cyprien Fabre, thirteen. In the new port, each class of vessel has its own dock. The large passenger sea-going steamers have their wharf, the steamers *au long cours* another, the ore steamers another, the wheat vessels another, the petroleum steamers another, the collier ships another, the cattle ships another. Each steamer knows exactly where it must moor, and thus there is no confusion, and little chance of collision between outgoing and incoming vessels.

The docks belong to a private corporation; the new improvements have cost about one hundred millions of francs. But though the charges are far less than those which are usual in American ports, and very much, indeed, below those which ship-owners pay in San Francisco, the dock company pays handsome dividends, and an opposition company is contemplated.

Unlike San Francisco, Marseilles is turning the natural advantage she enjoys as a seaport to good account. She connects by water with all the centres of commerce th

the world. And she not only runs lines of steamers to such points as Alexandria, Bombay, Algiers, Melbourne, Buenos Ayres, Hong Kong, and Yokohama, which can only be reached by sea, but she finds that it pays to run steamers to Amsterdam, London, and the Spanish ports which she can reach by railway. It does not appear that the French railways subsidize these competing lines of steamers. The trade is free to land carriers and water carriers, and each seems to be able to live. Our Transcontinental Association frets under the impression that it would become bankrupt if it suffered a line of steamers from San Francisco to New York via Panama to compete in the open market for freight; it takes out of the freight-money it earns something like a million a year to buy off water competition. It has not transpired that the South-Eastern Railway Company of France and its connection, the Chemin du Nord, have ever felt it necessary to appropriate any portion of their earnings to bribe the Marseilles steamers, which ply to ports in the British Channel, not to cut rates. And yet the Frenchmen who own steamers and railroads are supposed to understand their business pretty well.

It is about seven hundred miles from Marseilles to Amsterdam overland: by the ocean route it is more than three thousand. Still, as we have shown, seventy-two trips per annum are made between the two cities by steamship. Yet San Francisco hesitates to put on a steamship line between here and New York because the distance is greater than it is by rail!

If the people of San Francisco had a little of the enterprise which characterizes the people of Marseilles, we, too, might have two hundred and eighty-eight steamers making this port their home. There are, on those portions of the Pacific Coast which are easily accessible from this port, quite as many good openings in trade as Marseilles found in the Mediterranean and in the Asiatic countries, when she began to build her splendid fleets of steamers. To an American visiting the Mediterranean, there appears to be little production to support lines of steamers. Those countries are dull and quiet in comparison with most of the countries which are washed by the Pacific. But the Frenchmen built their steamers, just as the early settlers of Marseilles built their sailing craft in the days of Carthage and the Phœnicians, and sent them out foraging for trade, and they found it. There can not certainly be much merchandise produced or consumed in Corsica, which is about as large as one of our minor counties, and is three-fourths granite mountain and irreclaimable swamp, but it seems that steady intercourse has developed exchanges which give employment to ten steamers weekly between the island and Marseilles. If we had lines of steamers plying regularly between San Francisco and the ports of Mexico, Central, and South America—that is, steamers which were not under the heel of the Southern Pacific, as is the Pacific Mail—we should speedily find that those regions could consume many articles of which we have a surplus, and that they could pay for them in products of which they have a surplus. But to make the experiment requires enterprise, and that seems to be wanting in San Francisco.

The newspapers are trying to get up a quarrel between President Eliot, of Harvard College, and certain students of that institution, who take exception to his remarks upon the Mormons. He is accused of comparing them to the Puritan pilgrims, which is gall and wormwood to the descendants of the narrow-minded and bigoted schismatics who peopled New England. In point of fact, he probably said nothing more than that the Mormons, like the Puritans, had fled from their homes to escape religious persecution. That is a fact which the gentlemen of Harvard must admit, unless they design to deny the truth of history. That President Eliot traced any other analogy between the Puritan fathers, who came from England, and the Mormons, who were waifs and estrays from all parts of the world, there is no reason to believe.

The incident is only worth noticing because it furnishes an opportunity for a remark on the subject of two prevailing delusions. It is the fashion to rail at the Mormons, and to instigate Congress to persecute them. The excuse for the railing and the persecution is that the Mormons are polygamists; the real cause of both is the fact that the Mormons constitute a small minority of the people of the extreme West, and that it is safe for the majority to indulge the spirit of persecution and to give vent to the narrow provincial prejudice which obtains in all new communities, here, perhaps, more conspicuously than elsewhere. If the Mormons had been a majority, and right-thinking men a minority, there would have been no outcry against them, our newspapers would not have abused them, the Edmunds Act would never have been passed, and they would have been left to get over their crank doctrines at their own time and in their own way. Being a small body numerically, every small-fry editor and demagogic politician has felt free to throw his stone at them; they have been vilified for a social peculiarity which practically prevails all over the world; and when an impartial traveler like President Eliot speaks of them without cursing them, he is called to account as a traitor to Christian civilization.

It will be a good time to curse the Mormons when some of our new Western States have brought irrigation and high agriculture to the perfection which they have attained in Utah. In the meantime it may, perhaps, be becoming in descendants of the witch-burners, and Western advocates of lynch law, to rave less frothily over the delusions of the followers of Brigham Young. The doctrines of the Latter Day Saints are not so shocking as those of the Anabaptists were; there has never been a holy inquisition in the temple of Mormon; and, on the whole, there is nothing in the Book of Mormon so revolting as the teachings of which Pascal convicted the Jesuits. This is a world in which error springs up like a weed. The way to deal with it is not to make laws against it, and to put men in jail for adhering to the dictates of their conscience, but to wait patiently until the light of reason penetrates the dark places and dissipates the fogs of delusion. We may safely leave to the buxom girls of Utah the task of convincing the growing generation of Mormons that every woman is entitled to a whole man.

As for the Harvard men who have jumped on President Eliot, they had better learn modesty from a perusal of the history of their forefathers. There was good in the persecutors of Roger Williams and the followers of John Endicott; but the good was buried under a mass of evil-mindedness which is almost without parallel in history. There never was in any country so bigoted, so cruel, so selfish, so mean, so narrow a race as the founders of New England. Claiming to have fled in search of religious liberty, they proscribed it in their new home with a relentless vigor which Alva might have envied. Setting themselves up as enemies of persecution, they would not allow a Quaker, a Catholic, an Episcopalian, or even a Baptist, to live among them. They stole the lands and the daughters of the Indians, and cut their throats. Claiming to be moral, they made laws and held trials which no modern newspaper would dare to print. They forbade work or travel on Sunday under penalty of the stocks, but they supplied buccaneers with provisions, powder, and arms. They preached the gospel, but hanged the witches. They professed humanity, but carried on the slave-trade, in spite of the protests of Virginia. They prayed to God, but bored hot irons through Quakers' tongues.

It may not be just to hold the descendants of the Puritans responsible for misdeeds which were largely the fault of the ignorance of the age in which they lived. But with such a blot on their escutcheon they ought to be a little careful how they draw public attention to the faults of others. They can not afford to be merciless. The sermons of some of the Mormon bishops are very sad indeed. It is disheartening to observe such monstrous aberration of intellect in men who seem to be educated. But, after all, as between John Taylor and Cotton Mather, the former is oftener in harmony with principle and charity; and certainly no Mormon elder ever demanded that all the patronage of the Territory should be placed in his hands, as the first D. D. of Harvard did with regard to the crown offices in Massachusetts.

But the most revolting feature of the crusade against the Mormons is its sham and its hypocrisy. The United States, at its wit's end to repress polygamy, finally passed a bill which was generally known as the "illegal cohabitation act." This, as its name shows, was designed to prohibit the illicit relations of the sexes, under pain of felony. Every honest man knows that such a law could not prevail in the States of the Union without a perfect cyclone of scandal. But it was attempted in the Mormon territory. Retaliation is human. The first thing the Mormons did was to retaliate. The result was that half of the marshals, deputy marshals, and other Federal officials were hauled up before the Federal judges for violating this Federal law. The next result was comic. The law, being territorial, prevailed in all Federal territory, but not in the States. A father who lived in Washington, D. C., had a naval officer jailed for seducing his daughter. The penitentiary stared Lothario in the face. It is needless to state that the matter was arranged. A law which would do excellently well for Utah would not do at all for the District of Columbia. It might not do for New York, Chicago, Boston, or Baltimore. It might even cause trouble in San Francisco.

It is our firm belief, we regret to say, that there will be no war with England over the Behring Sea question. Aside from our doubt that either Englishmen or Americans can be roused to the point of drawing their swords in the sacred cause of their women's seal-skin cloaks, our reason for thinking that there will be no war is the fact that Great Britain would no more dare to go to battle with the United States than she would venture to challenge the empire of the Czar. Russia has repeatedly outraged Great Britain's finest feelings; in 1870, Russia calmly announced to the British Government that she would no longer respect the Treaty of Paris in regard to Russian ships of war in the Black Sea. Russia trampled on Britain's assumed rights in the Valley of the Hari Rud by seizing Penjdeh, in spite of solemn agreement; Russia to-day might take possession of Herat, the key of India, with no more serious consequences than London newspaper editorials of a solemn and pained order, a prolonged diplomatic correspondence, and a magazine article or two from Sir Edwin Arnold (candidate for Tennyson's poetic shoes) on the loss that Christian civilization suffers when England is robbed or is prevented from stealing.

Great Britain has become an over-fed and over-rich coward—an old woman, more concerned about her consols than national honor or the larger interests of the empire. She has seen her day, and Queen Victoria—aged, entirely respectable, perfectly stupid, and the essence of commonplace—is her real as well as titular representative. There are still plenty of Englishmen imbued with the old manly spirit which made England through the centuries the torch-bearer of liberty. They are mostly American citizens, doing business in the United States. The home breed has become little, boastful, and conceited, and needs a thrashing worse than any race on the earth's face. They inflate themselves on the deeds of their masculine forefathers, and a re-rating in their own and mankind's esteem is their most imperative requirement.

For many reasons the *Argonaut* would welcome a war with England. In the first place, such a conflict would Americanize our Atlantic seaboard, by killing anglomania and thus teaching our richer brethren and sisters on that edge of the republic nearest Europe that the Declaration of Independence is still a respectable document, and that toadyism to political institutions and a social system which our progenitors gave their blood and lives to repudiate, is not the noblest aim in life. In the second place, the war would give Ireland her independence and transfer to that lovely island, as to the inflamed point of a boil, the religious and political animosities with which the proud and sensitive—and at present insufficiently oppressed—race now afflict the United States. The Irish Republic, after vainly endeavoring to fight things out, would, of course, apply for admission as a State of the American Union, a privilege which the people of this country would have too much sense to grant. In the third place, the war would restore to us our merchant marine, of which England robbed us during the War of the Rebellion. Were war to come she could, if she had the necessary recklessness, lay waste, perhaps, a good many of our seaport cities, but since she knows that we would whip her in the end and compel her to pay twice over for every dollar's worth of property she might thus destroy, it is not at all likely that so very business-like a power would indulge her temper to the extent of a single bombardment. The immense superiority of England's navy must be admitted, but, then, it has also to be admitted that the efficiency of the modern mailed warship has yet to be proved. The submarine torpedo, the torpedo-boat, and the stationary long-range shore gun—infinitely superior in accuracy to the bobbing floating cannon—render the destructive power of the invading iron-clad extremely doubtful. But, these considerations apart, we have little to fear from John Bull. He is too corpulent and well-to-do to have much stomach for the rough-and-tumble of war. He is Capital personified, and capital is notoriously sensitive—that is to say, a poltroon. England's ships of trade are at once her commercial strength and her military weakness. Her navy, the most powerful in the world, were it twenty times as strong, would be practically useless as a protection to her merchant vessels. The wealth afloat of any other nation is insignificant compared with hers. Her tonnage is 11,928,624, while among all the powers only Germany, France, and Norway have over one million of tonnage on the water. Our own tonnage engaged in foreign trade reaches but the contemptible total of 988,718, though our coastwise tonnage reaches the respectable figure of 3,609,876. But our coasters, in time of war, could keep near enough to shore for safety. For every building shattered by a British bomb, therefore, we could capture or sink a British ship. It is this consideration which chiefly impels the *Argonaut*—always practical—to desire a war with England. The United States being in need of a merchant marine, we could get one by the simple process of sending out on the Atlantic and Pacific a few privateers and towing in all the ships we wanted. With a wisdom born of the experience of two wars, in which we played the mischief with John Bull's merchantmen, we refused to enter into the Paris compact of April, 1856, when England, at the close of the Crimean War, sought her own advantage in an agreement of the powers forbidding privateering. Mexico, Spain, and Uruguay imitated our example, so that England has other nations as well as ourselves to keep her in order. What privateering can accomplish, when conducted with ardor and intelligence, we learned to our great cost during the rebellion. The Confederates treated us to as unhappy an experience as we would cheerfully inflict upon our British cousins, despite the circumstance that blood is thicker than water. England was

good enough to fit out for our Southern brothers three ships, the *Shenandoah*, the *Alabama*, and the *Florida*, and between them they left us scarcely a merchant vessel on the seas. The ships which the trio of privateers did not destroy hastened to seek the protection of the English flag, and we have never recovered them. When the war was over and we were in a position to show our well-worn teeth to our dear friends of England, that high-spirited power showed an exemplary desire for arbitration, as she ever will do when fronted by anybody more formidable than a Zulu or a Burmese. We filed the following little account, as evidence of what only three ordinary privateers could accomplish in the way of destruction:

Alabama	$ 6,557,690 03
Florida	4,616,303 93
Shenandoah	3,263,149 55
Total	$14,437,143 51

That was the actual loss. We claimed besides a good deal for incidental damages—such as the increase of insurance rates, the transfer of our ships to the British marine, and so on—the whole demand amounting to $24,693,261, a very creditable four years' work for three privateers. These incidental hurts were almost wholly ignored by the arbitrators—in their nature compromisers—but they allowed us the handsome indemnity of $15,500,000 in gold coin, which England paid with groaning that not only were heartfelt, but are heard even to this day—and every groan gives satisfaction to the patriotic American heart. The spirit which prompted our beloved mother country to supply the rebels with those privateers is not to be forgotten—no, not though scores of gifted after-dinner orators, like Chauncey Depew, the late Lowell, and the still existing and thirsty Hartington and Gladstone, were to drink peaceable sack and spout every night of the year at the festal international board.

We want war, not only for the sake of the soulless Arctic seal, but for that, also, of the American eagle, a once flaming bird, which has been dejectedly molting on the Atlantic shore these dozen years. And also because it would be a good stroke of business to rake in a few hundred British ships for nothing. We have no fear of after-arbitration, since we should be able to fit out our own privateers. Why, Spreckels's big tug *Fearless*, with a few heavy rifled guns aboard of her, could catch every British merchantman in sight on the Pacific. And on the Atlantic side, there are no end of ships and steam-yachts that could, within a few days, be mailed and armed, and make the Atlantic as hot as tobasco for British bottoms.

The prospective profits of privateering would speedily fascinate capitalists. A few months after war was declared, advertisements like this would appear in our daily papers:

Office of the
SYNDICATE DESTRUCTION CO.
(Limited.)
San Francisco, Cal.

President.....James B. Haggin
First Vice-President.....James G. Fair
Second Vice-President.....Claus Spreckels
Secretary.....Timothy Hopkins
Treasurer.....Lloyd Tevis

Directors:
D. O. Mills, Charles F. Crocker, James L. Flood,
Charles N. Felton,
The Spirit of Nicholas Luning.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Syndicate Destruction Company (Limited), of San Francisco, Cal., a dividend (No. 25) of two million dollars on the capital stock of the corporation was declared, or one thousand dollars per share, being the result of the sale of the prizes of Privateer Number Seven.

Transfer Books closed January 27, 1893. Timothy Hopkins,
San Francisco, January 20, 1893. Secretary.

NOTICE.

Sealed Bids will be received for supplies and for coaling Privateer Number Nineteen, now lying at the Corporation Dock. The corporation reserves the right to reject any and all bids. [8th p. t.d.

War with England! It would be a financial as well as a sentimental bonanza.

The dispatches from New York regarding the Panama Railroad are founded on fact, but the fact is overshadowed by the fiction of the reporter. The Panama Canal Company being in the hands of official assignees, it has become the duty of the French courts under the code to inquire into the history of the insolvent corporation, in order to ascertain whether, at any time in the past, it was defrauded by persons who are still pecuniarily responsible, and from whom restitution may be exacted. In the course of that inquiry, the counsel who represent the creditors have run across the fact that a controlling interest, or 68,534 shares, in the Panama Railroad, which enterprise actually cost—not $3,500,000 as Captain Merry says, but—about $7,000,000, and was capitalized for $9,000,000, was sold to De Lesseps and his friends at $268 for the $100 shares. The French lawyers scent a steal in this transaction, and are trying to ferret out the facts in order to hold De Lesseps personally responsible. The acquisition of control of the railroad cost the canal company 95,958,840 francs. Was it worth so much money, or did Trenor W. Park and De Lesseps lay their heads together to fleece the French stockholders?

The French courts will find that, though these gentlemen did probably make a good thing of the sale to the canal company, the railroad was not dear at the price paid for it. It is quite likely that the company paid more than the market price for the block of stock which Park and his associates held. That is neither here nor there. The question is whether the railroad was earning income on the price which the canal company gave for it. It is a fact that it was earning and paying from twelve to fifteen per cent. on a capital of $9,000,000. Assuming that railroad stock ought to pay five per cent.—the average income of railroad stocks in this country is under four—a stock which earns and pays fifteen per cent. is worth $300 for the $100 shares; and thus the price which the canal company paid—$268 dollars a share—is not exorbitant.

A more important point for the French assignees to consider is whether the policy which the canal company's directors have been pursuing in their administration of the railroad has been calculated to benefit their stockholders, or to inure to the general advantage of trade. A contract exists between the Panama Canal Company and the Pacific Mail, by which the former discriminates in favor of the latter as against all other shippers. The Pacific Mail guarantees the canal company so much freight monthly; under this contract, the steamship company pays the canal company a fixed rate per month and, in return, the canal company agrees to compel all other shippers to pay a rate of freight which renders it impossible for them to compete with the Pacific Mail. Thus, when it was proposed to emancipate San Francisco from the joint domination of the Southern Pacific and the Pacific Mail by establishing a line of steamers to ply between this port and New York, via Panama, it was discovered that no new line could compete effectively with Mr. Huntington's corporation, for the reason that the latter had special rates of its own over the Panama Railroad.

It goes without saying that this special contract between the canal company and the steamship company is a fraud upon the stockholders in the former. The Panama Railroad should secure all the business it can get from all sources. The more traffic it has, the more money there will be to divide among the stockholders of the bankrupt canal company. It is utterly immaterial to them whether the Pacific Mail pays dividends or goes into the hands of a receiver. What they want is traffic and income, and the more people they can induce to use their railroad, the more traffic and income they will get.

It has been stated that the contract between the canal company and the Pacific Mail matures within a couple of months. The French courts should see that it is not renewed. Indeed, it is in their power to cancel it at any time. In France, a bankrupt corporation occupies the same position in law as a minor or a lunatic. It is incapable of making contracts which a court does not approve. The French courts will find, if they investigate the matter, that the past relations of the canal company with the Pacific Mail have been more largely in the interest of the latter than of the former, and that it is about time, in the interest of the French stockholders, to turn over a new leaf.

All honest men, irrespective of party, should rejoice at the defeat of the Bland Bill. But some Republicans will mourn, for had the Democrats been allowed to pass it, they would have wrecked their party and themselves. It is the unexpected that always happens, and the fortuitous happening of the tie vote in the popular branch of Congress on the bill was not expected by the most sanguine of its opponents. The vote on the bill thrust it from prominence in the campaign, even in the silver States, for it will be hopeless to look for the passage of any similar bill by Congress. The sentiment in favor of free-silver coinage has greater popularity in some of the States than it will ever have again. The tie vote on the Bland Bill, and the unprecedented device of Speaker Crisp to save it, may as well be considered its virtual defeat, and this, too, in the house of its friends. Accordingly, the issue is virtually eliminated from the field of national politics and relegated to domestic contention in a few States which have the smallest representation in Congress. The unexpected vote on the Bland Bill is proof that the visit of Whitney, of New York, Secretary of the Navy in Cleveland's Cabinet, to Washington, to dissuade the Democratic members from voting for free coinage of silver, had effect. He appealed to them on individual and on party grounds; that Cleveland was opposed to free coinage, and that the passage of the Bland Bill by the Democratic House would cause its incorporation into the Democratic national platform, which would inevitably bring defeat of the national ticket and the most disastrous overthrow the Democratic party has sustained since the crushing defeat of 1860.

Mr. Cleveland, now an aspirant for the Presidency, could not prevail upon his party to adopt his views upon silver coinage in the national platform at the coming Chicago convention, in the event of Bland's bill passing the house. The insurmountable obstacle is now removed from the pathway of Democratic candidacy. But the persistent advocates of unlimited silver coinage will be likely to demand and obtain some kind of straddle or ambiguity upon the issue, on which to demagogue it through the campaign, much as the Democrats acted in the great contest of 1844, between Polk and Clay, on the tariff—arguing in the South for free trade and in the North for protection.

The question of unlimited silver coinage can now be considered, as a national issue, as distinctly dead. But the fact remains that a large majority of the Democratic representatives believed in unlimited silver coinage, and were only dragooned into abandoning their belief through questions of party policy and expediency. If the Democratic party should control the executive as well as the legislative branch of the government, there can be no question as to what they would do with the currency.

There have been many instances of strange misfortune, and no end of heart-breaking contrasts of condition in single lives in this world—Marie Antoinette on the scaffold, Beau Brummel in a Boulogne garret, Napoleon on St. Helena, and Rutherford B. Hayes raising chickens in Fremont, Ohio, for example—but it is to be doubted if the world in all its changeful history has known so pathetic an instance of calamitous reversal of circumstances as that related in London the other day by Mrs. James Brown Potter, when confiding her experiences in South Africa to an agitated reporter. One afternoon in Capetown, the theatre was burned down, and with it a good portion of Mrs. Potter's wardrobe and all of Mr. Kyrle Bellew's. "As a rule," said the lady, her own fine eyes moistening at the recollection, "I don't like to see a man cry, but my heart went out to Kyrle as he stood and watched his clothes go, while the big tears rolled down his cheeks." Rugged, indeed, must have been the heart, either of woman or man, which could have witnessed that scene unmoved. But terribly tragic as was this situation, it became by comparison mere comedy to that which followed when the manager—a gross, commercial brute, with a soul not above the box-office—hired a hall and instructed the company to go on the improvised stage in their ordinary clothes, everybody's stage rags having gone up in smoke. Mr. Bellew's rôle forbade trousers absolutely—he must wear tights or the dramatic unities would be dynamited. The manager, troglodyte as he was, had not the hardihood to approach Mr. Bellew with the proposition which suggested itself to his coarse mind; so he went to Mrs. Potter and proposed—as she phrased it in her own delicate way to the reporter—that "Kyrle might be accommodated with a pair of tights improvised from men's underclothing" (drawers, in English) "stretched and dyed." She behaved like a real lady, for, to continue her chaste narrative:

"I decided not to wound Mr. Bellew's feelings by repeating this proposition, but on the following day the manager insisted that Mr. Bellew and the other members of the company should provide themselves with gentlemen's underwear instead of tights, and resume playing. When this proposition was made to Mr. Bellew, he rejected it with indignation and horror."

The management went so far in attempted compromise as to offer to pay for Mr. Bellew's drawers, but, backed by the now thoroughly aroused Mrs. Potter, he refused, and they left. Thus was a notable service to history rendered, and the dignity of the dramatic profession maintained. For many hearts would have ached had Kyrle Bellew appeared on the stage in an outfit of South African gents' underwear—Kyrle Bellew, who but a few years ago turned the heads of whole battalions of New York's intelligent and modest women of society, who sought to give to his delicate and fascinating manly beauty woman's ennobling and refining influence by hanging around the stage-door to get a glance from him as he came out of the theatre. This is not an exaggerated invention, but a fact. And Mrs. James Brown Potter, too—how could she have looked upon the underwear and lived?—this one-time flower of Baltimore's and New York's drawing-rooms, who, after making the acquaintance of "'Ostler Joe" and the brandy of notoriety, acquired a distaste for the lemonade of social triumphs, and forsook all for art and Kyrle Bellew, including her husband and child. But how unromantic a Romeo would Kyrle have made, singing beneath his Juliet's balcony in pajamas!

During the past week, the Nicaragua Canal Convention met, talked, and adjourned. We are told that "the hall was crowded," that "resolutions were passed indorsing the project," and that "much enthusiasm was expressed." This reminds us that when Warner Miller, president of the canal company, was here some months ago, he secured in this rich city, to whose prosperity the canal is vital, subscriptions for the vast sum of two hundred thousand dollars!—*subscriptions*, mark, and most of them with a strong string tied to them. How fortunate that Warner Miller was not at the enthusiastic gathering of Tuesday. If he had dropped in with his subscription paper, there would have been much injury [illegible] and limb before the enthusiastic delegates had reached [illegible]

NITA'S INHERITANCE.

A Story of West and East.

Nita set the coffee-pot on the back of the stove, and went out to see if Charlie was coming. She went to the corner of the cabin, and, with one little brown hand shading her eyes from the glare of the hot afternoon sun—just now beginning to droop toward the range on the west—looked long and earnestly up the trail. No Charlie, and supper had been ready almost half an hour.

Charlie liked his supper hot. He never ate much in the morning, and, as he always carried his midday meal with him, it was quite natural that he should enjoy a hot supper. Besides, the meals Charlie and Nita had been used to of late had not been very elaborate ones, albeit Nita was an artist in matters culinary.

Nita was thinking of this as she stood looking for Charlie. Cbarlie had been having hard luck for two months. The boom in the Keystone district gave out first, and capital withdiew from the field, leaving labor to seek employment elsewhere; so, wben Charlie's bad luck began, there was nothing he could fall back on in an emergency. Then he and his partner, Jem Brill, concluded that the claim they had been working on so diligently was a had job, and they gave it up and took to the gulch, with steadily discouraging results.

Charlie had the blues. Who would not have them, situated as he was? He owed more money in Keystone than he could ever hope to pay, unless by a run of wonderful good luck, for which the prospects were very slight. His credit had given out long since, and it was only by grubbing hard every day that he could wash out enough to buy the merest necessities for Nita and himself. Jem Brill pulled out and went over into the San Juan country. But Charlie Farquhar, with characteristic British stubbornness, said he was going to stay and get square with Keystone if it took a life-time; and so, every day, all alone, he worked like a slave, down in the gulch; and Nita, at the cabin, felt sorry for him, because he seemed so blue, and she wished she might do something to help him.

On her own account, she never worried—not Nita. Why sbould she? She had always had enough to eat, and clothes to wear, and her wants were simple. When queer old Pablo, her father, died, two years ago, she had been frightened, for she was alone with him at the time; and, after this, came Nita's only worry. Alone with the dead old ex-grandee, she wondered what was to become of her, now she was alone. The shanty they lived in, even, was not theirs, and there was bardly enough in Don Pablo's purse to give him the commonest sort of a burial. And so, poor little Nita, alone, and friendless, and ignorant, sat, and wondered, and cried until her pretty head ached. She had always been afraid of the dark, but now there was other and more serious trouble to occupy her attention, and she did not notice when the sun went down, and the shadows deepened into darkness outside the open door. And there, crouched in a corner, the dead old don lying grim and silent on the bed beyond, the Señor Farquhar found her, when he came to see how Pablo was getting on—for be bad a kind heart, had tbe blue-eyed Señor Farquhar—and the handsome young Englishman picked up the tearful, forlorn little bundle, and cuddled poor, sorrowing Nita in his arms as if she had been a baby; and there was a queer note in his voice as he told ber bow he had promised the old don that his child should never know want, and that he would always care for her. So, the next day, after the dead wreck of the former proud Spanish gentleman had been buried, in an unmarked grave, far from his beloved Castile, Nita contentedly went home with tbe big young Englishman, and there she had been ever since, happy and care-free, except for the occasional little fits of sadness caused by Charlie's blues.

Had that dissolute, broken-down but proud old Spaniard, Don Pablo, Nita's fatber, been able to return to earth and interview the kind-hearted young Englishman to whose care he had confided his child, he would probably have made it very disagreeable for him. But—what can be expected? A girl of fifteeo, with tbe physical maturity of a woman and tbe innocent, unthinking, pure mind of a child of half her age—a loving, tender, clinging little creature—and a young man of twenty-three or four, of good intentions and high principles, but only a weak human creature, after all. She loved him—how could she help it? He was so big, and strong, and masterful, yet, withal, so kind and tender to her; and she gave no thought to the future—she lived, as she always had, in the present alone.

And Charlie? He was fond of the little Juanita; she had been his only sunshine since he left England, an outcast from his father's house, four years ago. She was a dear little thing, ignorant, of course, but good and devoted to him; and he sometimes thought, in a vague way, and especially of late, that he ought to marry her. But what would his proud mother and sisters say to that? For, some day, he knew he must go back to England; his father could not live long, and he was bound to succeed to the estate, no matter how much the elder Farquhar might wish otherwise; and what would the Honorable Mrs. Farquhar and the Misses Farquhar think of the probably illegitimate child of a drunken, broken-down old Spaniard and a Mexican *peon* woman as a daughter and sister-in-law? True, they would not know—but, then, women are quite likely to find out. So Charlie Farquhar had something besides money troubles on his mind—that is, sometimes. He did not think of it very much—as I said, it was only in a vague way and only occasionally. They had lived for two years as they were living now—there was plenty of time—and there were no priests nor justices of the peace in Keystone. They could wait—and in this way Charlie would dismiss the subject from his mind, as something unnecessary to consider when more material matters demanded so much thought.

Nita, standing at the corner of the cabin, looking wistfully up the trail for Charlie, had no thought of these things. It was of Charlie and Charlie's happiness and comfort, that she thought. They had become nearer to each other of late. Nita, with a new look in her dark eyes, and a new, tender note in her wonderful voice, as she flitted about, singing at her work, stopped oftener to handle some possession of Charlie's—his best pipe, or his neck-tie, or anything—and Charlie knocked off work in tbe gulch a bit earlier every now and then, and was always pleased to see the glad look with which she welcomed him home. He had more time to spare from his hooks now and to hold her on his lap and talk to her, as she loved to he held and talked to. Looking so intently up the trail, Nita was startled to hear a slight cough very near by, and turned sharply to see who or what the intruder might be. An American, seated easily on a sleepy mule, was the author of the cough and he was looking at her quizzically.

"Have I the honor of addressing the Señorita Juanita Aristano?" he asked, with a flourish of his hat, as he removed that article.

"Si, señor," said Nita, bewildered.

"Ah, that's good. First rate. Not so hard to find, after all. Well, Miss—Miss Aristano, I've come to inform you that, by the death of a distant relative of yours in Spain, you succeed to the Aristano estates in Castile, your father, as I understand, being deceased."

Nita looked at him, wonderingly. What did he mean, this queer Señor Americano, with his odd speech and his funny flourishes?

"I not und'stand, señor. I not talk ver' much Americano. Wait for Señor Fahquah—he know."

But the Americano understood Spanish, and proceeded, without delay, to explain to ignorant little Nita all about her wonderful good fortune; so, when Charlie, wet and tired, came home a little later, it was a rapturous greeting he received from a very happy little woman, who, however, was a bit grieved and puzzled to see how sober he looked after hearing the news.

"And now we can go 'way—'way off, to the dear Spain the old father have talk so mooch 'bout—you and Nita!" she cried, snuggling closer to him as he held her on his lap after the stranger had gone over to Keystone for the night.

But Charlie only held her tighter to him, and smiled a grave, sad smile. A revelation had come to this careless young Englishman—a revelation, and an unexpected battle between honor and inclination, what he deemed his duty and what he only now knew to be his one desire. And in the struggle, that night, honor and duty won, and toward morning Charlie Farquhar went to sleep with a clear conscience and a less troubled heart—while Nita, nestled in his strong arms, slept through it all, like a healthy, tired babe, and did not even know that her Charlie was awake so many hours.

In the morning, Charlie and the stranger had a long talk together, while Nita contentedly attended to her simple household duties, thinking what a bother it was that there should be so much to arrange and to talk about.

Charlie and the stranger seemed to come to some understanding, for, after Charlie had explained something, the stranger grasped his hand and shook it cordially, and Nita heard him say that Charlie was "a man and a gentleman, and he wished there were more like him." Of course, he was a man and a gentleman, thought Nita, a little indignantly. Who had ever dreamed of considering him otherwise?

The Señor Moreton rode over to the camp after dinner, and Charlie sat for a time and smoked his pipe, and looked wistfully at the happy little thing he had so thoughtlessly wronged. After awhile he called to her, in a husky, strange voice. She came to him, he took her on his lap, and, stroking the bright head tenderly, told her of what be had decided to do. And innocent, ignorant Nita, first dazed, then failing utterly to comprehend, stared at him with wide-open eyes until he had finished. Then there was a storm of passionate tears, and she clung to him desperately, terror-stricken.

"Way, oh, why? I not und'stand, at all. You say you love Nita, and then you say you send her 'way, all 'lone. Why?"

He crusbed the clinging form to his breast. His breath came short and quick. The struggle was on again, with renewed force on the side of inclination.

"Don't, little girl—don't! You make it so hard for Charlie. Can't you see it is all because he loves you so?" And, reproachful and protesting, unwilling to be convinced, she is finally brought to understand why he is, as she thinks, sacrificing them both on duty's altar.

There is the quick trip to Denver, and the quiet little wedding at the home of the minister, with the Señor Moreton and his partner as witnesses; then the yet quicker trip to St. Louis—and then, almost before she can catch her breath, Nita is at old Mrs. Brill's, in St. Louis, and a strange lady comes every day to teach her from dreary hooks; wbile Charlie, backed by Moreton and Weed, the American lawyers, is at the old Aladdin Claim, with Jem Brill, developing what the American's practiced eye had known at a glance to be a valuable piece of property.

Soon came Nita's trial; but Charlie was with her until it was all over and she was strong and well again. Then, all too soon, poor little Nita was hard at her new studies in the suburban seminary, leaving the baby with motherly Mrs. Brill. This was hardest of all; but she could see him every week, and was it not all for Charlie's sake—because he wished it?

Charlie came, once in awhile, to see her and the little one. Not often, however. As manager of the big Aladdin Mine, he was very busy nowadays. And—grown worldly wise enough to be suspicious and jealous—Nita began to wonder if Charlie was not tired of it all. He was not the same Charlie she had known at Keystone. He was tender and kind, as of old, but he was older and more grave, and when he came to see her there was something of a cold formality in his manner that repelled the caresses and little attentions she so longed to give him. Yes, he must be tired of her—she was only an ignorant, little, half-caste Spanish girl, and why should he continue to care for her, when there were so many of those golden-haired, beautiful Americanas, all too ready to fall in love with him? And Nita would cry herself to sleep, wishing she might waken and find that it was all a dream, and that she might open her eyes in the little cabin by the Keystone Trail, with Charlie watching her through the smoke of his pipe, and the fire sputtering in the old stove, calling her to get up and cook breakfast.

And Charlie? The lonely man who persisted in sleeping in a little, old cabin on the hill-side, close to the engine-house, when even the miners had better quarters, used to sit and smoke, after Brill had gone, in the evening—for Jem was married now, and never stayed late at his old chum and partner's den—and wonder if he were not in a dream. There was all the same furniture he and Nita had had; there were many additions, hut no removals. There was the same chair in which he—in which *they* used to sit. But Nita—had there been any Nita? He was not sure. There was a young lady in St. Louis, who spoke English correctly, and with hardly a trace of her sweet Spanish accent—a young lady, with rigidly correct manners and a rather embarrassed air of cold formality toward him. The same Nita—yet another Nita. He could not understand. These metamorphoses in the sex feminine were beyond his comprehension. A year will do wonders—for Nita, two years had performed miracles—and, thought poor Charlie, time had left him behind in the running.

Yet, after all, was not he himself to blame? No, not to blame. He had given her her rights, that was all. Could he expect to hold a claim on ber after she had seen the world, and learned so much, and met other men? It was unfair of him. She had loved him, but then she was only an ignorant child. Now she was a woman, and could think for herself. Had he any right, even though he was her husband, to force upon her a relationship which he could plainly see (he thought) was distasteful to her? No. He had married her for the child's sake and because he loved her. He would give her up now for the same reasons, and set her free. No one would ever know of their past.

Another year went by—a year of diligent study for Nita and devotion to work on Charlie's part. Then, after a visit—the remembrance of which saddened both, it was so strange and formal—to Nita and the baby, he sat down one night in the Denver office of the company, and wrote to her:

"It is all arranged. I have seen Moreton, and he will give the matter his attention at once, leaving for St. Louis to morrow. . . . There need be no delay, excepting for brief legal formalities. You shall take little Charlie. . . . Moreton has arranged for Señora Tedega, your cousin, to come and escort you to Spain, so soon as your divorce is secured. . . . You will take your father's name. It is necessary. . . . I leave for Guatemala to-morrow, to be gone several months. . . . Should you ever need help or a friend's aid, you have only to write. . . ."

There was more, but all in the same vein, closing with "Always your friend, Charles E. Farquhar." And poor little Nita, her heart bursting, read it and threw herself on the floor in an agony of despair. Then, presently, with feminine self-possession, she dried her eyes and went down-stairs to meet Mr. Moreton.

Charlie Farquhar, raving with fever in a little village in Guatemala, knew nothing of the tender, passionate reply which a woman's pride and wounded heart had been unable to prevent a woman's love from sending in answer to his last letter, for it came, with other mail, when he was too ill to see it, and his rascally servant, absconding with all the valuables he could lay hands on, took the letters, also. And so, for two years, there was silence between this stupid, purblind man and the woman who deemed herself scorned by him.

* * * * * * *

The business of the Pickett's Peak Mining Company, with offices at London, New York, Denver, and Keystone, demanded the presence of Vice-President and General Manager Charles Farquhar in England for a fortnight.

"Come with me to the Charity Concert," said his old school-friend, Sir Horace Barton, as they sat at dinner at the latter's club one evening. "It's to be a swell affair. The Duchess of Kilburnham has a distinguished guest, with a most wonderful voice, who has consented, for once, to sing in public—a Spanish lady, Señora Aristano. Everybody has gone crazy over her voice—that is, every one who has—hullo! what's tbe matter?"

"N-nothing. I fear I didn't take proper time to discuss my dinner," lied Charlie, his mouth working faintly. "Perhaps I had better not——"

"Oh, pshaw! You *must* come. It's the opportunity of a life-time."

So Charlie went, feebly protesting in a way that seemed strange to his companion.

Charlie Farquhar, with dull eyes and ears that heard not, sat dumbly through the first part of tbe rather commonplace programme. His thoughts were thousands of miles away. He saw a little log-cabin on a hillside, a long, dusty trail passing before it; the smoke from a wood fire pouring out in graceful clouds above the roof; a dark little woman, with a cheery, lovely face, peering up the trail, waiting for some one; he saw——

"Wake up, man! Look! Here she is! Isn't she stunning for a little one?"

Charlie raised his eyes, startled. He had half-expected, somehow, to see a little Mexican girl in a calico dress, with a dish-cloth in her hand; he smiled, despite his pain, at the thought. What he did see was a very beautiful little woman, in plain but rich evening-dress and a wealth of dark hair, who held a roll of music in her dainty hands, and looked out, in a slightly embarrassed way, over the sea of eager faces before her. The accompanist struck a few chords by way of prelude—the dainty head uplifted slightly, the beautiful throat swelled, and the singer burst forth in notes such as that auditorium had never echoed before.

The song was nothing—a popular ballad of the day, merely—and Charlie did not hear it, for his five senses were concentrated in that of seeing, and he was feasting his eyes.

There was a burst of applause at the end, which could only be quieted in one way; and Señora Aristano, blushing prettily, advanced down the stage again, and sang—sang something Charlie had not heard for many a day—"La Golondrina," a Mexican song, with which she had been wont to awaken the echoes of the hills, and rocks, and woods

around the cabin at Keystone—an easy air, and simple, but sweet as the song of the spring birds in northern climes.

The singer's eyes had been wandering from spot to spot in the great house. Suddenly—perhaps impelled by his burning gaze—they turned full upon Farquhar. She paled—hesitated—her voice trembled—then she sang on, with renewed sweetness and vigor—sang to Charlie Farquhar in the box on the left—and finished to another and more pronounced burst of applause.

Charlie Farquhar, in the box, sat trembling and shaking as if he had seen a ghost. Nita, on a couch back of the stage, quivered and gasped hysterically. Some one brought a glass of water. She drank it—nerved herself with two or three long, deep breaths—and, in response to the unceasing uproar from the audience, came slowly down to the footlights, after a word to the accompanist.

A moment she stood, paling and flushing by turns. Then:

"'Mid pleasures and palaces——'

Did ever great audience, even one already melted, hear "Home, Sweet Home" sung with more fervor or pathos, and more appreciate the song? Did ever heart-sick, lonely, loving man drink in words so eagerly as Charlie Farquhar did these? For he knew she sang to him—to him alone. They were together again in their little cabin—happy with each other—so——

Charlie, in his eagerness, leaned far out of the box. The brave little singer on the stage trembled and grew deathly white. Her strength and nerves were about to give way, but she kept on until, faintly, she uttered:

"There's no place like——"

Then:

"Charlie!"

Such a pitiful wail!

The curtain fell, and those near at hand rushed to the aid of the sweet singer, but Farquhar, clearing his way like a madman, was there as soon as they, and Nita's brown eyes, when they opened, saw in the dear face, bent so closely to hers, all that the dreary years just passed had withheld from her—and she closed her eyes again and leaned back in his arms, and dreamed herself at Keystone—in the little cabin that had been "Home, Sweet Home" to them—while Charlie, holding her close to him, poured forth all the love his heart had so long retained, unmindful of the wondering faces about them.

And little Charlie, who was with his mother to-night—as always was when it was possible for her to have him—gazed with sleepy eyes at the big stranger, and wondered what it all meant.

R. L. Ketchum.

Yankton, S. D., March, 1892.

MAGAZINE VERSE.

Khamsin.

Oh, the wind from the desert blew in!—
Khamsin,
The wind from the desert blew in!
It blew from the heart of the fiery South,
From the fervid sand and the hills of drouth,
And it kissed the land with its scorching mouth;
The wind from the desert blew in!

It blasted the buds on the almond bough,
And it shriveled the fruit on the orange-tree;
The wizened dervish breathed no vow,
So weary and parched was he.
The lean muezzin could not cry;
The dogs ran mad, and bayed the sky;
The hot sun shone like a copper disk,
And prone in the shade of an obelisk
The water-carrier sank with a sigh,
For limp and dry was his water-skin;
And the wind from the desert blew in.

The camel crouched by the crumbling wall,
And oh, the pitiful moan it made!
The minarets, taper and slim and tall,
Reeled and swam in the brazen light,
And prayers went up by day and night,
But thin and drawn were the lips that prayed,
The river writhed in its slimy bed,
Shrunk to a tortuous, turbid thread;
The burnt earth cracked like a cloven rind;
And still the wind, the ruthless wind
Khamsin,
The wind from the desert blew in.

Into the cool of the mosque it crept,
Where the poor sought rest at the Prophet's shrine;
Its breath was fire to the jasmine-vine;
It fevered the brow of the maid who slept;
And men grew haggard with revel of wine.
The tiny fledglings died in the nest;
The sick babe gasped at the mother's breast;
Then a rumor rose and swelled and spread
From a tremulous whisper, faint and vague,
Till it burst in a terrible cry of dread—
The plague! The plague! The plague!
Oh, the wind Khamsin,
The scourge from the desert blew in!

—*Clinton Scollard in April Century.*

Death's Valley.

[The following poem is of especial interest. It has appeared since Walt Whitman's death, and is probably the last he wrote]:

Nay, do not dream, designer dark,
Thou hast portray'd or hit thy theme entire:
I, hoverer of late by this dark valley, by its confines, having glimpses of it,
Here enter lists with thee, claiming my right to make a symbol, too.

For I have seen many wounded soldiers die,
After dread suffering—have seen their lives pass off with smiles;
And I have watch'd the death-hours of the old; and seen the infant die;
The rich, with all his nurses and his doctors;
And then the poor, in meagreness and poverty;
And I myself for long, O Death, have breathed my every breath
Amid the nearness and the silent thought of thee.

And out of these and thee,
I make a scene, a song, brief (not fear of thee,
Nor gloom's ravines, nor bleak, nor dark—for I do not fear thee,
Nor celebrate the struggle, or contortion, or hard-tied knot),
Of the broad blessed light and perfect air, with meadows, rippling tides, and trees, and flowers, and grass,
And the low hum of living breeze—and in the midst God's beautiful eternal right hand,
Thee, holiest minister of Heaven—thee, envoy, usherer, guide at last of all,
Rich, florid, loosener of the stricture-knot call'd life,
Sweet, peaceful, welcome Death.

—*Walt Whitman in April Harper's.*

THE IMPECCABLE ASTORS.

"Van Gryse" on the Infrequence of Scandal in New York Society.

It has for years been the proud boast of the Four Hundred that scandal has rarely touched one of the members of that sacred band. There have been wars and rumors of wars, broken hearts and engagements, murmurings and whisperings of a more or less deadly character, but for a down-right, out-and-out, horrifying scandal the newspapers have looked in vain.

Years ago, there was a great affair that caused the American nation to tremble to its core. There was terrific excitement, which reached a climax when it was announced that the husband and the lover had gone to Canada to fight a duel and welter in each other's gore. Canada is a large country, and there they selected a conveniently vacant ten-acre lot and fired industriously at each other for some time without anything happening. When the smoke cleared away and the combatants were revealed still intact, the seconds decided that honor was appeased and enough fighting had been done for one day. That the one had not imbrued his hands in the other's blood was a misfortune, but not a fault. They had tried their best. On the way home, the way being long and the train slow, they became bored and sunk their enmities in a cheery game of poker, in which the seconds joined. It is said that they entered New York during the last jack-pot.

Since then, peace has reigned in the upper circles. A good many lovely ladies, feeling the bonds of matrimony galling, have sought freedom in Rhode Island and Sioux Falls. A good many others have married foreign nobles, to find them, in some cases, gilded shams and, in others, unbending tyrants. Innumerable engagements have been broken, and tales of a weird horror been whispered over the coffee and *crème de menthe*, or breathed behind spread fans in the drawing-room before the men arrive.

But we have had no grand, imposing, thoroughly complete scandals in society such as the English seem to produce so plentifully. There has never been a Mrs. Osborne in McAllister's band. One lady did once, at a ball, lose a diamond star, and there was some talk about it, but nothing ghastly came to light. No member of the Four Hundred ever stole her best friend's jewels and then committed perjury. We have never had a baccarat trial, or a sensational divorce case, such as those to which the English nobility occasionally treat the common herd. We have been well-behaved in our high life, and our aristocracy of money has, on the whole, been a good deal better aristocracy in its way than the English one.

In fact, it has been rather sneered at on this account. It has been somewhat in the position of the good boy who is called a "molly" by his more daring comrades. We have incurred the censure of the gay world of the effete monarchies as being a parvenu aristocracy. A society of the new rich is a moral society, the parvenu being, in his savage state, an exceedingly respectable person. When he becomes domesticated to the new conditions of his life, then he begins "to spread his mealy wings to the summer." But the old strain of Puritan blood still tempers the *joie de vivre* in the rich Eastern American. It will take generations of high living and no thinking to eradicate entirely the sombre distrust of pleasure that beat in the pulses of our stern and vigorous forefathers. The spirit of that fine old hand is not dead yet, and there are still among their progeny those who believe in "the creeds that refuse and restrain."

Now, however, after all the bragging of years we have a first-class sensation. This is, of course, the Coleman-Drayton story. The people involved are the very hub of the McAllister wheel. Mrs. Drayton was a Miss Astor. She had a good deal of money and not much else, being neither pretty nor particularly clever. The Astor women are not pretty; but, up to this, they have been Cornelias for respectability. Her two sisters are Mrs. Orme Wilson and Mrs. Roosevelt. Her cousin is William Waldorf Astor, really the head of the family, a man of refinement and ability. If people do not read his books it does not prove that he had not a good deal of courage and industry to write them. His wife is one of the most beautiful of American women, and is just now living in London.

Mr. Drayton is from Philadelphia. He comes of a good family and he is one of the handsomest men in New York, six feet high, dresses well, and looks like a novel hero. He must be somewhere in the neighborhood of forty, while his wife is about thirty-five. They have four children and, on one of the cross-streets just off Fifth Avenue, a beautiful house. Two people could hardly have been more favored of fortune than they have been. Everything has gone well with them. Health, money, position, have been theirs. And with all this, what a climax! The details I need not give; they doubtless have already reached you by telegraph.

This is the most serious *esclandre* that has ever occurred in the good society of Gotham. The prominence of the people involved makes it more marked—people, moreover, on the Astor side who have never been touched by the breath of scandal before. Roughly speaking, the Astors are the social heads of New York. They have held themselves high and walked uprightly since the days of their earliest prosperity. They have married carefully and well, choosing wives with large dowries and fine characters. They have gradually, and by their own personal efforts and merits, risen to a position which they have maintained like gentlemen and gentlewomen of good blood and breeding. This is the first blot on their 'scutcheon, and they must wince under it as people who have gloried in the pride of their blameless record.

Some time since, a Western man made the singular remark to a New York acquaintance that the women of Gotham, though they were very charming, had no accomplishments. He complained that they had mastered none of those attractive branches of a decorative education, such as music, painting, or ornamental needle-work. They could talk more wittily than any other women in the country, dressed better, were more accomplished hostesses, seemed to have read an enormous amount, but there was not one of them who could sit down and play a sonata on the piano, or sing a ballad sweetly, or paint a bunch of roses on a *papier-maché* plaque. They possessed none of the "accomplishments" which were thought of such high value in our mothers' and grandmothers' day.

Putting painting out of the way—for, unless it is practiced seriously as an art, it is of no moment—the Westerner's criticism on music is unfortunately true. There is no music in the drawing-rooms of rich or poor New York, unless the music of the greatest professionals that is paid for at two thousand dollars the song. A piano might as well be left out in the furnishings of the parlor of to-day, for no one touches it. The only places where one finds it seriously studied are in the homes of ward-politicians or well-to-do Irish lately over from the old country, who look upon "teaching Maria the pianny" as one of the outward and visible signs of their budding prosperity. But the pianos of Fifth Avenue are mute, unless charmed into melody by Paderewski or De Pachmann, when a well-bred audience forcibly keeps silence, and girds at being so restricted.

But the more graceful and charming art of singing—an art so peculiarly a woman's—is also fallen into desuetude. The fogs and the frosts of a New York winter may have ruined the voices of the New York girls; but, whatever is the cause, voices they have none. Nobody sings here except a few obliging young Englishmen and here and there a girl who is looked upon as a cross between a wonder and a bore. Their talents all run in other directions. They can talk on all subjects as well as college professors; they can read in several languages; they can ride like their brothers, and discuss religion like Mrs. Humphry Ward. But to sit down at the piano and sing "Jock o' Hazledean" is as far beyond them as it would be to square the circle.

The Western man said this was not the case with the charmers in his section of the country; and, to prove the truth of his assertion, took two New York friends to call on a girl from the Far West, who, together with her mother and sister, was spending the winter in one of the fashionable uptown hotels. The young lady was found to be an agreeable, if somewhat phlegmatic person, very gorgeously dressed, quite pretty, not bright, but fairly talkative, and leaving upon the mind of the beholder the impression that she was a female of the most undoubted respectability and corresponding dullness. There was nothing about her which suggested that she possessed the musical temperament—the most impractical, romantic, dreamy, and exalted of all forms of the artistic temperament. When she produced a guitar, and proceeded to touch its strings in the first preliminary warning tones, the effect was most incongruous. She looked so unlike the sort of girl whom one would expect to charm harmonies from that most picturesque instrument. A second look at her, however, revealed the fact that her hand, picking at the strings, was the artistic hand, with long, supple fingers, inclined to taper, and round, flexible wrist—the only hand which combines an appearance of refinement with a look of strength.

Then came the triumph of the Westerner. She not only played well, but she played with the skill and the feeling of a successful professional. Then she sang. Her voice was not particularly good, but she knew how to make the most of it, and she had had good musical training and better musical insight. Then she played on the piano—finely this time, and never like an amateur showing off. When she finished with this, she realized that her talents were being exhibited for some purpose—the New Yorkers always suspected that the Westerner had told her beforehand—and, after a few moments' talk and laughter, produced a mandolin from an embroidered silk case, and snapped away at that with a little shell instrument, warbling plaintive Spanish ditties of the sweetest and most tender kind.

By this time the guests would not have been surprised to see her draw back a curtain and reveal a pipe organ, upon which she would dash off a Bach fugue, or pull a Jew's harp from her pocket and pick away at that. She did tell them that she had tried the bandurria and found it inferior to the mandolin, and so had given it up. An Italian friend of hers had given her a few lessons on the harp, but the instrument was too cumbersome to be convenient, and, besides, it spoiled the ends of her fingers. Since she had been in New York, a German teacher, with whom she had been making a study of Wagner, had wanted her to take lessons on the zither, but she had thought it a mistake to study too many instruments. It would only result in not reaching proficiency in any. She intended to devote herself seriously to the piano; the guitar and mandolin were merely pastimes that she took up as a momentary fancy.

The New Yorkers went away greatly awed. They did not think they had ever before met a girl like that, unless she was one of those women who were going to support themselves by singing or playing. Still, with the peculiarity of the real Gothamite, they would not admit the charm of anything outside the four walls of their dear city. They confessed that it was very agreeable to listen to the music, but, after all, "a woman like that was just like a professional musician. You might as well marry the girl who comes every Monday and Friday to teach Barney O'Flynn's daughters to play the scales."

Van Gryse.

New York, March 23, 1892.

Paris dailies announce that Queen Natalie is about to go to London incognito to find a publisher for her memoirs. In Berlin and Vienna her efforts to this end were rendered futile by the authorities. The memoirs are expected to give some details of Milan's shameless life, and of such notorious performances as his chartering a Viennese comic-opera company to entertain him for a week at his palace.

Matthew Arnold once said of the Greek enthusiasts, who, a few years ago, sought to transform Clytemnestra into Klutaimnestra, Æschylus into Aiskhulos, etc., that he "did not see the advantage of wandering through a wilderness of pedantry in order that his children might enter a geographical Canaan."

THE VETERANS RECONCILED.

A Garrison Yarn.

It was nearly noon at a Western fort with a "mixed garrison," and the morning drill and reading of the mail having been safely gone through with, everybody was waiting for something to break the everlasting monotony. Lieutenant Toney Rucker came out of the rookery known as the bachelors' quarters, and started jauntily down the officers' line, bearing in his hand a kite constructed on the most approved plan as remembered by him, and in building which he had awakened many fond memories of "kite-time," to which, as a boy, he had looked forward with happy anticipation each year.

He was immediately surrounded by the abundant supply of small boys from the officers' quarters, all of whom were anxious for the kite. He picked out young Arthur, because the boy was so fond of sport, and never cried when thrown from his pony, but young Smart, of the cavalry, lounging on the bachelors' piazza, stirred up "Mr." Dawdle, of the infantry, by remarking: "You will get left, Plebe, for there goes Toney hootlicking that boy again, and he is sure of an invitation to tea, and you know what that means."

"That boy" was the captain's son, and the captain's wife had a young lady sister visiting her, whom Toney had already escorted for a ride on a troop horse, much to the disgust of Mr. Dawdle, who received a sweet good-bye from the young lady, but was furious at the parting shot of "So long, Dough-boy," from Tony.

But this is all by-play to the kite story. Toney took out of his pocket a ball of cord, borrowed from the commissary sergeant for the occasion, and straightened out the kite-tail, made of old yellow stripes cut from scouting trousers. Everything being ready, he called out: "Hold her, my son, and I will run her up for you, and then she is yours."

Toney started in quarter-race time, encouraged by frantic yells from the boys; but, alas, just as Arthur's young aunt was merrily applauding from the piazza, the kite commenced to duck in the most cowardly way, and the faster Toney ran, the more it ducked.

"Sumpen's the matter," said Arthur.

"'Tain't got the right sort o' tail," said another; "tie a rock to her," and many similar pieces of advice came from all the boys at once.

By this time the piazzas were filled with spectators, and the men waiting for mess-call sallied out on the barrack-porches to see the fun, when old Major Stuffy started toward the boys with that important air which he thought becoming to "one of the old, be gad, dragoons, before the war, sir!"

"I say, Toney, you want to shorten up the centre bridle and make her stand on the wind like this," said the old major, taking hold of the kite.

Toney, who was puzzling his mind as to where he could get more kite-tail without tearing up his only extra pair of sheets, looked up and remarked: "Well, old man, what do you know about kites, anyway?"

Now Major Stuffy had always been very partial to Toney, and showed it by constantly joking with him, while swelling with ill-fitting dignity in his intercourse with all the subalterns. The old gentleman's nerves had been a little shaken for a few days, because the infantry colonel and brevet major-general commanding the post—"one of those demned volunteers, you know"—had added insult to injury by sending him an order not to drive any more government horses in his private conveyance. Toney's light and airy remark upset the major completely, and he was on the point of venting his rage on him, when who of all others should come strolling out but the commanding officer himself. He who had won his stars for bravery and conspicuous services from Perryville to Resaca certainly ought to know all about kites. The excitement on the parade was too much for the old gentleman, and, dismissing his orderly to dinner, he raised his sun-umbrella, and remarked to his excellent spouse: "I will go and show them how to put up a kite." The very idea seemed to make him young again, and he threw out his chest and squared his shoulders as if he were going to take a new lease of life. He joined the group around the kite, and Major Stuffy braced himself pompously and saluted with an air which plainly said: "I'll stand me ground, he gad, sir!"

"How do you do, Mr. Rucker?" said the general, blandly; "I see that your kite don't work right, and——"

"It will be all right in a moment, sir; I have sent to the troop tailor for more tail."

"But, Mr. Rucker, when I was a boy" [he retires for old age next year] "we never made long tails; you just split the pieces you have and tie some knots in them. Then shorten up the bridle and make her stand so——"

"Just what I told him general," said the major eagerly, "and he insulted me, sir! yes, sir, this young fellow that has not been in the service ten years, sir! asked me what did I know about kites, sir!"

Now Major Stuffy had been avoiding the general ever since he had received the communication about the horses, and had even declined invitations to several garrison affairs for fear of meeting him, but he was greatly soothed when the general turned and said:

"Why, major, I am astonished, sir! Mr. Rucker, what do you mean, sir, by speaking to Major Stuffy in this way, sir! an old and valued officer of your own regiment, too, sir! I will not allow such things in my garrison, sir!"

"But, general, I did not intend to hurt the major's feelings. I guess I don't know much about kites anyway, boys, so you take it out behind the barracks and fly it to suit yourselves," said Toney, in a hopeless kind of way.

"It will not go up unless you change the bridle, as suggested by the major," said the general.

"And split the tail and knot it, as the general explained, boys," said the major.

Toney left the two old veterans, and as he entered the bachelors' quarters, he was muttering maledictions on the "old duffers," who had spoiled all his plans.

The sudden disappearance of Toney and the boys left the two old gentlemen alone on the parade, and the whole garrison was enjoying their dilemma. The general hemmed and hawed a moment, and said:

"By the way, major, about that horse order; you know these young lieutenants have an idea that they can use ambulances and government animals whenever they choose, and I am determined to teach them a lesson; of course I did not intend the order to hold in your case; some consideration must be shown to long and valuable service, sir, and I want you to understand this matter."

Major Stuffy extended his hand warmly to the general, and said:

"I am glad you mentioned it general; but, of course, I understood the matter perfectly. These young snips are too presumptuous anyway, and think they are entitled to all the consideration due old officers."

One of these "young snips" was struggling to pay up the bills contracted when his daughter was married, and another was incessantly engaged in short division in the effort to provide for the wants of his four boys.

The two veterans strolled away together in the direction of the club-room, followed by several officers from the row, who were interested in the reconciliation. As the major threw open the door and followed the general in, he smiled benignantly on the old habitués, and said: "Come, gentlemen, join us in a bottle of wine." Of course the invitation was accepted, for since the major had quit going on little "frolics," as he called them, in deference to the temperance ideas of the young snips, all recognized this as some special occasion. The major busied himself seeing that "Tubs" neglected no one, and talked in the most amiable way about the magnificent weather and the fine post the general had built up.

"This reminds me of old days in Texas, gentlemen, when the dragoons——" he was saying, when his Loyal Legion button fell off and rolled into a convenient knot-hole under the billiard-table. Before he recovered from his efforts to secure the rolling button, the general, with the air of Sir Roger de Coverley, removed his own little emblem, and said:

"Major, let me present you with this as a memento of this most pleasant occasion."

While the major was still overcome by this graceful move, the general wished them all a pleasant time and escaped to his quarters. The news spread around that the major was having a birthday, and even Toney Rucker put away his wrath when the orderly came to ask his presence at the club-room. "Tubs" was kept busy during the afternoon attending to the spiritual needs of the ever-increasing party, for with each new arrival the major would say: "What a fine gentleman the general is; it was the neatest thing you ever saw, sir! Why, he actually took this button from his own breast and presented it to me, by gad, sir! and we will drink to his health, gentlemen."

That evening, as the major and Toney arm-in-arm wended their winey way to their quarters, they passed young Dawdle on the walk with the captain's wife's sister, making hay while the field was clear. The garrison wore a genial smile for several days over the episode in their lives, and even the old repeaters in the guard-house actually stopped hauling cord-wood long enough to let the cart-mule have a horse laugh.

Fort Niobrara, March, 1892. W. H. Carter.

AT NIJNII-NOVGOROD.

"A crafty Persian set this stone;
A dusk Sultana wore it;
And from her slender finger, sir,
A ruthless Arab tore it.

"A ruby, like a drop of blood—
That deep-in tint that lingers
And seems to melt, perhaps was caught
From those poor mangled fingers!

"A spendthrift got it from the knave,
And tost it, like a blossom,
That night into a dancing-girl's
Accurst and balmy bosom.

"And so it went. One day a Jew
At Cairo chanced to spy it
Among a one-eyed peddler's pack,
And did not care to buy it—

"Yet bought it all the same. You see,
The Jew he knew a jewel.
He bought it cheap to sell it dear:
The ways of trade are cruel.

"But I—be Allah's all the praise!—
Such avarice, I scoff it!
If I buy cheap, why, I sell cheap,
Content with modest profit.

"This ring—such chasing! look, milord,
What workmanship! By Heaven,
The price I name you makes the thing
As if the thing were given!

"A stone without a flaw! A queen
Might not disdain to wear it.
Three hundred rubles buys the stone;
No kopeck less, I swear it!"

Thus Hassan, holding up the ring
To me, no eager buyer.
A hundred rubles was not much
To pay so sweet a liar!

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich in April Harper's.*

Jerry Simpson used, in his earlier days, to be an expert in sawing logs, and a story, told in Washington of the sockless statesman, relates that while he was dozing in a chair at the Riggs House, the passing of an electric car, with its din and buzzing, recalled to his somnolent senses his old-time trade, whereupon he jumped up, shouting: "Back her; she's struck a knot!"

Lucy Hooper says that Americans who go to Paris forget all about the Salon and the Institute, and remember the Casino de Paris and the Moulin Rouge. This allegation is not particularly flattering, but it is undoubtedly true.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Is Grover Cleveland "Able"?

Editors Argonaut: In a recent editorial you alleged that Grover Cleveland was "undeniably an able man." Speaking of him in a national sense, as the leader of his party, an ex-President of the United States, an idol of the cultivated Mugwumps, does such assertion convey an accurate impression? The word "able" is impliedly relative in its meaning, is it not? Every living thing is "able" in a certain sense. The educated pig has more ability than other pigs. A bright young lawyer is "able" for his age. An obscure local politician is "able" in his own ward. You will recollect Daniel Webster's criticism of a line of poetry, referring to the "amazing speed" of a flying bird; he contended that "amazing" was relative, and regarding a bird did not convey a distinct idea.

As you were speaking of Mr. Cleveland nationally, it is fair to infer that you consider him one of the able men of the country. I beg that you will make clear in what way he has shown his ability. As a lawyer in Buffalo, did he make an impress upon the bar of his city? Was he incontestably in the front rank of the legal fraternity of his city, or county, or State? As mayor, he was elected on a "reform" issue. And not because of his ability as mayor, but because he carried the city election, was he nominated for governor. The campaign resulting in his being elected governor of New York by one hundred and ninety-six thousand plurality was not fought out upon his ability. The battle, as all know, was a factional fight in the Republican party against Secretary Folger. Mr. Cleveland's nomination for the Presidency was made because he had carried New York State as governor. Politically, Mr. Cleveland was never anything other than an expedient.

In the White House he was in a manner conservative. His message on the tariff question factitiously determined the political issues of the campaign that was approaching. But it was so glaringly incorrect in its statements, and so weak in its argument, that it appealed to no really intelligent element. Senator Carlisle said that Mr. Cleveland confessed that he knew nothing about the tariff when elected President, but that he "accepted it as a Democratic principle"; and that his tariff ideas and knowledge were obtained by "*talking* with the leading thinkers on both sides"—that is, by a few conversations, presumably, with the Randall and the Carlisle Democrats. It must have been so, for Mr. Blaine and Mr. McKinley evidently had no hand in Mr. Cleveland's education. And, in 1888, upon Henry Watterson's statement, "He was so skeptical of the issue he had himself precipitated, he sent Mr. Gorman and the late William L. Scott to St. Louis with a cut-and-dried platform, ignoring his own message, ignoring the Mills Bill, and reasserting as the party law the straddle we had made in Chicago in 1884."

Would you ascribe ability to a man as a statesman, who admitted his ignorance of the crucial issue at the time he was elected President? And would you confer the Order of Ability upon him, either as statesman or politician, who would try to side-track the dominant issue when another campaign was pending?

As a speaker has Mr. Cleveland made conspicuous his ability? His cyclopedia addresses, exposed by the New York *Sun*, display rather a lamentable deficiency in ideas and versatility. Has he advanced a new idea, or furbished up an old one in a manner to win the reward of being denominated able? His style is execrable, either written or spoken. Its obscurity leads to the suspicion of shallowness rather than depth.

Measure Mr. Cleveland by the class in which he has moved for the few years since 1884, and we may arrive at a conclusion not favorable to his possessing ability. Would he cut a leading figure in the United States Senate? Would he crowd his way to the front, even in the House of Representatives? Would he be an effective campaign orator? Or an originator of statesmanlike measures? Or an eminent Secretary of State, a fitting successor to such men as Seward and Blaine? Or, finally, taking the law, in which his life was passed till he obtained accidental political prominence, would Grover Cleveland adorn the Supreme Bench of the United States? Sidney Ross.

Albany, Or., March 26, 1892.

The American West.

Editors Argonaut: The great West has a work to perform for this country and government the magnitude of which is little appreciated in the West, and is only equaled by her promise of strength and extent of territory for operations. New York, the metropolis of this great country, is not fast becoming, but *is* a foreign city; the sons and daughters of her oldest and most conservative citizens look to Europe for every inspiration of ambitious thought and action. "Going abroad" is the highest distinction. Foreign fashions, foreign fabrics, are only worthy of adoption. To be in ignorance of the West is in New York a mark of honorable distinction. To affect ignorance where some knowledge has been thrust upon them, is far more commendable than acknowledging acquaintance with anything so plebeian as the rough, ignorant, vulgar West. So much for the better classes and the youth belonging to them.

The writer spent the birthday of Washington in the city of New York. A few flags were flying, the streets were empty, no demonstration whatever—simply a Sunday quiet rested over the city.

Yesterday the patron saint of New York had his birthday. From early till late there was a stir. You felt it in the frosty atmosphere, you saw it among the chamber-maids and waiters in your hotel. The car-drivers were not themselves. Trades-people displayed the various tones of green in show-windows. From every rank and in every file there were the wearers of the green.

Witnessing the procession from a point on Fifth Avenue, what did one observe? Foreign faces of the lowest intelligence. Everywhere the green, now and then an American flag; once a portrait of Washington, in a medallion, by the side of a face unknown to the writer. There were foreign uniforms and badges, and chiefly foreign faces gazing at the pageant. In some instances delivery-wagons were stopped, men taking hold of the horses' heads, and there detained until the line of march had passed, with unbroken ranks, up the avenue. Each cross-street was blocked by vehicles awaiting to cross Fifth Avenue. Down-town further, the mail service was interrupted. Read this:

The driver of United States mail-wagon No. 40 innocently attempted to cross Third Avenue at Ninth Street, yesterday morning, in front of a parade of St. Patrick's Day celebrators. The crowd seized his horse, and when he got down to remonstrate and explain that they were interrupting the United States mail service, one ruffian struck him on the head with a heavy cane. With blood flowing freely from a long gash in his head, the driver called upon Policeman No. 2,994, who stood near by, to arrest his assailant, whom he pointed out. The policeman refused to make the arrest, although several citizens who had witnessed the assault proclaimed it an outrage. The paraders marched triumphantly uptown, while the driver went to a drug-store to have his wound dressed.—*New York Tribune, March 18th.*

What is the meaning and intention of all this? Each year this parade passes before the public gaze. Each year it takes possession of the streets of New York. Each year its ranks are fuller, its Hibernian orders stronger (I counted many banners), and saw, lastly, No. 15 of the "Ancient Order." There may be more. All this means but one thing—"increased strength of the Church of Rome." Where is there a counter-current strong enough to meet this? It does not exist, except in the West. New Yorkers are settled down into a state of hopeless, submissive inactivity. B. D.

New York, March 18, 1892.

The "Idle Fellow" wants to Know.

Editors Argonaut: Will you do me the favor of giving me the name and address of your contributor, the author of "The Earlier Bird," thereby greatly obliging, Yours faithfully,

Jerome K. Jerome.

The Idler, 310 Strand, London, March 14, 1892.

[The sketch "The Earlier Bird," was written by Mr. Charles Dwight Willard, whose address is "Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles, Cal."—Eds.]

In a Kansas City newspaper's report of the meeting of a Methodist conference, the "mint, anise, and cummin" of Scripture appeared as "mist, arnica, and cinnamon."

A COURT OF HONOR.

The Careers of the Men who Decided that Borrowe need not Fight.

To any one who is acquainted with the inner side of Parisian life there is something rather surprising (says the New York *World*) in the selection of the Duc de Morny and M. Aurelien Scholl as arbiters and supreme judges of questions of honor. Aurelien Scholl, it is true, possesses a certain kind of boulevard and semi-Bohemian notion of honor which is all very well in its way, but scarcely that of the *grand monde*.

He is a singularly clever free-lance of the press, as venal as most of his Paris *confrères*, which is saying a good deal, and noted for his readiness to back up the statements of his very trenchant pen with his equally skillful sword. He has fought a considerable number of duels—French duels—which differ from those of other Continental countries, in that they are infinitely less serious in their results. He may, therefore, be regarded as an expert on matters pertaining to the peculiar French dueling methods. But that is about all, and certainly no Frenchman who is in the swim in Paris would ever dream of setting up Aurelien Scholl as a standard of the honor of gentlemen.

Aurelien Scholl's principal title to fame is his duel with the Comte de Dion concerning the ill-fated Duchesse de Chaulnes. The Comte de Dion is an adventurer of somewhat doubtful antecedents and hazy pedigree, who succeeded in making the acquaintance of the young duchess and in acquiring her confidence and friendship. These were ill-bestowed. The count was more than indiscreet, and soon by his conversation and his manner gave rise to the rumors that there was something more than ordinary friendship between himself and the duchess.

In fact, he hopelessly compromised her, so much so that, on the sudden death of her husband—the Duc de Chaulnes, younger brother of the late Duc de Luynes—a family council was assembled, which decreed that she was unworthy to be intrusted with the guardianship of her children.

Inasmuch as these so-called "family councils" are recognized by French law, which undertakes to sanction and enforce their decisions and decrees, the young duchess was parted by force from her children, and literally turned out-of-doors. She had been incautious enough at the outset of her marriage to incur the animosity of her mother-in-law, the despotic old Duchesse de Chevreuse, whose influence in the Faubourg St. Germain is very great. The family council was composed exclusively of personages related to her and subject to her autocratic will. She, therefore, found no difficulty in persuading the council to intrust the care of her son's children to herself. So powerful is she in the upper ranks of French society that no one ventured to espouse the cause of the young duchess. A foreigner by birth, she possessed neither fortune nor friends. She belonged to an impoverished branch of the Russian Galitzin family. Even the man who had wrought her social ruin turned away from her, and cut her when he encountered her in the street. He was willing to have his name associated with hers so long as she was one of the leaders of the Faubourg St. Germain, but had no intention of compromising his extremely shaky position by association with her after she had lost her rank, wealth, and prestige. Reduced to absolute want, the golden-haired young duchess died alone in a garret in one of the poorest quarters of Paris.

When her death became known, Aurelien Scholl, who is the foremost and boldest *chroniqueur* of the Parisian press, proceeded to hold up the Comte de Dion to public obloquy with all his accustomed vigor of expression. A duel followed, in which Aurelien Scholl received a severe wound. Popular sympathy was altogether on his side, however, and much of his present boulevard popularity is due to the fact of his having shown up, in his true and contemptible colors, the man who contrived the ruin of the Duchesse de Chaulnes.

Aurelien Scholl lives almost entirely on the boulevards, and practically makes his home in the clubs and famous cabarets. He prides himself on believing neither in God nor in the devil, and passes for a cynic who has no illusions and to whom nothing is sacred.

The father of the Duc de Morny was an unscrupulous and cold-blooded adventurer—a *chevalier d'industrie*, in fact, with no sense of honor or shame—but who, at the same time, had all the *façons* of a grand seigneur. His son, the present duke, is fully as unscrupulous as was his father, but possesses neither his father's tact, his shrewdness, nor yet his grand air. He has been the hero of all kinds of discreditable intrigues and scandals.

On more than one occasion he has been hooted in the street, notably when he attended the funeral of the little Russian actress, Feygine, whom he drove to suicide. He is not even noted as a duelist, as is Aurelien Scholl. His appearances on the so-called field of honor have ordinarily been in the capacity of a second rather than as a principal.

Up to the time of his marriage he was known as the king of Parisian dudedom—*le Roi de la Gomme*—and most of the inane, effeminate, and ridiculous mannerisms of the Paris *gommeux* originate with him. It was he who first inaugurated skirt-dancing by men, by appearing in an amateur theatrical entertainment given at the Club de la Rue Royale in the costume of a ballerina. He danced one of the most difficult and suggestive *pas seuls* of the ballet "Excelsior," managing his short gauze skirts with consummate skill. His hair was powdered, his corsage décolleté in the most approved fashion, his face was rouged, and, being diminutive in stature, he would have presented a fairly good appearance as a girl had it not been for his mustache, which he declined to shave off. It was the young Duc de Morny, too, who endeavored in vain to inaugurate the fashion of wearing a claret-colored evening dress-coat. He was more successful, however, in other enterprises of this sort, and many of the eccentricities and extravagances of dress which have rendered the Parisian *petit crévé* so ridiculous owe their origin to the duke.

After having almost completely squandered the vast wealth dishonestly acquired by his father, the young Duc de Morny married one of the daughters of General Guzman Blanco, that South American land-pirate whose name is still a synonym in Venezuela for rapine, extortion, plunder, and every kind of dishonesty.

His conduct with regard to Mlle. Feygine, which closed many doors against him both at home and abroad, was as follows: Mlle. Feygine was the daughter of a retired Russian colonel residing at Moscow. Morny betrayed her during a stay in the Czar's ancient capital, and persuaded her to elope with him to Paris.

Exceedingly mean in financial matters, he soon began to grudge the money which he was obliged to devote to her support, and accordingly induced her to make her début on the stage. She was very attractive, her beauty being of an unusual, piquante kind, and, like most Russian women, she was naturally clever and quick to learn.

She soon became a popular favorite. But, in proportion as she grew in the good graces of the theatre-going public, the duke became tired of her. She, however, remained as blindly in love with him as she had been from the first.

Finally, he determined to break off his relations with her; but instead of conveying his decision to her with some faint show of consideration, he adopted a peculiarly brutal method. Without warning her in any way of what was awaiting her, he drove off to his club, and, declaring to his friends there that he had determined to cut loose from Mlle. Feygine, he inquired if there were any of them who cared to succeed him in her good graces.

As quite a number of the men present in the room expressed their readiness to do so, he offered to take the whole number of them with him to Mlle. Feygine's house, in order that she might have an opportunity of choosing. Accordingly the entire party drove off to the house of the little actress. She was just in the act of dressing when the duke, followed by his companions, burst into her room, and exclaiming: "There, gentlemen, you can see for yourselves the quality of the merchandise!" commenced then and there to explain to her that he had determined to put a stop to his intimacy with her, and that he had brought these men with him in order that she might choose a successor.

The girl, without a single cry, apparently dazed by the brutal character of the indignity, fell full length upon the floor in a dead faint. When she recovered consciousness the duke and his companions had disappeared. A few hours later she committed suicide, leaving a letter addressed to the duke which found its way into the newspapers, and which was sufficient to brand him with infamy for life.

When the elder Duc de Morny was French Embassador in Russia, he determined to marry one of the ladies of the Czar's court, but a fair and generous friend, whom he had left behind in Paris, threatened to make things unpleasant for him, unless he restored all the money he had obtained from her. It was not until he had induced Napoleon the Third to cause her to be expelled from French territory that he ventured to return to Paris with his bride. He was, moreover, one of the chief promoters of the Mexican expedition. In fact, there was not a single shady and dishonest enterprise undertaken during the first fourteen years of the imperial régime in which he did not participate, and from which he did not extort black-mail.

After his death his widow, the mother of the present Duc de Morny, married the Spanish Duke of Sesto, a small man, with a squeaky voice, who enjoys the unenviable reputation of having been the *directeur des menus plaisirs* of the late King of Spain. It was he who organized all the intrigues and liaisons of his royal master, and on one memorable occasion he received a stinging blow in the face from Queen Christina, whom he was endeavoring to prevent from entering a pavilion where the king was spending a summer afternoon with a fair but frail lady of the court. The Duke of Sesto, it may be added, is now no longer a member of the royal household of Spain. He was at one time engaged to and jilted by the Empress Eugénie, previous to her marriage to Napoleon the Third.

The young Duc de Morny's sister is the notorious Marquise de Belhœuf, whose peculiar extravagances of character, masculine ways, and intimacies with ladies of the burlesque and even half-world have forced most people to close their doors against her.

The disastrous effects upon shipping of the storms that have been so frequent and of such unusual violence this past winter on the British coasts, have suggested to the proprietors of the *Daily Graphic*, of London, to offer a prize of one hundred pounds for the best means of establishing communication between a stranded ship and the shore. Many sketches and plans have been submitted already, but a few weeks have still to elapse before the various proposals will be submitted to the three judges, one of whom is an admiral in the royal navy. In the meantime there is an excellent opportunity for Yankee ingenuity to enter the competition, which is generously open to the whole world, and perhaps to capture the prize.

Captain Bottego, of the Nineteenth Artillery Regiment of the Italian army, made a wager recently that he could ride one hundred and fifty miles in twenty-four hours without leaving the saddle, except to change horses. He mounted at a quarter to twelve on Saturday evening, and at ten minutes to twelve on the following evening had covered one hundred and seventy miles. On Monday morning he was at drill as usual. He changed horses five times during his ride and lost thereby thirty minutes. During twenty-one hours he rode at a trot.

Herrmann Zeitung, who makes his living by traveling in trunks and then exhibiting himself in variety-shows on the continent, made his last trip from Antwerp to Christiana in a wooden box, which stood on the ship's deck four days and four nights without anybody's knowing that it contained a man. The voyage was stormy, but Zeitung kept his nose to a crack in the boards, ate his sandwiches, and kept well.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

There is a vast amount of prudence in the bosom of the pugilist. The other evening Mr. Corbett and Mr. Mitchell called each other a vast variety of names that generally lead to fighting in other classes. But no blows were struck.

Count Herbert Bismarck has recently been cruising about the Mediterranean, on board the *Namouna*, as the guest of Mr. James Gordon Bennett. Count Herbert and Mr Bennett have been intimate for some time past, and only a short time ago Mr. Bennett was invited to spend a few days with the ex-chancellor at Friedrichsruh.

The French Council of State has just authorized Captain Joseph Bazaine, of the Fifty-Third Infantry Regiment stationed at Nantes, to change his name to that of "Beauclair." The captain is a nephew of the ex-Marshal Bazaine; he found that the name of his uncle was a serious source of trouble and unpleasantness to him.

M. Clémenceau enjoys the well-deserved reputation of being a dead shot, which renders him a very formidable adversary in duels—so much so, indeed, that even the redoubtable fire-eater, M. Paul de Cassagnac, has declined to receive his challenge. He is, also, an expert swordsman, all the more dangerous as an antagonist from his being left-handed.

Emperor William appeared the other day in a new rôle—that of Messenger of Love. His carriage drew up at the door of General von Lucadou, at Berlin, and he alighted therefrom, bearing a huge bouquet. His visit was made for the purpose of asking the hand of the daughter of the general for his favorite aide-de-camp, Major von Hulsen. It is scarcely necessary to say that the emperor's request was cordially granted by the parents of the young lady, who is an heiress and of great beauty.

The estate of the late President Grèvy of France now proves to be worth $1,400,000. The Paris residence in the Avenue d'Jena, now inhabited by Mme. Grèvy and the Wilson family, with the grounds attached, is valued at $400,000. The bulk of the ex-president's money was invested in English consols and Russian, Belgian, and American securities. For many years he was earning from $50,000 to $60,000 a year; but he lived in a modest apartment he had occupied while yet a mere lawyer, and kept no carriage.

W. G. Oakman, the new president of the Richmond Terminal system, is a son-in-law of Roscoe Conkling. The senator was opposed to the match, for Mr. Oakman was at that time a humble superintendent of a minor division of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Road, with a salary of about twenty-five dollars a week. Horatio Seymour, the bride's uncle, threw open the doors of his house in Utica for the wedding. Mr. Conkling never again spoke to his daughter until he was on his death-bed at the Hoffman House.

An unparalleled number of members of the House of Commons have gone to the bad since the present Parliament has been in session. Three have been condemned to expulsion for criminal offenses, and two of them are now undergoing sentences of penal servitude, the third being a fugitive from justice. Three others have been obliged to surrender their seats in consequence of financial disaster. Others again, including Colonel Hughes-Hallet and Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, have got into very serious trouble in connection with ladies, and, while the political career of Colonel Hughes-Hallet is already ended, that of Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett will, in accordance with a promise made to Captain Hosier, husband of Lady Blanche Hosier, come to a close at the end of the present session. Still another member, a Mr. Atkinson, has just been placed in a lunatic asylum.

Notwithstanding the strenuous opposition of his two elder sons, the Duke of Sutherland has succeeded in obtaining permission from the Scottish courts to sell some seventy or eighty thousand acres of land in Sutherlandshire. The object of the Duke of Sutherland in converting the property into cash is for the purpose of being able to settle the money upon his second wife, the ex-Mrs. Blair, of unenviable notoriety. Neither the Marquis Stafford nor Lord Cromartie has crossed the father's threshold since his second marriage, and the new duchess has revenged herself for this slight by using every means in her power to embitter the now weak-minded duke against his sons. He is alienating every available piece of property from the title, and, at his death, the Marquis of Stafford will succeed only to those estates that are strictly entailed, all the remainder of the ducal property being left by will to the coarse, vulgar, and altogether objectionable woman, who, by some extraordinary means—for she is elderly and unlovely—has succeeded in capturing both the heart and the hand of the Duke of Sutherland.

Kleanthos Skalieri, who died at Athens a few days ago as an insignificant railroad official, was formerly one of the most influential men in Constantinople. He was born in the Turkish capital fifty-five years ago, the son of a wealthy family of Greek origin. When a young man he became an intimate friend of Murad, afterward Sultan of Turkey, at that time among the gayest youths of Stamboul. Skalieri and his companions, it will be remembered, organized a successful conspiracy, dethroned Abdul Aziz, and made Murad ruler of the Ottoman Empire. During the reign, Skalieri lived a life of ease, influence, and luxury. But the golden days were of short duration. Abdul Hamid came to the throne, and poor Murad was thrown into prison. Skalieri and his companions well knew that, according to Turkish traditions, Murad's days were numbered. They determined, if possible, to liberate him, and, clad in women's clothes, made a brave attempt to rescue their emperor, benefactor, and friend. The attempt was vain. Most of the conspirators were captured, and soon suffered the fate of all such men in Turkey. They "mysteriously disappeared." But Skalieri succeeded in making his escape. He was in Athens and secured a modest position.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

It is said that Mrs. Humphry Ward was paid thirty thousand dollars for "David Grieve"—and said apparently with authority.

The new Authors' Club of Loodon has fixed its annual subscription at about twenty-one dollars, and its entrance fee at something over fifty dollars. There will be six hundred members, the qualifications for membership heing that a man should be a British subject, or a citizen of the United States; an author, in the widest acceptance of the term; a contrihutor to a leading periodical, or a journalist of established position.

French novels are said to be steadily declioing in popularity. A London critic says:

"The eternal 'ménage à trois' has at last begun to pall opon the European 'general reader,' and the literary puppet-shows, with their simply constructed marionettes of husband, wife, and lover, are being returned in whole batches upon the hands of the Parisian manufacturer. Breaches of the Seventh Commandment have become a drug; matrimonial infidelity has 'closed flat, with a declining tendency.'"

John Payne, the translator of Villon and "The Arabian Nights," writes twenty thousand lioes of doggerel or nonsense verse every year—just to keep his hand in. When he wants to write a serious poem, the melodious numhers flow without impedimeot.

Richard Harding Davis's second article oo "The West from a Car Window," to appear in an illustrated weekly, will be entitled "Our Troops on the Border."

Mr. Walter Besant's new volume of stories is to bear the extraordinary title of "Verhenia Camellia Stephanotis."

Two accomplished English men of letters are now at work upon a "History of English Poetry"—Mr. Stopford Brooke and Mr. Courthope. Mr. Brooke has hegun with the early pre-Chaucerian verse, and is said to he working as arduously as if he were a German professor.

S. S. McClure, the well-known literary syndicate manager, gives the following figures as representing the incomes from their work of leading novelists and writers:

Payn, Hardy, Clark Rossell, Walter Besant, Black, the "Duchess" (Mrs. Hungerford), and Hall Caine, $5,000 to $7,000 per annum; Rider Haggard, Rndyard Kipling, and Robert Louis Stevenson, $15,000 each; Brei Harte, between $8,000 and $12,000; Mrs. Burnett, Marion Crawford, Captain Charles King, Henry James, Sarah Orne Jewett, Amelia E. Barr, $5,000 to $9,000; Julian Hawthorne, $5,000 to $8,000; Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, $2,500. The average novelist, Mr. McClure says, if he can secure serial publication, will easily make over $2,500 per annum. Royalties on novels are ten per cent. and the average price for a novel one dollar. It would take 50,000 sales to earn the author $5,000. Few oovels ever reach the 50,000 mark. Mark Twain, who sells his books hy subscription, makes big money. Among magazine writers, W. D. Howells receives the higbest price for a series of novels of any American author, each one hringing him in $10,000.

Lord Tennyson's oew play, "The Foresters: Robin Hood and Maid Marian," will he issued in book-form in style uniform with the new edition of the poet's works.

In the *Critic* of March 19th is closed the four months' discussion aroused hy Molly Elliot Seawell's paper on "The Ahsence of the Creative Faculty io Woman." The editors say that this paper "has been more talked about than any single article they have ever prioted."

A man demanded of a London hookseller a copy of "Omar Khayyam." "Sir," replied the shopkeeper, after some delay, "we have got his 'Iliad' and his 'Odyssey,' hut not his 'Khayyam.'"

A curious criticism on Renan is made by the London *Spectator*. It quotes a clever woman as saying, in gentle depreciation of a frieod: "He is an intelligent creature, but he has a cork soul." Such a soul, the critic holds, M. Renan possesses.

"Love-Letters of a Worldly Woman," hy Mrs. W. K. Clifford, author of "Mrs. Keith's Crime," will be published in a few days.

What is supposed to be a "timely" historical oovel is announced in Chicago hy McClurg. It is a romance of the life of Columhus. The title is "Columbus and Beatriz," and the author's name is Constance G. DuBois.

The following is the result of the Webster's Dictionary copyright suit:

"Judge Shipman has filed a decision in the case of Merriam *versus* the Texas Siftings Publishing Company in the United States Circuit Court. The defendant has advertised and sold as a premium for subscriptions to its weekly paper a reprint of the 1847 edition of Webster's Dictionary, on which the copyright has expired, and which has been out of print for nearly thirty years, so wording its advertisement as to induce the public to think that the book was a copy of the plaintiff's later and revised editions of the Unabridged. The judge decides that hereafter 'each book delivered by it or its agents should contain a notice by printed slips attached to the title-page that it is a reprint of the edition of 1847 of Webster's Dictionary, with a list of the editions that have been made thereto and which the book contains.'"

A new volume of poems, hy Mr. Clinton Scollard, will appear this fall. Of his privately printed "Giovlo and Giulia," only forty copies remain unsold. They may be had from the author, at Clinton, N. Y.

Mr. Howells's new novel, "The Quality of Mercy"—the story of a defaulter who runs away to Canada—is just ready for publication in book-form.

The Waverly Company announces a cheap edition of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter." "For forty-two years," it is stated, "a copyright has protected what has been conceded to be the greatest American novel ever written"; hut now that that term has expired, the book may he published by any one who wishes to print it. For some time to come, we suspect, the admirers of Hawthorne's genius will find the editions issued hy his regular publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., more to their taste than any "unauthorized" reprints.

New Publications.

"Queen Mah," a novel hy William Westall, has been issued in the Central Square Series published hy W. N. Swett & Co., Lynn, Mass.; price, 25 cents; for sale hy the booksellers.

"Not on Calvary: A Layman's Plea for Mediation in the Temptation in the Wilderness" has been published by Charles T. Dillingham & Co., New York; for sale hy the booksellers.

"Some Children of Adam," hy R. M. Manley, a sensational story of metropolitan life, has been issued in the Rose Library published hy the Worthingtoo Company, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale hy the booksellers.

"The Peer and the Woman," hy E. Phillips Oppenheim, a story of fast life in London, has been issued in the Mayflower Library published by John A. Taylor & Co., New York; price, 30 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

The latest issue of the Contes Choisis is "Le Chant du Cygne," by Georges Ohnet, and another little French hook of the same class is "Bouderie," by Maurice Lecomte, a *scenette* in one act. Published by William R. Jenkins, New York; price, 25 ceots each; for sale by William Doxey.

"Le Français Pratique," hy Paul Bercy, is another of the thousand and one new "French methods." It aims to give a quickly acquired, rather than a thorough, knowledge of the language. Puhlished hy William R. Jenkins, New York; price, $1.00; for sale hy the booksellers.

"Clytie and Other Poems," hy Marguerite E. Easter, introduces a new rhymer who is influenced largely hy the Greek mythology and a keen love for the heauties of nature, and who has the faculty of facile and often graceful expression. Published hy A. J. Philpott & Co., Boston; price, $1.50; for sale hy the booksellers.

"William Morris: Poet, Artist, and Socialist" is the latest issue of the Social Science Lihrary. It contains a sketch of his life, hy William Clarke, and selectioos from his socialistic writings and his "Chants for Socialists," edited hy Francis Watts Lee. Puhlished hy the Humholdt Publishing Company, New York; price, 25 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Montrose," hy Mowhray Morris—at one time editor-in-chief of the London *Times*—is the latest issue of the English Men of Action Series. It is a lively history of a man who stood in the front rank of Englishmen in the seventeeoth century, and brings together the facts of his life from a wide range of sources. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 60 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"A Daughter of Heth" is the initial volume of a new and revised editioo of William Black's novels which is now being issued monthly, and the second volume, "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," has also heen issued already. The volumes are printed from English type on rather light paper, but they are inexpeosive without heing poor. Published hy Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 90 cents per volume; for sale hy The Bancroft Company.

"Immortal Hopes" is the title of a little hook compiled by Mary J. Chisholm Foster aod dedicated hy her "to all who mourn." It contains: "There is no Death," hy Lord Lytton; "The Undiscovered Country," by Edmund Clarence Stedman; "There is a Land," hy Gurdon Roherts; aod "For Thee, O Dear, Dear Country," by St. Bernard of Morlaix. Puhlished hy the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Penance of Portia James" is "Tasma's" second novel, her first, "Uncle Piper of Piper's Hill," having created a decided sensation as a novel of Australian life. This second story is a study of character, Portia James being much such a woman as was the "Daniel come to judgment," though she has not the foresight of Shakespeare's heroine and suffers in consequence. Published hy the John W. Lovell Company, New York; price, $1.00; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

Brander Matthews's amusing little story, "In the Vestibule Limited," has heen issued in the Black and White Series. It tells of a young man and woman who, having had a lovers' quarrel and parted for ever, meet on a "vestihule limited" en route to Denver; and, there heing a clergyman and witnesses at hand, they make it all up and turn their intended flight into a wedding journey. Puhlished hy Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The Marquis of Lorne's special fitness to become the hiographer of Lord Palmerston lies in the fact that his imperial mamma-io-law has allowed him access to certain of her late prime minister's correspondence which less favored historians have not heen ahle to examine, and from that fact "Lord Palmerston," the latest issue of the Queen's Prime Ministers Series, derives value that lifts it above most ordinary political hiographies. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, $1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Bret Harte's latest story is the history of a family—Californian, of course—who have risen in a real-estate "boom." Daniel Harkuth, storekeeper at Sidon, seeing the future value of that insignificant hamlet when a railroad shall make it a terminal point, secures title to several hlocks of land hy forgery and deception of the besotted squatter to whom it belongs, and suddenly becomes a millionaire. He goes with his family to San Francisco, and they go into "society." Finally, one of his two daughters marries the defrauded squatter, now reformed and wealthy, the son marries a widow, and a flood sweeps the old man's fortune away. Such is the story, and it is treated in Bret Harte's best "later maoner"—it is not so romantic and sketchy as his early mioing sketches, but it is a better character study than any of his recent novels. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, $1 25; for sale by the booksellers.

"Potiphar's Wife and Other Poems" is the title of the new collection of Sir Edwin Arnold's recent poems. The first poem, which gives its name to the volume, is, we believe, the only one in the hook which has not been printed hefore; we reproduce it in full on another page. In the same group, Egyptian Poems, are "To a Pair of Egyptian Slippers" and "The Egyptian Princess." The Japanese Poems are eight in number, including "The Musmée," "The 'No' Dance," "Sayonara," etc., and there are fifteen miscellaneous poems, among them the "Sonnet to America" written on leaving the Golden Gate, "The Sultan's Ring," "A Rose of the 'Garden of Fragrance,'" "Durch den Wald," "The Frigate Endymion," and others that have already endeared themselves to the public. The hook is a pretty specimen of the hookmaker's art and a worthy setting for these hitle gems. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, $1.25; for sale hy The Bancroft Company.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

The new Boston ethical quarterly, the *New World*, is just coming out. The first number presents several articles by leading liheral theologians.

The *Knight Errant*, the æsthetic magazine which Boston is about to produce, has been somewhat delayed by the difficulty of procuring for the first number what the editors consider a photogravure of satisfactory quality.

The question of whether a newspaper can be held responsihle for a lihel puhlished in its advertising columns came up in the case of Le Huray *versus* the Morning Journal Puhlishing Company, which was heard hefore Judge Lawrence and a jury in the New York Supreme Court recently. The case may be summarized as follows:

"In April, 1890, an advertisement appeared in the New York *Morning Journal* among others of the character usually employed by adventuresses to attract victims, and which gave the name and address of the Le Huray sisters. The advertisement was of an infamous nature, and would not have been accepted hy any newspaper which makes even a pretense to respectability. Miss Blanche Le Huray was living with her mother and two married sisters in Mount Vernon, N. Y. They were ladies of the highest respectability and moved in the best social circles. The puhlication of the advertisement resulted in their receiving a number of insulting letters and calls, and to their heing ostracized and forced to give up their home at Mount Vernon and going to New York city to live. The outrageous insults which these respectable ladies received shattered the health of Miss Blanche Le Huray, and she brought suit against the paper to recover one hundred thousand dollars damages. The *Morning Journal* people admitted the puhlication, but claimed that the advertisement was received in the ordinary course of business, and that there was no intent to injure or annoy the Le Hurays, as the advertisement purported to be inserted by them. They held that there was no malice, and therefore asked that nominal damages be awarded. Several of the clerks employed in the business office of the paper were questioned as to the relative charge for 'straight' and 'crooked' advertisements, and also as to what their instructions were as to the acceptance of questionable notices. Most of this testimony was ruled out as incompetent. Judge Lawrence charged the jury that the puhlication of the advertisement was a libel, *per se*, and left to them the question of damages to be awarded under the law. The jury finally brought in a verdict of one thousand dollars against the *Morning Journal*, and both sides announced that they would appeal."

Hereafter the *Epoch*, the political and literary weekly started in New York five years ago hy Mr. DeWitt J. Seligman, will he merged in *Munsey's Magazine*. Mr. Seligman's associate editors at ooe time or another were Messrs. John Foord, George Parsons Lathrop, Nathan Haskell Dole, Lee J. Vance, and the late Edmund Collins. Still the *Epoch* has merged.

A new morning paper is about to be established in London at a price of a half-penny a copy. A. C. Ives, an American journalist, formerly coonected with the *Herald* and *Times* in New York, and who, with Samuel S. Chamherlain, now of the San Francisco *Examiner*, started the Paris *Matin* and *News*, is to he the editor. The sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars has already heen subscribed to the new venture, and the share-holders include the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Francis Hope, J. C. Haslam, Samuel Pope, and other well-known capitalists. The name of the oew daily is to be the *Morning*.

No Safer Remedy can be had for Coughs and Colds, or any trouble of the Throat, than "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*." Price, 25 cts. *Sold only in boxes.*

"Potiphar's Wife"
And Other Poems, by Sir Edwin Arnold. $1.25. At
ROBERTSON'S,
126 Post St.

FRENCH, SPANISH, SPOKEN
A "UNIQUE" method of acquiring, in the shortest time, complete fluency of speech in the French and Spanish languages, by PROF. DE FILIPPE, containing simplified tables for the easy mastery of all the verbs; a synopsis of the grammar, conversations for every-day use, vocabulary, models of letters and cards, causeries, etc., etc. Price, $1.50, $1.75. THE BANCROFT COMPANY.

Cocoas MADE BY THE DUTCH PROCESS
are "Treated with Carbonate of Soda, Magnesia, Potash or Bicarbonate of Soda."
To partially supply the loss of natural flavor and color caused by this treatment, fragrant gums and dyes are used.
Dr. Sidney Ringer, Professor of Medicine at University College, London, and Physician to the College Hospital, perhaps the greatest English authority on the action of drugs, states in his "Handbook of Therapeutics" that "the sustained administration of alkalies and their carbonates renders the blood it is said, poorer in solids and in red corpuscles, and impairs the nutrition of the body." Of ammonia, carbonate of ammonia, and spirits of ammonia, he says: "These preparations have many properties in common with the alkaline, potash, and soda group. They possess a strong alkaline reaction, are freely soluble in water, have a high diffusion-power, and dissolve the animal textures. . . . If administered too long, they excite catarrh of the stomach and intestines."
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THE PERFECTION OF CHEWING GUM.
A DELICIOUS REMEDY FOR ALL FORMS OF INDIGESTION.
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CAUTION—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.
Each tablet contains one grain pure pepsin, sufficient to digest 1,000 grains of food. If it cannot be obtained from dealers, send five cents in stamps for sample package to
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ORIGINATORS OF PEPSIN CHEWING GUM.

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Noiseless. Strong. Durable. Perfect.
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The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:
SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;
DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK,
From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28½-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.
MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

MY WIFE SAYS SHE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT FOR THE MONEY.
$12 Buys a $65.00 Improved Oxford Singer Sewing Machine; perfect working, reliable, finely finished, adapted to light and heavy work, with a complete set of the latest improved attachments free. Each machine guaranteed for 5 years. Buy direct from our factory, and save dealers and agents profit. Send for FREE CATALOGUE.
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Savings and Loan Society
CORNER OF POWELL AND EDDY STS.
(Established 1873).
Savings Bank deposits received and interest paid on same semi-annually, in January and July. Loans made on Real-Estate security.
DAVID FARQUHARSON, President.
VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

VANITY FAIR.

Much has been printed regarding the costume worn by Mrs. J. G. Blaine, Jr., when she took the character of Paul, in the opera of "Paul and Virginia," in Washington, in 1885. The opera was presented a year before Miss Marie Nevins's marriage to the son of the Secretary of State. The cast was made up of society men and women, and even the chorus was composed of Washington belles and attachés of the diplomatic corps. All the ushers were foreigners of title, and Albaugh's Opera House probably never before held such a splendid audience. No amateurs had ever attempted such a performance as this one. Mrs. Blaine was originally placed in the chorus, and she was given the leading rôle of Paul when it became known that Tom Karl, the only professional who was to sing, could not appear. When she was transferred from the chorus to the principal part, and a tenor part at that, she scored a marvelous triumph, which is still talked of in Washington. The costume was designed by the Viscountess de Nougeiras, the wife of the Portuguese Minister. The skirt of the doublet did not quite reach Miss Nevins's knees, and displayed to the avid eyes of the "young society men," the "diplomatic attachés," and the "foreigners of title," extremely symmetrical continuations.

"A Woman" writes thus to the New York *Sun*: "Just at this moment, when so many women seem to have determined to be a law unto themselves in things matrimonial, will you allow one woman to enter a word of protest against the atrocity of separating a mother from her children just because she is suspected, or even proven guilty of preferring some other man to her husband? A child belongs by every law of nature to the mother. It is not in obedience to the laws of man that she brings it into the world in anguish inconceivable to those who have not suffered it, and no law of man, God, or nature can alter the relation. Because she proves a 'bad wife,' whatever that may mean, she may all the more be a good mother, and better able to do her duty by her child if her own surroundings are harmonious. For, if a woman be in a state of revolt and hatred against the father, who suffers from it so much as the child? And one word as to this idea of ownership in a wife, for fancied interference with which some men shoot other men. Is it not a mistake? Since slavery was abolished, if, indeed, it be abolished, no human being can own another. A woman is, to my thinking, born free and equal to man in all respects, and owns herself. Men talk about stealing a wife from her husband, as though she were some sort of a prize animal, bought and paid for. A woman belongs to herself, no matter under what social conditions she may be living, and the children she bears are hers as well. There seems something short-sighted in the law that gives an illegal mother the right to her child that the wife does not possess." The expression by women of such opinions tends to give pause to young men who are about to marry.

Lent was ushered in in Paris by heavy rain (says the correspondent of the New York *Tribune*), which somewhat interfered with the customary quaint spectacle ordinarily witnessed on Ash Wednesday morning in many Catholic cities on the continent, where the churches are thronged with people who have been celebrating the carnival at private and public fancy-dress and masked balls, and whose fantastic costumes are but partly concealed in many instances by opera-mantles and long cloaks. There is no function of the church that is more religiously observed than this ceremony of the Mercredi des Cendres, partly because no previous confession is required from those who attend it. The number of penitents who receive the ashes in the seventy churches of Paris on Ash Wednesday is estimated at three hundred and fifty thousand—about five thousand to each church. The Church of the Madeleine presented a most curious appearance, for among the faithful who attended the six o'clock mass at the dawn of day were a number of most heterogeneous-looking men and women, who had evidently but very shortly left the Bal de l'Opéra and other costumed fêtes of the same kind. Near the high altar knelt two girls, whose long ulsters only half-concealed their Watteau shepherdess dresses. Lace scarfs were wound about their powdered heads, but crimson rosebuds and golden wheat-ears peeped from the folds in the most amusing manner, and when they got up, the flaps of the tell-tale ulsters revealed the short skirts, pink silk stockings, and neat little high-heeled satin shoes proper to an opera bouffe "bergère." Further down the aisle was a "Pierrot," who, although he had removed his black silk handkerchief, had obviously not found time to rub off the white paint with which this amusing character's face is always besmeared, and who looked perfectly ghastly in the dim light of early morning. As I left the church by a side-door I even met a genuine "polichinel," his mock wooden shoes and baggy knee-breeches of multi-colored silk showing beneath his carefully buttoned overcoat, which, however, bulged out in an ungainly fashion between the shoulders and on the chest, where the artificial humps were fastened. He had replaced the two-cornered hat and pompons by an ordinary Derby hat, but having forgotten to remove his curly white wig and the red paint on his nose, he presented a sufficiently ludicrous aspect.

The apathy of married men is astounding. The ladies of an English town recently held a debate, at which the subject of discussion was: "Should ladies open their husbands' letters?" The discussion seems to have become very warm, indeed; in the course of which one young and innocent maiden timidly ventured to state she thought that ladies should not open their husbands' letters, and characterized such a proceeding as "inquisitive, unwomanly, and improper." All the matrons present immediately sat upon her, and one stern, Minerva-like lady proposed an amendment, to the effect "that ladies were perfectly and legally justified in opening their husbands' letters, and also in making the fullest inquiries into all their business transactions." This was carried by an overwhelming majority. One would like to know if matrimony is popular down that way, and how many of the downtrodden sex get their letters addressed to their clubs. Meanwhile, may one remind ladies of the instructive little fable in which one Blue Beard once figured?

The recent scandals and *esclandres* in high life, which have brought into discussion the relations existing between men and women, give an added interest to the following explanation of the position of *cavalier servente*, taken from the Countess Cesaresco's edition of Mme. Piozzi's "Glimpses of Italian Society in the Eighteenth Century." Mme. Piozzi was much perplexed by some of its institutions, especially the *cavalier servente*. Some of the comments on what she saw are, it seems, hasty and misleading, for the compiler of this volume is at much pains to correct them in the introduction. Thus, she says that when a young matron of the *bourgeois* class announces that her *cavalier servente* pays her bills, Mme. Piozzi is wrong in jumping at the idea that this was a common practice. She might have learned from the old rhyme, "Cavalier servente, cavalier del dente," that the "knight of the tooth" was reputed to receive more favors than he conferred. He was frequently a humble relative, as in every family there were cadets too poor to marry (they were not allowed to work for their living), and, on the other hand, too worldly or sincere to become priests. To such men cavalier servitude secured a dinner, at any rate, if they wanted one. It was the custom for everybody in society to go to the theatre every evening—a box at the opera being an essential part of the household arrangements, and, so to speak, a continuation of the salon. The box, however, could not be reached by ladies without an escort. The chaperon did not exist, because a woman, however old, was no escort for another woman, nor could the elder woman herself dispense with an attendant of the other sex. A dowager of sixty and a bride of sixteen had equally to stay at home if there was not a man to accompany them. Besides, although the cavalier's service was particularly in request at the theatre, he was more or less on duty when his lady left her house for any purpose, with the doubtful exception of going to church. No husband after the honeymoon could be expected to perform all these functions; he therefore appointed or accepted the appointment of somebody else to act as his substitute. This, according to the Countess Cesaresco, was, in nine cases out of ten, the eminently unromantic cavalier servitude of real life. The high-flown, complimentary language, the profound bowing and hand-kissing of the period, combined to mystify strangers as to the true significance of the institution. When there was a real lover in question, the *cavalier servente* must have been a serious impediment, for he was always "planté là à contrecarrer un pauvre tiers," in the words of the President de Brosses, who, though he did not wholly credit the assurances as to the invariable innocence of the relation, was yet far from passing on it the sweeping judgment pronounced by most foreigners. The Countess Cesaresco herself does not deny that propinquity and opportunity did now and then prove too strong for two individuals thrown constantly together, but she insists that such lapses represented the exception rather than the rule. Few men of the world and fewer physicians would agree with the fair countess in this charitable view.

Men and women meet the small troubles of life very differently. In the first place, a woman often lacks that sense of proportion which is necessary to distinguish the lesser from the greater ills; to her, all troubles are of the greatest magnitude and to be mourned equally. The failure of a new dress or of a dinner-party are calamities over which she will sometimes worry herself into a fever. Most men would meet similar troubles with a shrug of the shoulders and then speedily forget them. Then, again, a woman does not forget easily, and is given to brooding; nor is she so swift to run away from her troubles as a man is. Indeed, she can not be easily induced to run away from them at all; the contemplation of them has a fatal fascination for her. In any small misfortune which falls equally upon husband and wife, in nine cases out of ten, where the man resolutely refuses to remember it and hastens to turn his thoughts into some other channel, the woman will seem to take almost a perverse pleasure in recalling it to her mind and reflecting upon its actual and possible consequences. Much of this difference in their demeanor is, of course, due to the difference of their life. A man can easily run out of doors and seek distraction, whereas a woman's lot is to remain at home and think. Indeed, we should say that very much was owing to the greater opportunity that a woman possesses of contemplating her worries and brooding over them. Yet it is hardly fair to assume that, because a woman appears to be more affected by small worries, that, therefore, she has more to bear. There are plenty of small worries outside those of the house, which last, we admit, fall mostly to the woman's share—indeed, in the actual sharing of these little woes we should say that the man generally comes off the worse, for when the cook is impertinent, or a chimney smokes, the master of the house is almost always called in to lend his aid and sympathy, whereas he can hardly count upon much help or sympathy from his wife when his own soul is vexed by the shortcomings of his clerk.

At a Brooklyn entertainment, held at a club-house not long ago, a novel means to call the carriages was adopted. A sheet, somewhat larger than bed size, was stretched across the sidewalk of the side-street, and on this were thrown the carriage numbers as they were desired by their owners. Coachmen could thus keep watch for their number, and the incessant shouting, usually a confusing accompaniment of such functions, was done away with. In addition, at a certain convenient place within doors, the number of the carriage then in waiting at the end of the awning outside was posted, which was a second desirable and appreciated feature.

Paul de Rousiers, a Frenchman who has written a book on American life, is astonished, as all Frenchmen are, at the freedom of the American girl, but he at once sets out to find the explanation of it, and reasons thus shrewdly: "In order that a girl may have complete liberty in American society, she must be protected by its conventions as much as the strict family supervision does with us. An old French gentleman said to me: 'You can send your daughter from north to south and from east to west of the States without facing either any unpleasantness or adventure. That is because there are so few women in the West, and in earlier times there were very few anywhere; so the Americans look up to them as goddesses.' Since then I have often heard and been much amused by this reason of the old gentleman. Just think of a young woman lost among two hundred Frenchmen! Do you imagine they would honor her as a divinity? Well, perhaps like some pagan goddess. The fewness of the women has little to do with the respect of the people for them. This respect is an outcome of the constitution of their society, and to understand it we must consider its origin." He finds this origin, where, of course, it must be sought, in the character of the races which have most impressed themselves upon American life and morals. He admits candidly that, while the freedom permitted to girls "would be disastrous in France, for instance," it has no ill effects here, and he deduces this candid conclusion: "It follows that manners must be better in the United States, otherwise the system would be broken up by the abuses which would result."

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300 days of sunshine every year. No fogs, blizzards, snow, or ice. The best and cheapest location
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the use of Armour's Extract of Beef to the sick room. It is invaluable to the sick and convalescent, but its largest field is in the kitchen and camp. There are many ways of using Armour's Extract. Our little Cook Book explains several. We mail it free.
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MUSICAL NOTES.

A Steinway Hall Concert.

Steioway Hall was the scene, last Wednesday evening, of the first concert of the fourth series giveo in that hall. This series is given under the patronage of Mr. John Parrott and Mr. F. W. Ludovici, who will endeavor to maintain a high staodard in the programmes. A fashionable audieoce was present at the concert, and they were well eotertained hy the following selections :

Quartet (piano and strings), A major, op. 26, *(1)* allegro non troppo, *(2)* poco adagio, *(3)* scherzo, poco allegro, *(4)* finale allegro, Brahms, Miss Alice Bacon and Messrs. Hermann Brandt, Louis Schmidt, and Louis Heine ; songs, *(a)* "O God have Mercy," Mendelssohn, *(b)* "It Was Not Thus to Be," Nessler, Mr Osgood Putnam ; string quartet, G minor, op. 27, *(1)* un poco andante, allegro molto ed agitato, *(2)* romanze andantino, allegro agitato, *(3)* intermezzo, allegro molto marcato, *(4)* finale, lento, presto al saltarello, Grieg, Hermann Brandt Quartet (Messrs. Hermann Brandt, J. Josephs, Louis Schmidt, and Louis Heine.)

The next concert will take place on Wedoesday, April 27th.

The Van Ness Seminary Musicale.

An interesting musicale was given in the Van Ness Seminary on Friday evening, March 25th. Ahout two hundred iovited guests were preseot. The programme was as follows :

Pianoforte duet, "Polonaise," op. 17, No. 1, Moszkowski, Miss Coral Gilbert and Miss Mamie Vanderhurst ; song, "Once," Miss Mamie Vanderhurst, violin obligato, Henry Heyman ; pianoforte solo, "Gondoliera," op. 41, Moszkowski, H. J. Stewart ; songs, *(a)* "The Alpine Rose," Sieber, *(b)* "Spring," R. Sapio, Mrs. J. E. Bermingham ; pianoforte solo, "Spinnerlied," Wagner-Liszt, Miss Stella B. Walthall ; violin solos, *(a)* cavatina, Raff. *(b)* gavotte, Bohm, Henry Heyman ; pianoforte solo, Polish dance in B flat minor, Scharwenka, Miss Mamie Vanderhurst ; songs, *(a)* "Fair Daffodils," Hatton, *(b)* "One Spring Morning," Nevin, Mrs. Marriner-Campbell ; duet, guitar and mandolin, "Satanella," Balfe, Misses Therese and Lily Sherwood ; pianoforte solo, "Fantaisie-Polonaise," op. 106, Raff, Miss Aimee Newman ; song, "Honour and Arms," Handel, Walter Campbell ; pianoforte solo, "Reverie-Barcarolle," op. 93, Raff, Miss Coral Gilbert.

The United States Marine Corps Band, of Washington, D. C., conducted hy J. P. Sousa, will give a series of six concerts at the Grand Opera House oo Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, aod Saturday eveniogs and on Thursday and Saturday afternoons. Each programme consists of ten numbers, one of which is a piece of "descriptive" music composed hy Sousa, and two are vocal solos hy Mlle. Marie Decca, soprano.

Samuel G. Fleischmann, a young San Franciscan, who has been ahroad, studying music in Germany, for the past nine years, returned home last week. While in New York, a few weeks ago, one of his compositions was given by Anton Seidl's orchestra at one of the famous Sunday concerts, and was very well received. Mr. Fleischmann will give a series of piano-recitals and orchestral concerts in a few weeks.

Paderewski refused to come to America until William Steinway, the head of the great piano firm, guaranteed him a profit of twenty-five thousand dollars and everything taken in over a fixed sum. Now he is going home, with fifty-eight thousand dollars in his inside pocket. He is coming hack here next year, and, meanwhile, Mr. Steinway is negotiatiog with Ruhinstein.

M. Ovide Musin, the celebrated violinist, will give a concert here on April 24th and another on May 1st at one of our theatres. At the first concert he will play Mendelssohn's concerto and Saint Saëns' concerto, with full orchestral accompaniment, and at the second concert he will play Beethoven's concerto.

Mr. Louis Heine, the well-koown 'celloist, will give a concert next Friday evening at Irving Hall, with the assistance of Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, Mrs. Bermingham, Miss Amy Gell, and Mr. Sigmund Beel. An excellent programme will he presented.

Miss Ella Partridge, the pianist, will give a concert in Steinway Hall at three o'clock this (Saturday) afternoon. She will be assisted by Mr. Hermann Brandt, violinist, Mr. Osgood Putnam, basso, and Miss Marie Wilson, pianist.

Mr. J. H. Rosewald's opera, "Baroness Meta," will be produced at the Grand Opera House on November 22d, for the benefit of the Woman's Exchange.

Emperor William has issued a general order to the various regiments of the division of Guards that no unmarried officer is to he allowed to make use of a brougham or coupé. The only vehicles which they are permitted to use are victorias, phaetons, and drags. The order has excited the most widespread discontent among the corps officers.

—The concourse of prominent society ladies that gathers at The Maze, on Market and Taylor Streets, every afternoon now, is like a reception in one of the mansions on Nob Hill or Pacific Heights. The attraction that brings them together is the bewildering array of pretty hats and bonnets and of Easter wraps and cloaks that this enterprising house has imported from Paris. Easter will be here in only two weeks, and the fair San Franciscans who wish to shine in new finery on Easter Day are already making their purchases at The Maze. There alone are to be seen all the very latest and most *chic* patterns in French millinery, and the deft needlewomen who make them up into hat, and bonnets impart to their productions an artistic beauty that is to be obtained nowhere else outside of Paris itself.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

The widow of Raphael Semmes, who has just died, gave not only her hushand but also three sons to the Confederate cause. And when the Civil War was over she founded the Confederate Memorial Association, which cared for the graves in Mohile of the Confederate soldiers.

Du Maurier, who has contributed so long and so attractively to the pictorial features io *Punch*, was once asked how he managed to keep up so well with the changes in women's fashions. His answer was : "Young man, when you have a wife and three daughters like those girls of mine, you will know more ahout fashions than you want to know."

Mrs. Coleman Drayton, when she was Miss Gussie Astor, was so noted among her friends for the marked simplicity of her manners and the engaging candor of her life that a portrait of her, pressing a milk-white dove to her bosom, was circulated among her friends, with the title "Innocence" beneath it. Her friends will now be under the necessity of revising either the photographs or their ideas.

The following explains the phrase "the calumnies originated by Rosina, Lady Lytton," to which the late Lord Lytton referred in his will :

"They consist of some manuscripts of an autobiographic character called 'Nemesis,' which his mother, Lady Lytton, left by her will to a Miss Louisa Devey. When the 'Biography of Edward, Lord Lytton' appeared, some years ago, Miss Devey published the 'letters of Lord Lytton to his wife,' with extracts from Lord Lytton's autobiography and other documents, 'in vindication of her ladyship's memory.' The book was a stab by Lady Lytton from the grave at the reputation of her brilliant but erratic husband, and was suppressed. Lady Lytton was a great beauty. She died rather suddenly in 1882, in her eightieth year."

"It is a puzzle to me," writes Rubenstein in his recently published reminiscences, "that music, of all the creations of the mind of man the noblest, most heautiful, most refined, and spiritual, is so unattainable hy woman, who is a compound of all these qualities. And when you reflect, you will remember that we have not any feminine Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, or Verdi." Few women have attained any distinction as composers, and yet, in music-halls or at the opera, the women exceed the men io numhers and apparent appreciation of the music.

The social position of the Kendals at home is thus discussed by the Marquise de Fontenoy in the New York *Recorder* :

"I see that Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have obtained the *entrée* to some of the most exclusive houses in New York city. This is partly due to their own personal charm and to their respectability, but, also, in a still greater measure, to the impression that Mrs. Kendal and her husband are in the social swim in London. Mrs. Kendal's advent to this country, indeed, was heralded as being that of an intimate friend of Queen Victoria, and, as a token thereof, a jewel presented to the actress by her majesty was portrayed in several of the newspapers. This jewel was presented to Mrs. Kendal at Osborne at the close of the only performance that she has ever given in the queen's presence. Every theatrical performer or musical virtuoso who is called upon to display his or her talents before her majesty, receives a present of the same kind, and Mme. Albani, the operatic prima donna, has at least a dozen brooches, crosses, and bracelets which have been given to her by the queen under similar circumstances."

Mme. Gaston Menier, the wife of the chief partner of the great Paris chocolate house, when she felt that her end was approaching a few days ago, entreated her husband to bring her all her jewels. She had strings of huge pearls wound in her hair, her neck encircled by a superb diamond necklace, diamond stars attached to the Valenciennes of her night robe, bracelets on her arms, and rings on her fingers. When fully adorned in this manner, all her servants and her intimate friends were summoned to pass before her bed and to wish her good-hye. Two hours after the close of this luguhrious parade the lady expired.

Some young Texas girl is soon to have a trip to Norfolk, Va., and the honor of christening the new warship *Texas*, which is nearing completion at the Norfolk Navy Yard. How that happens is thus explained :

When the government desired to bestow on the new vessel the name of the Lone Star State, the Galveston *Evening Tribune* at once instituted a voting contest in its columns, with the promise that the young woman receiving the largest number of votes should be sent to represent the State at the launching of the vessel and should have her expenses and those of a chaperon paid for the round trip. Editor Burson, of the *Tribune*, has been informed by Secretary Tracy that the young woman so chosen at the newspaper polls will be duly authorized by the Navy Department to christen the *Texas*, and Governor Hogg has promised to commission her to do so in the name of the State. The lucky girl will probably be Miss Selina G. Sargent, who, as the daughter of an old sailor, has the entire Grand Army of the Republic of the State at work in her cause.

The latest disgraceful marriage between the British peerage and the stage is discussed as follows in a New York paper :

"The announcement of the impending marriage between the young Earl of Orkney and Connie Gilchrist, of the Gaiety Theatre, can not fail to produce a shock to all those who are acquainted with the terrible antecedents of the future countess's career. She has been known as one of the most precociously vicious of the London *demi-monde*. Among those whom she has infatuated are the late Earl of Lonsdale and the present Duke of Beaufort. The latter, who is the father of that degraded creature, Lord Arthur Somerset, the ex-equerry of the Prince of Wales, actually had the audacity to bring Connie Gilchrist down to Badminton, his beautiful country seat, while his wife and children were staying there. It was Connie Gilchrist, too, the future Countess of Orkney, who was with the late Earl of Lonsdale at the time of his horrible death—a death so horrible that to this day it is only spoken of in whispers in London society. Connie has two sisters quite as vicious, but not quite so successful, as she is herself. Lady Orkney, that is to be, enjoys the reputation of using the most foul, most profane, and most vile language of any woman, or even man, in London. The marriage is one which puts into the shade even such matches as those contracted by the Marquis of Ailesbury, by the Earl of Clancarty, and even Lord Euston, who wedded the notorious Kate Cook. Not one of the wives of these three peers possessed so utterly evil a reputation as the future Lady Orkney. The only thing to be said in the latter's favor is that she is a splendid horsewoman, possesses a good figure, an attractive face, and very graceful ways. Her jewels are magnificent. These—having been presented to her when figuring in the rôle of a *demi-mondaine* by her elderly beaux and Gaiety 'Johnnies'—may ultimately develop into heirlooms of the old Orkney peerage."

The *Fortnightly Review* contains a curious little paper, by Professor Lombroso, on "The Physical Inseosibility of Women." The professor is the emioent "man of science" who has discovered that all meo of geoius are mad. He now maintains that woman does not feel anything nearly so much as man. In fact, he has proved it hy experiment :

"I have myself used Weber's æsthesiometer to measure the power of tact and sensitiveness to pain at the tip of the forefinger in over a hundred women ; and I have found that, except in the case of very young girls, whose tactile sensitiveness is exceedingly developed, women's sense of touch is, in general, nearly twice as obtuse as that of men. Passing now to the question of general sensibility, including sensitiveness to pain : by experiments made with the electric algometer it is clearly shown that woman is inferior to man. Among no less than fifty women of the lower classes general sensibility was represented by 90 mm , and sensitiveness to pain by 53 mm.; among an equal number of men of the same condition the figures were respectively 94 mm. and 64 mm. In very young men general sensibility was 95 mm., and sensitiveness to pain 78 mm.; in young girls the figures were 91 and 70 mm."

But this is not all. Here he further "proofs" :

"From some of the principal surgeons in Europe, I have elicited opinions amply confirming me in the above conclusions concerning the manner in which women bear pain during the course of surgical operations effected under the same conditions of age and disease as in the case of an equal number of men. My conclusions are also borne out by a celebrated operation of Dr. Billroth's, who, when he determined upon making his great experiment of the excision of the pylorus, performed it originally upon women, as being less sensitive and better qualified to resist pain. By Carle I have been informed that the majority of women allow themselves to be operated upon with astonishing insensibility, almost as though the body beneath the surgeon's knife were that of another and not their own. Giordano, too, has assured me that even in the midst of the throes of childbirth, despite their apprehensions, women suffer much less than might be supposed."

The professor then quotes Balzac, Dante, and the Italian proverhs to show that women do not feel joy, sorrow, or love so keenly as men. In fact, the male is, after all, the Seositive Sex.

Some one has been urgiog the introduction of black-edged postage stamps for the convenience of people in mourning.

Superior to vaseline and cucumbers — Créme Simoo, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections ; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York, druggists, perfumers, fancy-goods stores.

Beautiful Easter Cards.

With the approach of Easter comes the flood of Easter cards, which are so heautful this year that they should be very popular as a token of pleasant remembrance among friends. And that they will he fashionable as well as popular is evident from the social prominence of the ladies who are to he seen choosing their purchases from among the dozens of novel and artistic designs in the show-cases at Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s store on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue.

These ladies have, for the most part, come in to replenish their supply of writing materials, and they have come to Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s for them hecause they may there be sure of getting the very latest kinds of paper, envelopes, sealing-wax, etc. The firm keeps a full line of the famous Crane make of papers, and it is from them that all the fashionahle kinds are chosen. The very latest fancy, hy the way, is to use Japanese Bond, which is a handsome-looking paper and pleasant to write on.

The engraving department is coming to be more and more of a feature of the firm's husiness, and deservedly, for there is no better copper-plate work done in New York or Boston. The class of people for whom they are doing this work may he judged from the sample-cards that lay on their show-cases, among which figure the leading names of San Francisco society ; and it is an open secret that invitations for several of the swell post-Lenten weddings are heing engraved at Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s.

Always
"Good Luck"
with
Cleveland's
Baking
Powder,
and the last spoonful does as good work as the first, are good reasons why Cleveland's has been a growing success for 22 years.

4 Reasons

IF YOU WOULD ENJOY HEALTH & AN EVEN TEMPER. DRINK NUTRITIOUS & PALATABLE COCOA INSTEAD OF TEA OR COFFEE. GHIRARDELLI'S IS THE BEST.

IF YOU WANT TO SAVE MONEY, DRINK COCOA. IT IS AT LEAST THIRTY PER CENT CHEAPER THAN COFFEE . . . . . GHIRARDELLI'S IS THE BEST.

IF YOU DO DRINK COCOA DRINK GHIRARDELLI'S "BREAKFAST" COCOA BECAUSE IT IS THE PUREST, & BEING MADE HERE YOU CAN SEE IT.

DRINK GHIRARDELLI'S COCOA, BECAUSE BEING MADE HERE IT IS FRESHER & CAN BE SOLD CHEAPER THAN ANY IMPORTED BRAND.

B. PRIESTLEY & CO.'S
Light-Weight Specialties in Black Dress Goods
FOR SPRING AND SUMMER.
BLACK SILK-WARP CLAIRETTE
BLACK SILK-WARP CRYSTALLETTE
BLACK SILK-WARP TAMISE
BLACK SILK-AND-WOOL CARMELITE
Every yard of the above fabrics guaranteed to be perfectly satisfactory to the wearer.
They are stamped every five yards, on the under side of the selvedge, with the manufacturers' name (B. PRIESTLEY & CO.) in gilt letters.
Look for this Stamp! without it they are not genuine.
You can obtain Priestley Dress Goods in all the New and fashionable weaves.

SUPERIOR to VASELINE and CUCUMBERS
CRÈME SIMON marvellous for softening, whitening and perfuming the complexion. Most efficacious for light affections of the skin.
J. SIMON 36, rue de Provence PARIS
PARK & TILFORD. New-York : Druggists, Perfumers, Fancy goods stores.

SOCIETY.

The Wilshire Lunch-Party.

Mrs. W. B. Wilshire gave a delightful lunch-party last Friday at her residence, 2616 Buchanan Street, as a farewell compliment to Mrs. Joseph Marks and Mrs. William H. Smith, who will leave for Europe next Thursday. Covers were laid for twelve, and the table was prettily decorated with a profusion of lilacs. The candles in the candelabra, the shades, and, in fact, all of the appointments harmonized with the color of the flowers. The menu was a delicious one, and several hours were passed in its enjoyment. Those present were:

Mrs. W. B. Wilshire, Mrs. Joseph Marks, Mrs. William H. Smith, Mrs. Sidney M. Smith, Mrs. R. Douglas Fry, Mrs. E. B. Rail, Mrs. D. E. Miles, Mrs. Alphonse Wigmore, Mrs. I. A. Eaton, Mrs. Josephine de Greayer, Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Jr., and Miss Clemons.

The Shreve Lunch-Party.

A very pretty affair was the lunch-party given by Miss Bessie Shreve last Thursday at her residence, 1115 Pine Street, in honor of Miss Jennie Watson, whose engagement to Mr. George Shreve was recently announced. It was essentially a pink luncheon, as charming effects in that shade were produced with roses, lights, and shades. The name-cards and souvenirs were of rough white cardboard prettily painted and adorned with a spray of roses and their foliage. The hostess had prepared a delicious menu, and her guests were entertained in a most hospitable manner for several hours. Those present were:

Mrs. Robert J. Woods, Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle, Mrs. A. D. Holman, Miss Jennie Watson, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Hager, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Bessie Hooker, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Miss Dimond, Miss Durbrow, Miss Maud O'Connor, Miss Lillian O'Connor, Miss Gray, Miss Fanny Crocker, and Miss Shreve.

The Berger Dinner-Party.

Mrs. H. E. Berger and her daughter, Miss Helene Berger, gave a charming dinner-party last Thursday evening in honor of Dr. and Mrs. J. Thomas Boyson, who recently returned from a tour of Europe. The dining-room was exquisitely decorated with lilies, draperies of silk, and a collection of fine ferns that gave an artistic finish to the apartment. A delicious menu was served, and it was followed by some musical selections in the parlor which were greatly enjoyed. Miss Marie Ponton de Arce sang charmingly, as usual, and Dr. Frank H. Fisher played several violin solos in a finished manner. It was midnight when the delightful affair ended. Those present were:

Dr. and Mrs. J. Thomas Boyson, Mrs. H. E. Berger, Miss Helene Berger, Miss Knox, Miss Marie Ponton de Arce, Miss Genevieve Mee, Mr. Herbert Mee, Dr. Frank H. Fisher, Dr. H. B. de Marville, Mr. Knox, and others.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Margaret Kittle, daughter of Mrs. N. G. Kittle, and Mr. George D. Boyd, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Boyd, will take place in St. John's Presbyterian Church, at half-past eight o'clock on Wednesday evening, April 20th. Miss Lucia Kittle, cousin of the bride, will be the maid of honor, and Miss Mary Eyre, Miss May Hoffman, Miss Alice Simpkins, and Miss Ethel Smith will be the bridesmaids. Mr. Henry St. Clair Boyd, the groom's brother, will act as best man, and the ushers will comprise Mr. Duncan Hayne, Mr. N. G. Kittle, Mr. L. S. Vassault, Mr. Sidney Ashe, Mr. James C. McKee, and Mr. J. H. Deering, Jr. A reception will be held after the ceremony at the residence of the bride's mother.

Miss May E. Pope and Mr. Daniel T. Murphy will be united in marriage on Monday evening, April 18th, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. A. J. Pope, on Van Ness Avenue.

Mr. Joseph Wagner has issued invitations for the wedding of his daughter, Miss Lillian Lucille Wagner, and Mr. Elmanson Avery McCarthy, son of Mr. James P. McCarthy, which will take place on Wednesday evening, April 20th, at his residence, 1004 Jones Street.

The engagement was announced last week in New York city and Washington, D. C., of Miss Stephanie Whitney, daughter of Hon. and Mrs. George Whitney, of Oakland, to Mr. Seymour Cunningham, of Washington, D. C. Miss Whitney has been passing the winter with Justice and Mrs. Stephen J. Field in Washington, D. C.

Miss Susan Sroufe, the artist, and Mr. John R. Loosely, formerly of Arizona, were married on Wednesday, March 23d, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Sroufe, 315 Jones Street. Bishop Fowler performed the ceremony in the presence of a few relatives and intimate friends. The residence was beautifully decorated and the affair was happily celebrated. Mr. and Mrs. Loosely will reside in this city.

The wedding of Mr. Edward S. Martin, only son of Mrs. Joseph R. Little, of this city, and Miss Evelyn E. Straut, daughter of the late Mr. W. E Straut, took place on Wednesday evening, March 23d, at the residence of the bride's mother, 1023 Buchanan Street. Only relatives and a few intimate friends were present. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Robert Mackenzie. A sumptuous supper was one of the pleasant features of the affair. Mr. and Mrs. Martin have been passing their honeymoon in San José.

Miss Fanny Crocker gave a charming lunch-party at her residence, on Sutter Street, recently, in honor of Miss Clark and Miss Carroll, of Sacramento. The others present were Mrs. Clark W. Crocker, Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Hilda Castle, Miss Lillie Lambert, Miss Jennie Sanderson, Miss Voorhies, Miss Laura Bates, Miss Florence Reed, and Miss Lottie Clarke.

Mrs. Horace Davis gave an enjoyable dinner-party recently at her residence in honor of Mrs. Eliot, wife of Professor Eliot, of Harvard. The other guests were Mrs. Horatio Stebbins, Mrs. P. B Cornwall, and Mrs. Henry Gibbons, Jr.

Mrs. T. B. Bishop gave a very pleasant dinner-party last Wednesday evening at her residence, 2209 Washington Street.

The members of the Bohemian Club will give a banquet this (Saturday) evening to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the organization of the club.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Phœbe Hearst will go East in a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker have taken a lease of the residence of Mrs. Henry Barroilhet, in San Mateo, and will pass the summer there, making visits occasionally to Monterey.

Mrs. Monroe Salisbury has gone East to join her husband, who is in Washington, D. C.

Mr. John Hays Hammond has returned from his Eastern trip.

Mrs. Frank McLaughlin and Miss Agnes McLaughlin, of Oroville, are at Golden Gate Cottage, their summer residence in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest C. La Montagne, *née* Catherwood, sailed from New York, March 26th, on the steamer *Etruria* and will go direct to Spain, where they will be entertained by Hon. William Buck at his castle in Xeres. Afterward they will go in Seville, and early in May will join Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jerome and Miss Catherwood in Nice, France. They will then all go to Paris for a visit.

Mrs. George J. Bucknall returned to the city last Tuesday after passing a week at St. Helena.

Judge and Mrs. John H. Boalt left the Palace Hotel on Friday for their country home near Cloverdale. Mrs. Hugh Tevis will pass the month of April with her mother, Mrs. Boalt.

Mr. Bert R. Hecht is at the Shoreham Hotel in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Miss Mamie Holbrook, and Mr. Harry Holbrook have left the Hotel del Coronado and are at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. J. B. Haggin and Mr. Louis T. Haggin are expected here from New York in about a week.

Mrs. William M. Stewart, Miss Maybelle Stewart, Mrs. Ruth Blackwell, and Miss Louise Holladay are visiting Mrs. Rounseville Wildman, in Singapore.

Dr. John Nightingale and his mother, Mrs. John Nightingale, are enjoying a visit to the Hotel del Coronado and other points of interest in Southern California.

General and Mrs. George B. Williams will soon leave Washington, D. C., to reside permanently in London.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Sutro have returned from New York.

Mr. Joseph Livingston left for New York on Friday, in a private car, accompanied by Baron Jokyl, of Austria, and Mr. Jesse Wasserman, of New York city. Several dinner-parties were given in their honor during their visit here.

Miss Hilda Castle will leave next Thursday for Chicago to visit friends for several weeks, after which she will go to Maine, to remain during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels have left Philadelphia en route to this city.

General and Mrs. John H. Dickinson will go to Sausalito in about two weeks to occupy their cottage, "Craig Hazel," during the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn and family are at the Hotel Binda, in Paris.

Mr. Robert McMurray, of this city, is at the Gilsey House, in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Audenreid leave here on Monday for the East, and will be away until next October.

Mrs. John McMullin left for Chicago last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Dick will return to England in about three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Green will leave soon to make a tour of the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Rideout are paying a visit to the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. Northorpe Cowles and Dr. R. E. Williams have gone to Mexico on a visit of several weeks' duration.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Wieland will leave soon for the East en route to Europe, and will be away about six months.

Mr. Rudolph Neumann left for Oonalaska last Monday on the steamer *Dora* and will be away about seven months.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss left last Tuesday to make a tour of the southern part of the State.

Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow and Miss Maud Morrow will pass the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin are occupying Mr. Gregory's cottage in Sausalito, and will remain there until the last of June.

Mrs. Alexander Badlam and Miss Maude Badlam are now at Santa Barbara, and will visit the Hotel del Coronado and other southern resorts before their return to this city.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Townsend are at the Hotel Coleman, in New York city.

Captain and Mrs. William Kohl, Miss Mamie Kohl, and Mr. and Mrs. George Loomis are making a tour of Southern California.

Colonel Horace D. Ranlett, of Oakland, has returned from a pleasant visit to the Eastern States.

Mr. William H. Chambliss has returned to the Palace Hotel after a visit to his ranch in Monterey County.

Captain and Mrs. J. N. Knowles, Miss Mamie Knowles, Captain and Mrs. Edward Goodall, and Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bond, *née* Dore, of Oakland, have been at the Hotel del Coronado during the past week.

Mr. Robert Watt left for Europe a week ago to meet his two daughters, Misses Jeannette and Lizzie Watt, who have been there for several months. They will remain abroad until next October.

Mrs. A. L. Foye and Miss Stevenson, of Sacramento, have been passing the week in this city.

Mr. Gay Wilshire is residing permanently in London.

Mr. Alfred MacGrotty has departed for Europe and will be away about six months. Mrs. MacGrotty will visit Santa Barbara during his absence.

Mr. John D. Yost, who is pursuing his studies at Cambridge, will visit this city during the coming summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Marks and Mrs. William H. Smith will leave for Europe next Thursday and will be away about six months.

Mr. A. T. Badlam, who has just recovered from a severe attack of pneumonia, is visiting Santa Barbara, Redondo Beach, and the Hotel del Coronado for the benefit of his health.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Lewis have taken a cottage at Sausalito for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Woodworth, of Fresno, are passing a month at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Rear-Admiral and Mrs. John Irwin, U. S. N., have been visiting friends here during the past week.

Lieutenant R. T. Hall, U. S. N., arrived here last Wednesday from Virginia.

Captain Albert Kautz, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Pensacola* and ordered East. He has been granted two months' leave of absence.

Dr. H. T. Percy, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Patterson* and left on Friday for the East, where he will be assigned to shore duty.

Passed-Assistant Surgeon Thomas A. Berryhill, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Pensacola* and ordered to duty on board the *Ranger*.

Lieutenant Morrill, U. S. N., and Lieutenant De Witt Coffman, U. S. N., have been detached from the *Pensacola* and ordered to the *Adams*.

The United States steamer *Boston* recently passed Guatemala, Mexico, en route to this port.

The United States steamer *Yorktown* arrived here on March 26th from the East, and is now at Mare Island awaiting orders. The list of her officers is as follows: Commander R. D. Evans, Lieutenant D. Kennedy, Lieutenant W. P. Conway, Lieutenant T. E. D. W. Veeder, Lieutenant B. A. Fiske, Lieutenant A. C. Winterhalter, Ensign R. H. Jackson, Ensign B. A. Hutchison, Chief-Engineer A. Adamson, Surgeon G. E. H. Harmon, Passed Assistant-Paymaster J. R. Martin, Assistant-Engineer C. E. Rommell, Assistant-Engineer C. H. Hayes, and Pay Clerk G. H. Grendle.

Passed Assistant-Surgeon C. J. Decker, U. S. N., has been assigned in duty on the *Patterson*.

Surgeon D. O. Lewis, U. S. N., has been detached from the naval hospital at Washington, D. C., and ordered to the naval hospital at Mare Island.

Lieutenant William H. Berhler, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Pensacola* and ordered East. He was granted three months' leave of absence.

The United States coast survey steamer *McArthur* will sail for Alaska on April 11th.

Commander and Mrs. Healy, U. S. N., will leave for Alaska, on the *Bear*, in May.

Dr. and Mrs. Preston A. Bailbache, U. S. N., left last Wednesday on a brief visit to Oregon.

Lieutenant-Commander Uriel Lebree, U. S. N., who has been executive officer of the *Baltimore*, has been detached from that vessel, and left last Monday for Washington, D. C., to report for duty.

The United States survey steamer *Carlisle P. Patterson* will sail for Alaska on April 10th.

Lieutenant and Mrs. F. H. Lefavor, U. S. N., have been at the Palace Hotel during the past week.

Captain George Remy, U. S. N., formerly of the *Charleston*, has been ordered to duty as captain of the navy yard at Portsmouth, N. H., to commence on May 19th.

Commander Henry Nichols, U. S. N., has been detached from duty as a member of the board of inspection and survey at San Francisco, and on April 26th will assume command of the *Ranger*.

Lieutenant Henry S. Chase, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Pensacola* and ordered to the *Hassler*.

The U. S. coast survey steamer *Hassler*, in command of Lieutenant G. B. Harber, U. S. N., will sail for Alaska early in May.

A rejuvenated widow in Onondaga County, New York, said to her daughter, recently, that when she (the daughter) arrived at her mother's age, it would be time to think of marriage. "Yes," replied the girl, "marriage for the second time." Piqued by this reply, the good lady cut out her daughter in the good graces of her "steady company," and married him herself. To obtain revenge for this unmotherly trick, the daughter married her recreant lover's rich father.

A bureau of press-clippings, in London, has received the "royal command" to furnish twenty distinct sets of newspaper cuttings from every periodical in the world, so far as obtainable, referring to the death of Prince Albert Victor. The sets are to be pasted each in a separate album. The section devoted to American clippings should make a very edifying collection, if the bureau is faithful in obeying the command.

There is one fate which ex-Speaker Reed ought to use his utmost endeavors to avoid, and that is the reputation of being an habitual wit. That reputation has killed off many good and promising politicians. The late Mr. S. S. Cox used to shake his head when he spoke of his failure to obtain the Speakership. "I am like Tom Corwin," he used to say; "I have been too funny for my own good."

Congressman McMillin says he was a physical wreck at nineteen, though now he is one of the most healthy members of the House. In his youth he was a martyr to dyspepsia, and had the additional ailment of weak lungs. By dieting for a few years and taking a daily walk, followed by a cold bath, he cured himself so completely that nowadays he compares his stomach to an ostrich's.

The banquet recently given at the Union League Club in Chicago, by Eugene Field, to a dozen friends, among whom were the Rev. Dr. Collier, Thomas Nast, and the poet Riley, was unique in respect of the bill of fare, which was composed solely of corned-beef hash, fillet of beef, boiled potatoes with their jackets on, corn bread, saleratus biscuits, buttermilk, coffee, and cigars.

If you are Bilious, take BEECHAM'S PILLS.

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BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest United States Government Food Report.*

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Has one specialty and pride, and that is the Table. It is supplied from the best the market affords in San Francisco. Our Butter, Eggs, Cream, and Vegetables, come from the Marin County dairies and farms in the vicinity. The train and boat service from San Francisco is superb—ten trains daily—making it very convenient for gentlemen to be able to pass the evening with their families or friends, and derive the benefits of country air and still be able to attend to business daily in the city. "Commutes" $5 per month; Ladies and Children, $3.

Telephone 39. Telegraph or write, or, better still, call and see us any day, and satisfy yourself beyond question. Take Sausalito Ferry and Cars to Larkspur. Round trip, 50 cents. Respectfully, Hepburn & Terry.

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NEAR SAN LEANDRO,

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THEN WILL BE SOLD

Sixty-five head of Trotting, Road, and General Purpose Horses, without by-bid, limit, or reserve.

Full particulars later.

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NERVOUS DEBILITY

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Tones the system, makes the weak strong.

Cures Others will cure you.

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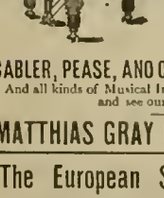

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POTIPHAR'S WIFE.

A New Poem by Sir Edwin Arnold.

(After the versions of the Koran, by the Persian poet, Jâmi.)

In Memphis, underneath the palms of Nile,
The Lady Asenath a house did build
For love of Hebrew Yûsuf; who, erewhile,
With flame unquenchable her breast had filled:
The treasures of Prince Itfir 'stablished it
A summer-palace for her fancies fit.

White, in the blue Egyptian sky, it soared
With mighty graven stones reared outwardly;
This side the gate—enthroned—sate Horus, Lord,
Finger to lip; and, on that other, Thmei,
Mother of Truth, holding her asp and wand,
Glared with great granite face across the land.

Inwardly, by an alley of black shade,
The footstep passed on checkered slabs set square,
Into a walled court; where a colonnade
Framed a glad garden full of odors rare
From heavy blooms and fruits. Without was seen
Golden Noon flaming, here 'twas Evening green!

And all the wall was painted movingly
With high-wrought lore, and solemn-storied things:
Anubis, herding souls, was there to see,
And Thoth the Judge: and proud-appareled kings
Driving to wars, and bringing spoil again,
Their chariot-wheels rose-red with blood of slain.

And elsewhere heaven was shown, with bliss unbroken,
Whereto those mild immortal sisters lead,
Isis and Nepthys; and, for certain token,
Scarabs in holy rows. The limner's reed
Had drawn their foreclaws holding emblems three
Of Life, and Changelessness, and Sanctity.

And, elsewhere, frowned Amenti—Hell:—but over
The silver plumes swayed, teaching how the Dead
Should pass beyond dire Typhon, and discover
Paths to the happy Light, where Ra's bright head
Rebukes all darkness, Regent of the Sun;
And Phtah, Kneph, Athor—every Sacred One.

Also, that cloistered walk was compassed in
With pillars wonderful for work and hue:
This one a palm-stem; that papyrus thin;
Yonder, in stone, lotuses pink and blue.
And from the garden and the colonnade
A roofed way to the inner rooms was laid.

For inner chambers were there seven—each fashioned
With matchless wit to make each goodlier
Than that last seen. So, heart and eye, impassioned
Unto the inmost passed, devised by her,
High Asenath, for love's deep hiding-place,
Beautiful, marvelous, all peace and grace.

Through latticed loops Nile's cooling ripple came—
Musical, lulling—to that dim retreat
Which had for light one silver lamp's faint flame
Burning with fragrant oils before the feet
Of Pasht, in speckled stone, Pasht with cat's head,
And long arms on her leveled knees outspread.

The forty craven columns round about
Showed each some master-piece of subtle craft:
A musk-deer here, in river-reeds, breathes out
The very musk-scent from him: there, a waft
Of bulrush-heads to the quick current bend,
And the slow crocodiles to dry land wend

Sunning wet scales. And, next, a gray fox watched—
In syenite—doves on a tamarisk-tree
Done out of green rock. Wings and necks were matched
In lazulite and moonstone—fair to see!
Midway a dais mounted to a bed
Of pearl and ebony, with soft cloths spread.

Upon the alcove there, and all around
Love-tales were pictured: some swart lady wooed
A lover still unwilling; he was bound
In dark, warm arms, refusing: then 'twas viewed
How to her spells he melted: then, again,
How what he scorned he sued for—fond and fain.

And those who thus Love's luxuries had won
Asenath seemed, and Yûsuf. Limb for limb,
Lips, eyes, and brows, the Hebrew boy was done
Life-like. The gemmed Egyptian dame with him
Shone Asenath herself, Asenath fair,
With robes ungirt, no fillet in her hair!

Into this palace 'twas her mind to bring
Yûsuf the slave, and lead him, room by room,
Through all their passages of pleasuring
Till eyes' delight should heart's cold doubts consume.
But first herself she 'tired, and lovelier made
That loveliness, too rich before arrayed!

Her eyebrows' arch with penciled lines she builded,
And touched each underlid with jetty dye;
Drew the long lashes separate, and gilded
Her flesh with palm-flow'r dust, to beautify
The ambered satin of her nape and neck;
And deftly with red henna did she deck

Her slender finger-tips; and washed with myrrh
Her long black tresses, braiding them in strings
Which, from the queenly gleaming crown of her
Swung to her knees, banded with beads and rings:
And, 'thwart her breasts—like lotus-blossoms blown—
A purple, spangled sindon hath she thrown.

Then she bade summon that fair Hebrew boy:
Who came, with palms across his faint heart folded,
And kissed her feet, and prayed: "What swift employ
May thy true servant find?" Of manhood molded
In every part was Yûsuf; and her eye
O'er-roamed him with a tender tyranny.

Yet more he shunned th' imperious look of love
Than if her glance had blaze of wrath displayed:
"But," quoth the Princess, "this night will I prove
If thou be servant true!" Therewith she bade
Follow—and, entering that first chamber-door,
Shot the bronze bolt; and from his brown throat tore—

With swift, impatient hand—the leathern thong
Marking him thrall; and cried: "My soul's desire!
I, thy hid handmaid, do thee daily wrong
Playing the mistress. By Ra's morning fire
Freed art thou! Make my gift of freedom sweet
Lifting this love-sick giver from thy feet!"

With that she poured her black imperial hair
In waves upon his sandals. But, he said:
"Thou, to whom Egypt's noblest kneel in fear,
Mock me not thus, on whom the charge is laid
To guard thee for my lord; or, if set free,
Great lady! grant my soul his liberty!"

Silent she rose—drew him on inwardly
Behind the second door, locking it hard:
Took from a chest—cut of the almond-tree—
A cirque, with gods and scambs set in sard:
"See now!" she cried; "I crown thee Prince and Lord,
Will not those lips, made royal like mine, afford

"The word I pine for, which shall pay for greatness?
Now may'st thou lift thy face, and answer sweet;
We are as one! Quit shame, forsake sedateness!
Asenath woos Lord Yûsuf—that is meet!"
"Oh, Itfir's wife," he said, "meet would it be
I were made vulture's food, harkening to thee!"

Then, through those chambers third and fourth she passed,
And to the fifth and sixth she led him on,
Bolting each door behind: 'till at the last—
Laden with gifts of jade, and turkis-stone,
And robes, and torques—she brought him to her bower,
Where 'twas her thought to put forth Love's last power.

For all four walls with those light pictures burned,
Painted to life—lovers at play—and these
Asenath seemed and Yûsuf. If he turned,
Unyielding, from the Princess at his knees,
On the same Princess gazed he, imaged sweet;
And himself yielded, conquered, at her feet.

And more than steadfast soul might well withstand
It was, to bring his troubled gaze again
To that great suppliant, wasting on his hand
Woeful caressings: and to mark what pain
Filled with clear tears the bright beseeching eyes;
Heaved the soft breasts, as sea-tides sink and rise.

For, when she linked the last door's chain, and seized
His hands, and, desperate, her last prayer said,
He had been stone or snow to view, unpleased,
The lustrous glory of that low-bowed head,
The meekness of such majesty forgot,
The queenly pleading orbs, whose light was shot

Star-wise, through sparkling rain; which more o'erpowered
By grace, than greatness, to the sweet surrender.
Like a charmed snake Conscience its cold hood lowered,
While, soft as muted lute, in accents tender
Her rich lips murmured, "Oh, how long, how long
Wilt thou do thee and me this loveless wrong?

"How long? when I, who may command, implore,
Being named Mistress of the Mouths of Nile?
Yet, if into the Ocean those did pour
Silver and gold all day, for one kind smile
From those close-curtained eyes, for one light kiss
I would let sea-boro Kneph take all of this!

"Give, then, mine heart its will, mine eyelids sleep,
My head the pillow that can lull its woe.
Shall Asenath of Memphis vainly weep?
I cry to thee by Him thou honorest so,
Thy Hebrew Jah—if He hath any ruth—
Show mercy! put to fruit thy blossomed youth!

"Yea! by the marks thy God hath set on thee
To make thee most desirable—thy hair
Glossed like an ibis' wing—thy brows which be
Black rainbows to thy sun-like eyes—the fair
Wonderful rounding of thy temples twain,
And that flower mouth—which, when it opes again

"Can not, and shall not say me 'nay'—by these,
And all thy goodly strength, for Love's use given,
By my salt tears, and by my soul's disease,
Shut me no longer from the wished-for heaven;
Its gate is there! there—in those arms tight locked—
Open them—open! for my heart hath knocked!

"What gives thee fear, when I am none afeared?
Where is thy shame, if I am naught ashamed?
What whisper of our comforts shall be heard
From these still walls? How should thy blood be blamed
Mingling with mine, who come of Pharaoh's race?
With mine, that have these brows, this breast, this face?"

"Ah, thou most high and most beguiling one!"
Trembling, he answered: "Tempt me not to this!
Easy it were to do, but ill, being done,
If I should sell white virtue for a kiss.
And break the bright glass of unstained faith
To burn for shame when our Lord Itfir saith,

"'Yûsuf, my trusted!' By the living Lord,
Whose lamp the sun is, seeing everywhere,
Too sore I pity thee! Too soon the word
Of 'yea' would leap, if it were only fear
Which locks it in my lips: oh, let me go
And on some other day this might be so!"

"Nay, nay!" she cries; "for me is no to-morrow!
Who, dying in a desert, puts aside
The water-skin? Who, holding cure of sorrow
Bears on with agony? When could betide
A better time than now, a surer spot?
What's wrought the Gods themselves will witness not!"

"My God will witness!" quoth he, "and make know
My Master." "Oh, thy Master!" brake in she,
"I have a herb of Nile, and, when cups flow,
Crowned at the banquet, there shall some night be
A strange new savor in his wine—and, then
Sleep on his eye, and ceasing from 'midst men."

Backward thereat he drew, as when a snake
From coraled jaws bares sudden fatal fangs;
But she, distempered, from her belt did take
A knife: and, while with one fond hand she hangs
Hot on his neck, the other the blade kept
So pressed to the skin the scarlet blood outleapt.

And with wild eyes she spake: "My soul hath clung
Too close to thine. Unkind! to cling in vain;
Mine ears have drunk the music of thy tongue
Too long for life, except Love heals life's pain!
See! the fond dagger for my scorned blood yearns,
And drinks its first drop where the bright point burns!

"Deny me, and I drive this shining death
Straight to the heart which thou contemnest so;
And when last love-sigh comes with latest breath,
And o'er thy cruel hands the red streams flow,
My murdered body shall Lord Itfir see
And the dread charge of this will light on thee!"

With eager grasp he clutched her wrist, and cried:
"Great Asenath! have pity on us both!
From such mad frenzy turn thy steel aside.
Too fair—too dear—to die! too——" She, not loth,
Deeming the boy relenting, sheathed her blade,
And with close-winding arms a warm chain made

About his beating breast, and drew him down
Against her mouth, and dragged "nay! nay!" away
In such a cleaving kiss his sense did swoon,
His tongue, shut in with honey, naught could say:
His eyes, meeting her eyes, such fierce flame took
They dropped their lids not to be lightning-strook.

Then, while he sank back, willless, on the silk,
She rose, of triumph sure, and deftly drew
From her smooth shoulders—brown and smooth as milk
With palm-wine mixed—that scarf of purple hue
Veiling her bosom's splendors; this she bore,
Quick-tripping, to the niche beside the door.

Where, on tall pedestal, in pride of place,
Sate Pasht the Cat, with orbs of green and gold;
And, over those green eyes, and o'er the face
That garmented hath she draped, so that its fold
Hid the House-Goddess to her porphyry chin,
"Why doest thou this?" asks Yûsuf. "If I sin——"

Answers glad Asenath—"it must not be
That Pasht, whom every morn I straitly serve
With musk, and flowers, and prayers—great Pasbt, should see;
That Pasht, with those sharp eyes should know I swerve
From law—for she would blab to Lords of Hell,
But what she doth not spy she will not tell."

Turning, she made to clip him; but he broke,
Like the sun bursting through a shattered cloud,
Fierce from her arms: and, all alight, he spoke
Angrily thus: "Take, too, thy skirt, and shroud
Yon stars that gaze upon us from God's sky!
Cover, with fine-wove webs, the angry eye

"Of dread Jehovah, watching everywhere!
Bind His free winds, and bid them whisper naught!
Lay hand upon His lightnings, flashing clear
And bribe them not to strike! Let there be brought
His thunders, muzzled, to thy bower; and win
Their awful voices to forgive our sin!

"Fear'st thou those stony eyes thou didst enfold,
And shall not I my fathers' Lord fear more,
Whose glance none may shut out, Whose eyes behold
All things in every place? Tempted full sore,
Lady of Egypt! was thy witless slave:
Now breaks he from thee, better faith to save!"

With that he darted forth. And Asenath
Reached at his waist-cloth, rending it atwain;
One portion in her wrathful hand she hath,
One the fast-flying Yûsuf doth retain;
While, in his speed, he flings back bolts and bars
Till, 'scaped, he stands under the mindful stars.

—*From "Potiphar's Wife and Other Poems," by Sir Edwin Arnold, published by Charles Scribner's Sons.*

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

In an interior city (says the *Bazar*) lived a family who had one of those domestics of the familiar heavy band. A few years ago the town experienced a slight shock of earthquake. Pictures were thrown down, crockery and furniture rattled about. In the midst of the tumult, the mistress went to the head of the hasement-stairs, and called out, in a would-he patient tone: "Mary Ann, what are you doing now?"

Miss C. F. Gordon-Cumming, in her recent book on Ceylon, gives a few lines to a pet elephant, who seems to have heen a creature of much amiahility and intelligence. He had been captured young, and was known as Kurunegalla Jack. He used to go the hospital rounds with his master, a medical officer, who had taught him to he generally useful, and even to administer pills. A Malay soldier one day dropped his pill, whereupon Jack picked it up and dropped it into the man's open mouth, with a puff that hlew it safely down.

Mr. Simpson, of Kansas, during the tariff dehate on March 11th, floored Ray, of New York, who bad the floor for the Republicans. In answer to a proper question which Mr. Ray had granted Mr. Simpson permission to ask, Ray said: "To such a foolish question, if I were disposed to sneer at the Alliance member, I would retort by asking, 'Was your grandmother a monkey?'" "And if you did," retorted Simpson, "I should answer, as Dumas did the French captain, hy saying, 'Yes, sir; my family hegan where yours leaves off.'"

Lord Lytton was seated one day at dinner next to a lady wbose name was Birch, and who, tradition says, was heautiful if not over-intelligent. Said she to his excellency: "Are you acquainted with any of the Birches?" Replied his excellency: "Oh, yes, I knew some of them most intimately while at Eton; indeed, more intimately than I cared to." "Sir," replied the lady, "you forget that the Birches are relatives of mine." "And yet they cut me," said the viceroy; "but," and he smiled his wonted smile, "I have never felt more inclined to kiss the rod than I do now." Mrs. Birch, sad to say, did not see the point, and, so tbe gossips have it, told her husband that his excellency had insulted ber.

Wendell Phillips used to tell this anecdote of a crowded meeting in Faneuil Hall, where Frederick Douglass was chief speaker: Douglass had heen describing the wrongs of his race; as be proceeded he grew more and more excited, and ended by saying that they had no hope of justice from the whites, no possible redress except hy force. It must come to hlood; they must figbt for themselves and redeem themselves, or it would never be done. The old negress, Sojourner Truth, was sitting tall and dark, on the front seat facing the platform. In the hush of deep feeling, after Douglass sat down, her deep, peculiar voice was heard all over the house: "Frederick, is God dead?" The effect was electrical, changing as hy a flash the whole feeling of the audience. Not another word she said or needed to say; her speech bad heen made.

Dr. Brunton, in an address lately reported in the London *Lancet*, was cautioning his hearers—the members of a medical society—against hastily expressed opinions as to the nature of patients' diseases, and empbasized his warning by two professional anecdotes. He was once present at a clinic, the subject of which was a man evidently suffering from some disease of the heart. An unnatural murmuring sound could he heard from that organ, and the pupil of one of his eyes was very much dilated. The peculiar appearance of the eye seemed to have some connection witb tbe cardiac affection, but various opinions were expressed hy the different students as to what the precise nature of this relation could he. The discussion was just becoming interesting, when the patient remarked that his strange-looking eye was made of glass! At another clinic, the professor in charge was discussing learnedly ahout the importance of attending to minor symptoms. "Now, gentlemen," he said, "in the case of tbis woman here, certain things could he confidently affirmed from the condition of her teeth." He was proceeding to particularize, hut just then the patient broke in upon him. "Please, sir," she said, as she took out her teeth, "I will hand them round; the young gentlemen might like to look at them closer."

Remarkahle stories are told of the gift which many puhlic characters bave for remembering the names and faces of comparatively unimportant persons. It may be consoling to persons who lack this pleasant faculty that they have distinguished company. Mr. Joseph Jefferson has difficulty in remembering names. He told this story to a friend: "I was coming down in the elevator of the Stock Exchange building, and, at one of the intermediate floors, a man whose face I knew as well as I know yours got in. He greeted me very warmly at once, said it was a numher of years since we had met, and was very gracious and friendly. But I couldn't place him for the life of me. I asked him, as a sort of a feeler, bow he happened to be in New York, and he answered, with a touch of surprise, that he had lived there for several years. Finally I told him, in an apologetic way, that I couldn't recall his name. He looked at me for a moment, and then he said, very quietly, that his name was U. S. Grant." "What did you do, Joe?" bis friend asked. "Do?" he replied, with a characteristic smile. "Why, I got out at the next floor, for fear I should he fool enough to ask him if he had ever heen in the war!"

"When I went to sea," said an old yarn-spinner down on the wharves to a Portland *Press* reporter, "I was very handy aloft, and answered to the convenient name of 'Jack.' I was so willing and bandy that the officers were always calling upon me. It was 'Jack, do this,' or 'Jack, do that.' On one voyage from Havana to Philadelphia the mates called on 'Jack' so much that I was well-nigh worn out. I determined to he 'Jack' no more. After arriving in Philadelphia and remaining there a few days, I went to the shipping commissioner's office for a new job. He said he wanted a man for a captain wbo was even then waiting in the office, and requested me to sign my name. 'I can not write,' I said. 'Then tell me your name,' said be. 'Ahasuerus Vitz Van Deuzendorff,' said I. 'What?' 'Ahasuerus Vitz Van Deuzendorff.' 'How in thunder do you spell it?' 'I don't know.' 'Here, captain,' said the commissioner, turning to the waiting captain, 'this man seems all right hut for his confounded name.' 'Tbat's all right,' said the captain, and I was shipped. And I will tell you I had peace and comfort on that voyage. Whenever tbe mate wanted me to do anything, he would start on my name, break out swearing, and then tell another man to do the work. I tbink they rather suspected something wrong ahout the name; hut they never caught me."

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LEAVE.	From March 18, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7.00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	* 12.15 P
8.00 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga	6.15 P.
* 8.00 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa	* 6.15 P.
8.00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	Second-class Ogden and East, and first-class locally	10.45 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	4 45 P.
9.00 A.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.
12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore	7 45 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	* 9.00 P.
3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, & Stockton	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Yallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 A
4.30 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10 45 A
4.30 P.	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
5.00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	12.15 P
5.00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 P.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	7.45 A.
.....	Niles and San José	6.15 P.
6.00 P.	Ogden Route Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	11.45 A
‡ 7.00 P.	Yallejo	† 8.45 P.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	8.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

8.15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
* 2.15 P.	Centreville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	* 10 50 A.
4 15 P.	Centreville, San José, and Los Gatos	9.50 A.
† 11.45 P.	Hunters' Train to Newark, Alviso, San José, and Los Gatos	‡ 8.05 P.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7.00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.30 A	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations	6 10 P.
10.27 A.	San José and Way Stations	5 10 P.
12.15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations	4 00 P.
* 2 30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way stations	* 10 48 A.
* 3 30 P.	Menlo Park San José, and principal Way Stations	* 10.03 A.
* 4 15 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.06 A
5.15 P.	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
† 11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	† 7.30 P.

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From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6.50, 8.20, 9.55 A. M.; 1.10, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
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7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M. 5.00 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 9.30 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M. 7.25 P. M.	8.50 A. M 10.30 A. M 6 10 P. M
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7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7.25 P. M.	6 10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M
7 40 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
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We now see why Divine Prnvidence in its inscrutable wisdom permits the Art Asscnciatinn to exist. If it had not existed, it is a question whether Messrs. Daniel O'Connell and H. J. Stewart wnuld ever have written "Bluff King Hal." And though that work is prnbably not destined tn eclipse the glory nf "Perichole," nr "Pinafore," or even "Erminie," it is, nevertheless, an exceedingly creditable performance to have been generated in a city which is but fnrty years old, and for the delectation of a cnmmunity whose taste runs mnre largely to portable property than to music. It is evidence that, nntwithstanding the Musicians' Uninn, there is really latent musical genius among us, and that the slope which bas bestowed on the world the sweetest voice that is now heard on the lyric stage is giving the lie to the adage which declares that operas can nnly be born in metrnpolitan cities. It encourages the belief that as American comedy, which first saw the light within the memory nf people who are still young, has already assumed a high place in art, so American npera, when it gets nut of its swaddling clothes, may prnve a source nf national pride. When it does, it will be none the less American, though its authors happen tn have been born abrnad. "L'Africaine" and "William Tell" are none the less French because Meyerbeer was born in Germany, and Rnssini in Italy.

"Bluff King Hal" is not a grand opera, nor a comic opera, nor an opera bouffe; it is a romantic npera. It deals with incidents which do not of themselves require the intervention nf the monarch who had such an appetite for variety in wives; any age and any clime in which the sovereign exercised the right of life and death wnuld have answered the purpose of the librettist as well as the Tudnr perind in England. Mr. O'Connell probably selected the reign of Henry the Eighth because of its rich local color, in deference to the ambition of the scene-painter and the costumer. But for this he might have located his story in any country or at any other period. All over the world, since the birth of romantic love, Phyllis has loved Lennard, and the smooth course of their true love has been thwarted until the appropriate moment in the last act, when the exigencies nf art require that they shall be happy; from the dawn of time, arbitrary and brutal kings or other monsters have always intervened to part lovers and to fnrbid uninns which, in nine cases nut nf ten, prnve afterward tn be mistakes. The usual device of the playwright is to evoke some power superior to that of the king or mnnster, in order to overcome his obduracy. Mr. O'Cnnnell has attained his dennuement by making his king repent, which is a creditable feat in any king, and must, according to historians, have required a superhuman effort in Henry the Eighth. But it comes to the same thing.

It is curinus, considering the light crnp nf American nperas, that two of them, hnth based on early English history, should be appearing simultaneously in San Francisco. It is impossible to avoid cnmparisons, and "Bluff King Hal" suffers by contrast with "Robin Hood." The "Constabul" of Windsnr—as Mr. Ferris Hartman will call himself—is neither so tuneful nnr sn droll as the Sheriff of Nottingham. Miss Tillie Salinger can hardly be compared with Mlle. d'Arville, and Leonard (Warwick Ganor) is sn exceedingly wooden a lnver that one is lnst in amazement at his acceptance by Phyllis. It was really affecting to watch Miss Salinger look up in his stolid face and, with her pretty mouth puckered up, vainly appealing for some respnnse to her passionate ardor.

Another dreadful person is the Bluff King himself, as played by Mr. Douglas Flint, in a black cloak and striped breeches. He is a much better fellow, however, this Bluff King Hal, in Mr. O'Cnnnell's verse, than he is in history. Within five minutes after singing, in a fine baritone,

> "No pardon, maid, to him I yield,
> He dies this very morn,"

He changes his mind and warbles:

> "Well, 'tis done. Release
> Your prisoner, captain, let him go in peace."

Dornthy is rather puzzling. She comes in with a skip and a jump, looking remarkably spry for a cobbler's widow, and sings, with spirit:

> "You've a quick, roving eye,
> And you ogle and sigh,
> Just as though I could love one like you;
> I'll have none of your wiles,
> Or popinjay smiles,
> So all your fond pleading is vain."

She follows this up by calling Robert a "razor-nngued knave" and a "lying scullion," and the next thing the spectator perceives she is lying on the breast of the knave and the scullinn, and kissing him of her own mere motion, and jnining him in the duet:

> "The birds in the air, and the birds in the busbes,
> Sing Dorothy, Dorothy, all the day long."

From this behavior, the attentive spectatnr infers that Dame Dnrnthy is going to be a coquette nf the Elizabethan era, which was rich in coquettes. But she disappoints them. Once hooked by Robert, she allows herself to be landed with no more wriggle than a carp. She sings emntinnally:

> "When the merry bells are ringing,
> And the village maids are singing,
> I, Dorothy, Dorothy, will be his winsome bride."

Here was a taming nf the shrew with a vengeance.

A romantic comedy, in Elizabethan dialect, with "welkins," and "buxnm wenches," and "by the mass," and "stoups of ale," and "distaffs," and "minxes who flout," and "bonny snoods," and "shameless hussies," and "haughty guerdons," seems just a little nut of place at the Tivoli, and it is no wonder that the company seemed *dépaysée*. Mr. O'Connell wrote fnr a high snciety audience, and tuned his lyre accnrdingly. If the piece had been written for the Tivoli, Phyllis and Leonard would not have made love in the language of Sir Philip Sydney, and the Constable of Windsnr would have made more broad fun. Still, everybody goes to the Tivnli, and the play may take. On the first night, the house was crowded by the friends of the penple who had played in it nr had seen it at the Grand Opera Hnuse, and the reception was overwhelmingly enthusiastic. Every number was encnred repeatedly. On the second night, which was rainy, there was a good, but not a bumper house, and though there was a good deal of applause, there were nn encores.

As it is now fairly launched on the public stage, and will prnbably be heard in New York and Chicago as it has been here, the San Francisen critic is bound to review it on its merits, and he must say that no resident nf this coast will have reasnn to blush for it when he sees it nn the bnards of an Eastern theatre. Mr. O'Cnnnell's verse is smooth and flowing. That is quite a pretty love burst:

> "Oh, Phyllis, my tender one, beautiful Phyllis,
> Queen of the forest, sweet Phyllis, my dear,
> Queen of the forest, and fair as the lilies
> That float on the breast of the oak-shaded mere."

The lines which begin:

> "Doubt that streams through forest flowing—"

Are certainly suggestive of something nne has heard before. But Mr. O'Connell has illustrious example for taking his property where he finds it.

He, as well as bis cnadjutor, Mr. Stewart, has been accused by persnns, whose knnwledge of npera has been acquired by listening to a few traveling troupes, of stealing from his predecessors. If they have stnlen no mnre than Shakespeare or Offenbach stole, a judicial critic will direct a verdict of acquittal. All composers and all playwrights bnrrow frnm those whn have gone before, and the public appreciates them none the less. What people want when they go tn the opera is to hear pleasant songs and good music. They do nnt care a straw whether the sngs and the music are evolved exclusively out nf the cnmposer's brain or have been elaborated by him nn themes which were sketched by others. Prnvided the one and the other please them, they are content to leave the discovery of plagiarisms to professional detectives.

At the theatres during the week cnmmencing April 4th: Marie Wainwright in "Amy Robsart"; the Bostonians in light opera; the Tivnli Company in "Bluff King Hal"; the Grismer-Davies Company in "The Merchant"; and Corinne in "Carmen up to Date."

STAGE GOSSIP.

Francis Wilson will bring his latest success, "The Lion-Tamer," to this city in May.

Charlie Reed and Dan Collier are sonewhere in the wilds, playing in their farce-comedy, "Hoss and Hoss." May Yohe was in their company, but has disappeared, and rumor says she has married again.

Edgar S. Kelley is at work nn the music nf a new opera fnr which C. M. S. McLellan—a clever newspaper man, but a novice at such work—is writing the libretto, and Pauline Hall is to produce it in the autumn.

Marie Wainwright's version of "Amy Rnbsart" is said to be as elaborate and as beautiful as her "Twelfth Night" was last year, and that is saying much. Barton Hill and pretty Blanche Walsh are members of her company.

The Bostonians' repertoire for the week is as fnllows: Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday evenings, "Fatinitza"; Tuesday and Friday evenings, "Carmen"; and Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon, "The Bohemian Girl."

Joseph R. Grismer nnd Miss Phœbe Davies begin an engagement in town on Mnnday night in "The Merchant," the play, by Martha Morton, which won first prize in the New York *World's* cnntest for dramatists snme months ago.

De Koven and Smith, the composer and librettist of "Robin Hood," have written a new light opera which they call "The Fencing-Master." It is to be brought out in New York in a few months, with Marie Tempest in the leading female rôle.

A few months agn we learned from an Eastern paper that Mrs. Kimball, "little" Corinne's mother, was suing for divorce. The issue nf the case escaped us, fnr we were dazzled by the effulgence of Mrs. Kimball's real name. It is Rosylpha Flaherty.

Richard Mansfield will appear in eight plays during his engagement in this city, including "Beau Brummel," "Prince Karl," "Monsieur," "Dnn Juan," "Ten Thnusand a Year," "A Parisian Romance," "Nern," and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

At the performance nf "Bluff King Hal" at the Tivoli the other night, a careful nbserver made nnte nf these more nr less valuable facts: That Miss Tillie Salinger sings with her mnuth puckered into a perpendicular 0. That Miss Gracie Plaisted sings with her mouth puckered into a horizontal ⬭.

Tenor Jean de Reszke was the recipient nf a golden wreath nn the occasion of the last performance of "Faust" at the Metropnlitan Opera House in New Ynrk. He steadfastly refuses to reveal the name of the dnnor, and it is generally supposed—partly, perhaps, nn that account—that it is a wnman.

The dramatization of F. Hopkinsnn Smith's stnry "Cnlonel Carter, of Cartersville"—which was made with the help of Augustus Thomas, authnr nf "Alabama" and adapter nf several successful dramatizatinns of popular stnries—seems not to have satisfied those who had read the book. The play lacks dramatic interest; but it remains a charming study of a delightful character, and is far from being a failure. In the recent prnduction of the play by A. M. Palmer's Cnmpany, E. M. Hnlland was the Colnnel Carter and Charles Harris made a great success of the nld negro servant, Chad.

Appended are the names nf the writers of the one-act prize play and the ten other plays picked out for honnrable mention in the *Herald* cnntest:

"Hearts," W. Echard Golden; "Left at the Post," author unknown; "Cbums," Thomas Frost; "Tbe Missis," Walter C. Bellows; "Wbite Roses," Lottie Blair Parker; "Helen," Frank C. Drake; "All is Vanity," Alfred Thompson; "Philopena," Edwin S. Belknap; "Atlanta," A. E. Lancaster; "Nepenthe," Arthur Hornblow and Kate Masterson; and "Victim of Science," R. A. Farrelly.

A New York manager has nffered one hundred dollars each for the first production of any two of the ten plays which he may select, and fifty dollars for the first prnduction nf the third—which is not so bad fnr the aspiring American dramatist, as this first production is the difficult pnint tn achieve.

The *St. James's Gazette* having stated that Oscar Wilde had made changes in his play in consequence nf criticisms made by certain newspapers, the erstwhile Apostle of the Beautiful and present Knight nf the Green Carnation writes the *Gazette* as fnllows:

"The facts are as follows: On last Saturday night, after the play was over and the author, cigarette in hand, had delivered a delightful and immortal speech, I had the pleasure of entertaining at supper a small number of personal friends, and, as none of them was older than myself, I naturally listened to their artistic views with attention and pleasure. The opinions of the old on matters of art are, of course, of no value wbatsoever. The artistic instincts of the young are invariably fascinating; and I am bound to state that all my friends, without exception, were of the opinion that tbe psychological interest of the second act would be greatly increased by the disclosure of the actual relationship existing between Lady Windermere and Mrs. Erlynne—an opinion, I may add, that had previously been strongly held and urged by Mr. Alexander. As, to those of us who do not look on a play as a mere question of pantomime and clowning, psychological interest is everything, I determined, consequently, to make a change in the precise moment of revelation. This determination, however, was entered into long before I had the opportunity of studying the culture, courtesy, and critical faculty displayed in such papers as the *Referee*, *Reynolds*, and the *Sunday Sun*.

"When criticism becomes in England a real art, as it should be, and when none but those of artistic instinct and artistic cultivation are allowed to write about works of art, artists will no doubt read criticisms with a certain amount of intellectual interest. As things are at present, the criticisms of ordinary newspapers are of no interest whatsoever, except in so far as they display, in its crudest form, the extraordinary Bœotianism of a country that has produced some Athenians and in which other Athenians have come to dwell."

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Thought-reading: "I say, old chap, you haven't such a thing as a five-dollar bill about you?" "How on earth did you guess that?"—*Judge.*

"Do you think Miss Morton and her mother discovered that I was tipsy last night?" "Oh, no; I explained to them that you were crazy."—*Life.*

She—"My darling, I have a terrible piece of news for you. Papa has lost everything." *He* (rising to go)—"Oh, no, he hasn't. He still has you."—*Truth.*

Burley—"So you're going to make a musician of your son Tommy, are you?" *Bagley*—"Yes, indeed; why, he's got a fortune in that head of hair."—*Judge.*

"Ah," mused Mr. Hungry Higgins, as the "charitable officer" steered him toward the city woodyard, "I have once more struck the popular chord."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Miss Flypp—"If we girls had the nominating power I know who would be the Democratic candidate for President." *Miss Elder*—"Who?" *Miss Flypp*—"Bnies."—*Life.*

"How parental instinct glorifies even the brutes! See our old tom-cat; how fond he is of his kittens!" "Fond of them? I should say he was. He has eaten two of them this week."—*Ex.*

"That young minister will never succeed; he is too easily rattled." "I never noticed it." "I did. At Emma Harkins's wedding, he kissed the groom and shook hands with the bride."—*New York Sun.*

Mrs. Witherby—"Mrs. Plankington doesn't dress so well as she used to, does she?" *Mrs. Banger*—"No. Since her husband signed the pledge she hasn't the hold on him that she used to have."—*Cloak Review.*

"Trotter proposed three times to Miss Budd before she accepted him, and now she is going to marry another fellow." "*Three* times! Only smoke, I tried it only once and the girl sued me for breach of promise later on."—*Truth.*

Jeweler—"You will not take no for an answer? Porter, come and kick this fellow out!" *Undaunted drummer*—"Now, while we're waiting for the porter, I'll show you the finest diamond jewelry you ever laid eyes on."—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

She—"Read me something from your paper, Jack." *He*—"Certainly, my love. Here is something that will interest you: 'Rumored engagement.'" *She*—"Yes, read that. I wonder if I know them." *He* (continuing)—"'Fourteen killed on the Mexican border.'"—*New York Ledger.*

Mrs. Gramercy—"As you wished to see him on business, I'm very sorry my husband's out of town and not likely to return for a few months." *Mrs. Malaprop*—"It's provoking, of course, but I suppose I shouldn't allow myself to feel disappointed. You would be surprised to know how many persons are away from home just now, taking the gold cure."—*Life.*

Bingo—"Did those trousers of mine come from the tailor's?" *Mrs. Bingo*—"No, my dear; but my bonnet came from the milliner's." *Bingo* (savagely)—"What do I care? I should like to know what your bonnet's got to do with my trousers?" *Mrs. Bingo* (meekly)—"Nothing, my dear, only the milliner is waiting to see you in the next room."—*Truth.*

A young couple went down to Castle Garden to engage a girl of all work. A tidy, trim little Swede attracted them. "Can you cook?" they asked. "No," she answered, demurely. "Can you wash and iron?" "No." "Can you sweep and make beds?" "No." "Well, what can you do?" "I can milk reindeer." She was not engaged.—*New York Evening Sun.*

The little boy picked himself out of the puddle, where his rude playmates had thrown him. He wiped the mud from his velvet trousers, his silk stockings, and his lace collar, and straightened out his long, golden curls as well as their demoralized and bedraggled condition would permit. "This," he said, bitterly, "is what comes of being mamma's little pet."—*Chicago Daily Tribune.*

The sale of the Broadway Block, in Oakland, last Saturday was very successful. The property, bounded by Myrtle, Filbert, Tenth, and Twelfth Streets, was subdivided into thirty-four lots, of which thirty were sold at auction by Mr. W. J. Dingee, at prices ranging from $3,300 to $1,600. Mr. Dingee will hold another auction sale of valuable Oakland real estate on Saturday, April 9th, when he will sell thirteen lots fronting on Fourteenth Street and Broadway.

Crab-Apple Blossoms.

"Chief among the fashionable scents. Favorite of palace, mansion, and cottage."—*London Court Journal.*

ELSIE'S WIDOWHOOD.

A Few Pages from Letters to her Dearest Friend.

MAY.

give way to my grief every once in a while. I fancy that it is all a dreadful dream, and that I can hear once more my poor darling's voice, that I can see him standing beside me again and

JUNE.

very becoming, but don't you think, dear, that it is just a wee bit too sombre? I shall be guided entirely by what you say, for ever since poor George's death I simply have not had the heart to think of such things. It is very

JULY.

people would talk if I took a small apartment next winter and entertained a few of my old friends? Ask William what he thinks. There was a hop at the hotel here the other night; I sat on the piazza and peeped through the windows, and, my dear, if you could have seen the women

AUGUST.

done without Mr. Floyd, of whom you may have heard me speak, and who has been of service to me in a thousand ways. The weather has been simply delightful for a week, and we are planning an excursion to a lovely island in a pretty little lake about ten miles from here. Mr. Floyd says that if I

SEPTEMBER.

derived all the benefit I can from the mountains. Miss Pointdexter, the lady to whom Mr. Floyd is said to be engaged, is a very charming, intellectual girl, not exactly pretty, and perhaps a year or two older than he is. If

OCTOBER.

for Jack (Mr. Floyd, you know,) has heard me speak of you so often that he says he longs to know you, and I am really beginning to feel a little bit jealous. You will see us both by the end of the week, and then, my dear, you can judge for yourself whether I have

—*Truth.*

Messrs. L. Prang & Co., of Boston, send out among their Easter art-publications this year two large and handsome colored prints, made by a new process that combines photography and lithography to produce very delicate results. The prints are excellent reproductions of two paintings by Alfred Meissner, one representing winged cherubs, and the other the Madonna and Child. The Easter cards, booklets, and art-prints are unusually pretty this year, simple and artistic in design, and most appropriate as little gifts at this season. They are for sale at all the art and stationery-stores.

Do not lie awake nights and cough! Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will relieve the cough and induce a good night's rest.

Made with Boiling Water.
EPPS'S COCOA.
Made with Boiling Milk.

DCLXI.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, April 3, 1892.

Oyster Soup.
Broiled Chickens. Fried Potatoes.
Green Peas. Tomatoes.
Roast Beef.
French Articbokes. Cold Boiled Ham.
Bohemian Cream. Strawberries.
Lady Washington Cakes.

Bohemian Cream.—Take four ounces of any fruit which has been stewed soft and cooked with sugar; pass this fruit through a sieve, and add, then, an ounce and a half of melted Knox's Sparkling Isinglass to half a pint of the fruit; mix it well, whip up a pint of cream, and add the fruit and isinglass gradually to it; put it into a mold; set it on ice in any cool place, and, when ready, dip the mold into warm water, and turn out.

— Knox's Sparkling Gelatine, the purest made; makes delicious desserts. Indorsed and used by our most prominent teachers of cookery.

In Ernst Brücke's book on "The Human Figure" are the following rules which may serve for other purposes as well as in the choice of a model: When the neck is at once thin and cylindrical, it is beautiful; when it is cylindrical and likewise thick, it may be very ugly, but even uglier when it is thin and yet not cylindrical. For when it is thick, its cylindrical shape may be due to a somewhat excessive layer of fat; and when it is thin, but not cylindrical, this condition may arise from excessive leanness. This rule, of course, does not entitle the artist to make the neck as thin and cylindrical as he chooses, but applies solely to the choice of a model. Nature herself takes care to keep within the limits which the artist should respect. The defect of the neck, occurring not infrequently in many districts, consists in its girth being increased from above downward. The depression bounding the neck at its lower end, and separating it from the sternum, the fossa of the neck—which, however, is only, strictly speaking, a fossa in lean individuals—has in this instance vanished, and the lower part of the neck seen in front has the appearance of being flat and wide. A neck of this kind may occur in combination with absolutely flawless beauty in the rest of the body; but the artist must nevertheless beware of even attempting to reproduce it, as these necks are found most frequently in regions where wens and goitres are prevalent, and constitute, in fact, the commencement of these pathological deformities.

In New York city, where the standard of salaries is as high, perhaps, as in any American city (says the April *Ladies' Home Journal*), it was recently shown that of the young men in good commercial positions, seventy per cent. earned two thousand dollars per year; and only eight per cent. exceeded three thousand five hundred dollars per year. The young men, whom our young women meet in the nicest homes of our largest cities, are those who are earning the incomes referred to above. Large revenues are few, and if by a "desirable" marriage is only meant the alliance to young men of dazzling income, just about one girl in every thousand will make a "desirable" match. Facts such as these must be taken into consideration by the girl of today, and when they are, it will be more clearly understood why young men are apt to be frightened from, rather than attracted to, girls.

Cosmetics and face-powders are not to be exhibited in the Women's Building of the World's Fair. Mrs. Palmer, speaking for her committee, says that as these were invented and first used by men, they properly have no place in the Women's Building. This is a direct blow at the aspirations of ladies whose names it is unnecessary to mention; but it seems there is a general classification department in the main building controlled by the men, and the enterprise of these promoters of beauty may be relied on to find a place in it.

There has been recently a unique ladies' strike in Germany in one of the garrison towns. The conduct of the men, who totally neglect the unmarried ladies in order to dance with the wives of their friends and acquaintances, displeased the slighted maidens and their mothers, and, at the last regimental ball, not an unmarried girl was present.

The suggestion has come of insurance against blindness.

Now is the time to take that best of all spring medicines, Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

GEO. H. FULLER DESK CO.
MANUFACTURERS.
BANK, OFFICE AND CHURCH FURNITURE
638-640 MISSION ST.

GEORGE GOODMAN,
—PATENTEE AND MANUFACTURER OF—
ARTIFICIAL STONE
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
Office, 307 MONTGOMERY ST.

RAMBLER BICYCLES
Fitted with
THE CELEBRATED
G. & J.
Pneumatic Tire
"ACME OF COMFORT."
Catalogue free.
Gormully & Jeffery Mfg Co
221-225 N. Franklin St., CHICAGO, ILL.
178 Columbus Ave. BOSTON. 1325 14th St., N. W. WASHINGTON.
1788 Broadway, NEW YORK.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.,
SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS
Union Block, cor. Pine and Market Sts.
Agents for the Cunard Royal Mail Steamship Co.; the California Line of Packets from New York; the Hawaiian Line of Packets to and from Honolulu; the China Traders' Insurance Co. (Limited); Baldwin Locomotive Works; A. Whitney & Sons' Car-Wheels; Vivian & Sons' Yellow Metal Sheathing; Steel Rails and Track Material; Hartmann's Rahtjen's Composition.

"I want you to aid me in getting up an advertisement that will not show on the face of it that it is an advertisement," said a business friend to me a few days ago.

I think that the measure of success that results from an advertisement of that kind is seldom worth the effort to obtain it.

There are men who spend hours of time, and a pocket full of money, on actors and theatrical managers that they may get a free seat at the play, when they could buy a reserved seat for a dollar and a half.

Not more idiotic are those people than are the business men who scheme to get an indirect advertisement, and spend much money to obtain it in a roundabout way.—*J. Armory Knox.*

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.
Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., April 9, 24, May 9, 24.
For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., April and May 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29. June and July 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, the 1st of each month. Ticket office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents.
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

—FOR—
WALL PAPER,
WINDOW SHADES,
and CORNICE POLES
—GO TO—
C. W. CLARK & CO.
653 and 655 Market Street.

I CURE FITS!
When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.
H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

CHEAPER THAN BARB WIRE.
HUMANE, STRONG, VISIBLE, ORNAMENTAL.

HARTMAN WIRE PANEL FENCE.
Double the Strength of any other fence; will not stretch, sag, or get out of shape. Harmless to Stock, a Perfect Farm Fence, yet Handsome enough to Ornament a Lawn. Write for prices, Descriptive Circular, and Testimonials, also Catalogue of Hartman Steel Picket Lawn Fence, Tree and Flower Guards, Flexible Wire Mats, etc. HARTMAN MFG. CO., BEAVER FALLS, PA.
T. D. GANSE, Gen'l Western Sales Agt., 508 State St., Chicago. ☞ *Always mention this paper.*

PIERCE & CO., Oakland, Cal., Agents for Alameda County.
BAKER & HAMILTON, - - SAN FRANCISCO.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE

LOOPER

On the Light-Running

DOMESTIC?

OFFICE:

29 POST STREET.

VICTOR SAFETY CYCLES LEAD

OVERMAN WHEEL CO. MAKERS

SAN FRANCISCO

PUMPS FOR IRRIGATION AND RECLAMATION

Steam Engines, Horse Powers & Wind Mills.

Complete Pumping outfits—all sizes—for every purpose. The latest, best and cheapest. If you need any thing in this line, write to

BYRON JACKSON

625 6th St. San Francisco.

45 sold in '88
2,288 sold in '89
6,268 sold in '90
20,049 sold in '91
60,000 will be sold in '92

A Steel Windmill and Steel Tower every 3 minutes. ☞ These figures tell the story of the ever-growing, ever-going, everlasting Steel Aermotor. Where one goes others follow, and we "take the country."

Though sold, we were unable to make all of the 20,049 Aermotors in '91. Orders often waited 8 weeks to be filled, but now we have vastly increased our plant and are prepared promptly to plant our increase in every habitable portion of the globe.

Are you curious to know how the Aermotor Co. in the 4th year of its existence, came to make many times as many windmills as all other makers combined? How we came to originate the Steel Wheel, the Steel Fixed Tower, the Steel Tilting Tower?

1st. We commenced in a field in which there had been no *improvement for 25 years*, and in which there seemed no talent or ambition, and none has yet been shown except in *feeble* imitation of our inventions.

2d. Before commencing the manufacture, exhaustive scientific investigation and experiments were made by a skilled mechanical engineer, in which over 5,000 dynamometric tests were made on 61 different forms of wheels, propelled by artificial and therefore uniform wind, which settled definitely many questions relating to the proper speed of wheel, the best form, angle, curvature and amount of sail surface, the resistance of air to rotation, obstructions in the wheel, such as heavy wooden arms, obstructions before the wheel, as in the vaneless mill, and many other more abstruse, though not less important questions. These investigations proved that the power of the best wind wheels could be doubled, and the AERMOTOR daily demonstrates it has been done.

3d. To the liberal policy of the Aermotor Co., that guarantees its goods satisfactory or pays freight both ways, and to the enormous output of its factory which enables it to furnish the best article at less than the poorest is sold for. For '92 we furnish the most perfect bearings ever put in a windmill, and have made an exhaustive revision of the Aermotor and Towers.

If you want a strong, stiff, Steel Fixed Tower—or if you want the tower you don't have to climb (the Steel Tilting Tower) and the Wheel that runs when all others stand still that costs you less than wood and lasts ten times as long (The Steel Aermotor) or if you want a Geared Aermotor to churn, grind, cut feed, pump water, turn grindstone and saw wood, that does the work of 4 horses at the cost of one ($100), write for copiously illustrated printed matter, showing every conceivable phase of windmill construction and work, to the AERMOTOR CO. 12th and Rockwell Sts., Chicago, or 12 Main St., San Francisco.

GALVANIZED It is not enough to make portions of a wheel of galvanized metal. That leaves exposed edges and is not so good as painting. The Steel Aermotor and Steel Tower are now galvanized after being completed, thus absolutely protected from rust and decay.

The Aermotor Pneumatic Water Supply System enables you to supply every part of your house with water without an Elevated Tank.

(Established 1854.)

GEORGE MORROW & CO.,

DEALERS IN HAY AND GRAIN

PRIVATE TRADE SOLICITED.

No. 39 Clay Street, - - San Francisco

PASTRY AND DELICACIES OF ALL KINDS UNSURPASSED

BOSTON BROWN BREAD AND BAKED BEANS UNEQUALED.

BREAD!

BUY OF THE

LOG CABIN BAKERY!

Largest Bakers of Home-Made Goods on the Pacific Coast.

San Francisco—409 Hayes Street.
Oakland—475 Eleventh Street.

☞ Goods delivered in San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, Fruitvale, and Berkeley. An Agent wanted in every town.

ANDREWS' UPRIGHT

FOLDING BEDS

Office and School

FURNITURE,

OPERA AND CHURCH CHAIRS.

C. F. WEBER & CO.

Post and Stockton Sts., S. F.

IDANHA

THE PERFECTION OF TABLE AND BAR WATERS.

The highest class naturally carbonated Water in the World.

A PERFECT MIXER WITH ALL WINES AND LIQUORS.

All first-class Grocers keep it, and likewise Druggists.

So do all Bars, Hotels, and Clubs.

COBURN, TEVIS & CO.
Sole Distributing Agents,
107 and 109 FRONT ST.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Reduced Rates for the Summer offered at the

HOTEL DEL CORONADO

$15.00 per week for $3.00 per day rooms, if occupied by two. Others in proportion. If occupied by one, 25c. to 50c. per day higher.

Pleasant days, cool nights, pure water. Hunting, fishing, surf-bathing, boating, driving, enjoying life in a hundred ways.

THE MOST DELIGHTFUL OF ALL SUMMER SEA-SIDE RESORTS.

THE NEW SALT-WATER SWIMMING-TANKS are the finest in the United States, with large sunny dressing-rooms and streams of hot and cold salt water constantly flowing into the tanks. Fishing for baracouda and Spanish mackerel begins April 1st. **This is the Sportsman's Paradise.**

THE FAMOUS CORONADO WATER, which has established such a reputation for its amazingly quick curative action on the kidneys and bladder, is the only water used at the hotel.

Special rates made for children and servants. Write for information.

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From San Francisco, by rail or water, $65.00, includes fifteen days' board, with privilege of longer stay at $2 50 per day. The same rate and terms from Sacramento, Fresno, San José, Bakersfield, Marysville, Tulare, Stockton, via rail. AGENCIES.—San Francisco: 112 Montgomery Street. Tickets for sale at office S. P. R. R., 613 Market Street; also at office P. C. S. S. Co., 4 New Montgomery Street. At all other points, local railroad agents.

E. S. BABCOCK, Manager Hotel del Coronado.

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Try it before you buy.

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FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR & SATIN STRAIGHT-CUT CIGARETTES

Unsurpassed in quality. Used by people of refined taste.

16 First Prize Medals. Our Vanity Fair and Various Smoking Mixtures are the finest for the pipe.

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It is a fact universally conceded that the KNABE surpasses all other instruments. A. L. Bancroft & Co., 303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

FASHION STABLES, OAKLAND,

Broadway, near Eighth,

March 15th, '92.

COLUMBUS BUGGY CO.,

Gentlemen: It always affords us pleasure to recommend an article that is deserving of it. We have about one dozen of your vehicles in use in our barn, and all have given entire satisfaction. The style and finish are good and the wearing qualities excellent.

Yours truly,

McCLEVERTY & NOBLETT.

THE BEST WORK
by the
SIMPLEST MEANS
in the
SHORTEST TIME

is accomplished by the

REMINGTON
STANDARD TYPEWRITER

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

G. G. WICKSON & CO.

3 and 5 Front Street, - - - - - San Francisco

PALACE HOTEL.

The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. Fire and Earthquake-proof. Has Nine Elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by electric light, its immense glass roof, broad balconies, carriage-way, and tropical plants, are features hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the finest in the city. Secure accommodations in advance by telegraphing.

THE PALACE HOTEL,
San Francisco, Cal.

-:- HOTEL PLEASANTON -:-

SUTTER ST., corner Jones,
San Francisco, Cal.

The largest, best appointed, and most liberally managed family and tourist hotel in San Francisco. Lighted by electricity throughout. Elegantly furnished dining-rooms and parlors for banquets, private dinners, parties, weddings, etc. *The cuisine a special feature.*

MRS. M. E. PENDLETON,
Proprietor and Manager.

-:- THE COLONIAL -:-

PINE AND JONES STS.

New, elegantly furnished Family Hotel.

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.

Central to all lines of cars.

The Strathmore Apartment House

N.W. Cor. Larkin and Fulton Sts.

Exclusively for families. First-class in every respect. Elevator day and night. First-class Restaurant in the building.

Apply to Janitor in the building, or to A. Hayward, No. 224 California Street.

IF YOU ARE
A SUFFERER FROM

SCIATICA,
RHEUMATISM,
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BLOOD or SKIN DISEASES,

A Course of the Water and Baths at

BYRON
HOT
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WILL CURE YOU.

Reached from San Francisco by rail in 3 hours without any long stage ride. Beautiful climate the year round. First-class Hotel Accommodation at reasonable terms. Wonderful cures are being effected at these Springs. Descriptive pamphlet upon application.

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Direct Importers of fine Woolens,

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Shirts to Order a Specialty.

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N.E. cor. California and Sansome Streets.

Capital (Paid up in Gold)	$300,000 00
Assets, January 1, 1892	878,137 01

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VICE-PRESIDENT	H. L. DODGE
SECRETARY	CHARLES R. STORY
GENERAL AGENT	ROBERT H. MAGILL

GERMEA
The Monarch of Breakfast Foods.
THE JOHN T. CUTTING CO. SOLE AGENTS

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ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supplying: what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

The Republican opposition to Geary's Chinese Exclusion Bill that was shown in the House of Representatives on Monday last, does not represent either the good sense or prevalent spirit of the party. We trust that in the Senate the mistake will be corrected. The Republican party, being the party of protection, should be in the lead against Chinese importation, and against further indiscriminate foreign immigration generally. Mr. Geary made an unanswerable point when he pleaded for the exclusion of Chinese as a measure of protection to American labor. If the producer and the manufacturer are to be shielded from outside competition, it is only fair that the worker should be given the same guarding. This is merely the industrial view. The larger social question is involved, and every man who wishes to see the experiment of a great nation without royalty or nobility succeed, should be ardent in support of the principle of which Mr. Geary's bill is an expression. That it will pass the Senate substantially in its present form, and that President Harrison will sign it, we have no doubt. The time is past when any political party or ambitious public man can afford to be in opposition to the anti-Chinese feeling. It is no longer confined to the Pacific Coast; it pervades the Union. Great is the good derived from keeping the Chinese out of the country; it is small when compared with the familiarizing of the public mind with the policy of refusing admission to objectionable foreigners. The next step in advance will be the establishment of educational, moral, and property qualifications for all immigrants, no matter what their blood or what part of the world they may come from. This matter transcends the labor question. It involves the health of the republic, which is already seriously threatened by the frightful proportion of ignorance and vicious poverty in its vote.

The comparisons which have been made in these columns between the maritime commerce of San Francisco and that of other seaports—Hamburg, Bremen, Marseilles, Valparaiso, and Melbourne—demonstrate that the people of this city have displayed far less enterprise in turning their natural advantages to account than the people of other seaports. They indicate what San Francisco might have been if its people had been as energetic and as far-seeing as the Hamburgers, or the burghers of Bremen, or the Marseillese, or the Valparaisans, or the denizens of Melbourne, Australia. They are object-lessons from which our merchants and capitalists may learn. They may be extended indefinitely.

The city of Bordeaux is smaller than San Francisco—containing only about 235,000 people. It is sixty miles from the sea, lying on the Garonne just about the point at which that river enters into the Gironde. Below the city are three bars, on which, at low water, there are respectively 11 feet 6 inches, 9 feet 9 inches, and 9 feet 3 inches of water. Vessels of large draft must cross these bars with the flood tide, and as in the harbor itself there are only 20 feet of water at the end of the ebb, large steamers arriving from sea are obliged to time their arrival so that it shall not be before half-flood or after half-ebb. If they tried to reach the berth before or after this time, they would be apt to ground and collide with other vessels. Altogether the port is not a convenient one to enter or to leave.

It is nevertheless the home port of a prodigious quantity of French shipping, and it is a port of entry and a port of call for an equally large amount of British, Spanish, Dutch, and other foreign shipping. In the year 1886—which is the last year of which we have accurate returns—1,969 sea-going vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of 1,274,000 tons, entered at the port, and 2,032 vessels, of an aggregate tonnage of 1,284,000 tons, cleared. This is exclusive of small coasting-vessels. Thus 4,000 vessels either left the port or arrived. This tonnage is curiously distributed. Bordeaux is the home port of a large fleet of small barks and schooners, which ply to the Banks of Newfoundland for cod. And it keeps a fleet of small steamers plying to Santander, Corunna, Oporto, Lisbon, and Cadiz, in the Lusitanian Peninsula, exchanging wines. Formerly these vessels took out French wines to Spain and Portugal, and loaded up with fruit, cork, lead, etc., as their return cargo. Since the phylloxera made its appearance in France, they load up with Spanish and Portuguese wines for blending purposes in France, and carry out from Bordeaux food and manufactured goods for consumption in the peninsula.

Other steamers, of small tonnage, ply between Bordeaux and Liverpool, London, Amsterdam, and Hamburg, and seem to find all the freight they want. They are fewer in number and smaller in size than the steamers which circumnavigate Spain, and sail to Algiers and other African coast ports, including Alexandria. The Mediterranean trade naturally belongs to Marseilles; and, at first blush, it seems difficult to understand what one semi-tropical port can have to exchange with another semi-tropical port. But the steamers from Bordeaux manage to earn a living by carrying goods from their home to the Mediterranean ports.

The main maritime commerce of Bordeaux is, however, between that port and the coast of America. Lines of first-class steamers ply between Bordeaux and New Orleans, touching at Havana; some of them make Vera Cruz their terminal instead of New Orleans. Another line runs to Rio Janeiro, and a third to Buenos Ayres, while the Messageries Maritimes occasionally dispatch steamers from Bordeaux round the cape to Valparaiso. At all these points, there is found to be a market for the wine, oil, and table delicacies which are produced in the valleys of the Gironde and the Garonne, and the steamers take coffee and tropical products for return cargoes from the northern ports, and wool and wheat from those which are more southerly. This is a trade which did not exist when the steamers were first put on the berth; it was called into being by the appearance of transportation. The seas are not favorable for navigation. The Bay of Biscay, into which the Gironde empties, is one of the stormiest seas on the globe, and the Sargasso Sea is not convenient to navigate. The distances are enormous. Between Bordeaux and Rio Janeiro there are forty degrees of latitude and sixty-eight degrees of longitude. But the enterprise of the Bordelais took no account of obstacles: it laid on the steamers, and the consequence is that the population of the port has enormously increased within the past twenty years, and the wealth of the city has swelled so that it is a matter of surprised comment among travelers.

Yet Bordeaux has had to compete with Marseilles and Havre, in France; with Bremen, Hamburg, and Amsterdam, in Germany and Holland; with Liverpool, Southampton, and London, in England—all of these being substantially as near to its objective as it is. San Francisco has no rival for the trade of the Pacific but cities which lie on the other side of the capes. A little effort will give it a supremacy which it would be idle for European ports to dispute; but that effort it does not seem to be able to make.

The De Stuers case suggests the necessity of considering whether the time has not come for a uniform law of divorce, which shall not only have force in all the States of the Union, but by international treaties shall apply throughout Christendom. An American girl residing in Paris married M. de Stuers, Minister Plenipotentiary of the Netherlands to France. Failing to agree with her husband, or finding a more attractive partner in the person of Mr. Elliot Zborowski, an American citizen, Mme. de Stuers left Paris, returned to this country, took up her residence in South Dakota, there obtained a divorce from M. de Stuers, and married Mr. Zborowski. No proof of service on M. de Stuers appears to have been furnished to the South Dakota court; the decree was issued *ex parte*. It is now contended that if Mrs. Zborowski should revisit Paris with her new husband, M. de Stuers could have her arrested on a charge of adultery, and, pending the preliminary examination, might, under the French code, have her thrown into the St. Lazare Prison, where loose women are confined. Her case would be practically the same if she went to Holland, with this difference, that whereas in France she might be imprisoned for two years for the crime of adultery, in Holland her imprisonment could last only six months.

This opinion rests on principles of law which are easily understood. The first of these is that by marrying M. de Stuers, Mme. de Stuers forfeited her American citizenship and became a subject of the King of the Netherlands. This is not so clear as the writers on the case imagine; but let it pass. There is no doubt that neither in France nor in Holland could Mme. de Stuers plead her American citizenship in bar of a prosecution for crime committed on French or Dutch soil, and her appearance in Zborowski's company would be regarded by the foreign courts as conclusive circumstantial evidence of cohabitation between them.

Next, it is obvious that it was out of the power

Dakota court to dissolve a marriage solemnized in France according to French law. In South Dakota, Mme. de Stuers was free to marry again, after the decree was recorded. In France, she was still the lawful wife of M. de Stuers, and if she was untrue to the marital bond *in France*, she committed a penal offense, of which the penal courts would or could take cognizance.

If Mrs. Zhorowski should appear in Paris without her husband, it is not clear that she could be molested by the French courts. For the rule was laid down by Justice Hannen in the Fitzgerald case in 1888—and his doctrine is so conformable to law and equity that it would probably be accepted as sound by French courts—that a marriage which was valid when and where it was entered into, is, by the comity of nations, valid everywhere. Under the law of South Dakota, Mme. de Stuers's marriage to Zhorowski was valid in South Dakota at the time it was contracted. Therefore it is valid everywhere, and could not be attacked in the courts anywhere. Therefore, if Mrs. Zhorowski should appear in Paris alone, M. de Stuers could not molest her, and no prosecution for adultery or bigamy would lie. If she appeared with Mr. Zhorowski, a presumption of cohabitation would arise, and she might be indicted for adultery, as the French courts would not recognize the dissolution of the French marriage, and in their eyes she would still be the wife of M. de Stuers. The second marriage is valid or invalid according to the point of view from which it is considered.

The complication is constantly occurring. When a New York wife comes to California and gets a divorce from a New York husband, she may remarry in this State, and be the lawful wife of her new husband; but if she goes back to New York, she reverts to her former condition, and is the wife of the first husband. If she lives with the new one in New York State, his predecessor may instigate proceedings against her for bigamy or adultery, and it is not easy to see what defense she could make. She would probably have to fly out of the jurisdiction of the New York courts, and then she would find herself in the anomalous position of being the lawful wife of Mr. A. in New York and the lawful wife of Mr. B. in California—an example of polyandry which the law hardly contemplated when it was framed.

Only last week the New York courts struggled with this curious complication:

Charlotte Louise Bolton and William C. Bolton, president of the Bolton Drug Company, of Brooklyn, N. Y., have been married for seventeen years. In 1891, Mr. Bolton went to live at Sioux Falls, S. D., and, on September 18th, obtained an absolute divorce there from his wife on the ground of desertion. Six days after the decree was granted, he was married in Newark, N. J., to Miss Lillian C. Schuler. The first wife, failing in her efforts to have her husband prosecuted in New Jersey for bigamy and in New York for abandonment, brought suit for absolute divorce, naming Miss Schuler as co-respondent. The case was tried before Judge Pratt in the supreme court in Brooklyn, and last week he gave judgment in favor of Mrs. Bolton, and also pronounced the judgment of divorce obtained by Mr. Bolton in South Dakota void. Mrs. Bolton was not served with any summons or notice in the divorce proceedings instituted by her husband in South Dakota. Judge Pratt, in his decision, says: "It does not seem entirely logical that a person can be married in one State and single in another, but such is the result of the decisions as they stand."

These incidents have revived the well-worn discussion on the ethics of divorce, and Mrs. E. Lynn Lynton, Miss Kate Field, and others have unsheathed their blades and leaped into the fray. Mrs. Lynton appears to want more divorces; in fact, she seems to think everybody ought to be divorced. She calls the men who plead for a uniform moral law for the sexes "weak-kneed and unpractical." On the other hand, other disputants, pursuing the argument on the line that "marriage is the root of the family, not family the root of marriage," regard divorce as the entering wedge for the dissolution of society. They fall into line with the churchmen, and maintain that a blunder in the selection of wife or husband should be irremediable, and that the most important contract a man is ever called upon to conclude should be the only one of his contracts that he can not under any circumstances revoke or resiliate.

Perhaps the only fresh light that is thrown on the moot question is shed by a Mr. Wordsworth Donnisthorpe in the *Fortnightly Review*. Mr. Donnisthorpe carries the lines of Mrs. Mona Caird to their utmost extension. He argues that the state has no right to interfere with marriages, or to attempt to regulate them in any way; but that if it can make a marriage law it should regulate all other sexual associations. If it can determine the conditions upon which a man and a woman may live together for life, by parity of reasoning it can lay down the conditions upon which they can spend a couple of months together at a watering-place or a week together at a hotel. Mr. Donnisthorpe boldly asserts that monogamy is at war with human nature, polygamy being the natural condition of man from physiological causes; and that the attempt to enforce monogamy by pains and penalties is revolting, and takes away from the conjugal relation all that refines and elevates it. He is evidently inclined to look favorably on Mrs. Mona Caird's plan of limited marriages, for a year, or two years, or six months, with privilege of renewal in case both parties desire it.

At bottom, the controversy turns on the question: Whose interest should be consulted in remodeling the law of marriage? It can not be denied that for the woman the old church belief that marriage is a sacrament, and that what the church has joined together man can not cleave asunder, is the best system that could be devised. She has got her man where he can not escape, and though he may beat her, it is better to be beaten than to go hungry. Women, if they are wise, will stand by the church. For the children, a well-guarded divorce law is probably desirable. It is not best that they should grow up amid strife. The courts, in decreeing divorces, award the custody of the children to the most deserving parent, and provide for their support. Some French writers argue that divorces destroy community of interest, and common affection, and care for the children; but long before a family feud reaches the stage of divorce, that affection and that care have become attenuated.

For the man, the system of marriage leases, which would obviously lead to a modernized system of polygamy, is probably the more attractive plan, where the man's means can afford it. Under the Mona-Caird-Donnisthorpe régime, a man marries the girl of his heart, say, for a couple of years. At the end of the twenty-four months, she has given him a child, but her plumage is bedraggled and she has lost the piquant flavor of novelty. He sees another budding Hebe, and invites her to become a member of his household, say, for another twenty-four months. He does not discard number one. By no means. She looks after the house and her baby, while the gentleman looks after number two. Of course, this is the luxurious life of the sheik of the East. But unless ladies are prepared to put up with it, they had better not monkey with the institution of marriage.

Mr. C. P. Huntington does not approve of the Nicaragua Canal.

He is quoted in newspaper interviews as saying that it will never be built, but that even if it were, it would "divert trade from San Francisco." It may be questioned whether Mr. Huntington's views on this matter are entirely unprejudiced. No one can question Mr. Huntington's ability, but a man's opinions are liable to be seriously affected by his interests. That the construction of the canal would have a marked effect upon the vast properties which Mr. Huntington controls can not be doubted; but we think that he is short-sighted if he believes that it would injure them. That it would release San Francisco from the thraldom of the Southern Pacific Company is true; but it is also true that it would add vastly to the wealth of that already abnormally rich corporation. The Southern Pacific would lose a part of its transcontinental traffic, but that traffic it now divides with other trunk lines, while its local traffic, in which it has no competitor, would, when the canal is built, be increased a hundred fold.

That the Nicaragua Canal will not divert Asiatic trade from this city is shown most ably and convincingly in the following article by Captain W. L. Merry, who is not only a shipper, but an old navigator as well:

Editors Argonaut: The effect of the Nicaragua Canal upon ocean commerce is a study requiring the knowledge of the navigator and the merchant. Even with a careful investigation of all the conditions recognizable, there will arise conditions which can not be foreseen. There are certain salient points, however, which admit of no unbiased contradiction, for the reason that physical facts can not be contradicted.

The assertion that the canal will divert Asiatic commerce from San Francisco and other Pacific Coast ports is a fallacy which can easily be dissipated by a consideration of conditions appertaining to navigation. That is possibly the first casual impression, founded on the basic fact that water transportation is the cheapest known to commerce, and this fact is the greatest argument in favor of the canal.

So far as San Francisco is concerned, its Asiatic commerce is now gradually leaving it, owing to conditions of transportation, and, given a continuance of these conditions, this city will soon have no Asiatic commerce except what little may fall to its lot in a limited local distribution. However, distributive commerce is what builds up commercial centres. Mere transshipment is of little account, employing only a very limited amount of labor and inducing no commercial transaction. This is abundantly proved by the results at the Panama Isthmus. For thirty-six years there has been a large movement of freight across the Panama Railway, all of which has been handled three times in transit from ship to ship, instead of the single handling of way-port Asiatic freight at San Francisco. Has this built up a large commercial interest or a large city? Certainly not, and when the ill-fated Panama Canal collapsed, Colon and Panama relapsed into their prior condition of trivial importance as commercial cities. Freight in large quantities continues passing over the isthmus, but it does not bring prosperity to its inhabitants—there is not one commercial transaction in through freight at a way-port—and only a limited compensation for labor results from it. Let us, then, examine the effect of the Nicaragua Canal on the Asiatic commerce of San Francisco.

The shortest route from Yokohama to the west end of the Nicaragua Canal passes within one hundred and eighty miles of San Francisco and one hundred and thirty miles of San Diego. This great and indisputable fact is the solution of the question. The ports of China are all so situated that steamships thence must all pass by the east coast of Japan and to the west end of the Nicaragua Canal by the same route as that from Yokohama.

This shortest ocean route is that now generally used by transpacific steamships, with the qualification that the "great circle" is not always fully availed of, owing to conditions of practical navigation, and a so-called "composite-great-circle route" is adopted. A great-circle route is always the shortest between any two points on the earth's surface, but such routes are not always fully available, as, for instance, the great-circle route between New York and Northern Europe, which impinges on Cape Race, and consequently there, also, a composite great circle is navigated as the shortest practicable route. Because a ship from Japan to the canal passes within one hundred and eighty miles of San Francisco, it does not follow that even this distance will be lost to the transpacific steamship in calling here; on the contrary, the navigator would diverge from his route at so great a distance that probably the increased distance would not be over forty or fifty miles—about four hours' steaming.

This great-circle route is easily delineated on a large globe by drawing a string or thread tightly from Yokohama to the west end of the canal. The student will be surprised to see how closely it passes to the California coast; in fact, it impinges on the coast before reaching the canal.

The importance of the fact thus proved is obvious. The ocean steamship must have coaling-stations—the less coal she has to carry, the more space she has for cargo. Consequently, San Francisco and San Diego will become coaling-stations for transpacific steamships proceeding to the Atlantic via canal. It may be remarked that coal is cheaper at Puget Sound or Vancouver than at California ports, but to reach the more northern ports, the distance is materially increased.

That San Francisco will become a coal-station for this trade means a great deal more. These ships will also bring freight to this port, and, while coaling, discharge it and replace it with freight for Atlantic ports. The tendency will be to cheapen freights both to and from San Francisco, and to increase its importance as a seaport, making it a distributing point for the commerce of China and Japan as far eastward as the tariffs of railways will permit; and it will then be to their interest to distribute as far east as possible, instead of trying to compete with the Suez Canal for this through-carrying trade, as at present.

The great advantage to the Pacific Coast of the canal is so universally recognized that no argument is necessary. The construction of the canal is a certainty; who will own it is the most important uncertainty connected with it. It is a beneficent work, which will inflict no injury on any existing interest in this country, and it should receive the united support of the American people, both as a political and commercial factor of great importance.

As to the assertion that the shortest route for Asiatic commerce passes within the short distance from California ports, already stated, I shall be pleased to prove it by charts, published by the United States Hydrographic Office, to any gentlemen calling upon me for this technical information. Respectfully yours,

William L. Merry.

In another part of the interview to which we have referred, Mr. Huntington said:

"Whatever Oriental shipments are now distributed from the port of San Francisco would not then come here, but would go direct through the canal. San Francisco would be a station, as it were. As to the benefit of the canal in giving raw products a cheap and a quick route, I would say that if California wants to build herself up by exporting or shipping all her raw products and buying all her needful manufactured products, she will never become rich and great. Did you ever hear of any country becoming rich that way? Look at the cotton industry for an example of my meaning. The difference between the cotton fibre and the cotton fabric (a crop of 7,000,000 bales) is in a money sense some $800,000,000. In other words, the cotton States lose that much wealth by not manufacturing their own products."

All the Oriental shipments now distributed from this port do not cut any appreciable figure in the business of this city. It is slightly sarcastic, to tell the truth, for the president of the Southern Pacific Company to talk about distributing such shipments from this port, when tea-trains and silk-trains are made up almost at the ship's side, and the tea is carried across the continent at a long-haul rate, which enables New York to sell to the country west of the Missouri River on better terms than our tea-merchants can. That is the only kind of distribution of Oriental shipments of which this city has any knowledge, or is likely to have under the present régime; so it is evident that the Nicaragua Canal will not hurt us on that account.

Mr. Huntington still adheres to his previously expressed ideas about converting fibre into fabric. But can it be possible that he expects the people of California to be blind to the advantages of the Nicaragua Canal as a means of transporting any kind of products, whether raw or manufactured?

Mr. Huntington refers to railroad rates in California as dependent upon increased tonnage, which, as the *Argonaut* has already pointed out, is a clear case of putting the cart before the horse. What encouragement is there for the people of California to supply the Southern Pacific Company with more freight when the only assurance they have of reduced rates is the bare suggestion that the railroad could carry double the present tonnage at twenty-five per cent. more cost? The obvious thing for the Southern Pacific Company to do is to reduce the present rates and rely upon the increased tonnage which is absolutely certain to follow, as has been shown in times past, when a cut-rate war put the company to its trumps to find cars to haul the freight that was offered.

It is rather a singular corollary to Mr. Huntington's criticism of the Nicaragua Canal that he should say in the next breath that he was building three steamers of five thousand tons each for the service between New York and New Orleans. If railroads are the only agency of transportation

which he recognizes as good for San Francisco, it would follow logically that water transportation between New Orleans and New York is a mistake, and that all products should be interchanged between the two cities by rail. How can it be that if a steamship line between New York and New Orleans is a good thing, a similar line between New York and San Francisco via the Nicaragua Canal should not be equally a good thing? It would seem that when Mr. Huntington owns a line of steamships it is a benefit to the places at each end of the route, but that when anybody else owns a line it is a mistake and a failure as compared with railroads.

In a subsequent interview, Mr. Huntington said:

"The sturdy farmer who comes West with his family, and puts three thousand dollars into a ranch, fails of adequate moral support in California. The people don't meet him half-way. They should do more to get good men to settle down among them and to build up trade."

While this is true as it reads, we should like to have Mr. Huntington explain what encouragement or inducement can be offered to the Western farmer, with three thousand dollars, to come here and settle under the prevailing conditions of transportation. Not only would it make a serious inroad upon his three thousand dollars to transport himself and family and their belongings to this State, but when he has bought his ranch and settled down to "build up trade," he finds he is simply working for the Southern Pacific Company, which levies exorbitant toll on all he buys and all he sells. That company "meets him half-way" and makes him stand and deliver, graduating its tariff not by any system or plan, but by the good old rule of grabbing everything in sight and letting the rancher get along as best he can.

Mr. Huntington's arguments, whenever he comes here, are of so extraordinary a nature that it would almost seem as if he looked upon California as a vast Home of the Feeble-Minded. And he may be more than half-right.

An incident occurred in Greater Dublin (which appears on the maps under the name of New York) on the second of last month that was all but ignored by the press of the city, the newspapers there being in as great fear of the Irish subscriber and voter as the devil is said, for unknown reasons, to be of holy water. A grand mass meeting of American citizens who hold their allegiance to the United States secondary to that of the Church of Rome, assembled on the date mentioned, in honor of the birthday of their sovereign lord, political as well as spiritual, Pope Leo the Thirteenth. One of our esteemed New York contemporaries thus reverently records the incident to which allusion has been made:

"The applause of the audience announced the entrance of Archbishop Corrigan. Mayor Grant had been sitting at the right of the stage. As soon as the archbishop entered, the mayor arose, dropped on his right knee, and taking the archbishop's hand, kissed it."

That is, the official representative of the city of New York rendered homage and acknowledged suzerainty before the official representative of the Church of Rome. Possibly his grace—born in Brooklyn, not free from the brogue, and as cunning a dickerer in appropriation-getting politics as Tammany has ever known—was a trifle surprised at this spectacular bid of the mayor for renomination and reëlection, but we doubt it. Mr. Corrigan has spent a long life in New York, and from his censor-swinging youth up to his narrow-headed, scheming manhood, has been accustomed to see everybody and everything yield to the ecclesiastical machine of which he is now the boss. Mr. Grant is Tammany's choicest flower, and Tammany rules New York. It is needless to say, after the Tammany mayor's un-American, unmanly, slavish, and mediæval exhibition at Cooper Institute, that the Catholic Church rules Tammany. Nothing equaling that display of abject subservience has ever been seen in America before—no, not in New York, even when Mayor A. Oakey Hall reviewed a St. Patrick's Day parade, arrayed in a green claw-hammer. People could laugh at that, for everybody knew that Hall was at once a demagogue and a cynic. But the kneeling Grant is a phenomenon of a different order. Men so enslaved by the church — Grant-like creatures, as superstitious as the negroes, who live in awe and obedience to the behests of the voodoo—cast the Democratic majorities in the most populous of American cities. And the press of New York, which in its cowardice would not support Mayor Hewitt when he refused to hoist the Irish flag on the City Hall on St. Patrick's Day, and permitted him to be beaten at the polls for that crime, has nothing to say when the chief magistrate of the metropolis goes on his knees in a public hall to the minister of a foreign power and the priest of a foreign church. The press of New York is squalid—even more offensive than Grant; for the press of New York is owned and officered by Americans.

The Coos Bay country, which lies in Southern Oregon, a little way north of the California line, is rapidly growing in wealth and importance. Coos City, the principal town of the region, does a business with San Francisco of about three millions of dollars a year, the trade consisting chiefly of coal, timber, and dairy products. The resources of the region are being developed very rapidly.

This article is not intended to boom Coos City or the surrounding country, but to call the attention of the business men of San Francisco to the fact that Portland is gaining the trade of that region and this city is losing it. San Francisco has been the market for Coos Bay products and the source of supply for her needs and wants; but now there is the prospect of a railroad to Roseburg, on the Southern Pacific line, which will divert the business of the whole region to Portland, and San Francisco will have added one more to her already long list of lost markets.

Surveys have been made for an extension of the Donahue road from Ukiah to Coos City, and a feasible route has been mapped out, but when that road will be extended, if at all, is a matter of uncertainty. The road is just now in litigation—that is, it is in process of settlement as part of an estate in probate, and we presume there can be no chance to extend it until the estate is finally closed.

Is San Francisco to sit still forever and see her territory invaded, without making an effort in her own behalf? Is she so throttled by one railroad that she has lost all hope? It will not do to say that a trade of three millions of dollars a year is of little value. Possibly it is, but unless the people of Coos City are much mistaken, it will increase ten-fold in a short time, and then it will certainly be worth having.

It is not the trade of a special place or region which is at issue; it is the inertia, the sloth, the sluggishness of San Francisco merchants, who sit placidly year after year and watch business drift away from them into other channels, and then complain of dullness and hard times. It is the indisposition of the mercantile community to make any effort to help itself which is the most depressing phenomenon and the surest exponent of a gloomy future for the city.

Already business north and south of us has been taken away from us by the superior energy and enterprise of other cities, and yet we do not seem in the least alarmed and hardly annoyed by it. Those blind leaders of the blind, the old-established merchants of San Francisco, still dream of a recurrence of the pioneer days when circumstance, not business tact and push, brought them customers.

It has been the custom of the New York Commissioner of Immigration to accept bonds in cases where immigrants are destitute and likely to become a charge on the public; to take bonds from individuals or societies to guarantee the care and support of such immigrants, so as to secure their landing from the vessel. This is unauthorized by the law governing immigration. The law requires that in every case of the kind the bond shall be in writing, and the parties to the bond shall be qualified to give it, in respect to their complete ability to make it good, in fact, against failure or non-fulfillment of its conditions; moreover, that there shall be the distinct written authorization from the Secretary of the Treasury, in every case, to accept the bond. The commissioner has not strictly conformed to the law. He has, on his own incomplete authority, allowed destitute and forbidden immigrants to be landed upon the oral promise of individuals and of officers of societies. The acting secretary, in the absence of Secretary Foster, has just issued positive instructions to the commissioner, commanding his rigorous obedience to the requirements of the law. This will stop the practice, but already much harm has been done, and many destitute, diseased, and forbidden immigrants have been allowed landing and refuge in the country. These are of the most objectionable nationalities and classes—Russian Hebrews, Hungarians, Armenians, Greeks, and Italians. The good of the country demands their exclusion.

The Reverend Parkhurst is one of those pustular preachers who is always breaking out like a rash. He recently preached a sermon in New York on "Crime." Unlike the pulpit orators of old, who prepared themselves for such efforts by fasting and prayer, Reverend Parkhurst prepared himself by going on a "toot." He was accompanied by two of his Sunday-school teachers—the trousered kind, we are glad to say. Then the trio took in the town. All of the facts were developed in a lawsuit concerning the character of one of the houses visited by the pious trio. From their own testimony, it appeared that the parson and his acolytes "called for beer," in the house in question, and then had the young women of the establishment dance the cancan for them, entirely divested of clothing. After this, it is to be presumed that the soul-saving trio went back to the parsonage and finished the evening with meditation and prayer.

It is difficult to understand how the cause of religion is to be advanced by a lot of degraded women dancing nude before a degraded clergyman. Such things as these bring churches and ministers into contempt.

There is also this to be feared for Parson Parkhurst's peculiar methods—while his first expedition may be for the sake of the Lord, the next may be for Parkhurst.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Belligerent Briton.

[The Behring Sea controversy is temporarily over. Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front. Lord Salisbury is now capering nimbly in my lady's chamber (let us hope it is My Lady Salisbury's). The clouds that lowered upon the house of Harrison are buried in the deep bosom of the Behring Sea. But while the two countries are at peace, there are individuals who are still unreconciled. We have received the following communication from a Briton, breathing fire and sword. We print it as it was received, including the modest signature.—EDS.]

SAN FRANCISCO, April 4, 1892.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The Behring Sea controversy has afforded the press of this country an opportunity of printing bombastic editorials and articles expressing their belief in the ability of these United States to whip creation in general and the British Empire in particular; in fact, they all unite in predicting that the result of war would be the dismemberment and annihilation of Britain's vast empire.

I am a British subject, and I hope you will have space to publish the following and give a Briton's opinion of how a war would turn out.

It is lamentable that the so-called leaders of public opinion show themselves to be so ignorant of the power of the British Empire, and also of the weakness of these United States. The long coast line of the United States, washed by the Atlantic, the Pacific, the Gulf, and the Great Lakes, form an element of weakness, fatal when dealing with a naval power like England. This long line, open in entirety to attack, is practically undefended, the existing means of defense being absolutely incapable of making a successful resistance to a fleet of modern warships. Earthworks and fortifications exist, but the guns on them are old and obsolete, and the gun-carriages rotten. They glibly talk of defending the harbors with torpedoes, and materials for fixed mines are available, but actual trials have demonstrated that mines can be removed in less than the time required to place them, unless defended by suitable batteries, and a mobile torpedo is not at present in the possession of the government, a contract to furnish the last having been let only during the past month.

With but few high-power guns and but a nucleus of a navy, it is evident that all the ports of the United States, with their ship-yards and docks, must fall into the possession of England, and, with harbors in the possession of the enemy, how will it be possible to send out privateers, and if such do get out before the ports are closed, how will they be able to keep the sea? The law of nations prohibits the providing of coals to a belligerent, except under certain circumstances. We have a case in point in the *Esmeralda*, when she was detained at Acapulco during the last summer by the refusal of the authorities to permit the sale of coals. And the United States having no coaling-stations abroad, it is to be feared the privateers' career will be short.

When England anticipated war with Russia in 1878, the admiralty caused a British war-vessel to be anchored alongside of Russian steamers in every port wherever the latter were to be found. War would have found the Russians impotent for lack of steamers to prey upon the commerce of England. Such a policy once inaugurated is apt to be revived, especially in a case like the present. Modern war is swift and decisive, and the power of a nation is measured by the quickness with which a blow can be prepared and delivered. Unless the United States can successfully contend with England the supremacy of the seas, she can not prevent the capture of her seaports and the destruction of her commerce. With what hope of success can she contend, with her one battle-ship against England's 84, her 12 modern cruisers and gunboats against England's 309, her 3 torpedo-boats against England's 158? Can any sane person doubt the result?

Equally futile are the threats to invade Canada. The present existing military forces of the United States consist of a regular army of 25,000 men and a militia of about 110,000—the latter poorly equipped, and unprovided with artillery and cavalry, and armed with an obsolete rifle, and transport and ambulance service unorganized; and this force, such as it is, would be required to defend the country adjacent to the seaports, and an invasion of Canada is impossible till a volunteer force is raised, drilled, and equipped. This last will take a long time—how long we can judge by recalling that during the rebellion the first year of the war was almost entirely given up to raising and equipping the volunteers, but three battles being fought in that time, and those three with but small bodies of men. Now modern guns and magazine rifles, with smokeless powder, have made great changes in the tactics necessary on the field and have made compulsory a still higher training of officers and men. European officers of prominence deem three years the minimum of time required to transform a man into a soldier.

Noting all the above, I think it is very evident that an invasion of Canada is extremely improbable inside of a year from the commencement of hostilities, with the forces England has at her command. I think I can show she will be able to defend successfully the Canadas. Her military forces at home consist of the regular army of 106,000 men, with 68,000 in the reserve, a total of 174,000 regular troops; back of these are 160,000 militia and militia reserves, and 262,000 volunteers, a total force of about 600,000 men. In India we have 76,000 British regulars and 190,000 Indian regulars; Canada, 76,000 militia and reserves; Australia and New Zealand, 44,000; the Cape, 8,000—almost a million trained men to defend the empire. What portion of the above would be required to defend Canada? War alone could determine. England's vast mercantile steam navy enables her to transport large bodies of troops in a short time. The ease with which she embarked and transported the First Army Corps from England to Egypt, in 1883, and, at the same time, a portion of another corps from India, show how quickly she can prepare and with what force she can deliver a blow. From the bombardment of Alexandria—July 11th—to the entry of the army into Cairo—September 15th—is but sixty-six days; yet in that time she transported over 44,000 men and 13,000 animals from England to India, fought two battles, numerous skirmishes, and caused the surrender and dispersal of 94,000 Egyptian rebels. To-day she is prepared to embark at once the First Army Corps, to be followed, in less than thirty days, by the Second and Third. These troops, with the Canadian militia and volunteers that will presumably volunteer to defend their own country, as this is primarily Canada's quarrel, will turn Canada into a military nut hard to crack.

We have it on the authority of the daily papers that General Miles has said that 50,000 regular troops on the opening days of the War of the Rebellion would have proved decisive if used by either side. Lieutenant-General Lord Wolseley is on record for a similar statement. If the above is true, how many volunteers would be required to hold the northern frontier of the United States from invasion, acting, as they would, against 200,000 regulars, armed with a magazine-rifle and possessing the finest artillery and cavalry in the world, and 300,000 volunteers and militia?—300,000 men would be but a small force for a nation of almost 65,000,000 people to place in the field in defense of their own homes. Add these to the 200,000 regulars, and we have a defensive force of 500,000. The Canadian Pacific Railway parallels the frontier of the United States, and would prove an important element of strength, as it would enable the British troops to be transferred quickly from point to point. The railways of the United States strike the frontier at but few points, and these cross the frontier, not running parallel to it. The possession of the lakes and St. Lawrence would reduce the length of line to be defended by the British, but not that of the American line of defense. A large number of gunboats of the English navy have been constructed especially with the view to entering the St. Lawrence and passing from the river through the locks and canals into the lakes.

And is it not remarkable that so much stress is placed upon the supposed eagerness with which France and Russia will rush to the aid of the United States? If it is such an easy task to conquer Canada, why do they desire France and Russia as allies, even allowing for the sake of argument that France and Russia will declare war against England? Will not the balance be restored by thus bringing in the Triple Alliance? Austria, Germany, and Italy may not love England, but they fear France and Russia. Self-preservation is the first law with nations as well as individuals; England's aid is vital to the alliance. During the Franco-Prussian War of 1871, the German chief of staff had to keep 300,000 men to hold the Baltic provinces of Germany, for fear of a descent made possible by the strength of the French fleet. With England as an ally these men would be released to take part with other corps in the invasion of France or Russia. So it is with Italy. Her northern frontier is secure by means of the line of the Alps from invasion by France, but the superiority of the French on the sea would compel 300,000 men to be held to secure Italy against a force being landed on her coasts. England's navy would guarantee Italy's coast, and enable these men to be sent to help the Austrians. Therefore it is evident that, notwithstanding the fact that England need not put a single division in the field, her aid is equal to that of 600,000 men to the Triple Alliance. Russia and France may deem the time auspicious for a war *à la revanche*, and, therefore, see fit to brave the alliance of the central power; but helping the United States will be but a secondary matter with them, and unless they can defeat the combined navies of England, Italy, Austria, and Germany, they will be unable to afford any aid.

Again, Chile would be apt to prove a thorn in the side of this country, and to furnish a convenient base for operation in the South Pacific, and as a half-way coaling-station on the road to the Pacific Coast. The recent Samoan trouble, Germany and the New Orleans affair with Italy have inspired those countries with no love of the United States. Even Austria and Spain have a score to settle. England is not the only nation that has enemies.

THE MAD MARE OF EYLAU.

Being a Thrilling Chapter from the Baron de Marbot's Memoirs.

[In a recent issue of the New York *Tribune* occured the following paragraph: "The English translation of the interesting memoirs of Baron de Marbot will appear immediately here and in London. The book contains, by the way, one of the most stirring stories of escape from death in battle to be found in history." We have been able to secure a translation of this thrilling chapter in advance of the publication of the English version of the book, and present it herewith as a vivid and absorbing account of one of the most remarkable episodes of battle in the history of the world.—Eds.]

It was in the autumn of 1805, when the officers of the Grand Army were making their preparations and completing their equipages for the battle of Austerlitz. I already had two good horses, but I was searching for a third and better one—a stanch battle-horse. The latter was extremely difficult to find, for, although horses were infinitely less dear then than to-day, the prices were still very high, and I had little money. But hazard served me marvelously.

I encountered a German scientist, named M. d'Aister, whom I had known when he was a professor at Soréze; he had become preceptor to the children of a rich Swiss banker, M. Scherer, who was established in Paris, and associated with M. Finguerlin. M. d'Aister apprised me that M. Finguerlin, then very opulent and maintaining a vast establishment, had an extensive stable, one of the leading animals in which was a beautiful mare named Lisette, an excellent beast from Meckleobourg, of attractive appearance, light as a deer-hound, and so well trained that a child could manage her. She had but one defect, a terrible one, and which was fortunately displayed but rarely. She bit like a bull-dog, and threw herself furiously on persons who displeased her. It was on this account that M. Finguerlin had determined to sell her.

I offered a thousand francs, and Lisette became mine, although she had cost M. Finguerlin five thousand. For many months this beast gave me considerable trouble; it required four or five men to saddle her, and the only manner in which her bridle could be put on was by covering her eyes and fastening all four of her legs together. But once one was upon her back, she was found to be an admirable mount. After she had belonged to me for some time, however, as she had already bitten a number of persons and had not even spared myself, I concluded to get rid of her. About this time, I took into my service a man named François Woirland. He was warned of Lisette's bad character, and, before approaching her, he provided himself with an exceedingly hot leg of mutton, and, when the beast threw herself upon him, he thrust the meat at her, and she seized it between her teeth. It burned her gums, her palate, and her tongue, so that she immediately dropped it, and from this moment she was perfectly submissive to Woirland, whom she dared not attack. I employed the same means and obtained a similar result. She thus became easy of approach to myself and my domestic, and even became slightly more tractable for the grooms of the staff, whom she saw every day, but woe to strangers who passed too close to her.

Such was the mare upon which I was mounted at Eylau at the moment when the débris of the army corps of Marshal Augereau, crushed by a hail-storm of grape-shot and bullets, were endeavoring to reunite near the big cemetery. You will probably remember that the Fourteenth Regiment of the Line occupied a solitary position upon a small hill, which they could not quit except by order from the emperor.

The snow having ceased to fall momentarily, we could perceive this intrepid regiment, surrounded by the enemy, waving its eagle in the air to show that it still held out, and asking for aid. The emperor, touched by the courage and devotion of these fine soldiers, resolved to make an attempt to save them, and ordered Marshal Augereau to send an officer to them. The latter was to tell them to quit the hill, form a small square, and work their way toward us, while a brigade of cavalry would march to the rencounter and second their efforts.

It was before the grand charge made by Murat; it was almost impossible to execute the emperor's will, because a cloud of Cossacks separated us from the Fourteenth of the Line. It became evident that the officer who should be sent toward the unfortunate regiment would be killed or captured before reaching them. However, the emperor's order was positive, and the marshal was obliged to conform to it. It was the usage in the imperial army for the aides-de-camp to arrange themselves in order at fixed distances from their general, the one at the head attending to the order of the moment, then placing himself at the rear when his mission was fulfilled. Thus each carried the orders in turn, and the dangers were equally divided. A brave captain of engineers, named Froissard, who although not an aide-de-camp was attached to the marshal's staff, found himself at the head of the line, and was charged to carry the order to the Fourteenth. Froissard sped away at a gallop. We lost sight of him in the midst of the Cossacks, and we never saw him again nor learned what became of him. The marshal, seeing that the Fourteenth made no movement, sent an officer named David. He met the same fate as Froissard, and we heard no more of him. It is probable that the two men, having been killed and despoiled, were not recognized among the numerous corpses with which the field was covered. For the third time the marshal called for the officer on duty. It was my turn!

In seeing approach the son of his old friend, and, I dare add, his favorite aide-de-camp, the good marshal's figure shook and his eyes filled with tears, because he could not dissimulate the fact that he was sending me to an almost certain death. But the emperor's orders must be obeyed; I was a soldier, and they could not make one of my comrades go in my place, even if I would have suffered such a thing, which would have dishonored me. But, in making a sacrifice of my life, I considered it my duty to take all possible precautions to save it if possible.

I had remarked that the two officers who had gone before me had carried their sabres in their hands, which led me to believe that they had endeavored to defend themselves against the Cossacks. This was useless, according to my idea, because it compelled them to arrest their progress to combat against a multitude of enemies, who finished by overwhelming them. I accordingly conducted myself otherwise, and allowing my sabre to remain in the scabbard, I considered myself as a rider who, wishing to win a prize at a race, directs himself as rapidly as possible and by the shortest line towards the desired goal, without occupying himself with what is upon the right or left of his road. Now, my goal being the little hill occupied by the Fourteenth of the Line, I resolved to proceed thither without paying any attention to the Cossacks.

This method succeeded perfectly. Lisette, lighter than a swallow and rather flying than running, seemed to devour space, leaping over mounds of corpses of men and horses, over holes, over broken gun-carriages and hardly extinct bivouac fires. Thousands of Cossacks were scattered over the plain.

The first who perceived me acted like hunters in a game-drive, who, seeing a hare rise before them, mutually announce his presence by their cries. But none of these Cossacks tried to stop me, in the first place on account of the extreme rapidity of my flight, and also probably because, being in such great numbers, each of them thought it would be impossible for me to evade his comrades further on. So well did my plan work that I reached the Fourteenth without either myself or my excellent mare having received the least scratch.

I found the Fourteenth formed into a square upon the summit of the hill; but, as the slope of the ground was very slight, the enemy's cavalry had been able to execute several charges against the French regiment. These had all been repulsed, so that the brave little band was surrounded by a circle of corpses of horses and Russian dragoons, forming a species of rampart which thenceforth rendered the position nearly inaccessible to the cavalry. In spite of the aid of our foot soldiers, I had considerable difficulty in passing this bloody and frightful intrenchment.

I was at last within the square! Since the death of Colonel Savary, killed at the passage of the Ukra, the Fourteenth had been commanded by a chief of battalion. When, in the midst of a storm of bullets, I transmitted to this officer the order to quit his position and endeavor to join the body of the army, he observed to me that the enemy's artillery, which had for over an hour been firing upon the Fourteenth, had caused such losses that the handful of soldiers remaining would be infallibly exterminated if they descended into the plain. Furthermore, he had not time to prepare for the execution of this movement, as a column of Russian infantry was marching upon him, and were then not more than a hundred yards away from us.

"I see no means of saving the regiment," said the chief of battalion. "Return to the emperor, give him the farewell of the Fourteenth of the Line, which has faithfully executed his orders, and carry to him the eagle which he gave to us, and which we can no longer defend; it would be too painful for us, while dying, to see it fall into the enemy's hands."

The commander then handed over to me the eagle, which the soldiers—glorious remnant of this intrepid regiment—saluted for the last time with cries of "Vive l'empereur!"—and this from those who were about to die for him! It was the *Cæsar, morituri te salutant!* of Tacitus, but this cry was shouted by heroes.

The eagles of the infantry were very heavy, and their weight was augmented by a big, strong oaken handle, upon the summit of which they were fixed. The length of this handle embarrassed me considerably, and as the staff deprived of its eagle could not constitute a trophy for the enemy, I resolved, with the commander's assent, to break it. But just as I was bending over in my saddle to exert force enough to separate the eagle from the handle, one of the numerous bullets which the Russians were pouring at us passed through the horn at the back of my hat, within a few inches from my head.

The shock was rendered more terrible by the fact that my hat, being retained by a strong leather strap fixed under my chin, offered more resistance to the blow. I was as though stunned, but did not fall from my horse. Blood flowed from my nose, my ears, and even from my eyes; nevertheless I still heard, I saw, I understood, and preserved all my intellectual faculties, although my members were so paralyzed that it was impossible for me to lift a single finger.

In the meanwhile, the column of Russian infantry, which we had seen approaching, reached the hill; they were grenadiers, whose immense hats, decorated with metal, had the appearance of bishops' mitres. These men, gorged with brandy and in infinitely superior numbers, threw themselves furiously upon the feeble remnant of the unfortunate Fourteenth, the soldiers of which had lived for many days upon potatoes and melted snow; upon that day they had not had time to prepare even this miserable repast. Nevertheless our brave soldiers defended themselves valiantly with their bayonets, and when the square had been pierced they grouped themselves into various clusters, and sustained for a long time this unequal combat.

During this frightful melée, many of our men, in order not to be struck down from behind, backed up against the flanks of my mare, who, contrary to her usual habits, remained quiet. If I had been able to move I would have urged her forward, in order to withdraw from this field of carnage; but it was absolutely impossible for me to press my legs together so as to make the animal understand my wishes. My position was all the more frightful from the fact that, as I have said, I had retained the ability to see and to think. Not only did they fight all around me, but a Russian officer, with an atrocious face, was making constant efforts to pierce me with his sword, and, as the crowd of combatants prevented him from reaching me, he designated me by gestures to the soldiers in his vicinity. These taking me for the chief of the French, because I alone was on horseback, fired at me above the heads of their comrades, and numerous balls constantly whistled past my ears. One of these would certainly have knocked out what little life there was left in me, if a terrible incident had not occurred to facilitate my removal from the bloody scene.

Among the French who had hacked up against the left flank of my mare was a quartermaster whom I knew, having often seen him in the marshal's tent. This man, attacked and wounded by several grenadiers, fell under Lisette, and seized one of my legs in an attempt to raise himself, when a Russian soldier, whose steps were rendered decidedly uncertain by drunkenness, tried to pierce his breast. The grenadier lost his equilibrium, and the point of his bayonet, badly directed, ran through my cloak, which was flying in the wind. Seeing that I did not fall, the Russian turned his attention from the quartermaster to me. He plied me with a shower of blows, harmless at first, but finally one reached my left arm, and, with a grim sort of pleasure, I felt the warm blood flow.

The grenadier, redoubling his fury, aimed still another blow at me, when the force which he put forth causing him to slip, his bayonet sunk into my mare's thigh. Recalled to her ferocious instincts by the pain, Lisette precipitated herself upon the Russian, and, at a single mouthful, tore away with her teeth his nose, lips, eyelids, and the entire skin of his face, making a red, living death's-head.

It was a horrible sight! Then, throwing herself furiously into the midst of the combatants, Lisette, kicking and biting, overturned everything that opposed her passage. The Russian officer, who had so often tried to strike me, made an effort to grasp the mare's bridle. Lisette seized him by the stomach, lifted him up with ease, and carried him out of the struggle, to the base of the little hill, where, after having torn out his entrails by blows of her teeth and trampled his body under her feet, she left him dying upon the snow. Then, taking the road by which she had come, she directed her way toward the cemetery of Eylau at a rapid gallop. Thanks to the hussar's saddle in which I was seated, I had thus far kept my place upon the mare's back, but a new danger awaited me.

The snow had begun to fall again, and the big flakes obscured the air. I had gone nearly to Eylau when I found myself in front of a battalion of the old Imperial Guard, who, not being able to distinguish objects at any distance, mistook me for a Russian officer leading a cavalry charge. Immediately the entire battalion fired upon me. My cloak and my saddle were riddled with balls; but I was not wounded, nor was my mare, who continued her rapid course, traversing the three ranks of the battalion with the same ease that a snake passes through a hedge. But this last flight had exhausted Lisette's forces. She had lost a quantity of blood, one of the large veins of her thigh having been cut, and, all at once, the poor beast sank down and rolled to one side, I rolling to the other.

Stretched out upon the snow among the mass of dead and dying, unable to move in any way, I insensibly and painlessly lost consciousness. It seemed as though some one were rocking me softly in a cradle. Finally I swooned completely, and was not even reanimated by the eighty squadrons of Murat, going to the charge, passing near me, and, perhaps, over me. I estimate that my fainting fit lasted about four hours, and when I regained my senses this is the horrible position in which I found myself: I was completely naked, retaining nothing but my hat and my right boot.

Believing me dead, one of the soldiers had despoiled me, according to custom, and, while endeavoring to draw off my right boot, had pulled me by one leg, at the same time pressing upon my stomach with his foot. The strong tugs which this man gave me had undoubtedly reanimated me. I rose up partially and coughed up clots of blood which obstructed my throat. The violent shock produced by the passage of the bullet through my hat had occasioned such a stagnation of blood that portions of my body, my shoulders, and my breast were black, while I was also smeared with blood which had flowed from my wounded arm. My hat and my hair were full of blood-stained snow; my haggard eyes rolled in a horrible manner. The soldier turned away and departed with my effects, without my being able to address a single word to him, so great was my prostration. But I had regained my mental faculties, and my thoughts were turned toward God and toward my mother.

The sinking sun threw a few feeble rays between the clouds, and in saying a farewell to him I firmly believed it would be my last.

"If, at least, they had not despoiled me," I said to myself, "some one of the many persons passing by me, remarking the gold braid upon my pelisse, and recognizing that I was the aide-de-camp of a marshal, would have had me transported to an ambulance. But, seeing me naked, they will confound me with the numerous corpses by which I am surrounded; very soon, truly, there will be no difference between them and me. I can not call assistance, and the approaching night takes away all hope of being succored. The cold increases; can I support it until to-morrow, when already I feel my limbs stiffening?"

I awaited death, then. If a miracle had saved me in the midst of the frightful struggle between the Russians and the Fourteenth, could I hope that another miracle would draw me from the horrible position in which I found myself? This second miracle happened, however, and I will relate how.

Marshal Augereau had a *valet de chambre* named Pierre Dannel, a very intelligent and very devoted boy, but a little too much inclined to argument. Now it happened, during our stay at Houssaye, that Dannel, having responded impertinently to his master, was discharged. Desolate, the boy begged me to intercede for him, which I did with so much zeal that I was the cause of his being received back into grace by the marshal. From that moment the *valet de chambre* vowed a deep attachment for me.

This man, having left all the equipages at Landsberg, had parted from his commander on the day of the battle to carry supplies to his master. He placed the articles which the marshal required in a light wagon which could pass everywhere. This little wagon was driven by a man who had served in the same company to which belonged the soldier who despoiled me of my effects. The latter, carrying my clothing, passed near the wagon, which was stationed upon one side of the cemetery, when, having recognized in the

driver his old comrade, he accosted him in order to show him the brilliant booty which he had obtained from a dead body.

Now it is necessary for you to know that during our sojourn in the cantonments of the Vistula, the marshal having sent Dannel to seek for provisions at Warsaw, I had charged him to remove from my pelisse the black Astrachan fur with which it was ornamented, in order to replace it by gray Astrachan, newly adopted by the aides-de-camp of Prince Berthier, who set the fashion in the army. As yet, I was the only officer under Marshal Augereau who wore the gray Astrachan. Dannel, being present at the display of booty made by the soldier, easily recognized my pelisse, and this inducing him to regard the other effects of the pretended dead man more closely, he found among them my watch, marked with the initials of my father, to whom it had belonged.

The *valet de chambre*, never doubting that I had been killed, and loudly lamenting my loss, wished, nevertheless, to see me for the last time. Upon being conducted by the soldier to the spot where I lay, he found me living!

The joy of this good fellow, to whom I certainly owed my life, was extreme. He hastened to summon my servant, to procure some clothing, and to have me transported to a barn near by, where he rubbed my body with rum while awaiting the doctor. When the latter arrived, he dressed the wound in my arm, and declared that the effusion of blood which it had caused had saved my life.—*Translated for the Argonaut by Edward J. Wheelock.*

LADY WATERLOW.

Her London House, Country-Seats, and Mediterranean Villa.

That unpromising locality once known as "Five Fields," a spot seventy years ago intersected with mud banks and occupied by a few sheds, has now been transformed in the modern "Belgravia" into one of the best parts of London, and is ornamented by some of the finest specimens of the architectural talents of Basevi, Hardwick, Kendall, and others. Here, among this "city of palaces," is the residence of Lady Waterlow, when in town. The exterior of 29 Chesham Place—a corner house—is chiefly noticeable during the warmer months for the magnificent show of flowers, of the gayest possible colors, which completely conceal the spacious window-ledges, while, as the visitor enters the long entrance-hall and ascends the staircase, a deep alcove at the half-landing, in which a tiny fountain plays among ferns and palms, bears ample evidence to the good taste everywhere displayed. The drawing-rooms are a magnificent suite of rooms, extending from the largest room in front to a small half-tribune, domed in gold and hung with crimson velvet, overlooking the gardens at the back. This latter subdivision, which contains at the far end a splendid sculpture of Galatea in white marble, is reserved by Lady Waterlow as her boudoir, and its walls are decorated by the artistic works of a nephew and one of her step-daughters. Throughout these rooms huge palms raise their heads almost to the grand ceilings, which were designed by Aitchenson in *alto relievo*, and into which lines from Shakespeare have been appropriately introduced, while a lovely veiled figure of Flora, by Ansigleone, and a delicately worked fire-screen are conspicuous among other interesting details.

Neither of Lady Waterlow's parents was a native of America, and though she herself was born in the State of Iowa, her father was one of the Irish Hamiltons, while her mother came from Scotland. In appearance, Lady Waterlow is of medium height, with a slight though well-rounded figure and delicate, clear-cut features, while in manner she is very agreeable, full of vivacity and life, talking well, often brilliantly, and always to the point. The blending of the two Celtic nationalities is strongly marked in her temperament, added to which are the nervous energy, quick insight, and keen appreciation peculiar to the American woman. It was in California that Miss Hamilton met her future husband, Sir Sydney Waterlow.

Few citizens of London have done more by benevolence and by commercial enterprise to advance the interests of the great metropolis than Sir Sydney. The honor of knighthood was conferred on him in 1867, and, on the termination of his occupancy of the mayoral chair of London, in 1873, he was created a baronet, since which time his name has been continually before the public through his connection with charitable objects and good works—one of the latest among his generous actions being the presentation to the city last year of Waterlow Park, an estate situated in the north of London, containing within its boundaries historic Lauderdale House, the residence, at one time, of Nell Gwynn.

Although Lady Waterlow modestly disclaims any personal share in the great charities for which her husband is so famous, those who know her, know well how much she does, and how many schemes she unostentatiously works out for the relief of the genuine want and distress around her. Sir Sydney has always evinced the greatest sympathy with the welfare of the London hospitals—indeed, it was he who originated the Hospital Sunday Fund, of which he is the president—and in this respect his wife ably seconds his endeavors, giving her time, thought, and assistance to all such institutions, though, perhaps, she is most intimately associated with St. Bartholomew's, on account of her husband holding there the post of treasurer. Every year several large entertainments are given, and, during the summer months, two or three Charitable Sisters are always down for a little holiday from Saturday to Monday at Lady Waterlow's country-seat at Trottescliffe, in Kent.

No one appreciates this philanthropic couple's earnest work more than the Prince of Wales, and when, a short time ago, it reached his ears that, rather than leave the financial guidance of St. Bartholomew's in strange hands, even for a short time, Sir Sydney had promptly decided to forego a trip to Egypt, the prince, as president of the hospital, sent word that he himself would find time each week to sign the necessary checks, and see that everything was carried on in the usual way.

It is now more than nine years since Lady Waterlow married and came to live in England. At first, Addington Hall—a beautiful old English home, in the same part of the country as Trottescliffe, the present country residence—was her abode during the autumn months; but though Lady Waterlow would have preferred to remain there, the centuries of age and damp told so severely on her health that at last she had regretfully to leave it for the more comfortable, though less ideal, country-house Sir Sydney built for her near the little village of Wrotham. Lady Waterlow has now become quite attached to her more modern home, with its splendid panoramic view of forty miles of varied English scenery, and though the traditions connected with the house itself are naturally altogether inferior to those of picturesque old Addington Hall, the grounds hold within their annals many a memory of olden times: through them ran Pilgrim's Lane, the highway along which the Canterbury pilgrims traveled to à Beckett's shrine.

At Trottescliffe Towers, a peculiar and somewhat unique feature is the wide, square hall opening out from the entrance-corridor, where the family congregates at all times. The furniture is all Arabic in design, and was carved and presented to Sir Sydney by the Arab boys of the Technical School at Cairo, to express their gratitude to him for his untiring interest in and practical help to their institution. Here, too, among many souvenirs of trips to different lands, are displayed many rare examples of Rhodean tapestry and embroidery far too delicate to stand London's foggy atmosphere, while in the drawing-room the best embroideries are early Italian, some of them the work of the ladies of an Arab harem near Cairo. In fact, one might say, needlework is Lady Waterlow's "pet extravagance," and she herself spends most of her leisure hours in that gentle craft.

Lady Waterlow's own beautiful morning-room is above the drawing-room, and everything is dainty and fresh, white being the prevailing color. Its special feature is the chimney-piece, modeled on a French design, having three sides and standing bodily out into the room, with beautiful old Sèvres cups and saucers, and many curious ceramic objects arranged all along its narrow shelves and niches. In this little snuggery are also collected many other mementos of her wanderings, and here Lady Waterlow lives, works, and writes.

The inmates of the hospitals, however, are not the only ones who benefit by Lady Waterlow's good deeds. For the poor of Wrotham and its neighborhood a soup kitchen is kept open during the winter, hundreds of yards of flannel and blankets are often given away at a time, and, during that season, Sir Sydney always adds to his woodlands to give work to the unemployed agricultural laborers. Then, again, Lady Waterlow sets apart the whole of the month of August for gatherings of the children of the poorer classes of our great city, and her name is not unknown among that very needy class—the West End poor; while her latest endeavor is to found a country home for the waifs and strays of the London streets.

Trottescliffe may be said to be Lady Waterlow's autumn home, for there, for the most part, the pleasant months of the end of the year are passed, but when the weather becomes too trying for her delicate lungs, she is hurried off to her winter home, the Villa Aberlaur at Cannes. Beautifully situated on the high ground somewhat behind the Villa Rothschild and that occupied by Lord Brougham, the villa stands well back in its own grounds, which are exquisitely laid out—the western veranda commanding a view of the whole range of Estrelle Mountains, and the front windows opening on the blue Mediterranean, the Islands of St. Marguerite, and a picturesque view of the old town. The guest-rooms are very seldom, if ever, empty during those flying visits, for both Sir Sydney and his young wife are above all things hospitably inclined, and never seem more happy than when entertaining their large circle of English and American friends.

In her conversation, Lady Waterlow's love for her native country is always very apparent, and though she has visited almost every part of the world, she still holds the opinion that with all her trips to Scotland, sojourns at Cannes, visits to Egypt, tours round the world, and experiences in Japan, for sympathy, hospitality, and good-fellowship there is no nation equal to that to which she owes her birth and education.

London, March 18, 1892. Piccadilly.

The New York *Press* has made quite a neat special article out of a letter written for the *Argonaut*, some months ago, by our New York correspondent, "Van Gryse." We printed it under the caption "A Walk Down the Avenue." So does the *Press;* but the nimble-witted New York editors have, by a few deft touches here and there, metamorphosed the letter itself. Where the *Argonaut* printed: "Thanksgiving is past, and the town begins to fill up with that crowd of well-dressed, luxurious, comfortable people," etc., the *Press* begins: "The Easter season is coming, and the town begins to fill up," etc. Otherwise not a word is added. But much is left out—all, of course, that could betray the fact that the article was written originally for the *Argonaut*. Still, it was; it appeared in the *Argonaut* of December 21, 1891, and is copied in the *Press* of March 27, 1892. The possibility that the *Press* has been imposed upon in this matter is small, in view of the fact that the *Press* has been a careful, appreciative, and appropriative reader of the *Argonaut* for some years. In fact, the next two columns of that issue of the *Press* are devoted to a story taken—with due credit, however—from the *Argonaut*.

Professor Totten, of Yale College, has recently published three books, and a short time ago, at New Haven, he took a heavy hammer and a ten-inch spike and spiked a copy of the book to a telegraph-pole on one of the city's principal streets, remarking to a group of reporters, who stood near, that as he could not spike the book up in all parts of the world, he would nail it to the telegraph which reached all over the world.

Rosa Bonheur has just finished what she is pleased to call her masterpiece. The scene depicts ten horses, life-size, in full trot, treading out corn. The artist has coldly declined sixty thousand dollars for it.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

It is now said that there is some hope of Guy de Maupassant's recovery. He has regained a certain degree of consciousness and some command of himself. He recognizes friends, and is able to occupy himself with amusements.

An enterprising gentleman of Hazleton, Pa., has telegraphed Mr. Hallet Alsop Borrowe, at New York, offering a purse of generous dimensions—at least twenty thousand dollars—for a finish fight before the Hazleton Athletic Club, between Borrowe and J. Coleman Drayton.

Lahouchère says that when he was an attaché at Frankfort, accredited to the Grand Duke of Hesse, he once refused champagne at a state supper. "Take it," said a chamberlain next to him; "if you don't care for it, I will take it. We are allowed only one glass."

Emperor William must have a rare sense of humor. According to the London *World*, if a guest makes the slightest slip at a court ball, the emperor not only laughs loudly, but audibly criticises the unlucky person to the royal staff, who join in the merriment as in duty bound.

Painters of the nude for the Royal Academy are in despair because the infirmities of age prevent Sidney Cooper acting on the hanging committee. Mr. Horsley replaces Mr. Cooper. Mr. Horsley, who is considered by some to represent Mrs. Grundy on the committee, is derisively known in certain circles as "Clothes Horsley."

Last year, Detaille was rejected as a candidate for member of the Academy of Fine Arts, for having been among the painters who agreed to exhibit at Berlin. This year the Academy has receded from its former attitude and has elected Detaille as the successor of Müller. He got twenty votes against thirteen for Carolus Duran.

German papers say that Mark Twain was greatly distinguished by the emperor at a recent dinner given by General von Versen, in Berlin. The emperor sat next to the humorist and was much interested in his conversation. He is said to have told Mr. Clemens that he was familiar with all his writings, and had read them with pleasure. Almost all the Berlin papers have contained long interviews recently with the American. The papers have also expressed the hope that Mr. Clemens would publish a book on Berlin and its people.

Lord Dufferin is Marquis of Ava because he added Burmah to the British possessions. He learned unexpectedly at Calcutta that King Thebaw had secretly agreed to a French protectorate over his dominions, and at once, without waiting for instructions, sent a British force to take him prisoner, and to place Burmah under the sway of Queen Victoria. The blow was rapidly and successfully struck. Her majesty, who is a good deal of a Jingo, was delighted, and at once raised Lord Dufferin to the Marquisate of Dufferin and Ava.

That enterprising leader of Boston society, Mrs. "Jack" Gardner, who had Paderewski for the chief attraction at one of her musicales, a few weeks ago, had the two De Reszkes and Miss Emma Eames to entertain her friends on a recent evening. It is said that she succeeded only by utilizing the persuasive help of Joseph Peabody, an intimate friend of the two men. Jean de Reszke is reported to be particularly reluctant to sing in drawing-rooms, deeming his voice better suited to stage performances, and feeling that without scenery and costume he can not do himself justice.

The solitary whisky baronet of Great Britain has just died under somewhat dramatic circumstances. He held the office of high sheriff of Queens County, and was seated beside the circuit judge of assizes on the bench in court when he was suddenly seized with a fit of apoplexy, and fell forward from the bench upon the ground, expiring a few minutes later. His name was Sir Edward Kinahan, and he was the principal partner in the firm of the Dublin distillers of that name, whose "LL" whisky is known all over the world. Whisky, therefore, now remains without any representative among the titled classes. Beer is much more fortunate, for both Bass and Allsopp and the two Guinnesses sit in the House of Lords, while Sir Gilbert Greenall, Sir Andrew Barclay Walker, and the Buxtons are all brewing baronets.

Lucy Hooper says that Alexandre Dumas, whose fine collection of paintings is soon to be sold, once told her that, "if Providence had not made of me an author, I should have liked to become a merchant of bric-à-brac. I can imagine no more delightful way of making one's living than to spend one's days in collecting art-treasures, even if only for the purpose of selling them again." Everything in the author's Paris house will be disposed of, except one article, which, in some respects, is the most interesting of all—the only authentic portrait existing of Madeleine Duplessis, the original of the world-famous heroine, "La Dame aux Camélias." The Dumas house is said to be filled to overflowing with works of art. In the billiard-room is Jules Lefebvre's "Nymph Reposing," which many critics have considered the most beautiful of all modern studies in the nude.

The will of the late President Grévy has just been admitted to probate. He has left a fortune of some eight or nine millions of francs. Inasmuch as at his accession to the presidency his fortune did not exceed a million and a half of francs, it is very evident that the old man must have made about six millions of francs during the years when he presided over the destinies of France. As it is impossible that he can have saved this money from either his salary or allowances, he must have profited to a greater extent by the dishonorable transactions of his son-in-law, Mr. Daniel Wilson, than has hitherto been believed. It would seem, however, from his will that his affection for his shameless son-in-law was due to a community of interest, and that the old man's reputation for probity was as groundless as Gambetta insisted. He leaves his fortune to his daughter and to his son-in-

"MODOC" FOX.

A Curious Story about the Correspondents in the Lava Beds.

Edward Fox, who is figuring prominently in the great Drayton-Borrowe scandal, was the New York *Herald* special correspondent in the lava beds of Oregoo during the memorable Modoc Indian War, in 1875. That is why they call him "Modoc" Fox.

I am reminded by his nickname how that enterprisiog gentlemao was made the victim of a hoax, when Captain Jack, Sconchin, Boston Charley, and one other Indian were hanged at the Klamath Reservation in accordance with the senteoce of a court-martial for their treacherous murder of General Canby.

Tbere was considerable rivalry at the time as to who should first get the news of the execution to the papers io New York and San Francisco. The Associated Press had sent to the scene "Bill Dad the Scribe." He also had a special commission for the Sacramento *Union*. The *Herald* had Fox on the ground. There were also other rustlers on their way to Klamath Lake. The fort in that day was not connected by telegrapb with the outside world, and the nearest railway-statioo was Ashland, Or., sixty miles from tbe Indian reservation. The correspondents on the ground had authority to spare no expense to get the oews to their papers. Acting within their discretioo, both Bill Dad and Edward Fox had engaged couriers and relays of horses to carry their dispatches from Fort Klamath to the nearest railway-statioo. An exciting race was looked for between these two improvised courier lines, and there was little else talked about among the officers and men for days before the execution save the comiog race for a journalistic scoop. The couriers employed by Fox were all cowboys and those in the service of Bill Dad were Warm Spring Indians.

At that time, I was employed on one of the San Francisco dailies which, when all these preparatioos had been made, had made up its mind to get the news, too, if it could be obtained without any outlay. It had no surplus money to pay for scoops, and was oot then receiving the Associated Press dispatches. An opportunity, however, had accidentally offered itself to the managing-editor, who was one of the proprietors. Two Cleveland gentlemen—Leonard Case, the millionaire, since dead, and Henry L. Abbey, his friend—bad arrived in San Francisco, with the special purpose of visiting the coodemned Iodian Chief, Captain Jack. Leonard Case had read a great deal ahout the Modoc War, and his interest in the Modoc Indians bad been aroused to such an intense pitch that nothing would satisfy him but a trip across the continent to see the redskins face to face. As I was formerly a Cleveland boy, Case and Abbey came to me aod asked whether I could use my influence so as to obtain permission for them to join any newspaper party going to Fort Klamath. I told them all the oewspaper correspondents who were going must be already on the ground, and I further told them that my paper was not represented among them.

"I will pay all the expenses," said Mr. Case, "if you will go aloog with us. I must see Captain Jack, and Mr. Abbey and I do not like to go up there alone, or without some excuse other than the mere gratification of idle curiosity."

The managing-editor of my paper was advised of the fact that there was a chance to be represented at Captain Jack's hanging, and without any cost beyond tbe loss of my time. He thought it was too late to make any adequate arrangemeots to insure a scoop, and thought I had better not undertake the journey. Tbeo I suggested that I knew all about carrier-pigeons, and could beat the other fellows clean out of the field if he would cooseot to my going to Klamath Lake. It was then about nine o'clock at night, and if I was going, my arrangements to start would bave to be made before six o'clock next morniog. After some more talk, I got my orders to start, and I reported tbe fact to Messrs. Case and Abbey at the Grand Hotel, aod tbey said they would "go aloog with me."

In the short interval between nigbt and morning tbere was much to be done. The Cleveland millionaire wanted to do things in handsome style. He said he did not like to go up to a United States garrison empty-haoded, and, as be was a stranger in San Francisco, he would consider it an accommodation if I would order the team and supplies and whatever else was needed in the ride from Yreka to Fort Klamath, besides a stock of cigars and liquors to be taken to the fort.

It is needless to say that several thousand of the choicest and most fragrant Havana cigars and as many baskets of champagne and boxes of the finest brands of other wines, brandy, and whisky were delivered at the North-bound traio at six o'clock next morning, and that they were all marked "Leonard Case," who paid the bills in the spirit of true philanthropy, which was then strong in him. He also telegraphed to a prominent livery-stableman in Yreka to meet our party with a four-in-hand on the arrival of the stage there, and to provide it with a driver to take us to Fort Klamath, a distance of perhaps ninety miles from Yreka. We went by rail to Reddiog, theoce by stage to Yreka.

Besides the central idea of having a good time, my mind had been occupied, before my departure, witb the problem of securing the news of the execution of the Indians for my paper at least as soon as any of its rivals. The idea of obtaining a scoop was not to be thought of; for I was not authorized to spend a dollar, though at liberty to use the wires freely. It occurred to me that I might prevail on my friend Fox, with whom I was well acquainted, to allow my paper to share the New York *Herald* service, providing I would help him to win the race.

If I could show him some carrier-pigeons, he would see that be was beaten before his couriers and horses would be called to the post. This scheme I proceeded at once to carry out. My friend, Whittaker, of the Mercantile Library, supplied me that nigbt with all the books on his shelves on ornithology, and, by the aid of the colored plates, I read up the subject of carrier-pigeons, and took notes so that I could talk learnedly about these feathered Mercurys.

It was oot so easy, however, to procure the birds. In fact, it was altogether impossible. There were none in San Francisco. At midnight I was driving about in a hack, visiting pigeon-fanciers and pigeon-dealers, in the hope of finding a pair. Finally I bought three birds from a man who kept a stand in the Centre Market, which looked nearly enough like carrier-pigeons to deceive anybody but an expert. For these he built a special coop and delivered them in good order at the ferry next morning.

Sam Davis at that time was working on the Marysville *Appeal*. I wired him to ootice in his paper that afternoon that "Colonel Shaw had passed through oo the train to Redding, on his way to Fort Klamath, and had three fine carrier-pigeons with him, which a Marysville pigeon-fancier pronounced the finest he had ever seen," and to hriog me two copies of the paper to the traio when it stopped there. When we arrived at Yreka, the driver of the four-in-hand was cautioned to take particular care of the birds, and on no account to allow any one to examioe them upoo the arrival of the team at Fort Klamath. The editor of the Yreka paper also gave my pigeoos a good send-off.

It was toward sundown when our party, three days later, drove up in great style at Fort Klamath. The officers came out on the porch to see who we were. A nepbew of Geoeral Schofield, then in command of the Division of tbe Pacific, who had accompanied us all the way, rode up just ahead of us. He had in his pocket a reprieve from the President for two of the six Indians condemned to death. He kept this fact, however, a close secret at tbe time. Among the group who gathered on the porch was Edward Fox, the correspondent of the New York *Herald*.

After tbe usual friendly greetings, he asked me what all that truck was in our vehicle. I told him it was wine and cigars for our friends at the fort. He seemed very much interested in the unloading, and wanted to know what was in the coop, and weot round to the back of tbe wagon to give it a closer look. The driver, in an apologetic tone, said that he had orders to allow nobody near the birds, and, with this remark, the driver lifted the coop to his seat.

Meanwhile, I called on Colooel Frank Wheaton, the post commander, and exhibited to him my letters of iotroduction. He kiodly directed bis adjutant to provide our party with quarters, where we kept open bouse during the three days we remained there. It is needless to say, equipped as we were with some of the choicest wet goods that the Front Street merchants of that day could furnish, that the officers, young aod old, made our sojourn exceedingly pleasant. Colonel Wheaton very readily granted my request, that I be allowed to place my coop of pigeons at the entrance to the guard-house, and tbe sentinels on that post to be iostructed to allow nobody but myself to go near it. He also ordered a soldier detailed to carry the birds to their place of security.

Messrs. Case and Abbey were possessors of my secret, and under an iojunction not to reveal the true character of the birds, but at the proper time to let Fox know tbat they believed they were carrier-pigeons. Both Fox and Bill Dad laughed when I told them I had come up to Fort Klamath to report the execution. They asked me how I was going to get my news to Asbland, and then triumpbantly told me there was no bope for me, because they had engaged every accessible borse and rider in the country in their courier service. I paid very little attention to either of them, but busied myself with interviewing the condemned Indians througb interpreters and writing out the matter. Fox distrusted something, for he came, during the next two days, to my quarters and tried to get me to tell bim my plans. He could not see bow I was going to accomplish anything. Finally, be asked both Case and Abbey. They gave him a copy of the Marysville *Appeal*, and suggested that I bad probably organized a carrier-pigeon line of communication witb the telegraph-office at Ashland.

Tbe nigbt before tbe morning of tbe military execution, Fox came to me, and, in a very depressed mood, said that he would never be forgiven by tbe *Herald* folk in New York if, after they had sent him so far to secure a special report, any otber papers should "scoop" him. He proposed tbat if I duplicated a copy of my dispatch witb bis name signed to it to the New York *Herald*, be would, in return, allow bis couriers to carry any dispatches to the telegraph-office I might prepare next morning. I peremptorily declined tbe offer as a one-sided proposition. He went away, and soon after one of tbe officers of the garrison came to me from Fox, and urged that I ougbt to enter into the proposed arrangements, as carrier-pigeons sometimes failed to reach their destination, hinting, also, that possibly some of tbe soldiers and numerous Indians on the reservatioo might take a wing-shot at my messengers. At this, after due reflection, I reluctantly consented to share my service witb Fox.

Captain Jack and his confederates were hanged next morning with great ceremony. The whole garrison turned out witb music, muffled drums, and reversed arms. The entire Klamath tribe—bucks, squaws, and cbildren, all in red blankets—was assembled in front of the gallows. A table was provided for the correspondeots. Directly behind Fox and Bill Dad stood two couriers, holding their borses by tbe bridles ready to jump into their saddles in an instant. We wrote our report of the scenes as they occurred. The "dull thud" had scarcely died away, and the malefactors were still writhing in the throes of asphyxiation as the couriers mounted their horses and dashed wildly away. The *Herald* courier carried my report witb him.

In half an hour we were back in quarters preparing to dispatcb the carrier-pigeons on their journey. A great crowd gathered on the parade-ground to see the birds released. Fox helped me to prepare the dispatches on tissue-paper. With carbon-paper we wrote a duplicate and triplicate, as there were three birds to be sent off. With white silk thread I fastened the little paper to the first bird's leg, and while this was being done, one of the officers lookiog on expressed the opioion that those were the queerest-looking carrier-pigeons he had ever seen. Another gentleman in regimentals, to my great relief, declared they were the true breed.

The critical moment was oow at band. I went out on the porch and, raising hoth hands, let go the bird. The pigeon rose about thirty feet, and then, after describing a half-circle, landed oo the parade-ground, and, to my horror and everybody else's amusement, began pecking at the grass. The crowd began shouting, and laughing, and utteriog disparaging exclamations, but the bird did not seem in any way disturbed. Finally he rose and flew off in the wrong direction.

We hoped for hetter luck with the second bird, whicb, when released, flew up and after circling twice struck straigbt out over the trees for the right point. The crowd clapped their hands aod cheered, while Fox and I smiled in a triumphant manner.

We were fixing the third bird for its flight when we heard a great shout of laughter outside. Upon goiog to the door to ascertain the cause of the loud merriment, I saw that a corporal was walking across the parade-ground toward us, with a broad grin on bis face and with the second bird in his hand. He had found it perched contentedly on the limb of an oak-tree near the guard-bouse.

This, however, did not discourage either Fox or myself. We turned the third bird loose, and it flew high and winged its way io the right direction, and was soon lost to sight in the murky atmosphere above us.

Though it was not technically a "scoop," my paper published the dispatches contemporaneously with its rivals. Bill Dad's Warm Spring courier and Fox's cowboy, on their last relay after a spirited race, reached the telegraph-office at Ashland within ten minutes of each other, the cowboy in the lead. There was ample time to transmit both messages in season for their delivery for publication at the same time the following day.

The "carrier"-pigeons I never heard of afterwards, and I do not believe that "Modoc" Fox did either.

Henry Glenville Shaw.

San Francisco, April, 1892.

THE KNIGHT OF THE PRESS.

A Study of the Newspaper Code of Honor.

The determined ferocity witb whicb tbe Draytoo-Borrowe no-duel has heen fought has resulted in covering nearly everybody participating in tbe terrific combat witb infamy, if oot with gore. Out of and above the ruck of unbruised hodies, unbroken heads, and ruined reputations rises, like some effulgent star over a corpse-strewo hattle-plain, "Modoc" Fox reporter, and second with Furioso Milhank to Cocktail Borrowe. To him alone, it appears, the world is indehted for its knowledge of the scandal. But for him, Drayton and Borrowe migbt yet be circling about eacb other in obscurity, like two dogs, neither courageous eoough to begin the fight, and uttering epistolary growls; hut for him, the lady in the case would sill be of unblemished reputation, her children spared a heritage of shame, her family a burden of mortification, and the husband continue to draw down his five thousand dollars a year out of the pocket of bis disgraced wife, his last refuge from the haunting horror of having to work for a living. But for Mr. Fox, the Duc de Morny would not he baving his own, his father's, his motber's, and bis sister's sins and follies catalogued in the scornful press of the globe; nor would M. Aurelien Scholl be introduced to mankind outside of Paris as a Bohemian wbo neither believes in Gcd nor fears the devil, and has no character worth speaking of; nor would Fire-eater Milbank be left standing on view in New York, looking like a frayed and belated hero of an eighteentb-century Irish novel, an ohject of modern jest and laughter, victim with the otbers of Mr. Fox's devotion to duty.

It is true that in order to perform this duty Mr. Fox was obliged to violate the bighest obligation under which a second in an affair of honor rests—that of secrecy as to the cause of quarrel, the correspondence, and every step in the progress of the deadly negotiations until the meeting on the turf has heen had, when, io certain contingencies, silence may hooorahly he broken. Mr. Fox was not in ignorance of this obligation, nor of any other point of punctilio in the code duello, else so redouhtahle a veteran as Sir Lucius Milbank would not have permitted him to be associated with himself in handling the delicate Sèvres vase of Hallett Alsop Borrowe's honor. But though Mr. Fox comprehends what is required of one as a duelist, a second, and a gentleman, he is somethiog apart from all tbese. He is a reporter. And being a reporter, he recogoizes the existence of that severer chivalry, that absolute submission to the wire aod type, which elevates the Knight of the Press above every restraint imposed hy honor, custom, law, or social precedeot. The correspondence hetween his principal and Drayton and the history of the imhroglio be sold to a newspaper, and in so doing merely exhibited his reverence for that Higher Law which is held to he dearer than life in the office of every oewspaper which has a circulation that it is not afraid to swear to.

Men eogaged in the prosaic, regular professions are hlind to the oohility of this self-ahnegation of the journalist; gross men engaged in trade are as incapable of appreciating its spirit as their counterparts of old were of understandiog the good knights of Arthur's Table Round who went Holy Grailing. Yet the youogest and worst reporter, to outward seemiog perhaps as ignorant, ill-bred, and loutish as a borse-boy at a roadside house, is aflame with this strange fire. He breathes io from the atmosphere of the office the knowledge that his spurs are to be woo only by overtaking the Item. Life, limb, dishonor—in the estimation of common meo—are always to he risked io the pursuit.

It is hut a few weeks since the Press Club of New York laid to rest one of its members who fell a martyr, as many of his guild have fallen before him, to this exhaustless impulse of high emprise. There were typhus-fever patients on North Brother Island, held under strict quarantine. That was enough for Reporter F. J. Hamilton (let us record his name for immortality), of Colonel Cockerill's *Advertiser*. The physicians in charge seot daily to the city a hulletin setting forth the conditioo of the patients and the number of deaths occurring. But there was a strict quaraotine. It was accepted in the oewspaper offices as ao impossihility for any ooe to hreak through it. It was known that oothiog of importance could be learned hy running the blockade. Reporter Hamiltoo eotered the office of his chief, aod said, a light oot of earth in his prominent hlue eyes and oo his receding cbio:

"Sir, I feel it to be my duty to go to North Brother Island."

Colooel Cockerill was much affected. He grasped the hand of the high-souled youth, aod said:

"Hamilton, there's a scoop in this thing, I know; hut I waot it dis-

tinctly understood that I am in no way to be held responsible for anything that may happen to you. It is wholly voluntary on your part. Go, if go you must, and—and God bless you!"

He went. Being there, he was, of course, kept there. He took the fever and died. It is not of record that he supplied the world with any knowledge of the state of the typhus patients that the doctors were not in the habit of giving in their bulletins. But he had passed the quarantine, run the blockade, and placed himself on view as an *Advertiser* reporter who had Got There. He had treed the Item. So the Press Club assembled solemnly about his bier, as that of a comrade who had fallen in the forefront of battle, and Colonel Cockerill made a speech over the daring remains that drew a tear to every professional eye. And it was not only his life that the dauntless Hamilton had hazarded and lost; he left a wife, two small children, and a mortgage-incumbered little house in Brooklyn behind him, with his glory for an estate. The Press Club avers that it will pay off the mortgage. Let us hope that resolution in this instance will outlast emotion, and that Colonel Cockerill will exert himself to find fine sewing for the widow with the two children.

Practical men—clods who think that object should bear some reasonable proportion to effort—will join in no requiem over the fallen Hamilton. They will utter his obituary in one word: Ass. It is not vouchsafed to them to sympathize with the ardor which causes the reporter at the conflagration to be nearest the swirling flames and falling walls, smoke-begrimed, drenched, scorched, gasping, and getting in the way of the firemen; the reporter who at the scene of the wreck imperils his existence, impedes the rescuers, and records—ahead of all rivals—the drownings and the awful struggles of strong men, weak women, and wailing babes in the remorseless waves; the reporter who stays in a yellow-fever stricken city whence all but the sufferers and physicians have fled, not to render aid—for that is not in his line, as a rule—but to take the telegraph-operator's vacated stool and hurl his excited dispatches over the wires; the reporter who, scornful of conventional notions of propriety, covers a key-hole with his self-sacrificing ear, and shakes society with what he hears; the reporter who, sinking the inferior requirement of filial duty, sternly interviews his father on the causes which have led him to seek a divorce from his second wife; the reporter who goes afloat on an ice-floe to get a more vivid impression of the sufferings of lost whalers in the Arctic, and puts the United States Revenue Service to great expense, trouble, and expenditure of temper to recover him; the reporter whose rope breaks when he is letting himself down from the roof of a building to get at an open window of a hall wherein a secret political meeting is being held; the reporter who, in his desperate zeal, offers to marry the reticent divorced lady of faded charms in return for her narrative—no, "practical men," so-called, can not comprehend this brand of heroism. They, in their groveling way, regard the reporter as a cross between an impecunious dare-devil and a native blackguard.

But "Modoc" Fox is made of the true stuff—the stuff of which "star" reporters are constituted. As a gentleman who had been intrusted with a secret involving the good name of a woman and the honor and peace of many men, he was bound to silence. As a reporter, he quietly telegraphed to Mr. Dana from London, after his principal was on the incommunicable deep, made his terms, and one morning the New York *Sun* came out with four columns, giving all the details of the scandal and resultant no-duel. Thus did Mr. Fox win the admiration of his class, cover himself with professional gilt, and, in knightly allegiance to the higher law of journalism, no doubt, stands ready—with a thousand dollars or so of *Sun* money in his grateful pocket—to meet, on the lower and antiquated plane of the field of honor, Captain Murder Milbank, White-Feather Borrowe, Five-Thousand-Dollar Drayton, Skirt-Dance Morny, or any and all of the persons implicated in the "story" which, as a journalist, he would have felt it criminal in him to retain. As for the other New York managing-editors, who bereft themselves of hair and finger-nailed their flesh when they saw the *Sun's* magnificent "beat" on that memorable morning, Reporter Fox, hand on sword, and transfigured as to countenance, will, no doubt, consent to leave them to the tender mercies of the quietly smiling Brother Dana.

San Francisco, April 5, 1892. Arthur McEwen.

OLD FAVORITES.

When Love Passed By.

I was busy with my plowing,
When Love passed by.
"Come," she cried, "forsake thy drudging;
Life's delights are few and grudging;
What hath man of all his striving,
All his planning and contriving,
Here beneath the sky?
When the grave opes to receive him
Wealth and wit and honors leave him—
Love endures for aye!"
But I answered: "I am plowing.
When with straight and even furrow
All the field is covered thorough,
I will follow."
Love passed by.

I was busy with my sowing,
When Love passed by.
"Come," she cried, "give o'er thy toiling;
For thy moil thou hast but moiling—
Follow me, where meadows fertile
Bloom unsown with rose and myrtle,
Laughing to the sky;
Laugh for joy the thousand flowers
Birds and brooks—the laughing hours
All unnoted fly."
But I answered: "I am sowing.
When my acres all are planted,
Gladly to thy realm enchanted
I will follow."
Love passed by.

I was busy with my reaping,
When Love passed by.
"Come," she cried, "thou planted'st grieving,
Ripened sorrows art thou sheaving.
If the heart lie fallow, vain is
Garnered store. Thy wealth of grain is
Less than Love's least sigh.
Haste thee—for the hours fast dwindle
Ere the pyre of Hope shall kindle
In life's western sky."
But I answered: "I am reaping.
When with song of youth and maiden,
Home the hock-cart comes, full-laden,
I will follow."
Love passed by.

I had gathered in my harvest,
When Love passed by.
"Stay," I called—to her, swift speeding,
Turning not, my cry unheeding—
"Stay, O Love, I fain would follow,
Stay thy flight, oh, fleet-winged swallow
Cleaving twilight sky!
I am old and worn and weary,
Void my fields and heart—and dreary,
With thee would I fly.
Garnered woe is all my harvest,
Sad ghosts of my dead hopes haunt me,
Fierce regrets, like demons, taunt me—
Stay!—I follow!"
Love passed by.—*Solomon Solis-Cohen.*

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

"Van Gryse" tells how Sherwood Forest is Pictured on Daly's Stage.

Augustin Daly is the only stage-manager in New York who dares please himself and let the public like or dislike at its own sweet will.

He looks upon his business as an art, by which the taste for beauty is cultivated, and the world and his wife are taught how and what to admire, and why they should admire. He regards the stage as a place where the mirror is held up to nature, and beauty and art go hand in hand, not as a place where the lower and more vulgar of the mass are catered to, and where the manager makes money from the common tastes of an uneducated public.

One thing to be said of Mr. Daly, and that is that he has money enough to be thus luxurious. He is rich, and he spends his riches sumptuously on the great art before which he bows. As an individual he is a quiet, plain, unpretending person, a slim, youngish-looking man, who always wears a somewhat battered Alpine hat, and has long, sleek hair that brushes his collar. But as a manager he is Haroun-Al-Raschid. Dreams as gorgeous as those of Poe become real on the stage of his theatre. And whether he undertakes to show rural England in "the spacious times of great Elizabeth," or the fay-peopled woods about Athens, the green glades of Arden, or the stately palaces of Padua, he gives a picture that is beautiful enough to match the lines which have suggested it.

His latest production is Lord Tennyson's play, "The Foresters." The Laureate, in his green old age, has put forth another leaf. This vigorous genius, with vitality enough at eighty to produce "Locksley Hall Sixty Years Afterward," has not yet burned out—"cold upon the dead volcano lies the gleam of dying day" can not be said of its author. The volcano is not dead, but still throws a red glow of radiance across the nations to which, for sixty years, it has been a burning and a shining light.

As a playwright, Lord Tennyson never has been a wild success. Irving and Terry did "The Cup" for a time, and Miss Terry wore a superb costume and was so intense that the piece ran. But all the poets and prose-writers who can not build a good drama seem to be bitten with the determination to do it or die. Lord Tennyson's has carried him on to completing "The Foresters"—which, some say, has been on hand for a long time—and to giving Daly the American rights of it. On the opening night, Mr. Daly, in his speech, spoke of the cable-message he would send to the aged author, announcing the success of the piece. And then there was a good deal of clapping, for there was something quite touching in the thought that of this last success, won at eighty-two—the age when, in the course of nature, "the grasshopper shall become a burden, and the daughters of music be laid low."

Whether "The Foresters" is a brilliant achievement as a drama is a question no one asks. It would be like trying to prove that Andersen's "Little Sea Maid" was an impossible story, or that the troubles of "The Forsaken Merman" could not really have occurred, because Margaret would have been drowned. In "The Foresters," the beauty lies in the atmosphere, in the spirit of romance, in the bracing note of gilded and splendid chivalry that touches the drama with the glory of the really picturesque. It is a play of action, of love, of good, sound, rousing fights, of blood and knightly deeds, of daring valor and disdainful courage and faithful, loyal hearts, and through it all broods mysteriously the magic spell of the days when the fairies danced by moonlight in the mystic rings.

When the children in reading romances come upon one in which Cœur de Lion enters, they know that is going to be a story worth reading. When Cœur de Lion comes, there will follow glorious fights and mighty deeds of valor, gray-cowled palmers, love-lorn maidens sighing in dungeon-towers, with their white veils and their musical plaints floating out on the evening air. Then will the red-cross knights come riding by, swarthy with the suns of Palestine, where they fought for the tomb of their Lord, and brave as their lion-hearted master, who could wield the battle-axe that no mortal man could lift. Cœur de Lion is a name to conjure with. At its sound all the glories of the days of chivalry come crowding back, and one sees the glittering lists at Ashby-de-la-Zouche, and the gold-locked Rowena, the white and scarlet of the Templars' fluttering cloaks, the magnificence of Saladin, the beautiful Sir Kenneth of the couchant leopard, the haughty princess of Plantagenet, and all the rest of that dearly beloved throng that rose from dust at the call of the Scottish wizard.

That is what "The Foresters" is like—a series of pictures from Sir Walter. All through the play goes the murmur of the coming of Richard. He lies captive now, and Blondel is going about, twanging his psaltery and chanting at the foot of prison-walls, "O Richard, O Mon Roi! l'univers t'abandonne." The usurper John has the throne, and the loyal subjects of Richard are growing poor, and desperate, and frightened. When will the good days come, when the Lion Heart comes back to his own once more and the usurper and his black brood are swept away?

As the Saxons of Harold's day had one faithful and powerful adherent in Hereward, who was pushed backward fighting into the fens of Ely, so the Saxons of Richard's had another in Robin Hood, the Earl of Huntingdon. But, according to the chronicles, there was a difference. Hereward was savage with the fierce and moody temper of the Berserkers, and died at bay, fiercely fighting. But Robin Hood was no raging rebel. He had the spirit of the woods and the streams in him. He loved life and the merry ways of the greenwood. He loved the songs of young Scarlet, and the jokes of Friar Tuck, and to play at "buffets" with Little John, and to shoot at peeled white-willow twigs with his great ash-tree bow, and to murmur love to Maid Marian under the flickering shade of the oaks of Sherwood. He regretted his outlawry and the long absence of his king—but, then, he was a light-hearted fellow and believed that some day the king would come again, and, until then, the greenwood for him!

As to Maid Marian, the chronicles differ. Some say she was the love of Alan a-Dale. Lord Tennyson has made her the heart's dearest of Robin Hood, and she was worthy to be the queen of love and beauty of even the tournament at Ashby-de-la-Zouche. She was what a Saxon maiden should be—tall, and strong, and beautiful, with thick curling yellow hair, bound by a broad band of gold, a figure of the stateliest, and a manner where the nobility of one of ancient lineage is blended with sweetness and dignity. She is true-hearted, faithful, straight, and tall as a young boy, fleet-footed and light as the maiden goddess of the chase, loyal to her lover and her king, simple, and sweet, and true, but daring as an Amazon, and brave as King Richard himself.

Her appearances on the stage are like a series of beautiful pictures. When she first enters through the iron-clamped portal of her father's castle, and, standing on the terrace, looks toward the castle of the Earl of Huntingdon, she makes a perfect mediæval tableau. The background is a long stretch of flat, rich country, through which a slender river winds a languid way in slow silver loops and curves. The terrace is high and straight, with some tall, pointed hollyhocks set with crimson blossoms standing stiffly along by the balustrade. Here leans the pensive Saxon maid, the sunlight touching her masses of thick yellow hair, bound with the golden band. Her dress is a deep rose-pink, loose from a square round the throat, sewn with jewels, and falling over lighter colored, trailing skirts to the floor. Her huge sleeves, which fall to the ground, are turned back and show long under-sleeves.

In the second scene, in Robin Hood's great hall, where festival is held, Maid Marian comes like a vision of delight. She is in gala dress, and as she enters, through a high, carved doorway, she looks, amid the dim tints of the background and sombre-hued figures of the earl's companions and thralls, like one of those statues that the ancients made of pure white ivory and yellow gold. The dance strikes up—they call it a Saraband—and the earl and the lady trip the measure. She wears a white, cloth, loose thing that hangs from the square round her neck to her feet, where it is weighted with a thick incrusting of jewels. It opens from the shoulder down the side, and shows an under-dress of some thick, soft, silky material in the faintest of blue. The immense sleeves slip back and show her bare arms as she raises them in the dance, and on her amber-colored hair, over the band of gold, is a wreath of pear-blossoms, pressed tightly down.

This beautiful figure moves slowly to the dignified measure of a dance that closely resembles the minuet. The arms rise and fall, the figures bend and sway lazily. There is a pointing of toes and a bending back of throats as partner looks into the eyes of partner with dreamy coquetry. Back of all, silently at gaze, stand and sit the friends and followers of the earl. The hinds, pouring the wine, move about among them. The men-at-arms stand at ease against the door-frames, helmeted, and with long pieces of steel projecting from their casques down over their noses. Their long, flexible shirts of mail hang nearly to their knees, and glitter and glint in the smoky light. To the right, watching eagerly the false palmer, with his gray cowl low over his face, and back of the banqueters leaning against the wall, stands a soldier, in dark jerkin and some dull and dinted bits of armor. He has taken off his helmet, and his brown face and throat rise picturesquely from a collar of unburnished steel.

In the greenwood Maid Marian casts aside her finery and wears a simple frock of bright green silk, like Queen Guinevere when she rode with Lancelot. A brown leather belt, studded with steel, confines her draperies at the waist, and she wears a remarkable, and not particularly beautiful, round, green-and-white hat on her head, from the back of which floats a long, white veil. Here they sing for her and crown her queen with a wreath of oak leaves. Here they teach her to draw their great bows of ash-tree, and to shoot as true as Robin Hood himself. And here, in the mystic moonlight that filters through the close-woven boughs of the oaks, the fairies come and weave their spells about her, and hand in hand trip their noiseless dances on moss where the scarlet coral-tips hardly bend beneath their printless feet.

The last scene of all, where Richard comes back and confronts the usurper John, is Sir Walter all through. There is the crafty usurper on villainous deeds intent, with the Sheriff of Nothingham and two men-at-arms at his back. Here, just beyond in the green glades of the forest, is Richard, bronzed like a Saracen by Paynim suns, broad, and bold, and brave, ready to fight mailed hand to hand for his kingdom, and his people, and his rights. And here, upon a green knoll, is the beautiful Marian, beloved of Robin Hood, desired of John.

The myrmidons of the usurping prince make a bold rush forward to seize upon the fair one and bodily bear her away. But she, grasping her bow, and drawing the arrow to the head, defies them, standing like a greenwood Diana of the days of Saxon chivalry. The prince, the sheriff, the men-at-arms, draw back before the arrow's tip, amazed and daunted. They murmur together, and turning again meet the arrow's point steady in an unerring hand. And just then, at the very moment when they contemplate making a desperate rush and disarming Marian, Richard, the king, comes from one side, and upon the silver horn that Robin has lent him blows a mighty blast.

As this warning cry goes pealing through the alleys of Sherwood, men start from brake, and copse, and underwood, and rush toward the sound—pouring into the opening where Marian, and the king, and the prince stand—with bows bent to crescents, and unsheathed hunting-knives, and brandished quarter-staffs. John and his myrmidons are disarmed and hurried out of sight; no one thinks of them any more. Then all bend the knee to their rightful king, and Marian gives her hand to Robin Hood. The ban is lifted, the sentence of outlawry removed, for the Lion Heart has come back to claim his own. Van Gryse.

New York, March 29, 1892.

A bigger gun than any yet built (118 tons) has [illegible] to Sebastopol for use on a war-ship.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The printer's blunder which made one of Mr. Aldrich's sugared lines speak of "patent nectar" instead of "potent nectar," was, it appears, even funnier than has been supposed. A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* says that the line originally read "A potent medicine for gods and men," and was misprinted "A patent medicine," etc. It is also reported that Mr. Aldrich's equanimity was upset, on another occasion, because in a serious mood he wrote in another poem, "Now the old wound breaks out afresh," and was horrified to learn by the types that he—a bachelor—had said: "Now the old woman breaks out afresh."

A dispute between D. Appleton & Co. and the executors of Jefferson Davis over certain advances to the compilers of Davis's memoirs, has been decided by the arbitrators in favor of the publishers. The amount involved was about two thousand five hundred dollars.

Mrs. Burton Harrison's new volume, "A Daughter of the South, and Other Tales," will be issued soon.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will speedily issue "The Unseen Friend," by Lucy Larcom. March 23d was the date of issue of the first number of a new religious quarterly, the *New World*, published by the same house.

A new drama in blank verse, by Mr. Swinburne, will be published about a month hence. The work is entitled "The Sisters."

The editioo of Walt Whitman's "Selected Poems," chosen and edited by Arthur Stedman, will be brought out immediately. The edition was in the hands of the bioder when the poet died, and he expressed, shortly before his death, his last wishes and fioal approval with respect to the book.

Another book on Robert Browning is in press, with the title, "Browning's Criticism of Life." The author is W. F. Revell.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for April contains the following table of cootents:

"An American at Home in Europe"—I., by William Henry Bishop; "A Drive through the Black Hills," by Antoinette Ogden; "The Wind's Summons," by Graham R. Tomson; "The Private Life," by Henry James; "Admiral Farragut," by Edward Kirk Rawson; "American Sea-Songs," by Alfred M. Williams; "The Limit in Battle-Ships," by John M. Ellicott; "Don Orsino"—VIII., IX., by F. Marion Crawford; "Benaiah," by Edward Lucas White; "Federal Taxation of Lotteries," by Thomas McIntyre Cooley; "Some Notes on French Impressionism," by Cecilia Waern; "Legal Disfranchisement"; "Literature and the Ministry," by Leverett W. Spring; "Lounsbury's Studies in Chaucer"; "Montcalm and Lévis"; "Comment on New Books"; and "The Contributors' Club."

English publishers, discouraged by what they call "the demands and difficulties of trade-unionism" in their own country, have been trying the experiment of printing English books on the continent, and are, moreover, haviog their books bound there.

"The History of the Centennial Celebration of the Inauguration of George Washington as the First President of the United States," is just coming from the press of the Appletons. The chairmen of the sub-committees of the general citizens' committee have cootributed chapters descriptive of their share in that memorable celebration in April, 1889, and Mr. Clarence W. Bowen, secretary of the general committee, has edited the book. A great deal of valuable historical matter has been added to the story of the celebration, and there are more than seven hundred illustrations, many of them extremely interesting reproductions of old pictures. The volume is uncommonly handsome, and the edition is limited to a thousand copies, at thirty dollars a copy. The only free copies are to be sent to the natiooal government at Washington, to each of the States and Territories, to the city of New York, and to England, France, Spain, Holland, and Sweden, whose representatives were present at the ioauguration in 1789.

Mr. Kipling's new volume of verse, "Barrack-Room Ballads," will be ready early in April. Several of the pieces will appear in this volume for the first time.

Hachette et Cie, of Paris, have published "Les Etats-Unis," in which Elisée Reclus attempts to prove, incidentally, that the President of the United States has more power than the Czar of Russia.

"Personality," by the Rev. Samuel R. Fuller, has been published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Miss Katherine Pearson Woods thinks of calling her oext book, to be issued by the Appletons in May, "Salted with Fire." The title—not a happy one—is taken from Mark ix., 49. The "motive" of the story is the asserted potential existence in every human being of a power by which miracles might and may still be wrought. It is the converse of hypnotism, and is called in the story "vitalism."

Mr. Lang is nothing if not light and airy. This is the way he recently commended a novel to the readers of *Longman's Magazine:*

"To persons destitute of culture I venture to recommend a novel which, in one way, is an educational force. It is written in such amazingly bad English, or American, that it might be given to young writers 'to breathe themselves on' by correcting its solecisms. The author's taste is not much better than his grammar. But 'My Official Wife,' by Colonel Savage (Routledge), contains a new and entertaining story. With all its obvious drawbacks, it will make a journey shorter, and is not easily laid down unfinished, unless one's taste and scholarship compel one to lay it down at first. The grammar is simply nowhere, but the interest never flags, and though you detest the characters, you are compelled to hurry on till you learn 'what became of them all.'"

Miss Grace King, of New Orleans, is bringing out another book—a collection of short stories entitled "Tales of a Time and Place."

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Hawthorne's authorized publishers, have adopted the best possible plan of campaign against the unauthorized republishers of "The Scarlet Letter," the copyright upon which has just expired. Not only have they published a very neat Universal Edition, in cloth at fifty cents and paper at twenty-five—the prices charged for the Waverley Co.'s reprint—but they are now bringing out a very pretty Salem Edition, in cloth at thirty cents and paper at fifteen. This leaves their competitors nowhere.

Mrs. Heory Norman, who is better known as "The Girl in the Carpathians," was recently ill of fever in Egypt. She has in hand a volume of stories. Mr. Norman is said to be writing a book on the East.

Some interesting facts on the modern method of novel-making were receotly brought to light in one of the courts, in a trial for debt. The defendant was an authoress; she testified that she wrote one book, of which one hundred thousand copies were sold, for which she received one thousaod dollars. Of another book fifty thousand copies were sold and she got only two hundred and fifty dollars. She is now employed by a book and story manufactory, receiving forty dollars per week. She is given the shell or skeleton of a story, and she is expected to fill up the chinks at the rate of one story every two weeks; and her employers do not care whether she buys, begs, borrows, or steals her dialogue and her situations.

New Publications.

"How to Get Married though a Woman; or, The Art of Pleasing Men," by "a youog widow," is a collection of cheap platitudes such as one would expect to find under such a name. Published by J. S. Ogilvie, New York; price, 25 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Rescue of an Old Place," by Mary Caroline Robbins, is a pleasant account of one of the "abandoned farms" of Massachusetts and the means that were taken to bring it back to fruitfulness. It will be found a very readable book by any one who enjoys garden or orchard-work. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, $1.25; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Question of Silver," by Louis R. Ehrich, contains a brief summary of silver legislation in the United States, together with a practical analysis of the present situation and of the arguments of the advocates of unlimited silver coinage. The author takes pains to declare that he is a Coloradan, hut he is an anti-free-coinage man. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by William Doxey.

"The Oak," by H. Marshall Ward, is the latest volume of the Modern Science Series, which Sir John Lubbock edits. It is a popular treatise, telling of strange and familiar facts in an interesting way, and giving the reader not only a knowledge of the oak, its antecedents, growth, varieties, diseases, etc., but presenting a very fair introduction to the study of forest botany. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, $1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Rationale of Mesmerism," by A. P. Sinnett, author of "Esoteric Buddhism," "The Occult World," and other works in the same line, is a careful and exhaustive study of the strange manifestations of a little-understood force that is called mesmerism. It discusses the theories and the literature of mesmerism, its use in surgery, and its general practical workings. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, $1.25; for sale by the booksellers.

"Wood Notes Wild," by Simeon Pease Cheney, is a book in which the author has attempted to set down in musical notation the songs of more than forty New England birds, supplementing this score of nature's opera with explanation and comment, which show him to be a musical enthusiast and a devoted lover of the birds. The book is edited by his son, John Vance Cheney, the poet, who has given it an appendix, containing a bibliography and copious extracts on the same topic, and an index. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

A collection of short stories by Mark Twain, entitled "Merry Tales," is the initial volume of the Fiction, Fact, and Fancy Series, which is being issued under the editorial direction of Arthur Stedman. The series is intended to take advantage of the new international copyright arraogements by reprioting classical American and foreign works, not only of fiction and poetry, but essays, monographs, and the like as well. These short stories by Mark Twain start the series auspiciously—and emphasize the inferiority of the work now being grouod out by what each little newspaper in the syndicate can call "our special European reporter, Mark Twain." Published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

Recent Fiction.

"Corinthia Marazion," by Cecil Griffith, an English story, has been issued in the Series of Select Novels published by the J. B. Lippiocott Company, Philadelphia; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Treasure Tower," by Virgioia W. Johnson, a story of Maltese society, has been issued in the Globe Library published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Braganza Diamond," by James Otis, is a lively story of adventures among pirates, negro sailors, and other people whom it is more ioteresting to read about than to meet. Published by the Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia; price, $1.25; for sale by the booksellers.

"It Happened Yesterday," by Frederick Marshall, is a story which derives much of its interest from the part that hypnotism plays in it. The hypnotizer is a Frenchmao, a man of intelligence and position, and the hypnotizee is a young English girl who is utterly alone in the world, so far as relatives are concerned, and has but one friend, a benevolent Frenchwoman. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, $1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Roweny in Boston," by Maria Louisa Pool, is a series of character sketches rather than a novel. Rowena is a country maiden—though her home is only a few miles out of Boston—who declines the proffered hand and heart of a worthy young fellow and goes to Boston to study art. She lives in a cheap boarding-house, where twenty-five meal-tickets are purchasable for three dollars, and meets many strange people whose peculiarities are very cleverly portrayed. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, $1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The hero of "Roger Hunt," by Celia Parker Wooley, is a man who determines to be a law unto himself. He has education and wealth, "low animal instincts," as one of the characters declares, and a plentiful lack of common sense. He marries a woman who takes to drink, and, putting her in an asylum, runs away with another woman with whom he tries to live down prejudice. His first wife dying, he marries the second woman; but his whole life is a failure. In spite of its sombre tone, the story is a powerful one. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, $1.25; for sale by the booksellers.

"My Guardian," by Ada Cambridge, is a less ambitious story than her Australian novel, "The Three Miss Kings," but it is fully as good in its way. The heroine is left, an orphan, to the care of a Captain Jack Strafford, a fine fellow, who does everything he can for his dead friend's child, and, when she has reached an age when she must have a matronly guide, he places her and goes off to Africa. When he comes back, he promptly falls in love with his pretty ward, and in time even the reader forgets the disparity of their ages. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, $1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The latest of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's stories is "A Golden Gossip." The scene is laid in a New England town, where the people seem to live only to chatter about their neighbors; they do nothing else, not even listen—wherein they resemble Thackeray's Italians who lived by taking in each other's washing. The story has a heroine, however, a girl who lives with her supposed aunt, though the latter keeps the child only out of love for its father's memory, for the child's mother had been an adventuress. This child naturally has a nature that fits but ill in her surroundings; but eventually she is tamed and married off. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, $1.50; for sale by the booksellers.

"A Fellowe and His Wife" is a story told in letters by Blanche Willis Howard and William Sharp, she writing the letters purporting to come from the husband and he writing those from the wife. It may be remarked that the authors sustain the qualities of their assumed change of sex fairly well, and that it is interestiog to notice the devices with which they do so. For the story—a husband, whose wife has aspirations for a life in the art-world, allows her to leave him and seek to develop her individuality in Rome. There she has the guidance of a great sculptor, who, being quite free from what the French cynics call prejudices, almost accomplishes her ruin. She has acknowleged her love and is about to run away with him when his character is exposed to her by a woman whom he had ruined and cast off. Thereupon the wife writes her husband all about it and puts on sack-cloth and ashes; and the husband tells her he knew all along just what she was doing and that now, perhaps, she will see the advisability of accepting his protection. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, $1.25; for sale by the booksellers.

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VANITY FAIR.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox recently asked a delightful young bachelor, who is comfortably situated in life, why he did not marry. "Well, I will tell you," he replied; "I want a home, which, of course, means a wife, but I am discouraged about making the venture. I admired a young lady greatly, and was beginning to think seriously of paying her court. She seemed to be my ideal. She was a model daughter, progressive-minded, intelligent, industrious. She was always neatly, but simply dressed, and her cheerfulness was like a sunny day. Recently I met her on the street just as she was emerging from a milliner's establishment. 'See my new hat?' she said brightly, as I walked along by her side. 'Isn't it pretty?' I had not noticed the new hat, but now I saw a simple open-work straw, on which reposed a few pretty flowers and a bow of ribbon. 'Yes, very pretty and becoming,' I replied. 'I have a finer one being made,' she continued. 'This is only a back affair, I paid only twenty dollars for it. It is stylish, though, for the price, I think.' My heart sank at her light way of estimating cost. I have no sisters, and my mother possessed a knack of trimming her own bonnets, so I had never known what ladies' hats cost. If that simple bit of straw and ribbon cost twenty dollars, what would be the price of the 'finer hat being made'? Thirty dollars at least. I realized at once my inability to support a girl who paid fifty dollars for two hats in one fleeting season. What a fortune it would require to furnish all her wardrobe at that rate. Yet she is so simply dressed to all appearances; nothing at all showy about her. I suppose all girls in her station pay as much for their clothes, and so I think I will leave marriage for richer men. The average young man can not stand that sort of thing, I assure you." Now this young woman (Mrs. Wilcox declares in the *Ladies' Home Journal*) was not an extravagant girl. If she had paid twenty dollars for a hat, it was an unusual expenditure for her, and would trouble her conscience and purse for many a day, and cause her much self-denial in other directions. But she possessed the foolish idea, so prevalent in this age of great fortunes, that men admire women who use money lavishly, and who pay large prices for their garments. Mrs. Wilcox says she has never seen a man so rich who was not made uneasy and troubled by this sort of talk from any woman in whom he was personally interested.

The average woman can now be expressed in figures, so far at least as her physical qualities are concerned. She weighs one hundred and seventeen pounds and is five feet three inches high, if she is an American. If she is French she is only five feet one inch tall, and if she is English she is the tallest of the three. These statistics have been obtained by measurements of over a thousand women in their stockings by the French Academy; of over seven hundred women by Dr. Francis Galton, in England; and of nearly two thousand women by Dr. Sargeant, of Cambridge. American women, it is said, weigh slightly more than either French or English women. This is a statement difficult of belief.

Concerning the American colonists abroad, the Paris correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* thus writes: "The women of America and England, to whom 'life' as it is understood in French society has a fascinating charm that is apt to become maddening, are not always sufficiently armed against its dangers. They fancy that the men whom they meet in the cosmopolitan whirlpool may be known and trusted with safety because they make a certain figure in society. The ideas in which they have been brought up regarding the other sex may lead them woefully astray here. They too often refuse to realize that they can not enjoy the liberty of action that is allowed them at home and still keep within the bounds of prudence. The atmosphere of this society is so tainted, so poisonous, that it is almost impossible for a young woman, brought up in a different one, to live in it for several months without becoming conscious that she has lost something of her respect for the safe rules of conduct. She learns to smile at what would formerly have shocked her. This 'world' is doubly dangerous to those who move in it without understanding it. American husbands, with pretty wives who like to hear the tinkling of Folly's bells, and are inclined to believe that the ideal happiness in youth is to flutter about like a brilliant butterfly, are not wise when they fix upon Paris as their place of residence. They would consult their truest interests by placing their homes in their own country, and being satisfied with an occasional dip into Parisian life."

"At-home" days are beginning to go out of fashion in London, and the women who held them with irritating regularity once a week are now reducing them to once a month, and a few of those who found them most irksome have, with admirable cuteness, fixed them on "fifth Mondays, Tuesdays," etc., to limit them to one day in two or three months. One lady, who had become particularly annoyed at missing all the best things of the winter, which she declares came always on "her day," for the sake of seeing a lot of people she did not want to see and receiving a shower of pasteboard from the friends she did want to see, says that next year she is going to observe as her "at-home" day "the second Sunday in the week."

There are now in New York (says the *World*) about half a dozen young women who are employed as collectors by tailors. Naturally it is not a business that every young lady would care to go into, but the wages are attractive. There is one young woman employed by a Fifth Avenue tailor, whose average is fifty dollars a week, and she does not work over six hours a day. "It isn't nearly so bad as it seems," said she. "The first time I went into an office I thought I should faint. It was only with the greatest effort that I could make myself go there at all. But I didn't have to do any urging at all. The man paid me almost without saying a word. It didn't take me five minutes, and my commission was ten dollars. That encouraged me, and now I get along splendidly. But it takes lots of assurance at times. Still I have never been treated discourteously but once. The worst trouble is that the men want to invite you to dinner, to the theatre, and all that sort of thing." When a pretty young woman, charmingly dressed, appears at an office and says that she wants to see Mr. Putoff, the office-boy never dreams of inquiring what her business may be. He simply goes to the young man and says that a lady wishes to see him, and he adds, with the office-boy's privilege, that she is young and pretty. Mr. Putoff never dreams of demanding to know her business before he goes out. He appears with a smile as broad as a French play and greets her with overpowering politeness. And when she looks at him shyly and timidly, and murmurs with a little catch in her voice: "Oh, Mr. Putoff, you'll pardon me," he feels that there is nothing on earth he would not do to help the beautiful girl who is in distress. He does not notice the slip of white paper in her hand. And then when she tells him that she has called to collect the little bill which he owes Cuttem & Tailor, it dazes him. He pays the bill before he can recover from his amazement. And even if he did recover his wits in time, he would never dare put her off and run the cross-fire of the other fellows in the office.

Of the truthfulness of women, the following statement was made recently by the *Hebrew Journal*: "It is one of the worst misfortunes of women that falsehood is not, as a rule, considered a dishonor among them. Woman is privileged to wear two faces under one hood, because nothing better is expected from her, and society condemns her sin as the sin of weakness, which she is expected to commit, just as you expect a frayed rope to break." To this, the *Sun* makes vigorous reply: "This is disgusting and shameful; it is grossly, positively, unquestionably, and necessarily untrue. If the accusation were true, how could men honor women, or how could women respect each other? It is an accusation which, if believed, would cause one-half of the human race to be held in contempt by the other half. If it were proved, honorable intercourse between men and women, and mutual good faith, would be impossible; society itself would be shattered, and life would be a fraud. What man could woo or seek to win a maiden who was false at heart? What sire or son could look upon the gentler spirits of his family as untrue? The very thought of it is abhorrent, and not less insulting to manhood than to womanhood."

One of the features of the farewell banquet to Whitelaw Reid, in Paris, arose out of the circumstance that Mi-Carême was being celebrated in France on that day, and that most of the men who sat down to dinner were covered with confetti. Old residents said that they had never seen so many people in the streets, for the day was exceptionally fine and almost the first pleasant one of the season. All Paris and every Frenchman within one hundred miles, who could get to the capital, were in the boulevards to see the procession and take part in the paper war. Confetti fell like snow all along the boulevards from the Madeleine to the Place de la Bastile. Men and women were sowing it broadcast from the windows upon the people in the streets. Pedestrians ran alongside of the processions wagons and threw it over the pretty girls in costume, who showered it back with equal zest. In the Bois and the Champs-Elysées, the aristocrats were pelting each other from their carriages and from on horseback, and all over the city children were scraping it up in the streets and flinging it over each other. Just as Mr. Reid drove from the Rue Castiglione into the court-yard of the Continental Hotel, where the banquet took place, an adventurous sprite of the feminine gender, in a mask and tights, opened the carriage-door and threw an entire cornucopia of confetti over the American Minister. There is no getting rid of these paper missives after a baptism, unless one undresses and shakes out all his raiment, and so when Mr. Reid rose to speak, confetti sifted out of his sleeves and on to the floor from all over him. Consul-General King, who presented the address to the retiring minister, had his hair full of paper. General Meredith Reid had confetti in his mustache and his shirt-front, and all the guests who had come through the streets were spotted with it as if they had been in a stage snow-storm. How many tons of paper were thrown about the streets, and at the Casino, and the Opéra hall in the evening, it would be venturesome to estimate. At midnight, the boulevards and the principal streets were half an inch deep with it.

Lucy Hooper, in her Paris letter to the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, has this to say: "Mrs. Deacon's wealth, her beauty, her social position—that last altogether unaffected by the many rumors that were afloat respecting her—made of her one of the most prominent society ladies of the American colony. She was warmly welcomed into its most exclusive cliques. And it is possible that once she has obtained her divorce, she may come back and receive and be received as usual by her former friends. For society over here has infinite toleration for the little escapades of a lady of handsome fortune, particularly if she chances to belong to one of our old families. There are certain drawing-rooms in the American colony where the American mistress of a French nobleman and the deserted wife of the gentleman (herself also an American) were occasionally invited to the same entertainments. It is true that the last named lady left the room when the other one entered it. But she was alone in her withdrawal. The other lady guests sat still and looked on sympathetically. I do not know if the good old custom of not receiving women of improper character is still maintained in the social circles of the United States. I know that it is not here in American society. I have met at certain very aristocratic houses in the American colony women whose moral status did not admit of a possibility of a doubt—creatures, the very touch of whose garments in passing should have been an offense to any honest woman. There is one elderly and aristocratic American dame who delights in the society of these women, and is in the habit of taking her friends around with her and of introducing them everywhere. There is, in fact, too much easy tolerance of such people among our American hostesses in Paris. Nothing, neither high crimes and misdemeanors, nor flagrant indelicacy of conduct and appearance, avail in the least to break down the rule of universal acceptation. There can be imagined no atmosphere in which a woman, pretty, unprincipled, and vain, with the seeds of vice lying dormant in her nature, could find readier encouragement for the upspringing of the evil growth than in Parisian society, whether Franco-American or genuinely French. I have seen a woman of color, who was also a woman of most immoral life and antecedents, married to a Western widower whose mistress she had been for years before their union was legalized, the guest of more than one of the most honorable American families in Paris, and that long after her history had been spread abroad. A tremendous scandal finally put a stop to her career as a society lady. I have known a woman who had been divorced for the same state of affairs that led Mr. Deacon to shoot M. Aheille, who had married her lover and come to Paris to live, intrusted by one of the leading ladies of the American colony with the chaperonage of that lady's young daughter at a French watering-place. I have met repeatedly at the leading houses of the American colony an elderly American woman who was living openly and undisguisedly with the husband of another woman. I could go on multiplying such instances by the score."

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ABOUT THE WOMEN.

The feature of the Petit Salon in Paris this year is a portrait by Carolus Duran of a very pretty American girl, Miss Davis, dressed in electric blue.

W. D. Howells explains that the reason he has never had any grand, noble, and perfect woman in his books is because he is waiting for the Almighty to make one.

Queen Victoria is anxious for the ex-Empress Eugénie to visit her at Hyeres, and the invitation is likely to be accepted. The stanch friendship between these two illustrious personages is a curious instance of the attraction of opposites.

Miss Helen Gladstone, the daughter of the "Grand Old Man," has been vice-principal of Newnham College—the "annex" of Cambridge—for a number of years. She is forty-three years of age, quite retiring, though a brilliant conversationalist when interested, and a firm believer that the higher education prepares a girl to be a better wife and mother.

Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker recently declared that Henry Ward Beecher was a believer in spiritualism. Whereupon Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher declares: "She is a wicked woman! She is an infamous woman! We will have nothing to do with Belle Hooker. But, then, everybody knows that Mr. Beecher did not believe in spiritualism. That woman has caused us no end of sorrow and trouble."

Etelka Gerster has recently emerged from her retirement to give two concerts in Berlin, at which the magic of her name drew large audiences, and elicited from them much applause. But the critics found, as they did in this country, when she appeared a few years ago, that her wonderful voice had almost entirely disappeared, and that the effect of the once great artist's singing was only a source of pain to those who remembered her in her glory.

At Nice, during carnival week, Mme. Melba and her friend, Miss Mina Clery, created quite a sensation with their carriage, a white swan being on each side of the coachman's seat, among the prettiest flowers. Their toilets are thus described:

"Mme. Melba wore a highly distingué toilet, consisting of a gown in gray Ottoman silk, with a bodice soutache in gray and gold. Her hat was in tuscan paillasson, with bronze-velvet ribbon, bows lined with straw-colored satin, and an aigrette to match. Miss Mina Clery wore a very similar gown, the gold being replaced by steel, and the hat being in gold-colored straw, trimmed with sky-blue crêpe; jet designs and aigrettes.

The home of Mrs. Buffalo Bill is Scout's Rest, a long, low building four miles from North Platte, on the Union Pacific Road. It is a roomy, hotel-like old house, surrounded by three thousand acres of prairie land, and magnificent stables and pasturage where are kept many thousand fine-blooded horses and cattle. Mrs. Cody is described as an amiable housekeeping woman, greatly liked by her Western neighbors, of whom in turn and of their customs and habits she is fond. Her experiences in the early days of her Western life and as the wife of a government scout were like a story by Bret Harte. Her daughter Arta married a Nebraska lumberman, and is a leader of society in North Platte.

Eugene Field's wife is the financial manager of the family, for the poet is as prodigal in his expenditures and as extravagant in his charities as a man can well be. Not long ago, Mrs. Field intrusted him with a sum of money to make a payment on his life-insurance policy, and in an hour after he left the house he returned followed by a man bearing eight large pastehoard boxes. These contained a magnificent collection of butterflies—eight hundred specimens—and had taken every cent of the insurance money. But Mrs. Field's only complaint was: "Dear me, Gene, where on earth can we put all those things?" The house is a veritable museum of animals and inanimate curiosities, from rare books to canaries.

The sixteenth issue of "The Annual Statistician and Economist," edited by L. P. McCarty, is a volume of six hundred and seventy-two closely printed pages. It brings up to date its various statistical and political information, which is all compiled from the most authentic sources and arranged in the most concise and convenient manner. While the United States are treated at greatest length, the information about all other countries is very full. The historical record of events is brought up to the middle of February, 1892. A new feature of the work, for which special attention is claimed, is in the mathematical division, where eight pages have been added; these are devoted to the ancient problem of "squaring the circle," which, it is claimed, is solved without the use of a decimal. Published and for sale by L. P. McCarty, San Francisco; price: cloth, $4.00; leather, $5.00.

The first extra Musical Sunday Afternoon will be held in Steinway Hall, at three o'clock, on April 10th. The Hermann Brandt String Quartet, Miss Anna Miller Wood, and Miss Magda Bugge will appear in a very interesting programme. The second and last concert of this series will be held on Sunday, May 8th.

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ART NOTES.

The Artists' Dinner.

A dinner was given at the Palace Hotel on Wednesday evening by a number of local artists and several gentlemen who are well known in the world of music and literature. Quite a number of ladies also were present. The dining-tables were prettily decorated with bright blossoms and vines, and at each cover was an artistic menu-card done in water-colors. Upon the central table was a piece of sculpture, executed by Mr. Rupert Schmid, representing Bohemianism. The menu was quite elaborate, and at the conclusion of the repast, several toasts were given and responded to. Among the speakers were Mr. Irving M. Scott, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. George T. Bromley, and Mr. S. H. Walter. Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan favored the company with a vocal solo. It was midnight when the pleasant affair terminated.

The Spring Exhibition.

The twenty-ninth spring exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association opened last Thursday evening at their rooms, 430 Pine Street. As is the custom the attendance the first evening was by invitation, and it resulted in a large and fashionable gathering. The entrance to the rooms was tastefully decorated with oriental draperies, foliage, and flowers, and in the room of the School of Design there was a string orchestra that played concert selections at intervals. While the display of paintings is not as large numerically as it was last year, it is a great improvement artistically. Our best artists are well represented in both oil and water-colors, and an inspection of their work will well repay one. The exhibition will be open daily to the public from ten o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock in the evening until April 30th.

The Ceramic Club.

The California Ceramic Club held its first exhibition last Wednesday afternoon and evening in the ladies' reception-room at the Palace Hotel. A number of tables were laden with an array of the work of the ladies on china and porcelain, and the excellence of the exhibition was highly commended by the large number of visitors. Among the exhibitors were:

Miss C. Adams, Miss H. T. Bacon, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. G. J. Becht, Miss F. Bell, Mrs. E. M. Comfort, Mrs. D. S. Culp, Miss A. E. Dean, Miss N. de Valin, Mrs. S. E. Dutton, Mrs. J. B. Dwyer, Mrs. C. W. Farnham, Mrs. S. B. Gates, Mrs. Theodore Gray, Mrs. D. W. Guptil, Mrs. A. F. Herrick, Miss Jennie Hobbs, Mrs. A. T. Marvin, Mrs. J. B. Mboon, Mrs. J. B. Nourse, Miss F. A. Parker, Miss H. Philip, Mrs. L. M. Ray, Mrs. G. W. Reynolds, Mrs. W. L. Sagendorf, Miss N. Sinnot, Miss M. A. Smith, Miss G. Soule, Miss K. R. Stone, and Miss M. Taylor.

— On Easter Sunday there is to be such a blossoming out of pretty women in delicious little hats and bonnets as San Francisco never saw before. The secret of it is that The Maze, on the corner of Market and Taylor, has imported a great many new models of Parisians hats, thousands in number and no two alike, so that all styles of feminine beauty could be suited and yet no lady would see her pet bonnet copied by any one else. A certain lady, high in social power, presently appeared in a very stunning bonnet, but she confided to a friend that she had had it made, not in Paris, but right here in town at The Maze. The news spread through the boudoirs of all the Four Hundred; and now every lady who cares for her reputation as a good dresser will have her Easter bonnet from The Maze or take none at all.

Superior to vaseline and cucumbers — Crème Simon, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York, druggists, perfumers, fancy-goods stores.

Under the direction of the Legislature of Ohio, the State Food and Dairy Commissioner, Gen. S. H. Hurst, examined the leading brands of baking powder (30 in all) and the following is Gen. Hurst's verdict:

"Cleveland's Superior is absolutely the best baking powder manufactured."

S. H. Hurst

Late Ohio Food Commis'ner.

Mama!

What do you give your babies to drink, Mama? Surely not tea or coffee, and they are so tired of pure milk.

Mama!

Do you know what is best of all, Mama? Well, it's Cocoa. Good, pure, healthful, nourishing, well-made Cocoa.

Mama!

They have palates, too, the little ones, Mama. And a palatable thing is best digested, and they always like Cocoa.

Mama!

You want pure Cocoa, don't you, Mama? Then get Ghirardelli's "Breakfast" brand. It's the freshest, for it's made here.

Ask your Doctor if this isn't so!

Sanford's Perfect Heel Protectors add 50% to the wearing quality of every pair of shoes. No more uneven Boot Heels. No Discomfort. No Noise. Send 10c. for sample pair or 50c. for 6 pairs, with chisel, gauge, etc. Address, WOODMAN CO., Box 2872, Boston, Mass.

B. PRIESTLEY & CO.'S

Light-Weight Specialties in Black Dress Goods

FOR SPRING AND SUMMER.

BLACK SILK-WARP CLAIRETTE
BLACK SILK-WARP CRYSTALLETTE
BLACK SILK-WARP TAMISE
BLACK SILK-AND-WOOL CARMELITE

Every yard of the above fabrics guaranteed to be perfectly satisfactory to the wearer.

They are stamped every five yards, on the under side of the selvedge, with the manufacturers' name (B. PRIESTLEY & CO.) in gilt letters.

Look for this Stamp! without it they are not genuine.

You can obtain Priestley Dress Goods in all the New and fashionable weaves.

SUPERIOR to VASELINE and CUCUMBERS

CRÈME SIMON marvellous for softening, whitening and perfuming the complexion. Most efficacious for light affections of the skin.

J. SIMON 36, rue de Provence PARIS

PARK & TILFORD, New-York: Druggists, Perfumers, Fancy goods stores.

SOCIETY.

The Wightman Musicale.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Wightman gave a delightful musicale last Monday evening in the parlors of the hotel at which they are stopping. The affair was given in honor of Mrs. Wightman's brother, Mr. Richard Ferrer, who left last Thursday to pursue his musical studies in Berlin. The hostess was assisted in receiving by her sisters, Misses Carmelita and Amelia Ferrer, and Miss Jessie Coleman, of Oakland. The particular feature of the evening was the début of La Mandolinata Club which is composed of young ladies, under the leadership of Señor M. Y. Ferrer. Its members are as follows:

Mandolins.—Miss Carmelita Ferrer, Miss Jessie Hooper, Miss R Ellint, Miss Huntington, and Miss Lulu Schussler. Guitars.—Miss Amelia Ferrer, Miss Baily, Miss Elliot, Miss Jessie Coleman, Miss Daulton, and Miss Hutchinson.

They were assisted by Mrs. W. B. Wightman and Señor M. Y. Ferrer, guitarists, and Mr. Richard Ferrer, violinist. The following programme was presented:

Instrumental selections, *(a)* "Paso Doble," *(b)* "A La Luz de la Luna," La Mandolinata Club; song, "The Three Guardsmen," Mr. Albert Hooper; guitar solo, "L'Estasi," Mrs. W. B. Wigbtman; Spanisb song, "La Calesara," Miss Jessie Coleman; instrumental selectinns, *(a)* "Recuerdos," *(b)* "La Gitana," La Mandolinata Club; snng, "Leonore," Miss Lillie Lawlor, accompanied by the club; violin solo, valse, Mnszkowski, Mr. Richard Ferrer; string quartet, "Andalouse, Mrs. W. B. Wigbtman, Miss Carmelita Ferrer, Señor M. Y. Ferrer, and Mr. Richard Ferrer; song, "The Two Grenadiers," Mr. A. Hooper; instrumental selection, "Dansas Cubanas," La Mandolinata Club.

Considering the fact that the club has been in existence but four months, their playing was excellent and they certainly pleased their hearers. Miss Coleman, Miss Lawlor, and Mr. Hooper won many encomiums of praise for their singing. Conversation and the service of a delicious supper made the latter part of the evening merge into early morning most pleasantly. The guests included:

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Wooster, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Dyer, Captain and Mrs. Metcalf, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Schnssler. Mr. and Mrs. John W. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Hamilton, Major and Mrs. Hooper, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moore, Colonel and Mrs. J. P. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Tevis, Dr. and Mrs. Robert McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Huntington, Mrs. F. L. Barreda, Mrs. John Hooper, Miss Carmelita Ferrer, Miss Amelia Ferrer, Miss Jessie Coleman, Miss Lillie Lawlor, Miss Rose Barreda, Miss Jessie Hooper, Miss Ellint, Miss R. Ellint, Miss Huntington, Miss Schussler, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Miss Hattie Tay, Miss Ada Richards, Miss Bernice Bates, Señor M. Y. Ferrer, Mr. Richard Ferrer, Mr. Alfred Ferrer, Mr. D. Bates, Mr. Elliot, Mr. Anderson, Mr. H. Landsberger, Mr. H. B. Houghton, Mr. Harry L. Coleman, Lieutenant Carl W. Jungen, U. S. N., Mr. William Lawlor, Mr. De Krafft, Dr. Franklin Sbiels, Mr. Clarence Wendell, Mr. Frank Drum, Mr. Albert Hooper, Mr. Huntington, Mr. J. A. Folger, and otbers.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement has been announced in Washington, D. C., of Miss Pauline Williamson, of that city, to Mr. Roy Jones, son of Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Pixley have issued invitations for the wedding of their ward, Miss Fanny Morrisson, and Mr. Herbert Bird Weller, which will take place at their residence on Union Street, at nine o'clock on Tuesday evening, April 19th.

Trinity Church will be the scene of the wedding of Miss Edith Taylor and Mr. George A. Pope on Tuesday evening, April 26th. Miss Clara Taylor will be the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Daisy Casserly, Miss Alice Simpkins, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Miss Evelyn Carolan, and Miss Mary Taylor. Mr. Samuel G. Buckhee will act as best man. After the ceremony a reception will be held at the residence of the bride's parents, Captain and Mrs. William H. Taylor, on California Street.

At the wedding of Miss May E. Pope and Mr. Daniel T. Murphy, Miss Evelyn Carolan and Miss Edith Taylor will be the bridesmaids, Mr. Robert R. Grayson will act as best man, and Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, Mr. Walter S. Newhall, and Mr. Augustine Taylor will be the ushers. The ceremony will be performed by Archbishop Riordan at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. A. J. Pope, on Van Ness Avenue, on Monday, April 18th.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Ames, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pelham W. Ames, and Mr. Robert William Wood will take place in Grace Church, at half-past eight o'clock on Tuesday evening, April 19th. The maid of honor will be Miss Alice Ames and the bridesmaids will be Miss May Hoffman, Miss Minnie Emmett, Miss Mary Graham, and Miss Helen Otis. Mr. Worthington Ames will act as best man, and the ushers will be Mr. William Little, Mr. Randall, Mr. Leonard E. Chenery, and Mr. Southard Hoffman. A reception will be held after the ceremony at the residence of the bride's parents, on Taylor Street, to which only a limited number of relatives and intimate friends will be invited.

The wedding of Miss Irene Crowell, daughter of Mrs. E. A. Crowell, and Mr. Alpheus Bull, Jr., will take place on Wednesday evening, April 27th, at the residence of the bride's mother, 1603 Larkin Street. Miss May Crowell, sister of the bride, will act as maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Mary C. Dunham, of Oakland, and Miss Blanche Castle. The ceremony will be performed at nine o'clock by Rev. Horatio Stebbins.

The wedding of Miss Charlotte Bermingham and Surgeon Stokes, U. S. N., will take place on Monday, April 18th, at the residence of the bride's father, Captain John Bermingham, on Chestnut Street.

Captain and Mrs. R. R. Thompson celebrated their golden wedding on March 31st, at their residence, 1501 Van Ness Avenue. Many of their relatives and friends participated in the pleasures of the affair. A notable feature of the celebration was the presentation of ten thousand dollars by Captain Thompson to his wife.

Mrs. John Martin, assisted by her son, Mr. Henri Hoffman, gave a delightful dinner-party recently at her residence, 2215 Van Ness Avenue. The dining-room was beautifully decorated in tones of pink and olive, and a string orchestra played concert selections during the service of the repast. The guests were: Rev. and Mrs. A. C. Hirst, Colonel and Mrs. R. H. Warfield, Mr. and Mrs. J. Sanborn Doe, Mrs. M. Swan, Miss Jessie Sherwood, Mr. Charles Doe, and Mr. Bartlett Doe.

Mrs. A. H. Vail gave a pretty lunch-party recently at her residence, 2702 Sacramento Street, in honor of Mrs. E. A. Shepard. Charming effects in white and gold were produced with roses, lilacs, and ribbons and draperies of silk. The others present were Mrs. George J. Bucknall, Mrs. J. P. Currier, Mrs. D. E. Allison, Mrs. Alfred Moore, Mrs. George Easton, Mrs. A. S. Whitney, Mrs. Mitchell Phillips, and Miss Shepard.

Hon. and Mrs. George C. Perkins gave an enjoyable dinner-party at their residence in Oakland on Saturday evening, April 2d. The menu was sumptuous, and its enjoyment occupied several hours. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Charles Goodall, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Knowles, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Goodall, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, Hon. and Mrs. George Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Goodall, Mr. and Mrs. John L. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Upham, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Olney, Colonel and Mrs. J. P. Irish, Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear, Mrs. Eva Perkins, Miss Teene Goodall, Rev. C. W. Wendte, and Mr. S. G. Murphy.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin left New York recently for London, where she will join a party of friends on the steam-yacbt *Victoria* for a pleasure trip through the Mediterranean and Adriatic Seas.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels and Mr. A. B. Spreckels returned from the East last Tnesday. Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels have arrived in New York city.

Mr. James C. Dunphy, who is now at Tucson, A. T., will soon go to New York to meet his sister, Miss Jennie Dunphy, who will return from Paris on May 2nth. During an absence of three years in Paris, Miss Dunphy has been perfecting her musical education.

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford returned from Wasbington, D. C., last Tuesday. Their visit bere will be very brief.

Hon. Romualdo Pacheco returned from Central America last Tuesday, and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Tevis at their residence on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Marks and Mrs. William H. Smith will leave to-day for the East en route to Europe. Miss Hilda Lutz accompanies them as far as Chicago, where she will visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Miss C. M. Huntington, Mr. G. E. Miles, and Mr. B. Worthingtnn arrived here from New York last Monday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Baron and Baroness J. H. von Schröder are in Paris. The baron will leave there next week for Germany to enter upon his military duties. It is highly probable that they will return here late in autumn.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis T. Haggin, Mrs. J. B. Haggin, and Count and Countess Festetics left New York last Tuesday en route to this city.

Hon. and Mrs F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low have secured a cottage at the Hotel Rafael and will occupy it on the first of May.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedell and Mr. E. G. Schmiedell will go to the Hotel Rafael on May 1st for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Wood are paying a visit to the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones have engaged apartments at the Hotel Rafael for the summer.

Mr. A. N. Towne returned from Texas last Monday, in company with Mr. C. P Huntington and party.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Wise, *née* Whittemore, who have been at the Hotel Pleasanton since their return from the East, will leave in a few days to occupy their cottage in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker will pass the summer at "The Terrace" in Sausalito.

Mr. Evan J. Coleman has returned from New York.

Mr. John Perry, Jr., and his niece will go to San Rafael May 1st, to pass the season at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. S. W. Backus, of this city, and Mr. Lucius Sanborn and Miss Helen Sanborn, of Los Angeles, left for New York last Tuesday via Panama. They will remain in the East about two months, when General Backus will join them and the party will return home via the Yellowstone Valley. Afterward they will go to Alaska.

Mr. Frank S. Douty has returned from his Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Reed, *née* Dore, have returned from their tour of Southern California and are occupying their residence, 1111 Eighth Street, in Oakland. They will receive on Wednesdays.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Davidson will pass the coming season at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Miss Mamie Holbrook, and Mr. Harry M. Holbrook have returned to the city after a month's visit to the Hotel del Coronado, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and other places of interest in Southern California.

Mr. H. M. A. Miller returned to the city last Tuesday after passing three months on the plantation of his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, near Honolulu. He is greatly improved in health.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Percy Rothwell will leave on May 1st to occupy a cottage in Sausalito for three months.

Mrs. Joseph Durbrow and Miss Durbrow will be at the Hotel Rafael during the summer months.

Mrs. Calvin E. Whitney and family will pass the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. Charles LeGay, of Paris, has been in the city visiting relatives for several months. He intends sailing for Paris in May to join his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Griffith will soon go to Ross Valley to occupy their new cottage during the season.

Mr. Seymour Manning came down from Portland, Or., a week ago to join his wife, who has been visiting her father, Mr. N. K. Masten, for a couple of months. Mr. and Mrs. Manning will return home in a few days.

Miss Belle Smith and her two brothers will leave soon to pass a couple of months at the Hotel del Cornado.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Bowers will leave in May to pass the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. Robert L. Coleman is visiting Washington, D. C.

Mr. James B. Stetson has gone to Los Angeles on a brief visit.

Mr. James Archibald will leave next month on a visit to the South Sea Islands, China, and Japan, and will be away about eight months.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Buckingham returned last Tuesday from a trip to the Hawaiian Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Atherton arrived here last Tuesday on a visit from Honolulu.

Mrs. Frank J. Moffitt and family, of Oakland, arrived at the Hotel del Coronado last Monday, and will remain there several weeks.

Miss Irene Tay will soon leave for Washington, D. C., to visit Mrs. Eyre, *née* Klink. Lieutenant Eyre will be on survey duty all summer along the Atlantic Coast, and his wife and Miss Tay will accompany him.

Miss Lena Schell will leave next Wednesday to visit relatives at Modesto for a few weeks. She will visit the Yosemite Valley before returning home.

Mr. Mark Sheldon and Mr. F. P. Sheldon, who are making a tour of the southern part of the State, were at the Hotel del Coronado during the past week.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway will pass the season at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. Throckmorton will pass the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

The Misses Mary and Frances Gamble, of Piedmont, will return from Honolulu about April 28th.

Mr. F. L. Castle has returned to the city after passing a month at Paso Robles.

Mrs. E. B. Coleman and Miss Lena Blanding have returned to the city after passing two months pleasantly at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. G. W. Handy and Miss Handy are visiting Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard are visiting their villa in San Mateo.

Dr. and Mrs. Winslow Anderson are returning from their two years' tour of the world. They are expected home in San Francisco about May 8th, from China, on the steamer *City of Peking*.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis will pass the summer at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Richards will pass the summer in San Rafael and will occupy the Griffith cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Salisbury are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Goodsell, of New York, are making their annual visit to this city. They stopped at the Hotel del Coronado for a while last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ignatz Steinhart and Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Seligman will occupy one of the Hotel Rafael cottages during the summer.

Mr. William H. Stinson, Mr. A. C. Bonnell, and Mr. James Bonnell have taken a cottage in Sausalito for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest C. La Montagne, *née* Catherwood, have arrived in Xeres, Spain.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Kilgarif have returned from a visit to relatives in Marysville.

Mrs. Charles Nelson and Miss Georgia Emerson will leave on April 25th for New York, and on May 5th will sail for Europe, where they will travel several months.

Mr. Solomon Gump left for Europe last Thursday, and will be away about three months.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young left New York last Monday for Chicago, and are expected here next Friday.

Mr. Richard Ferrer left last Thursday for the East, en route to Berlin, where he will study violin music at the Conservatory for a couple of years.

Mrs. Hugh Tevis is visiting her parents, Judge and Mrs. J. H. Boalt, at their country place near Cloverdale.

Mrs. C. J. Torbert and Miss Mollie Torbert are enjoying a visit at Santa Barbara.

Miss Marguerite Wallace has returned from a pleasant visit to Fresno.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, who have been passing the winter here, are now occupying their country home, "Stag's Leap," near Napa.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dean and Miss Sara Dean are at Belvedere, where they will remain during the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss, Mr. and Mrs. George Loomis, Captain and Mrs. William Kohl, Miss Mamie Kohl, and Mr. C. N. Felton, Jr., who have been visiting Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, are now enjoying a sojourn at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. R. H. Pease will leave for New York in a few days and will remain away several weeks.

Colonel and Mrs. William Macdonald have rented their residence on Scott Street, and are now at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Willey and Mr. Frank D. Willey will leave here next Saturday to occupy their cottage in Sausalito during the coming season.

Miss Maude Berry, who has been studying music in Boston during the past year, has returned to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Ryan and the Misses Daisy and Ruth Ryan, who have been here during the winter season, are now occupying their villa in Menlo Park.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Mr. S. Le Roy Irwin, U. S. A., and Miss Maria Elizabeth Barker will be united in marriage on Saturday, April 30th, at the home of the bride's father, Mr. Joseph H. Barker, on Thirty-Fourth Street, in New York city.

Major F. M. Coxe, U. S. A., will soon leave for his new station at Portland, Or. His family will accompany him.

Lieutenant John P. Finley, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., returned to the city last Wednesday to resume his duty in connection with the Pacific Division of the Weather Bureau.

Lieutenant G. W. S. Stevens, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted two weeks' leave of absence.

The Misses Hull, daughters of the late Captain G. A. Hull, U. S. A., will leave soon to visit friends in Los Angeles.

Lieutenant James E. Runcie, First Artillery, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty and ordered to join his proper station in the East.

— AN EXCURSION WILL LEAVE THE OAKLAND ferry on Saturday morning, April 16th, for Lodi, where the adjacent "home ranch" of the Hon. R. C. Sargent is to be sold at auction in subdivisions by Easton, Eldridge & Co. Lodi is the centre of "the earliest and most luscious fruit-belt of the world," and this sale of a two-thousand-acre farm in subdivisions of ten acres and upwards affords a splendid chance to make a very profitable investment.

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BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest United States Government Food Report.*

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Has one specialty and pride, and that is the Table. It is supplied from the best the market affords in San Francisco. Our Butter, Eggs, Cream, and Vegetables, come from the Marin County dairies and farms in the vicinity. The train and boat service from San Francisco is superb—ten trains daily—making it very convenient for gentlemen to be able to pass the evening with their families or friends, and derive the benefits of country air and still be able to attend to business daily in the city. "Commutes" $5 per month; Ladies and Children, $3.

Telephone 38. Telegraph or write, or, better still, call and see us any day, and satisfy yourself beyond question. Take Sausalito Ferry and Cars to Larkspur. Round-trip, 50 cents. Respectfully, Hepburn & Terry.

CREAM KUMYSS AIDS DIGESTION.

33 GRANT AVENUE.

THE SECOND

Souther Farm Sale

Will take place at the

SOUTHER FARM

NEAR SAN LEANDRO,

Wednesday, April 20, 1892,

THEN WILL BE SOLD

Sixty-five head of Trotting, Road, and General Purpose Horses, without by-bid, limit, or reserve.

Full particulars later.

HOTEL RAFAEL

SAN RAFAEL,

MARIN CO., CAL.

WILL RE-OPEN ON MAY 1st

For accommodations apply to

CHAS. PETERSEN,

124 Sansome Street,

Or, O. M. BRENNAN, Manager, San Rafael.

Just Received

The Largest and Best Assortment at the Lowest Prices,

OUTING SHIRTS,

NEGLIGEE SHIRTS,

LAWN-TENNIS SHIRTS

— ALSO —

LAWN-TENNIS and OUTING SUITS.

Children's and Boys' Clothing.

LADIES' WAISTS

The Largest Selection in the city, at LOW PRICES.

SATCHELS, VALISES, BELTS, Etc.

ROOS BROS.

27, 29, 31, 33, 35, 37, Kearny St.

IMPORTERS.

PROMPT RELIEF

For biliousness, diarrhœa, nausea, and dizziness, take

Ayer's Pills

the best family medicine, purely vegetable,

Every Dose Effective

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CAPITALISTS ATTENTION!

OAKLAND Business Property

In the Heart of the City, fronting

Broadway and Fourteenth St.

AT AUCTION!

SATURDAY,

SATURDAY.....APRIL 9, 1892

At 2 o'clock P. M., on the Grounds,

The Finest Business Block in Oakland

In 13 subdivisions, 25x100 feet each, opposite the new Macdonough Theatre building, now being constructed at a cost of over $300,000, and at the junction of Broadway, Telegraph, and San Pablo Avennes and Fourteenth Street, within a stone's throw of the Narrow-Gauge Depot on Fourteenth Street.

Absolutely the business centre of Oakland. This property will command the highest rents in the city. The Home Savings Bank has purchased the corner in this property, and will immediately erect a magnificent steel building. Already the bank has had numerous applications for stores and offices in the new edifice—in fact, more than they can supply—at large and very satisfactory rents. The value of this improvement and the new Macdonough Theatre opposite can not now be estimated. Arrangements have been completed so that the terms will suit all.

NOTE THE UNUSUAL TERMS.

ONE-TENTH CASH, balance on long credit. Interest on deferred payments at 8 per cent. per annum.

Send for Catalogues. Further information from

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THE BEST PIANO IN THE WORLD FOR BEAUTY OF TONE & DURABILITY.

CABLER, PEASE, AND OTHER PIANOS, ORGANS

And all kinds of Musical Instruments and Music. Call and see our large stock.

MATTHIAS GRAY CO., 206-208 Post

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE ANXIOUS MOTHER.

A New York woman accepted an invitation for one night for herself and husband to dine and sleep at the house of a friend in Morristown. She never left her children overnight. However, after getting her husband's sister to come up from Staten Island to stay, and making her brother, who lived with her, promise he would spend the evening at home in case any emergency should arise needing a man's assistance, the over-devoted mother felt a certain sense of security for the brief absence. Still, this did not prevent her meeting her husband with a torrent of suggestive anxieties, and the trip to the ferry was interlarded with frequent outbursts of exaggerated maternal fears.

They were in mid-stream, though, before the tragedy came. Mrs. A. had been sitting wrapped in deep thought for several seconds, when suddenly her face took on an expression of agony, and, clutching her husband's arm, she exclaimed: "Oh, Frank," in tones of such real distress that her husband thought she was about to faint.

"What is it?" he asked, greatly alarmed.

"Oh, I left the bath-room window open," she gasped, "and Harold sometimes strays in there, and the bar is off, you know. I thought it would not matter till summer, for the window is never open, save under my supervision."

"Why is it open to-day, then?" the half-angry, half-anxious father inquired.

"I wanted to air the halls well, before I left. I'm always so afraid of sewer-gas, and Jessie might forget it. Oh, dear! I must go back at once," and the distracted woman started for the rear of the boat.

Her husband impatiently detained her.

"You can't swim back," he said, grimly. "There's no use in your going back, anyway. When we get across, we'll send a dispatch to Jessie."

"But if she shouldn't get it," wailed the mother, who, by this time, saw the mangled form of her four-year-old stretched on the flags beneath the bath-room window; "hadn't we better send a messenger, and you could pay him extra to make him fly?"

Mr. A. persuaded his wife that electricity would be better. Finally, a "rushed" dispatch was sent, Mrs. A. writing it, and finding a degree of relief in underscoring all of the words:

"*Be sure to shut the bath-room window at once. Answer Morristown.*"

By this time, the train they started for had gone, and a half-hour's wait was cheerfully occupied by Mrs. A. in felicitating herself that she had left the family physician's telephone call with her sister-in-law Jessie and also with the nurse. They had barely reached their rooms after greeting their hostess, when a servant brought up a dispatch. Mr. A. tore the envelope and mastered its contents.

"Well!" said his wife, anxiously.

"'*You did not leave it open. Jessie,*'" read Mr. A.—*New York Times.*

JUGGLERY IN THE KITCHEN.

Some of the Tricks Practiced in the Sale of Adulterated Baking Powders.

Chronicle, San Francisco.

Is there not some city ordinance that will protect housekeepers from the peripatetic female with the baking-powder tests? Nobody wishes to turn a woman from the door, but really the frequency with which this one, or her sister, is sent around by the baking-powder concern that employs her makes her, even if the cleverest of her sex, a bit tiresome.

Then the "tests" she makes are so unscientific, not to say fraudulent, that they are likewise becoming a bore. Here, for instance, is one of them: A sample of the baking powder found in the kitchen visited, and which it is intended to defame, is placed in a glass, mixed with a little water, and stirred. Being a pure powder it foams up like champagne, although the bubbles of carbonic-acid gas will continue to rise for a long time. The tester then takes a sample of the powder which she is trying to introduce, and treats it in the same manner. The result is a glass of yeast-like foam. This action, she claims, is evidence of the superiority and greater strength of her powder, whereas it is caused solely by the flour with which the powder is largely adulterated, and it is indisputable evidence of such adulteration. To prove this, add a little flour to the other powder, mix thoroughly, add the water, stir it up, and the same result will be produced to a degree dependent upon the quantity of flour used.

Another "test" consists in placing the can on a hot stove or over a lamp or gas-jet, or in boiling the baking powder with water. If the baking powder is good for anything, the heat will, of course, expel the gas, which is apparent to the sense of smell. The claim is then made that this gas indicates something detrimental, although, as a matter of fact, a baking powder that would give off no gas when subjected to heat would be without leavening power and valueless.

The object of these people is, of course, to deceive the consumers as to the qualities of their baking powder and the baking powder used in the kitchen visited.

The attempt to injure honest goods and make a market for an adulterated article by such methods is dishonest and despicable. But to try to palm off upon any woman such silly tricks for a scientific test is an insult to her intelligence.

A MUSICAL MASHER.

A centenary is a very grand thing, no doubt; but few people hanker after it. If Rossini takes any interest in the thing just now he might request his admirers to "whistle it easy." Above the din of the orchestras we find some bass notes that the author of "William Tell" would perhaps like to have omitted. They inform us that the great composer was what the French call *un homme de bonnes fortunes*, or at least he imagined himself such. He was thoroughly convinced that he was irresistible among the ladies. As an American might say, vulgarly but expressively, he was "stuck on himself." He kept his pockets well stocked with *billets doux*, which he constantly exhibited to his less fortunate friends and acquaintances. In a word, if the notes which his centenary have called forth are all in tune, the great maestro was an ass. Here is one of them from his biographer, Œttinger.

At Milan, one morning, just as he got out of bed, Rossini received the following note:

A lady just arrived from Naples, with the intention of making the acquaintance of the maestro whose music fills the entire globe and carries his renown everywhere, would wish to see him this evening at the Scala, box 9, lower tier, to tell him orally what she dares not put on paper.

The letter was written in a fine and elegant hand. There was a crest on the envelope, and the whole affair was exquisitely scented.

"Another conquest!" sighed Rossini, with an air of profound resignation. Just then the door was opened and the tenor David appeared. David was a first-class practical joker. The composer and the singer chatted pleasantly for a while, after which the latter announced the news that the Embassadress of France had just arrived at Milan.

"Is she pretty?" asked Rossini.

"She is simply adorable," replied David; "and she is just crazy over your music. Her very first act was to hire a box for this evening. I was at the theatre when her intendant arrived, and he hired a box in the lower tier."

"Do you know the number?" asked Rossini.

"Number nine, I think," was David's reply.

That settled it. When David went away Rossini prepared himself with a most elaborate toilet. He curled his hair, fixed himself up elaborately, put on his all-conquering trousers, and, when it was time to start for the theatre, he set off with a light heart for box nine. He found it empty. But he waited patiently, or, rather, impatiently, for the arrival of the expected beauty. At the end of the third act the box-door was gently opened and an unknown hand presented Rossini with this note:

My Dear Master: Madame the Embassadress of France has charged the undersigned to offer you her apologies. It is impossible for her to come to the theatre for the following reasons:

I.—She has not yet left Rome.
II.—She will probably never come to Milan.
III.—She doesn't exist. The Embassador of France is a widower.

Be good enough, incomparable maestro, to accept the assurance of the profound esteem with which the undersigned has the honor to be Your devoted admirer,

Primo Aprile.

Rossini swore. He was an April fool! He tried to laugh it off, but ever afterward David's notes were always out of tune with the great composer.—*New York Sun.*

Keeping Lent.

Janet—I am so glad Lent has come, it is so restful. You know I'm keeping it this year.

Marian—So am I. I'm not doing anything I like.

Janet—You? You are not keeping Lent. I heard of you at the opera the other night, and Tom Sturges danced with you at the Harkinses' Wednesday night.

Marian—I know I was at the opera, but you don't understand. It was Italian opera, and I despise Italian opera so that it really was suffering all the way through; and as for dancing with Tom Sturges, that's no pleasure. Quite the reverse.

Janet—Well, my method of keeping Lent is quite different from yours. I give up all theatres, dances, and frivolity, and go about trying to do some good. Monday I trimmed a spring bonnet for a poor woman whose husband was a millionaire last year, and to-day is simply keeping up appearances on credit. Hasn't a cent. Last Thursday I devoted four hours to embroidering a table-cover for a starving family up in Harlem; and on Friday night I gave a progressive-euchre party at the house, charging twenty-five cents a game, for the benefit of the Astor Library, which reminds me that I must be running along. I am due at the hospital at eleven.

Marian—What are you to do there?

Janet—I am going to read Browning to a sick child.—*Bazar.*

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The French Marshal Vivonne and the Comte d'Auvergne were probably the most corpulent gentlemen of the court in Louis the Fourteenth's time. "Marshal, you are really getting too fat," said the king; "you ought to take more exercise." "Your majesty does not know, then, that I take a great deal of exercise?" "No; what do you do?" "I walk around the Comte d'Auvergne three times every day."

Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, of New Zealand (says the Providence *Journal*), is, by all accounts, very particular that his M. A. should appear always after his name. A deacon, in an out-of-the-way New Zealand township, one Sunday read to his congregation the written notice of Mr. Hughes's forthcoming visit thus: "The pulpit of this church will be occupied on Sunday next by the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes's Ma." He added the sage reflection: "And we have no doubt the old lady will give us a very telling discourse."

Miss Shaw denounced man's disposition to claim everything, at a woman's convention in Kansas City the other day. "Why," she said, "there's Old Abe, the bald eagle—the men named him Abe—they say 'he' screams and 'he' stretches his wings; 'he' does this and 'he' does that. He was carried through the war and then taken to the Centennial. He was pointed out to the youth of the land as the emblem of liberty. The truth is, after Old Abe was taken to Madison, Wis., he got tired of doing nothing and went to laying eggs."

Thackeray was not a vain man, and he disliked vanity in others, and made it the subject of his ridicule and sarcasm. After long pleading, his family induced him to have his portrait painted, and Lawrence, a famous London artist, gladly undertook the task. Soon after the picture was completed, Thackeray chanced to be dining at his club, when a pompous officer of the Guards stopped beside the table, and said: "Haw, Thackeray, old boy, I hear Lawrence has been painting your portrait?" "So he has," was the response. "Full length?" "No; full-length portraits are for soldiers, that we may see their spurs. But the other end of the man is the principal thing with authors," said Thackeray.

The Rev. Doctor Cuyler was seventy years old a few days ago, and received gratifying tokens of regard from many friends. The drawing-room and study were fragrant with roses and flowers, and were a bower of beauty (says the Brooklyn *Eagle*). It occurred to some one to bring a faithful servant who had been knitted by interest, association, and affection with the life of the household through years of tender and trusting service, up to the drawing-room to see the evidences of the loving remembrance in which the good man was held. She examined the gifts with great interest, and expressed her delight in these glowing words to Mrs. Cuyler: "I tell you, ma'am, the doctor couldn't have had more flowers sent to him if he was dead!"

The late Count de Nieuwerkerke was one of the last survivors of the brilliant court of Napoleon the Third. In those days, he was devoted in his attentions to the Princess Mathilde, and once, when that lady had invited Edmond About, the author, to dine with her, the count was announced, and entering the room, found the princess and the author chatting together. "Do not be jealous, it is only I," said About, in a spirit of smartness. The princess instantly rang the bell, and when the servant appeared, she said: "Give orders to have the plate of M. About removed from the table—he will not dine with me this evening." M. About, like Abou Ben Adhem, must have had a troubled night of it, for he was a man of vanity, and the cut was a deep one.

There was once in Eastern Tennessee a judge well versed in the law, but entirely self-educated, who had this same obstacle of orthography to contend with all his days. In early life, he had lived in Knoxville, and for a long time insisted upon spelling the name Noxville. His friends at last educated him up to the point of adding the K; so thoroughly, in fact, did he learn this lesson that when, a few years afterward, he removed to Nashville, nothing could prevent him from spelling the name Knashville. After a few years' residence there, the judge moved again, this time to Murfreesboro. One day, he sat down to write his first letter from this place. He scratched his head in perplexity for a moment, and finally exclaimed: "Well, I'll give it up! How in the world can they spell the name of *this* place with a 'K'?"

A good story is told of a very reverend and very dignified master of an English college. Although "the doctor" was a serious man, he was also a kindly one, and when a young man of his college fell ill, did all in his power to procure him good care and the best medical advice. Finally the invalid's sister arrived, and as she was young and inexperienced, the worthy doctor endeavored, by constant attention, to lighten her load of anxiety. She was most grateful, and confided to her hetrothed, who was at a distance, her desire that only "the dear doctor," the master of the college, should perform their wedding ceremony. The student recovered, and was now to accompany his sister home, there to be nursed into vigor again. The doctor was present to say good-bye, and the young lady was full of gratitude. "Doctor," said she, grasping both his hands, "you have been so good to me!" "I have found great pleasure in your acquaintance," said the gentleman, in his most dignified and courteous manner. "You have done so much for me, but I am going to ask one more favor! Will you promise to marry me?" The doctor, amiable as he was, dropped her hands and started back in horror. "My dear young lady," he stammered, "I—I'm afraid we shouldn't get on together!"

During the earlier visits of the royal family to Balmoral, Prince Albert, dressed in a very simple manner, was crossing one of the Scotch lakes in a steamer, and was curious to note everything relating to the management of the vessel, and among other things cooking. Approaching the "galley," where a brawny Highlander was attending to the culinary matters, he was attracted by the savory odors of a compound known by Scotchmen as "hodge-podge," which the Highlander was preparing. "What is that?" asked the prince, who was not known to the cook. "Hodge-podge, sir," was the reply. "How is it made?" was the next question. "Why, there's mutton intil't, and turnips intil't, and carrots intil't, and——" "Yes, yes," said the prince, who had not learned that "intil't" meant "into it," expressed by the contraction intil't; "but what is intil't?" "Why, there's mutton intil't, and turnips intil't, and carrots intil't, and——" "Yes, I see, but what is intil't?" The man looked at him, and, seeing that the prince was serious, he replied: "There's mutton intil't, and turnips intil't, and——" "Yes, certainly, I know," urged the inquirer; "hut what is intil't—intil't?" "Ye daft gowk!" yelled the Highlander, hrandishing his big spoon, "am I no telling what's intil't? There's mutton intil't, and——" Here the interview was brought to a close by one of the prince's suite, who was fortunately passing, and stepped in to save his royal highness from being rapped over the head with the big spoon.

How to Get Rid of Sideache.

Who has not suffered from sideache? We all had it when we ran races at school—we have it when we overwork ourselves at any age. It comes on, as everybody knows, suddenly. By using one of Allcock's Porous Plasters it goes away nearly as quickly. F. Roessner, of No. 556 West 55th Street, New York, says:

"It is with pleasure I write these lines in testimony to the powers of Allcock's Porous Plasters. I have been somewhat annoyed with serious pains in my sides, for which several medicines have been prescribed, but to no avail, and through the advice of a friend I tried two Allcock's Porous Plasters, and the relief they have given me is both satisfactory and astonishing. To any one annoyed with pains, these plasters are a certain remedy."

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Steamer.	From San Francisco for Hongkong. 1892.
Gaelic	Saturday, April 16
Belgic	Tuesday, May 10
Oceanic	Thursday, June 2

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Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.
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Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamer sails at noon 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas.
Way line sailing—Monday, April 18th, SS. Geo. W. Elder.
Where the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the preceding Saturday.

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China....(via Honolulu).....Thursday, April 28, at 3 P. M.
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PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

Leave.	From April 9, 1892.	Arrive.
7.00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	* 12.15 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga	6.15 P.
* 8.00 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa	* 6.15 P.
8.00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	Second-class Ogden and East, and first-class locally	10.45 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	4 45 P.
9.00 A.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.
12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore	7.15 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	* 9.00 P.
3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, & Stockton	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9 45 A.
4.30 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10.45 A.
4.30 P.	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
5.00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	12.15 P.
5.00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 P.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	7.45 A.
.....	Niles and San José	‡ 6.15 P.
6.00 P.	Ogden Route Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	11.45 A.
‡ 7.00 P.	Vallejo	† 8 45 P.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	8.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡ 7.45 A.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees, and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
* 2.15 P.	Centreville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	* 10.50 A.
4.45 P.	Centreville, San José, and Los Gatos	9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7.00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations	6 10 P.
10.37 A.	San José and Way Stations	5.10 P.
12.15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations	4.00 P.
* 2.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way stations	* 10 48 A.
* 3.30 P.	Menlo Park San José, and principal Way Stations	* 10.03 A.
* 4.15 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.06 A.
5.15 P.	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
† 11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	† 7.30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 29, 1891, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7.40, 9.20, 11.40 A. M.; 3.30, 5.00, 6.20 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1.50 P. M.
Sundays—8, 9.30, 11 A. M.; 2, 5, 6.15 P. M.
From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6.25, 7.55, 9.30 A. M.; 12.45, 3.40, 5.05 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.30 P. M.
Sundays 8.10, 9.40, A. M.; 12.15, 3.40, 5, 6.25 P. M.
From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6.50, 8.20, 9.55 A. M.; 1.10, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.55 P. M.
Sundays—8.25, 10.05 A. M.; 12.40, 4.05, 5.30, 6.50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. Week Days.	Sundays.	Destination.	Arrive San Francisco. Sundays.	Week Days.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M. 5.00 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 9.30 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M. 7.25 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7.25 P. M.	6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cabto Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydesville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays, to Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa, $2.25; to Healdsburg, $3.40; to Cloverdale, $4.50; to Hopland, $5.70; to Ukiah, $6.75; to Sebastopol, $2.70; to Guerneville, $3.75; to Sonoma, $1.50; to Glen Ellen, $1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, $1; to Santa Rosa, $1.50; to Healdsburg, $2.25; to Cloverdale, $3; to Ukiah, $4.50 to Hopland, $3.80; to Sebastopol, $1.80; to Guerneville $2.50; to Sonoma, $1; to Glen Ellen, $1.20.

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In the rich mine of romance and melodrama which Walter Scott discovered, playwrights have found an inexhaustible supply of raw material. Lucia di Lammermoor, Meg Merrilies, Old Mortality, Ivanhoe, Quentin Durward, and Amy Robsart have been almost as successful on the stage as they were in their original shape. So exuberant was the fancy of the Scottish master of fiction, that, like the ancient city of Rome, his estate has been pillaged by Goth and Vandal without perceptible diminution of its treasures. In Scott, the dramatic instinct reached its highest development. He fathomed the deepest depths of the human soul, and laid bare the impulses which inspire heroism or villainy. He was not a microscopical investigator, like Balzac or Thackeray. He drew his pictures on broad lines. His men and women are either all good or all bad. He thus fell short of the exactitudes of those who are aware that the law of compensation governs human nature as it governs the material world, and that there is no man so bad that there is not some good in him, and no woman so good that she has not somewhere a spice of the devil. But the mass of mankind prefer broader delineations of human nature, and for these Scott catered, and catered successfully.

For this reason the dramatization of Scott's novels requires some departure from the original. A woman who is so angelic that she is faultless, is insipid. In real life, she never marries. On the stage, we desire that she retake herself, with as little delay as possible, to that realm of the blessed where the seraphs sing. So Varney, when he appears before us in all his nakedness—villain, knave, traitor, and murderer—is so offensive to the eye and the nostril that we long for the time when poetic justice, in the shape of a hangman or a bottomless hole, will remove him from our gaze.

Adelaide Neilson realized this law of art when she put some fire into namby-pamby Amy Robsart. In the novel, the reader is sorry for the pretty, silly, romantic girl who was fooled by Leicester. But pure, unadulterated sorrow is not interesting. In a little while it becomes a bore, and people desire it to seek appropriate seclusion under a cambric veil. Life is too short to spend much of it in vicarious weeps. Hence Adelaide—the fiery, passionate Adelaide, who never in her life cried, except professionally, till her fingers were caught in the jamb of a door—gave us inkling of feminine fury in Amy Robsart which redeemed her insipidity. Miss Wainwright is neither fiery nor passionate; but she, too, puts some life into Amy, and gives occasional touches which are faintly reminiscent of Bernhardt. She might go further in the same direction with advantage. Amy is the victim of the cruelest wrong that can be inflicted on a woman. She is bright enough to see through Varney's lies and Leicester's subterfuges. Shall she merely overflow in idle tears, or would it not be better art and more natural behavior in her to storm and tear her balked passion to tatters? If it be within the compass of Miss Wainwright's powers, she ought, it would seem, to verify the adage that hell knows no fury like a woman scorned. She has given her youth, her beauty, her fair repute, to a man who, as she soon discovers, seeks nothing so much as to get rid of her, in order to wed another. If that does not warrant "dizzy-eyed fury and great rage," what would?

In the play of "Amy Robsart," Amy is not naturally the leading part. Both Leicester and the Queen are better parts, because in both good and evil, passion and reason, are blended as they are in real life. Neither Mr. Ingersoll nor Miss Walsh rose to the height of their opportunity. Leicester, who was never rightly understood until Motley painted him, is one of the most intensely dramatic characters in history. He was a typical baron of the mediæval era. He murdered two wives in the wild hope of becoming husband of Elizabeth and King of England. He was valiant, cultured, passionate, unscrupulous, irresistible; and he had to deal with the most selfish and the meanest woman in Europe. Elizabeth let him ruin himself in the Low Countries for love of her. Like many women, she was inconstant as fortune—now loving him so openly that the courtiers fell at his feet in expectation of his coming dignity; now chilling him to the marrow with a reception so frigid that the court opined his sun was set. Of her, Dickens wittily remarked that he was a little tired of her boast that she would live and die a virgin queen—women were doing as much every day without bragging of it. She probably never felt the instinct which prompts a woman to lay her head on the breast of some honest man. But she was insatiate for adulation and a mistress of coquetry. Leicester had some blood in his veins. She had a solution of corrosive acid. He probably really loved her—though, perhaps, his heart would not have gone out to a red-headed *laideron* if she had not been queen. She never loved anything but flattery and power; but she was as great in the business which had been set for her to do as Richelieu.

It is easy to conceive a play in which these two striking characters might be offset. A master of play-writing could evolve out of the contrast, and out of the alternations of passion and policy, a work which would take high rank. Leicester, the polished gentleman, brought up on Shakespearian literature, trained to gallant deeds of war, and plunged into a mad passion for his queen; Elizabeth Tudor, the cold, calculating woman of the world, to whom the idea of sex, perhaps, never occurred, and who thought a great deal more of the probable effects of the persecution of the French Huguenots than of letting herself be folded in any man's arms, but endowed with a temper ungovernable and the overbearing arrogance of her Tudor ancestry. There are elements here for fine dramatic work which are far superior to those which have been exploited in the present version of Amy Robsart. That would be a play worth seeing.

Mr. Ingersoll has not the faintest conception of Leicester. Colonel Newcome once said that no one could make himself six feet tall by an effort of the will; and so, probably, Mr. Ingersoll can not metamorphose himself into high-bred, gallant, princely Robert Dudley. His Leicester is at best a mere man-at-arms, who is uncomfortable at finding himself in such good company. So, we are sorry to say, Miss Blanche Walsh is a little common scold, who struts about like a housemaid in her mistress's clothes. Queen Elizabeth was a queen all the time, whether she was waking or sleeping, walking or riding, giving audience to ambassadors each in his own tongue—which she probably pronounced as Lady Dalgetty pronounced French—or disporting herself with the ladies of her court, whom she bullied till they cried, a-railing at her generals like a royal virago. She never for an instant lost sight of the fact that she was the virgin queen of a great kingdom; and though her high and mighty airs impressed observers with an idea that she might have been more like a human being if she had relaxed a little and got married, she was none the less grand and imposing. Miss Walsh is not imposing at all. She looks not only unlike a queen, but like a young person who has never read of kings and queens.

Mr. Barton Hill looks the villain to perfection, and his acting is quite commendable, as also is that of Mr. Backus, who played Tony Foster. The laws of art require a villain in melodrama, in order to make the virtue of other performers shine by contrast. But it has always been held that Scott overdid the villain in Varney. The writer of the play has gone still further. He tells Amy that she is generally believed to have eloped from her home to become his mistress, when, as every one knows, she was publicly married to Leicester in her father's house, and King Edward the Sixth was present at the marriage. Modern audiences are tolerant, but it requires a good deal of forbearance to tolerate on the stage a scoundrel who tells a virtuous woman that she is supposed to be his paramour.

Miss Wainwright received her usual ovation on Monday. San Francisco never forgets her favorites; she is to their faults a little blind and to their merits very kind. Miss Wainwright will be wise if she ascribes some share of the plaudits she got to their indulgent temper. Her position is so well established on the stage that she can afford to hear the truth, and the truth is that the part of Amy, as it should be conceived, is beyond her powers. Her make-up was wonderful—she looked quite the young girl. She retains those musical tones of voice which have always been her greatest charm. But she lacks fire and intensity. She is not strong enough for a part which appeals to fierce emotions. She has read Scott's novel too much and studied human nature too little. A little less of the angel and a little more of the she-devil would have sent her audience home better satisfied. But, whatever dramatic exigency may require, in Miss Wainwright's composition the angel probably so predominates over the devil that she can not restore equilibrium between the two.

At the theatres during the week commencing April 11th: Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in "That Girl from Mexico"; the Bostonians in light opera; Marie Wainwright in "Amy Robsart"; the Tivoli Company in "Bluff King Hal"; and the Grismer-Davies Company in "Beacon Lights."

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MUSICAL NOTES.

The Laurel Hall Club.

The members of the Laurel Hall Club gave an entertainment in their rooms last Wednesday afternoon. A large and fashionable audience enjoyed the following excellent programme:

Duet for piano and violin, andante and allegro, sonata No. 2, Beethoven, Mrs. M. L. Heimburger, Mr. Kayton; recitation, Miss Ermentine Poole; violin solo, reverie, Vieuxtemps, Mr. Kayton; "A Chapter on Clothes," Mrs. Emily Brown Powell; vocal solo, "Odi Tu," Mattei, Miss Adele Martel; pianoforte solo, "Walpurgis Nacht," E. Heimburger, Mrs. M. L. Heimburger; discussion, "Resolved, That the Inventive Faculty is Absent in Woman," affirmatives, Mrs. C. C. Merrill, Mrs. J. Lawrence, negatives, Mrs. J. M. Pierce, Mrs. William Rodda; vocal solo, Mrs. G. E. Morse; soprano solo, with violin obligato, "Wondrous Youth," Abt, Mrs. Walter Witham, soprano, Miss Ethel Smith, violin; an original story, "The Way We went to Bodie," Mrs. Ella Sterling Cummins; quartet, "The Bells," sopranos, Mrs. Walter Witham, Mrs. C. E. Peterson, contraltos, Mrs. J. F. Moulton, Mrs. J. M. Wilson, Mrs. J. R. Hanify.

The Heine Concert.

Mr. Louis Heine, the well-known 'celloist, gave a concert on Friday evening in Irving Hall, with the assistance of Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, Mrs. F. E. Birmingham, Miss Amy Gell, and Mr. Sigmund Beel. The programme had been arranged with much care, and its interpretation delighted a large and appreciative audience. The selections were as follows:

Sonata for violin and piano, allegretto tranquillo, allegro animato, Grieg, Mrs. Carmichael-Carr and Mr. Sigmund Beel; Concerto No. 3, D major, C. Davidoff, Mr. Louis Heine; recitation and aria, "O, Thou that Tellest" ("Messiah"), Handel, Mrs. F. E. Birmingham; concerto, first movement, Beethoven, (cadenza by Joachim), Mr. Sigmund Beel; song, "The Alpine Rose," F. Sieber, Mrs. F. E. Birmingham; 'cello solo *(a)* "Kal Nidrei," M. Bruch, *(b)* "Am Springbrunnen," Davidoff, Mr. Louis Heine; trio, No. 1, op. 63, adagio, con fuoco, R. Schumann, Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, Mr. Sigmund Beel, and Mr. Louis Heine.

The Partridge Piano Recital.

Miss Ella Partridge, the pianist, gave a concert in Steinway Hall on Saturday afternoon, April 2d, assisted by her pupil, Miss Marie Wilson, and by Mr. Hermann Brandt, violinist, and Mr. Osgood Putnam, basso. The audience was entertained with the following programme:

"Hommage à Handel," grand duo for two pianos, Moscheles; violin solo, romanze, Svendsen; song, "Belshazzar," Schumann; piano solo, *(a)* liebestraum, Liszt, *(b)* barcarolle, Rubinstein, *(c)* Eros, Jensen; songs, *(a)* "Oh, would that love could die," Edith A. Bracken, *(b)* "Absent yet present," Maude Valerie White; sonata, piano and violin, op. 13, allegro vivace, allegretto tranquillo, allegro animato, Grieg.

Mr. John Parrott is having a very large organ built in his residence at San Mateo, at a cost of over ten thousand dollars.

Easter Gifts.

One is reminded of the near approach of Easter by the beautiful display of Easter cards and religious pictures made by Sanborn, Vail & Co. in the windows of their store on Market Street, opposite the end of Grant Avenue. Among the latter, one of the most artistic is the re-marked photogravure after Jennie Browscombe's picture of the choir-boys, a beautiful picture and a handsome and appropriate gift at this season.

The Easter cards, art-prints, and delicately painted silk articles are best seen inside the store, where they are to be found in bewildering variety. And near them are the show-cases for the stationery department, a glance at which shows that tinted papers must be coming into fashion again for all correspondence. Both Hurd and Crane, the two foremost firms that make fine papers, have got out some new gros grain and English repp papers in the finest and most delicate shades of lavender, cream, and pink, which are so pretty that it is no wonder the leaders of fashion in the East are discarding plain white.

Another thing that one can not help noticing here is the beautiful copper-plate engraving that Sanborn, Vail & Co. are doing now. Their recent work in this line is marvelously delicate, and that it is appreciated by those who are able to judge, is shown by the names on the visiting-cards, invitations, and the like that lie on their show-cases as samples—names that include those of our wealthiest and most fashionable families.

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A special first-class excursion train will leave the Oakland Ferry, foot of Market Street, San Francisco, on Saturday moroing, April 16, 1892, at 8 o'clock A. M. sharp, reaching Lodi at 11:30 o'clock A. M. Free carriage from Lodi to the property. Free collatinn on the train each way. Returning, excursion train will leave Lodi at 6:30 o'clock P. M. Tickets, round trip, from San Francisco to and from Lodi, $1.50.

Tickets from Stockton on the 8:40 A. M. train, Saturday, April 16th, to Lodi, returning on the excursinn train, 50 cents for the round trip.

Tickets obtainable from Easton, Eldridge & Co., 638 Market Street, on Friday, April 15th, all day and at Oakland Ferry on moroing of excursion, Saturday, April 16, 1892, from our representative up to hour of leaving.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

She—"Don't you think woman can do a great deal towards elevating the stage?" *He*—"Yes. She can lower her hat."—*Life.*

Crawford—"He seems to be a confirmed cynic. I didn't hear him say a good word about anybody." *Crabshaw*—"Perhaps you didn't draw him out about himself."—*Life.*

First wakeful (in sleeping-car)—"What's that old rooster coughing so violently about?" *Second wakeful*—"He's sucked a pillow down his windpipe, I presume."—*Truth.*

It is well to look at the bright side of things. If there were any ducks in this section, and we had time to hunt, this would be good weather for duck-hunting.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

Full-blown rose—"What a pity, dear, you are engaged so young! You will never have the fun of refusing a man." *Bud*—"No; but I've had the fun of accepting one."—*Funny Folks.*

Neighbor—"What is all that crying about over at your place?" *Johnny Peastraw*—"Willie pulled down a jug of molasses on himself in the pantry this morning, and ma is combing his hair."—*New York Sun.*

Druggist—"What did that man want?" *Clerk*—"He wanted something for the grip." *Druggist*—"What did you give him?" *Clerk*—"Don't know; didn't look! Everything is good for the grip."—*Puck.*

Jennie—"Is there any test to ascertain the genuineness of a diamond without consulting a jeweler?" *Minnie*—"Cousin Bob says you can find out by soaking it; but I never thought to ask him in what." *Indianapolis Journal.*

Mrs. Stoutenberg—"You didn't use to puff and growl when I asked you to put my slipper on before we were married." *Stoutenberg*—"No; but you forget that while your foot has grown three sizes larger, you still wear the same size shoe."—*Puck.*

"Is it true that you have been saying that Schlankele here had stolen your purse?" "I did not go so far as to say that, your worship. All I said was that, if Schlankele had not assisted me in looking for the purse, I should have found it again."—*Vademecum für Juristen.*

His wife's mother (in terrible flutter)—"Oh, dear! Oh, my! That heavy Louis the Fourteenth clock upstairs just fell off the wall, with a terrible crash, on the very spot I stood on but a moment before." *Her daughter's husband* (absent-mindedly)—"I always said that clock was slow."—*Ex.*

Her lawyer—"Now, madam, don't you think that if we brought a little pressure to hear on him, we could render the divorce proceedings unnecessary?" *Mrs. Mulvaney*—"Indade an' we couldn't, judge. Oi had him under th' kitchen shtove wid me settin' an top av it fer foor hours yisterday, an' divil th' more dacinter he hekem."—*Judge.*

Among the blessings to infants, whose welfare depend principally on milk diet, is, unquestionably, Highland Brand Evaporated Cream, which is pure, sound milk of the best quality, such as is produced by careful feeding and proper treatment, evaporated to a creamy consistence, canned and sterilized with such scientific precision that its wholesome and nutrient properties are improved and retained forever in all climates. It is self-evident that the article is equally valuable for table use as for dietetic purposes.

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The Channing Auxiliary announces four lectures by the eminent historian and philosopher, John Fiske, who is one of the most popular lecturers in the country. They will be given at the Unitarian Church, the dates and topics being as follows: Monday evening, April 11th, "Alexander Hamilton"; Wednesday evening, "Thomas Jefferson"; Saturday afternoon, "Schubert"; and Monday evening, April 18th, "Daniel Webster." In the musical lecture on Schubert, Mr. Fiske will be assisted by Miss Alice Bacon and Mr. Hermann Brandt, who will play Schubert's "Rondeau Brillant," op. 70, and Mr. Fiske will sing eight or ten of Schubert's most characteristic songs.

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— SOME OF THE BEST BUSINESS PROPERTY IN Oakland is to be sold at auction by Mr. Dingee this (Saturday) afternoon. It is situated on Fourteenth Street and Broadway, and the sale will take place on the grounds, commencing at two o'clock. Full particulars are given in the advertisement in another column.

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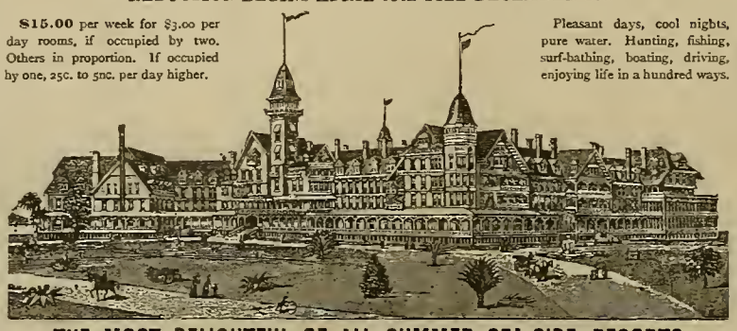

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supplying; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

As a general proposition a State election in Rhode Island could not be construed as having any direct connection with a succeeding Presidential election, her representation in the electoral college being so small as to be of no special value as a factor in calculating chances; but this year the case is very different, for more reasons than one. Rhode Island's election has been a cruel blow to the Democrats.

In the first place, the Democratic party, while lacking courage to attack the McKinley tariff as a whole, has had it in mind to discredit that measure as far as possible, in order to affect the Presidential and congressional elections of the present year. With this in view, Mr. Springer, on behalf of the Ways and Means Committee, introduced his free-wool bill, arguing, with the narrow-mindedness which seems to be characteristic of free-traders, that inasmuch as the manufacturing interest of the Eastern States wanted free raw material, a bill putting imported wool on the free list would meet with instant approval. To foster and nourish that idea, the great apostle of free trade, Grover Cleveland, emerged from his dignified seclusion and condescended to go over into Rhode Island and teach the people of that small but enterprising State the lessons of wisdom which he had learned from a careful comparison of the tracts of the Cobden Club, with a few elementary principles of political economy which he had studied but never understood.

Cleveland, like some greater and wiser men, made the mistake of thinking that American working-men see through their employers' eyes and hear with their ears. He forgot to give the working-man credit for reasoning just one step further than his argument went, and seeing that the sequel of free raw materials would be free imported finished products, the consequence of which would be a reduction of wages to the rates which prevail in the countries whence come those finished products. In other words, Grover Cleveland mistook the American working-man for an ignorant, dull, stupid, wage-earning machine, but found him an intelligent, wide-awake, reasoning, and thinking citizen of the great republic. The result of this trifling error on the part of Cleveland and his fellow free-traders was that Rhode Island went Republican by a plurality of 2,079, whereas it was Democratic in 1889 by a plurality of 4,419. The Republican party, in its own interest, ought to employ Mr. Cleveland to make free-trade speeches in every doubtful State.

The prevailing impression is that the Rhode Island election has determined the fate of the so-called tariff reformers in all the Eastern States. It is argued with much force that if the Democrats could not carry Rhode Island in April, they can not carry Massachusetts and Connecticut, or either of them, in November, when the issues which were presented only by indirection in the gubernatorial election will be brought directly before the people in the election of a President. Cleveland's plurality in Connecticut in 1888 was only 336, and no reason can be shown why he or any other Democrat should be stronger this year than then.

The result of the Rhode Island election necessitates a revision of the estimate of Presidential probabilities. The total vote of the electoral college this year will be 444, requiring 223 votes to elect. Under the new apportionment the South has 159 electoral votes, the East 117, and the West 168. The South must retain all of its own votes and secure 64 votes from the North. If the South carries New York with 36 votes, Indiana with 15, New Jersey with 10, and Connecticut with 6, she would have 67 votes to add to her own, or three more than enough to constitute a majority; but even in this contingency, which is an extremely improbable one, the South would be in a minority if West Virginia with 6 votes or Florida with 4 should fail to stand solidly in the Democratic column.

In making an estimate of this kind, it should be borne in mind that New York is conceded to the Democrats only for the sake of making the case appear as strong as possible for them. The indications really are that the Empire State will send thirty-six Republicans to the electoral college. The recent behavior of Hill has had its effect, as appears by the town elections in the interior of New York, which have been almost uniformly in favor of the Republicans. Hill stole the senate of New York, but he can not steal the people, and his policy has had a well-deserved rebuke administered to it, which will be emphasized and intensified in November. The Western States, too, have shown their disgust with pseudo-reform, so far as their local elections can be held to have any national significance.

The free-traders have been doing a good deal of thinking since the Rhode Island election. The problem presents itself to them in this way: if free raw materials can not win in a manufacturing State, how can they win in agricultural and pastoral States, where they come into direct competition with the home product? If Australian free wool will not go down in Rhode Island, what chance can it have in Ohio, or Montana, or Oregon, where, it is sometimes alleged, the sheep vote? And if the country does not want free trade in raw materials, where is the political capital of the Democratic party to be found? It is very amusing and possibly instructive to read and study free-trade essays in Democratic newspapers and magazines; but when a State like Rhode Island sits down hard on free trade in raw materials, the essays seem somehow to lack something of that power of conviction which is so essential to their usefulness.

This is not a free-trade country, and that is the sum and substance of the whole matter. The people are not ground into the dust by the imposition of tariff taxes, nor do they groan and sweat beneath their burden, as the free-traders would have us believe. On the contrary, the policy of protection does just what its name implies—it protects. It does not directly raise the wages of the working-man, for such is not its purpose, but it does open numberless avenues of industry and it does prevent the average of wages from being forced down to that of the great manufacturing countries of Europe. It enables the American working-man to earn good wages and steady wages, and to buy the necessaries of life so cheaply as to give him a chance, if he be economical and industrious, to lay up money besides supporting himself and his family. These were the solid arguments which the working-men of Rhode Island used for themselves and which far outweighed the polysyllabic platitudes of Grover Cleveland.

An example of a coast-town which has raised itself from obscurity to prominence by developing its maritime commerce, is Hull, in England. It was built on a swamp, and in order to protect the town from periodical overflows of the River Humber, it was necessary to erect levees along both banks. The site is twenty miles from the sea. A hundred years ago, Hull was a place of small trade; all the maritime commerce of the east coast of England was conducted in London. But just a century ago a dock was built on the site of an old fort, and since then other docks have been constructed at intervals, until now Hull counts nine separate docks, with a combined acreage of one hundred and twenty-six acres, and ample water for the largest vessels to float in them. Simultaneously with the construction of the first of these docks, ship-building received an impetus, and enterprising merchants induced owners of vessels built outside of Hull to make it a terminal for new lines.

The chief business of Hull used to be the manufacture of oil-cakes and crushed seed. But with the development of maritime intercourse, especially since the steamship era began, came other industries. To supply the vessels which came to Hull, it became necessary to establish rope-yards, sail-factories, foundries, and steam-engineering works. Sailing vessels brought lumber cargoes from Canada and Norway, and Hull became the greatest timber market in England after Liverpool. Yorkshire and Lancashire paid for the timber they used with the products of their factories; and these again were exchanged at the Baltic ports for grain, flax, cement, drugs, and oils. It was found that by importing raw tobacco, starch, and rags, Hull could give employment to a large number of persons in converting them into marketable merchandise; factory after factory arose, and the exports of Hull, which only a few decades ago were chiefly oil-cake and fish, came to include finished products of all kinds. This led to a large increase in the population. In 1851, Hull contained 84,690 souls; in 1871, it contained 121,000; now its population exceeds 213,000.

This surprising increase has been caused by the rapid growth of Hull's maritime intercourse with the world. Hull had from the start the advantage over all other British ports,

except London, of proximity to Antwerp, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Bremen, Hamburg, Lubec, Copenhagen, Christiana, Stockholm, Dantzig, Riga, and St. Petersburg, and her people were smart enough to put on lines of steamers to these ports which have never been superseded. There is plenty of enterprise and capital among the Dutch, the Germans, and the Danes. But the men of Hull got ahead of them. When, after a time, the people of the Baltic countries built steamers of their own, Hull held out every inducement to them to make it their terminal in England by placing their vessels on the same footing as the steamers built at Hull. Thus they kept the trade, though they ceased to enjoy a monopoly of the profits of carrying. They always managed, too, that the Hull ships should be swifter, safer, and more convenient than their foreign rivals.

In a few years the profits of this traffic enabled the shipowners of Hull to reach out further for business. They put on lines of steamers to Bordeaux, Marseilles, Barcelona, Alexandria, and the ports of the Black Sea. These succeeding, they built larger vessels, and ran them to New York, Rio Janeiro, Capetown, and Bombay. At the present moment there is hardly a prominent seaport in the world which is not in direct communication with Hull by steamer. How swift they have been to take advantage of any opening for the employment of steamers may be inferred from the fact that coastwise steamers which ply on the coast of Brazil are owned in Hull.

How many steamships are sailing the high seas with Hull registers it is not easy, at this distance, to discover. In 1885, 1,943 steamers, with a tonnage of 1,401,200 tons, cleared from Hull for ports outside of Great Britain, or over five a day, and 2,106 steamers entered, with a tonnage of 1,642,915. The total imports of the port in the same year were $84,358,604, and the total exports $130,136,028, making a foreign trade movement of about $215,000,000, or nearly three times that of San Francisco. In the return of shipping, no account has been taken of sailing ships or of fishing vessels, though Hull has a large fleet of both.

Here is a port which lies twenty miles from the sea, on a spot exceedingly unsuited to be the site of a large city. Forty years ago, it contained eighty-four thousand souls. It had to compete with Liverpool, on the other side of the small island of England, and with London, on the same side, and only distant one night's journey by rail. It does not appear that it had much capital to start with. In the buildings at Hull, which antedate this century, no evidences of wealth can be discovered. Two or three small Gothic churches, a charterhouse and Trinity House, both of plain brick, an infirmary, a hospital, and a charity school—those are about all the public buildings which Hull could afford in the ante-steamship era. Yet such was the intelligent enterprise of its people, and so clearly did they discern that the road to prosperity lay through the development of their mercantile marine, that Hull now contains some of the richest men in England, and is in the volume of its foreign trade the third seaport in Great Britain.

Unlike Hull, which is girt with great cities, San Francisco has no rival seaports on this western coast. But—unlike Hull again—she knows not of her possibilities, and sits by the shores of the great ocean which laps her feet, weeping for more railroads.

The passage of the bill for the absolute exclusion of Chinese, except the ministers and consuls, and their attachés and servants, in the popular branch of Congress, by the significant vote of one hundred and seventy-nine to forty-three, is an indication of the change of sentiment that is becoming so marked among the American people with reference to immigration. It is the growth of less than twenty years throughout the States east of the Missouri, especially in the States of the Atlantic, south of New England and north of Maryland. It was not until the experience of California, near the close of the decade of 1850–1860, had taught the greater portion of our citizens the evils of Chinese immigration, that a majority of them favored its restriction. As early as 1851, Governor McDougal, in his annual message, referred to the Chinese as the most worthy of our adopted citizens, and in the legislature of 1852, a bill providing for the introduction of coolie contract labor, and legalizing contracts made in China for that purpose, passed the assembly, and met final defeat in the senate only because it encountered an opposition more determined than had been contemplated, which roused popular antagonism and enlisted miners and working-men against it. The bill was introduced by Archibald Peachy, a leading Democrat of San Francisco, and was supported in both branches of the legislature by Democrats and Whigs from the free States and the slave States alike. The Republican party had not come into existence. The most objectionable classes of Chinese had not come into the State—their highbinders and harlots. But Chinese were not allowed good diggings in the mines—they were permitted to work only the diggings abandoned by whites—and a heavy tax was imposed on Chinese on landing, and Chinese miners were required to pay a monthly license of two dollars. At length, there followed popular demand for restriction of Chinese immigration, which increased to such measure that on the adoption of the new constitution, in 1879, the vote on the proposition to prohibit the immigration of Chinese was 154 638 for to 5,881 against the prohibition.

A similar growth and spread of sentiment in relation to Chinese immigration has gradually developed in the States eastward to the Atlantic seaboard, even in New England, as the Chinese have emigrated from this coast and located there. Prior to this change in popular sentiment, and until the people of the Atlantic States had practical knowledge of the Chinese, had witnessed their habits and mode of life, directly felt the evil contamination, and suffered from the pestilential presence of the Mongolians, they believed the movement in California and throughout the Pacific Coast to be "persecution," and they denounced the agitation against the Chinese as "illiberal," "un-American," and "barbarous." But the presence of the Chinese on the Atlantic Slope has wrought a change in popular sentiment. The mass of the people in the States east of the Rocky Mountains would now vote quite as California voted on prohibition. This, too, although the Chinese are debarred from naturalization and the ballot.

A few days ago the New York *Sun* asked, editorially, whether there is any great public demand for more rigorous measures in restraint or prohibition of Chinese immigration. "The feeling on the Pacific Coast," says Mr. Dana, "may approve such extreme legislation as the Geary Bill, but the country at large has no desire, we believe, for such radical treatment of the Chinese question."

This might be interpreted as an admission that the Pacific Coast knows more about the Chinese question than any other part of the United States—as, indeed, it does, the lesson having been taught by bitter experience; but Mr. Dana weakens his pro-Chinese argument by subsequent portions of his article. He goes on to say:

> "There are Poles, Hungarians, Russians, and Italians landed at this port who are more objectionable and more dangerous immigrants than Chinese have ever been. The great hue and cry against the Chinese is ludicrous in view of the fact that criminals and paupers from Europe have been dumped upon our shores for years without much protest or objection, and that laborers other than Chinese have been allowed without restriction to compete with American labor."

It must be obvious that the presence of objectionable immigrants from other countries is no argument against the exclusion of Chinese. Let us attend to one thing at a time, and, after we have dammed up the stream of Mongolian immigration, we can turn our attention to shutting out the dangerous immigrants from other countries, to whom Mr. Dana alludes, although, in spite of what he says, the cases are not parallel.

The question of interest at the present moment is the probable fate of the Geary Bill in the Senate of the United States. The House of Representatives has spoken in tones too plain to admit of misunderstanding, and, in spite of Democratic attempts to give the vote a partisan color, it is evident that it represented the sentiment of a large majority of the House, irrespective of politics. It so happened that of the negative votes more were Democratic than Republican, but the difference was not great enough to be material. The popular branch of Congress has decided in favor of the exclusion of Chinese.

It might as well be said, first as last, that all the talk about Chinese retaliation is the merest buncombe. We have given to China so much more than she has given to us under any or all the treaties which have been negotiated, that retaliation is impossible, even were China to desire or intend it, which she will not. It must be borne in mind that the commercial instinct is very strong in the Chinese, and that human rights, as we understand them, are not taken into account at all in China in comparison with money-making. To put it in another way, and possibly an extreme one, the Chinese Government would rather have us cut off the head of every coolie who ever landed on our shores than to suspend commercial intercourse and cease buying from her. There is nothing cheaper in China than human life. So long as we continue to buy from China something like seventeen millions of dollars' worth of goods a year, and sell her only about three millions of dollars' worth, we need not have the slightest fear of any retaliation which will deserve the name.

There is an argument which it ought not to be necessary to present to the Senate, but which the exigency of the occasion makes entirely permissible, and that is the political argument. The Democratic party, being in a very large majority in the House of Representatives, will take to itself the credit of passing the Geary Bill, and, indeed, it is fairly entitled to it. Can the Republican Senate afford to take the responsibility of defeating that bill, which is demanded by the entire Pacific Coast and by all the States which have had any experience with the Chinese? It is a foregone conclusion that if the Senate rejects this bill, California, Oregon, and Nevada will be transferred at once from the column of certain Republican States to the column of doubtful States.

It should not be necessary to explain that it is the universally upheld doctrine in the United States that a treaty may be abrogated by an Act of Congress, without any notice whatever to the other party to the agreement. The Constitution of the United States puts treaties and Acts of Congress on precisely the same plane as being the supreme law of the land, and the right to abrogate a treaty is an unquestioned attribute of national sovereignty.

Every argument is in favor of the passage of the Geary Bill except the sentimental one. The idea of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man would seem to antagonize the theory of Chinese exclusion, but the sentimentalists should remember the retort of Senator Miller, of this State, when there was quoted to him the Scriptural declaration: "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." He replied at once: "Why does not the senator from Massachusetts complete the quotation, 'And hath determined the bounds of their habitation'?"

The Compañia Sudamericana de Vapores, whose headquarters are at Valparaiso, is stretching up a long arm for the trade of the west coast of Mexico and South America. It is said to have concluded arrangements to run a monthly line north from Panama to the Central American ports for a small annual subsidy. This is the enterprise which was undertaken some three years ago by parties who had chartered steamers from the Marquis del Camno, the Spanish steamship king. They were elbowed out of the business by the Pacific Mail—having, indeed, too slender a capital for so large an enterprise.

The Valparaiso company has plenty of money, and if it will run its vessels as far north as San Francisco, it will find plenty of business to do. Shippers at the west coast ports, as here, are only too eager to get out of the clutches of the Pacific Mail, which has ground them down by its exorbitant charges. At equal rates, they will give their business to the South American company every time. The United States can not subsidize the new enterprise, but merchants will see to it that it does not want for freight. If the new arrangement shall be concluded, they will give the first South American steamer which arrives a right royal welcome.

Apropos of this line, it is observed that one of the last numbers of the "Consular Reports" contains a report from United States Consul-General Adamson, of Panama, on the freight charges of the Panama Railroad. The report is quite elaborate, and goes into infinite detail in regard to classification and the different rates for through freight and way freight. But, strange to state, it does not give a particle of information about the special rate which the Panama Railroad makes for the freight brought to it by the Pacific Mail steamers. It was stated, a little while ago, that the Pacific Mail—which is under the same control as the Southern Pacific—paid the Panama Railroad a lump sum for hauling its freight over the isthmus, and that the railroad company was under bonds not to make as good a rate for any one else. This was urged as a fatal objection to the project for laying on a new line of freight-steamers between San Francisco and New York via Panama. Neither the railroad nor the steamship has ever denied the existence of such a bargain; indeed, it was stated by one who appeared to have the right to speak for the steamship company that, at the expiration of the present contract, it would propose a reduction of the annual sum now paid to the railroad. It is a little curious that Mr. Adamson, if he had call to talk at all about the Panama Railroad's rates of freight, should have avoided touching upon this matter—especially as it possesses present interest. Are his lips sealed, too?

If the Southern Pacific Company and its water branch, the Pacific Mail, cherish any wild idea that they can maintain a monopoly of interoceanic commerce by tying the hands of the Panama Railroad, they will find that they have reckoned without their host. The Panama Railroad is in the hands of official assignees of a French court, and French courts have very clear ideas on the subject of restraints upon trade. They would no more allow the Panama Railroad to establish one rate of freight for the Pacific Mail and another for all other shippers than they would suffer the Messageries Maritimes Steamship Line to accept a subsidy from a railroad for refusing to give shippers the benefit of competition.

Not many days ago, a delegation from the municipality of New York repaired to Albany to lay before Governor Flower certain wrongs which they wished righted. To them the governor replied briefly, but pungently, "Rats!"

When the official head of a commonwealth of six millions of American freemen replies thus to the officials of a municipality of a million and a half, the question of slang assumes an importance which entitles it to the attention of the American press.

Modern slang has sprung from various sources. Much of

it was originally the argot or patter of thieves, and was devised to baffle listeners. It was a highway robber who first "dowsed the glim," who called his accomplice a "pal," and his victim a "rum cove." Other slang had a professional origin. It was a sailor who called taking a drink "splicing the main-brace," and a Mississippi River captain who gave the memorable order, "Let her go, Gallagher." So a London beer-drinker was the author of the injunction "draw it mild," in opposition to David Copperfield, who directed the barmaid to "draw it with a head." The phrase "I've got the drop on you" is a reminiscence of the old South-Western days, when he who got his pistol out first was sure that the other party's hand would not go to his pistol-pocket—like the phrase "got left," which originally applied to the man who arrived too late for the steamboat.

Surprise, admiration, sarcasm, ridicule, have begotten much slang. A man tells a story which draws too freely on the credulity of his hearers. He is asked if "he is playing them for suckers," which phrase is itself slang for ignoramuses or babies; more directly he is asked: "What are you giving us?" His hearers' impatience is expressed in the wearied entreaty, "Give us a rest"; and one worn-out auditor declares that "he makes me tired." Of such figures of speech, to express admiration of the sex, there is legion. A girl may be "scrumptious," or "a dizzy girl," or "way up," or a "masher," or a "corker," or a "jolly girl," or a "ripper," or "out of sight"; these metaphors explain themselves, with the possible exception of "corker," which is difficult to interpret. Whom or what does the corker cork? A girl may be a "daisy," but so may a man; and when a man is "a daisy" or "dizzy," the appellation is sarcastic, though, as it were, these are positives of the adjective of which "dandy" is the comparative, and "jim-dandy" the superlative. A slang sarcasm to apply to a man is to say that he is "stuck on himself," which, after all, is only a modern variant of the Narcissus story.

Some popular slang phrases have a political origin, and, as might be expected, are not particularly clear. In Blaine's campaign the boys bawled: "What's the matter with Jim? *He's* all right."

But the most copious fountain of slang is alcohol. There is a whole vocabulary of slang phrases on drunkenness in its various forms. A man is "tight," or "corned," or "slewed," or "badly rattled"; he has "a jag on," he is "jaggy," he is on "a booze," or on "a hat," he has had a "razzle-dazzle time"; in fact, there seems to be something so droll and so open to figurative description in inebriation, that there is no limit to the use of new applications of old words to describe it. No matter what words are used, the hearer will understand them. "Got 'em again," does not tell much, but every San Francisco boy knows that it refers to one of the most dreadful of known diseases, *mania-a-potu*.

Some modern slang phrases are easily comprehended. No explanation is required to translate the meaning of "catch on?" "He's not in it." But some of our modern phrases defy the interpreter. How can a man be "in the soup?" And how can one man "snatch another bald-headed?" An explanation has been volunteered that minstrels, who generally wear wigs, sometimes frolic behind the scenes and snatch each other's wigs off, leaving the sufferer bald-headed. But as the old scholiasts used to say, the passage is full of difficulty.

The habit of talking slang is undoubtedly growing on our young women. It is not infrequent to hear a young lady conduct a conversation copiously interlarded with slang. Quite often these expressions are used unconsciously. A girl hears her brothers talk slang, and follows their example without reflection. She tells her mother she is "not in it," just as behind his back she calls her father "the old man"; if she is pleased to meet her dearest chum she says she is "awfully" glad, and if she is surprised to meet her she remarks that she is "just paralyzed."

Much of the slang of the day comes from the low drinking-shop, the gutter, and the jail. It struggles up to the "dive" stage, from there to the "variety" stage, from there to the "farce-comedy" stage. One trouble with its use by young ladies is that a great many slang phrases have two meanings, one of which is apparent on the surface, while girls' brothers do not generally think it necessary to explain the other to their sisters. When a girl, in her sweet simplicity, happens to use one of these double-faced words, she is "knocked silly," to use one of her own phrases, to observe the preternatural gravity which comes over the faces of the men present. She is to be pitied; but she might have escaped this mortification if she had been content with the ordinary language of conversation, which, though it is meagre in comparison with the list of words in the "Century Dictionary," is still adequate for the expression of even those complex thoughts that pass through a lovely maiden's brain.

The season which is now opening will settle the question whether the mineral find at Creede, Col., is going to prove another flash in the pan, or is going to inaugurate the foundation of an abiding mining-camp. Discoveries of permanent value are of rare occurrence, even in the best mining districts. Between the discovery of the gold and silver-bearing quartz-veins on Mount Davidson and that of the argentiferous lead carbonates of Leadville, seventeen years elapsed; since Leadville began to pour out its treasures, fourteen years have passed; and, while half a dozen new camps have attracted miner and speculator, not one of them has yielded a steady output. It was in 1878 that Leadville began to astonish the world. In 1880, Red Cliff and Ten-Mile Creek set up a claim to rivalry; they yielded some ore, but the mines soon ceased to pay. In the following year, splendid finds were reported from Gunnison County; the news depopulated Leadville, but the mines never yielded anything worth mentioning. Then a boom was started for the Cœur d'Alene country, in Northern Idaho. Some good veins were found there, but it generally cost ninety-five cents' worth of work to get a dollar's worth of ore. The peripatetic miners, who rove from camp to camp in the sure belief that they will strike it rich some day, left Cœur d'Alene for Aspen, Col., about 1885, and there some really productive mines have been opened. But the output of the camp never attracted the attention of the world.

Creede is the latest competitor for the supremacy among mining-camps. It is in the San Juan country, where the soil is everywhere impregnated with mineral; a few miles northeast of Silverton, where mines have been worked for a score of years, not a vast distance west of Del Norte, where Senator Bowen's mines are, and a short distance south of Ouray, where the late chief of the Uncompagre Indians declared that he had the richest mines in the world. All this country, which is now a labyrinth of mountains from eight to twelve thousand feet in height, was once a plain intersected with volcanic ranges, which poured forth unceasing flows of lava, not from craters, but from one continuous crevice extending from end to end of the range. When the crust of the continent shrank, the plain was uplifted with ridges which intersected each other in every direction, and its surface was found to be clothed with a layer of cold lava, which the miners call porphyry, or trachite, or oolite, or diorite. In this porphyry mineral is found in different forms.

At Leadville, the porphyry lies on top of the limestone, and the mineral is found in flat deposits between them. At Creede, the mineral appears in the quartz in fissure veins between porphyry walls. There is no accounting for these phenomena. Science can not explain how the gold got into the quartz, or how the lead carbonates absorbed the silver; and the old miner, unable to adjust the controversy between atmospheric precipitation and subterranean eruption, just contents himself with the adage that gold and silver are where you find them.

Meanwhile, history is repeating itself at Creede, as California saw it in the boom days of the placer counties, as Nevada saw it in the early bonanza times, and as everybody saw it at Leadville twelve or fourteen years ago. There are the same wooden shanties, in which they charge a dollar a meal, a dollar for a bed without blankets, and a dollar and a half for a bed with blankets—the snow which drifts through the crevices between the planks is thrown in without extra charge; the same bar-rooms, where fusel-oil whisky is dispensed, a refusal to partake of which involves personal danger; the same dance-house, where the Duchess receives her friends and cuts a double-shuffle with the grace of Fanny Ellsler; the same gambling-house, with the same big Bible on a stand, and the same hard-faced landlord, who calls: "Gentlemen will please suspend their play for a few minutes while the Rev. Mr. Snoggs offers a prayer and requests a blessing"; the same unlucky gamblers who do not shoot quick enough, and whose dying moments are soothed by their friends removing their boots. The most prominent "peace" officer in this lively hamlet is "Bat" Masterson, the town marshal, who has shot twenty-eight men!

But the world does move. There are at Creede modern improvements which Leadville knew not. There is a branch railroad, which carries off the ore without sorting it, so that there are no dumps at the mines; there is a row of palace-cars, which are utilized as lodging-houses; there are electric lights, and pretty soon there will be water-works. There are ten thousand inhabitants, and yet the camp is only a few months old.

There is one curious contrast between the mines of Colorado, Nevada, and Montana and the mines of Europe. Tin and copper-mines in England, which yielded metal when Julius Cæsar invaded Britain, and lead-mines, which were worked in Spain before the siege of Saguntium, are still yielding their steady output. The mines of the mineral belt on the eastern slope of the Rockies are short-lived. As the shaft gains depth, the ore loses grade. Papers from Creede speak of ores which carry one hundred and eighty-five ounces of silver to the ton. This is from near the surface. In Leadville, in 1880, there were several mines yielding as rich ore as that, and whose output is now as low in grade as the ore of the Comstock.

With the recollection of the reciprocity treaty of 1854, under the administration of President Pierce, made by Secretary Marcy on the part of the United States and Lord Elgin on the part of the British Empire, in relation to the fisheries and trade of the United States and Canada, and in the face of the proposition for universal reciprocity made during the session of the present Congress by Congressman Breckinridge, a conspicuous Democrat, it is incomprehensible that the Democrats of the country, or their acknowledged leaders and recognized organs, make objection to the reciprocity plan incorporated in the McKinley Bill and adopted into a law. The Marcy-Elgin reciprocity agreement was ratified by a Democratic Senate and adopted by the Democrats of the Union. It provided simply that Canadian fishermen should have stipulated privileges on American soil and in American waters, in return for which, stipulated American products should be admitted into Canada free of duty. In the free imports were embraced grain, flour, and all kinds of breadstuffs; fresh, smoked, and salted meats, cotton and wool, seeds and vegetables, all kinds of fruits, fish, poultry, and eggs, furs and hides, butter, cheese, and tallow, timber, and lumber, and firewood, trees and plants, flax and tow, lard, slate, and coal, ores and all kinds of metals, stone and marble, pitch and tar, unmanufactured tobacco, and rags. All these were free on either side; but the bulk of advantage was on the American side. The President was empowered to proclaim the date of operation of the treaty. This was under Democratic administration.

Yet now, notwithstanding the proposition of Congressman Breckinridge for universal reciprocity in commerce, the Democrats protest against the reciprocity plan of Mr. Blaine, as incorporated in the McKinley tariff by the Aldrich Amendment, and denounce it as free trade under cover of protection. The reciprocity of President Pierce's administration with Canada provided for free duties upon the products of Canada and the United States. The reciprocity system of the McKinley Bill and Aldrich Amendment provides for free duties, mutually, on products of the signatory countries not grown in the United States, and on manufactures and commodities of the United States required in the treaty-agreeing countries—flour, corn, bacon, hams, pork, canned meats, fruits, butter, lard, cheese, coal, lumber, petroleum, machinery, boots and shoes, hay and straw, oats, vegetables, tar, turpentine, etc. As an instance: in Cuba, the duty on flour, which was, under the former condition, above six dollars per barrel, is now, with reciprocity, only one dollar per barrel, and some of the products mentioned, on which a burdensome duties tax were laid, are now admitted free of duty. In Central and South America manufactures are not fostered. They are simply producing states, and their products are in much demand in the United States, in which they are not produced. But in return for the admission of their coffee, and sugar, and staple products duty free in the United States, they admit free of duty not only the products of the United States, but also the manufactures, so that the balance of trade is in our favor, while the Democratic reciprocity of President Pierce's administration existed only with Canada and embraced only the fishery interests and stated products of the United States. As twin systems, protection and reciprocity will grow.

The assassination of Abraham Lincoln took place on the evening of April 14, 1865. The next day he died, and the news spread over the United States, carrying gloom and sorrow everywhere. The remains of the dead President lay in state at the Capitol till the twenty-first of April, when they were borne through the mourning country till they reached their present resting-place. The eloquent memorial address of George Bancroft on the life and character of Abraham Lincoln was not delivered until February 12, 1866. This address is out of print, and is now extremely difficult to procure. Few Americans under the age of forty have ever heard of it. We give it elsewhere in this week's *Argonaut*. It is published in time to reach Washington on the anniversary of the very day, twenty-seven years ago, when the body of President Lincoln left there. The reading of the memorial will serve to freshen the memories of those who were present at that time.

One of the grievances of the unlimited-silver coinage cranks is that the "gold-bugs" in control of Eastern banks and trust companies insist on putting into contracts, when loaning money to the West, this stipulation: "Payable in United States gold coin, or in gold bullion of equal weight and fineness." This, of course, is an outrage. But an instructive fact has just come to light. Senator Stewart, of Nevada, the leader of the Senate silver forces, has money loaned on mortgages in Alameda County. The prudent Stewart also stipulates for gold. What is the matter with silver, senator?

THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER.

Her Wild Ride with her Lover to reach the Arizona Frontier.

The Mexican army is a peculiar institution. There is probably no other military organization in the world similar to it. It is enlisted by compulsion, but it is not the compulsion that fills the ranks of other armies. In Mexico, the army is rather a school of correction. Besides being military, it is also reformatory. When a man develops into a missionary of a new political faith, sooner or later—and generally the former—he finds himself in its ranks; after that his mission loses even to him its importance. If his prominence makes his utterances particularly troublesome, there is another method of quieting him—one that puts him in a place where men do not talk. This method is sometimes facetiously described as filling one's mouth with dirt. To it the army is preferable. When the man with a mission is not sufficiently important to justify his being shot, after he has joined the army he is drafted for service in Yucatan or some other locality where Indians and disease are particularly virulent. Strange as it may seem, once in the army the men serve well, and are said to be able to outmarch anything on earth, and when it comes to facing death they do it with as much nonchalance as a religious devotee. It is the discipline that does it. How perfect that is is occasionally shown along the Rio Grande when a regiment is marched down in platoons to bathe. While one-half the men bathe, the other half guards them to see that none desert to the American shore. Then the process is reversed. It is said that each half prides itself on the accurate marksmanship that they in this way get occasional opportunities to display.

Only a few years ago there was a mutiny in Northern Sonora—the newspapers called it a revolution. After it was quelled, a squad of the ringleaders were ordered out to be shot. Of course it was a gala affair, as such occasions always are in Mexico. The principal actors, however, so little appreciated the possibilities of the occasion as to present a very ragged alignment in front of the firing-party. Probably the priests who marched with each were the most to blame. Anyhow, scandalized by such unsoldierly disregard of tactics, the officer in command gave the order: "Right, dress." "Front." And when the line was as even as if on parade, he added the order to fire. Even with such professional care, it is said, the men persisted in their mutinous conduct to the last, by falling in a most unmilitary windrow. In justice to the mutineers, I should state that I heard this story afterwards in Arizona, and even Arizona has some magnificent liars.

In order to make the idea of discipline more thoroughly impressive, when an officer is struck or a deserter captured, the offender is usually shot by a squad of six in the back while facing an adobe wall.

A few years ago there was not a more firm believer in discipline than Don Martin Cortina, Colonel of the Tercer Regimiento de Caballeria. The nearer a subaltern came to not thinking at all, the better soldier did he become in the opinion of Don Martin. So thoroughly orthodox was Don Martin's idea of discipline, that to his regiment were drafted the most incorrigible of the political offenders who believed they knew more about the affairs of government than did the government itself. A year or two with the colors under Don Martin's command always resulted in the thorough conversion of such persons—at least no one ever heard of them again as actively engaged in propagating their ideas of national reforms in public affairs.

When the regiment was assigned to the military zone including Northern Sonora to take part in the suppression of one of the periodical outbreaks along the Yaqui River, there was in the ranks a young man to whom Don Martin was wont to point with pride as an evidence of what good thorough discipline can do. This young man was Miguel Melendrez, who two years previous had returned from receiving an education in the United States, enthusiastic with a new political faith that he felt should supersede all others, so far as Mexico was concerned. Less than six months had found him in the army convinced that his views were, if nothing else, premature, and that it was wisdom to devote himself strictly to his duties.

"A handful of type and a printing-press have ruined many a good man," the colonel had sententiously remarked in discussing the case; "but the army is a good teacher. It does not take a man in the ranks long to learn that he is not a Messiah. *Caramba!* An editor is worse than a dozen *pronunciamientos* when he thinks he knows something. As he writes so well, we will make him *sargento-mayor*, now that he is tamed. It will give him something to do, and show him that he may do something, even if he can not overturn the world in a day."

So Señor Miguel Melendrez, once editor of *El Independiente*, became *sargento-mayor*, and he had almost reconciled himself, with some degree of contentment, to remaining in the army until his term of enlistment expired, when fate ordained that Angelita, the only daughter of the colonel, should join her father at Magdalena, where the headquarters of the regiment, when not in the field, were stationed.

Keen as the colonel's eyes were when discipline was concerned, they were not keen enough to foresee that the sergeant-major and his daughter were to fall in love. If it were not a case of love at first sight, it was very near it. A word now and then, whenever their few and chance meetings permitted, and the old story was known and realized by both, as once in the life of every man and woman it is sometimes known and realized. It only needed a wound that Miguel received, and the praises of his bravery throughout the regiment, to cement it. The few weeks in hospital and his slowly returning health had prevented him from rejoining the regiment in active campaigning, and in that time he had found opportunity to tell Angelita everything of his early life, the death of his father, his education in the United States, his career as an editor after his return to Mexico, and the alternative that had been given him of joining the army or remaining in prison for publishing sentiments not approved by the government. To all, Angelita had given a sympathetic hearing, and the pity she bestowed did not at all diminish the love she felt for him. To think of the future, though, made them tremble. Neither for a moment believed that her father would consent to such an alliance, and both knew that even a suspicion of their true feelings would result in Miguel's being returned to prison or transferred to some distant regiment, which, in either case, meant eternal separation.

"We can only wait, *alma mia*," said Miguel, in deploring the barriers that separated them. It was at night, and he stood in the shadow by her window while speaking. He had never spoken to her elsewhere.

"Yes, for to-morrow the regiment returns, and you must come here no more. There will be those who may watch, and it would be terrible if my father should discover our meetings," sighed Angelita.

"I will be so careful that no one will know it," Miguel responded.

"No, no; you must not come. I will not come to meet you," Angelita had answered to all his pleadings.

"Promise me, at least, *carissima*, that you will wait for me, no matter what may come," he had asked, and Angelita had called on the Holy Virgin to witness that she would marry no one until Miguel could claim her.

With the return of the regiment, despite their resolution to the contrary, the lovers still occasionally met at the window to whisper a few words to each other. With the festivities attending the close of the campaign, Angelita was always surrounded by suitors attracted by her beauty and accomplishments. One of these—a captain in the regiment—her father favored particularly, and constantly urged the acceptance of his suit. Rich and still middle-aged, Captain Almonte was a catch that any girl might find acceptable. To her father's urging, Angelita said nothing, until one day he had pressed more strongly than usual, when she had simply said:

"Father, I can not marry him; I do not love him."

It was the first time in his life that the colonel's opinions of discipline had been so rudely shocked, and he was almost speechless with amazement. "What do you know of love, you chit of a girl? Is he not of good family and rich, and does he not love you? He will make you a good husband, and marry him you shall!" swore the colonel, in the most resonant of Castilian oaths.

Angelita, whatever were her thoughts, said nothing; and, while she continued to receive the attentions of the suitor her father had selected, she steadfastly declined to consent to any proposal of marriage.

"Who is it that you want? If your sainted mother was only here, what would she say to such conduct?" and the colonel would grow purple with rage at the idea of such open mutiny in a quarter usually so obedient.

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In a regiment, much as in a family, the business of one is the concern of all, and it was not long before the love-affair of Angelita was canvassed in mess-room and barracks.

"*Dios!* but the little one is brave," said one of the oldest among the troopers, one evening, in discussing it. "I would not do it for the best horse in the regiment."

"It is strange, too, for Almonte is not a bad fellow, if he does gamble and drink a little, besides he has money enough to pay for it all. She must be in love with some other. Who can it be?" queried a second.

"Perhaps it is that young Aviso, who has just been turned out with all the knowledge of a professor of Chapultepec in his head. He undertook to teach me how to care for my horse only yesterday," growled a third.

"Bah, that boy? No. It is no one in the command, for if Almonte hasn't money enough to marry her, none of the rest have. It may be some *gringo* in the United States of the North, whom she met while at school," added another; "but I will wager that she will take Almonte. All women are like broncos, hard to handle at first; but, in time, they all go as you want them, and Doña Angelita will be like the rest."

"You are right, Pablo," said a new-comer, "for I have just heard at the cantina that Captain Almonte has ordered a new uniform to be married in, and they have just let old Juan out of the guard-house to make it. If he gets drunk now instead of attending to his needle, he will catch it."

Miguel, who had entered the room on some duty, arrived just in time to hear the last speaker. For an instant, he felt as if he had received a heavy blow; but, gathering himself together, he delivered his orders and left. The words that he heard rang in his ears, but somehow he could not realize their full significance. It was like the numb sensation that is the first phenomenon appearing after one has received a severe wound. He would not believe it. He would see her, and satisfy himself whether or not it was so. At length, night that he so impatiently longed for came, and, separating himself from his comrades, Miguel took his position in the dark shadow of the trees that lined the walk before the commandante's quarters, before the window where he was wont to meet Angelita. In deference to her fears and wishes, it had been more than a week since he had met her. How slowly the hours passed away. The bugle-call had sounded taps, and the camp lay clothed in stillness, save when the sentinels called the passing hours, announcing that all was well. In the stillness of the night, he could hear the call coming softly back like an echo from the most distant posts. Here and there in the officers' quarters, a light could be seen; but, at last, one by one these, too, were extinguished. He began to despair of seeing her. Could it be true that, at last, she had proved false and discarded him? From within the house, through the open windows, he could catch occasionally the sound of mirth and singing, and sometimes he thought he could even hear her voice, as if she were entertaining company. Now and then he thought he could distinguish the voice of the colonel, rising in that inflexion peculiar to one accustomed to command, and sometimes, in the indistinct tones of the conversation, in his jealousy, he believed he detected the voice of Almonte. As he waited, desperate thoughts flitted through his brain. If what he had heard was true, he would shoot Almonte dead on parade, openly and before the whole command, and accept, with indifference, the consequences. Death would be preferable to seeing the woman he loved become the wife of another—to see her bear him children as the long years he had yet to serve passed away. No pains that priests had ever preached of could be worse. While he was thus busy with his dark thoughts, a sudden rustling of skirts fell on his ears, and the next instant the heavy iron bars that guarded the window showed dark and black against a white dress, while the faint fragrance of a perfume that he loved as part of her was in the air.

"Angelita!"

"Miguel!"

Rising, he walked to the window, and seized and covered with kisses the little hand, so white and soft, that was stretched forth to greet him.

"Tell me, Angelita *mia*, that it is not true that you have consented to marry Almonte."

The hand that he held trembled, and in vain he waited to hear the denial that he hoped for.

"It is not so, *carissima*. Tell me it is not so," he implored.

"*Querido mio*, how can I tell you? You know my father. What could I do," came the answer, in tears.

"Enough! I will kill him! I will shoot him before the regiment."

"No, no—for the love of God, no! They will kill you," she implored, in a voice filled with agony. "*Querido mio*, no! He is here now. I have just left them. For the love of God—for the love you bear me—do not do so. Go, I will see you again. My father may hear you," and the trembling hand that he held was withdrawn from his grasp, and the white form disappeared from the window. As it did so, the harsh voice of Almonte, who had just turned the corner, after bidding the colonel good-night, asked:

"Who are you? What are you doing here?"

For an instant both men looked in anger into each other's eyes, and then each knew the other's secret. For an instant only, though, and then the fingers of each grasped the other's throat in deadly hatred. Not a sound did either utter, but from the window of Angelita came a scream that rang out on the stillness of the night like a trumpet. In a moment the sentries from the nearest posts separated the struggling men, and the voice of the colonel was heard inquiring from Almonte:

"What is it, Señor Capitan?"

"Only a thief I detected trying to break into your daughter's room. It is the sergeant-major."

"Ah, my fine fellow, so in addition to being a revolutionist you have turned thief, have you?" sneered the colonel, as he looked into Miguel's face. "That is the way with most of you reformers; when you can not plunder by revolution you do it on a smaller scale. What excuse have you?"

Pale with anger, Miguel remained silent. From within he could hear the sobs of a woman crying. He would not disgrace her by telling why he was there. It mattered but very little after all what any one thought now, for at best it would be but a day or two until a file of soldiers would end it all.

"Take him to the guard-house, and to-morrow he will be given a trial. I believe he struck you, Señor Capitan?" spoke the colonel, turning to Almonte.

"It is nothing. I am glad for the honor of the regiment that I caught him; but I am afraid that he has badly frightened Doña Angelita," answered Almonte, as both caught the sound of sobbing through the window, and, bidding the colonel again good-night, he walked toward his quarters.

Returning within the house, the colonel had hardly entered the door when the white figure of Angelita threw itself on its knees before him.

"*Padre mio*, for the love of the Holy Virgin listen to me. It is my fault. He came to see me. I love him," wailed the girl.

"Who—Almonte?" queried the astonished father.

"No, no—Miguel," was the sobbing reply.

"What! You love that beggar? That *peon!* It is impossible."

"No, father, I love him. Do what you will with me, but spare him."

"Spare him! By the Mother of God, no! Why did I not kill him with my own hands? If he had ten thousand lives I would take them all. He has disgraced me, and I shall die."

"Father, father, do not kill him. Send him anywhere but spare his life. I will marry Almonte gladly. I will do anything. But save Miguel. I love him."

"You talk like a fool. You will marry Almonte anyway if he will take you after the way this dog has disgraced you. Go to bed. Enough of this. I would rather that you were dead than that you should have done this. Marta, take her to her room, and to-morrow I will settle with you for allowing her to meet this beggar."

* * * * * * *

A drum-head court-martial is never a long affair. It is the most expeditious of all tribunals—a tribunal from which there is no appeal and in which there is scant mercy. It was not yet mid-day ere Miguel had heard his sentence to be shot in the back for striking an officer, which charge the colonel had insisted should be preferred against him. Throughout the night after his arrest, as he had lain awake, he had foreseen what it would be, yet, when the sentence had been pronounced, it was a relief. Until then he had had some hope though he hardly admitted it to himself. But now it was only a question of a few hours. Now the tick, tick, tick of the clock in the guard-room meant that the brief dawn of the morrow was coming nearer and nearer, when the regiment would be formed in hollow square to see him meet his fate. How his thoughts wandered. Who would be in command of the firing-party, and from what company would it come? Would he be killed by the first volley, or would he fall, only wounded, to await death until its sergeant would

a pistol close to his head and finish the work? He hoped, with the feeling that even the most indifferent have, that they would not shoot him in the face. Through all his conjectures and hopes and fears were mingled thoughts of Angelita. Throughout the trial he had resolutely refused to make any defense. For an instant, when he had seen the dark, scowling face of Almonte, he had felt tempted to tell all. Not to save himself, but that Almonte might know that it was to meet the woman who was his promised wife that he had gone to the window. How it would rankle in Almonte's breast in the years to come, when his children would cluster around his knee, as he thought of the soldier who was shot for the love of their mother, and wondered in his hot southern jealousy how far the woman who was his wife and the dead man had let their love lead them.

But he set the temptation aside and met his doom in silence. It was hard to die with his comrades believing him a thief. After all, what difference did it make? A few years, and it would all be forgotten. Now that it was settled, he longed to have it over, and waited impatiently for the morning. Through the long summer afternoon he watched the shadows lengthen in his cell and listened mechanically to the bugle-calls that sounded off the passing of the day. As the sun went down, he had heard the band playing the old familiar strains for the regiment's evening parade, and wondered who was acting as sergeant-major in his stead. After the parade had been dismissed, many of the men passed the guard-house, and, through the narrow window of his cell, he had caught them looking in curiosity to where he was confined. A few had come to bid him good-bye. At last, night had come, and he had sat in darkness in his cell until the moon had risen to flood it with its mellow light, making strange shadows on its floor and walls. In his thoughts there was always the memory of the pale, white face that he had last seen at the window. It would have been better if he had never lived than to die, leaving her behind to pass into the arms of another. Would she send him a last message before all was over? Only a word, and he would die satisfied.

In vain had Angelita implored her father to deal leniently with her lover. Through the night she had prayed that something might intervene to save him; but, when her father had returned after the court-martial, from his stern, set face she knew that there was no hope. Again and again she had thrown herself at his feet, imploring him to show mercy, until at last he had left the house in anger. Then she had given way to despair, though still hoping and praying that he might return. When night had come on without his returning, she had started to leave the house in search of him, but was stopped by Marta, the old *dueña*, who refused to let her go. Half-crazed with fear and grief, she passed from room to room, in the vain hope that he might have returned unknown to her.

As she entered the room where he was accustomed to attend to his official correspondence, she saw the report of the court-martial which had condemned her lover. It was already prepared for transmittal to the general in command. She picked it up, mechanically glancing over it. It needed only the report of the execution to make it complete. How cold-blooded and brutal it seemed. As she threw it from her, she almost felt her heart cease beating with the inspiration of a new hope, and then dropping into a chair began to write, imitating with feverish speed the well-known chirography of her father. When she had finished, she sealed it, and stepping into the *patio*, called to her the orderly there in waiting. For years he had been almost a member of the household. She spoke to him as to a servant:

"Pablo, my father wishes you to take this to Captain Andreas, the officer of the guard. There is no answer, and you need not return."

The old man took the missive, and, saluting, turned and left the house. He had received so many orders in the same way that he took it as a matter of course, pleased at being relieved for the night to join with his comrades in discussing the coming execution. As he delivered his message to Captain Andreas, that officer twisted his mustache in amazement, and muttered:

"That is strange. I wonder what he wants with him. Probably to see why he did not answer at the trial to-day. He may have made up his mind to give the boy another chance. Anybow, it is not my affair," and stepping into the corridor of the guard-house, he ordered a sergeant to take two men and escort the prisoner Melendrez to the colonel's quarters.

Miguel heard the order with amazement. Had the colonel at last relented? It was Angelita who had done it. Life that seemed so distant grew nearer and dearer with a new hope. As he accompanied the guard toward the colonel's quarters, life had never before seemed so well worth living. The dark-blue sky, studded with the more brilliant of the stars, had never looked so beautiful. The very air itself seemed changed. The sleeping camp, so quiet and still in the bright moonlight, seemed itself to speak of peace and love among men.

As they reached the colonel's door, Angelita opened it and said, simply:

"My father is in his office, and will see the prisoner alone. You will guard the door."

For an instant, the sergeant seemed to besitate, as if debating whether or not to obey, and then motioning acquiescence with his head, Miguel stepped forward and entered. As he did so, Angelita slowly closed the door and noiselessly drew across it the heavy chain that secures the outer door of all bouses in Mexico.

She had hardly done so when Miguel clasped her in his arms and kissed her face, which was wet with tears. It was the first time their lips had ever met, and it thrilled them through. For a moment they stood thus, and then leading him through the darkened rooms into the *patio*, she placed a purse in his hand, saying:

"Here is all the money I have. Take it, and in the corral you will find my father's horses. No one is there. Take the best and go at once. It was I who wrote the order that brought you here. Go to the United States—you have been there before—and forget me," she added, with a sob.

"And you will go with me?"

"No; it is impossible. I must remain here; what would my father say? You must go and forget me. Hurry; they may discover your escape at any time, for my father is in the garrison. Listen. There is some one coming. Go, go," and in her terror she began to push him toward the corral.

"No, by God, no! I will not go alone. If you will not go with me, I will stay and wait for to-morrow. I do not care for life without you."

Unconsciously his voice had grown louder, and she put her hand over his mouth to silence him; and, as she did so, he caught her around the waist and gently led her toward the corral. For an instant she resisted, and then allowed herself to be led. As he passed through the *patio* he caught old Marta, who met them, by the arm and led her along. The old woman began to cry, and, clinging to her mistress, beseeched her by everything dear to remain.

In an instant they were in the corral among the horses, and, leaving Angelita standing with the old woman, Miguel led the best two forth, and taking from the wall the saddles and bridles, be soon had them ready for riding. With feverish haste he went over each cinch and buckle to see that it was securely fastened, and then he turned to where Angelita stood, and, releasing her gently from the grasp of the old woman, led her toward the horses. The old *dueña* threw herself on the ground and began to scream. Moved by the old nurse's cries, Angelita for a moment hesitated. Alarmed by the screams of old Marta, one of the soldiers discharged his gun, and then, receiving no reply to their demands for admission, the guard began to batter the door in. In the garrison the rolling of the drums, mingled with the sound of the bugle, could be heard calling the men to arms in response to the guard's alarm.

"Go, for God's sake, go, *querido mio!*" she exclaimed, "or else they will kill you."

Miguel caught her in his arms, and, drawing her close to him, said:

"Angelita *mia*, you go with me, or I go not at all. Life would be a burden without you. Will you go?"

For an instant the dark eyes, wild with the agony of fear and contending emotions, looked into his, and then Miguel knew that she had consented. An instant more and he had swung her into the saddle, and they rode out of the corral together. As they passed from the corral they could see the dark forms of men falling into line, their arms glittering in the moonlight, while the drums were still breaking the stillness of the night with their wild beating. Only for an instant, though, and then they had left the confines of the camp and were spurring northward.

The bright moonlight made the fair southern night almost as bright as day. From the west came gentle breezes heavy with the odor of flowers. Far ahead stretched the road toward the distant mountains of Arizona, with many a weary league between. Could they reach there before they were overtaken? There were but few horses in the regiment equal to those they rode, but the best would be used to follow them. Miguel looked at Angelita as she rode by his side; her beautiful face seemed so white against the dark background of her hair. She returned his gaze with a smile, as if content now to leave all to him. So they rode neck and neck. Whenever the gait of the horses slackened he would reach out and draw her toward him to kiss her again and again. But this was not often, for death rode behind for at least one, and they pushed their horses to the utmost. Hour after hour passed. The moonlight began to wane before the gray of the day. The gray in time gave way to the purple light of morning that flooded the valley and crowned the distant mountains with its halo. For the first time they could see far away in the distance a cloud of dust. How anxiously each watched it. Occasionally, when the morning's wind in its fresh coolness swept past them, it would cast aside the veil of dust and then they could see the men who had made it, riding as they were riding. Neither spoke, for both knew what it meant. A broken strap or buckle, and for them the race would be lost. As Angelita watched, her face grew pale and her dark eyes gazed searchingly into those of Miguel's. She could not utter the question that seemed to choke her.

"No, *alma mia*, they can not overtake us," but he did not know whether it was so or not. It was still many a mile to the frontier. Even if the horses stood the strain, Angelita might fail.

The sun rose bright and clear, driving before it the chill of the night. In the increasing heat they should ride more slowly, but the men behind never seemed to slacken their headlong gait, and for them to do so would have been suicidal. They both patted their horses' necks, and spoke to them as to comrades, calling them dear names and praising their speed. The road was deserted. Here and there they had passed wagons abandoned by their owners on account of the Indian outbreak. The distant mountains to the northward grew more and more distinct, and, turning with a smile of encouragement, Miguel said:

"Have courage, *querida mia;* we are close to the line."

"Do not heed me, but ride on. They will not harm me, but you——" and she shuddered as she thought what capture meant for her love.

Miguel looked at her. The strain of the ride was beginning to tell in her pale face and dark eyes. Would she be able to hear it much longer? As if divining his thoughts, Angelita said:

"If anything happens to me, ride on."

"No; I will stay with you," he answered.

The dust-cloud was steadily gaining on them. Instead of one, there were now two, the best mounted of their pursuers in advance. To the north, they could see a flag other than their own against the background, formed by the dark mountains beyond. How the horses strained. It was useless to urge them. Gradually, one by one, the more prominent buildings in the town became distinct, while behind them they could hear the loud halloo of the soldiers in pursuit challenging them to surrender. In advance of all, they could see Almonte. They were already within rifle-shot, and were it not for fear of wounding Angelita, Miguel knew that long ago he would have rolled from his horse into the dust of the road a dead or dying man. The thought that in the fear of losing him some of the soldiers might fire, made him swerve from Angelita's side, so as to put the road between them. He had hardly done so when shots were fired, and the bullets whistled past him, or spit viciously, as they ricocheted from the hard-beaten road. Angelita, realizing what he had done, again rode to his side. They could see Nogales, the town on the American side, plainly. Attracted by the firing, little crowds had gathered in the one street to watch the strange riders. As if realizing that the race was won, the horses seemed to catch the spirit of their riders, and, with heaving flanks, sprang forward, neck and neck, and then there came a single shot from behind, and Miguel felt his bridle-arm fall limp by his side. As he glanced back, he could see the still smoking gun in Almonte's hand. He smiled, though, for almost at the same instant they had crossed the line amid the cheering men who had witnessed the cowardly shot, and he and the woman, who had rode so bravely by his side through the long night, knew that they were safe at last.

If you should go to Tucson and inquire for Don Miguel Melendrez, there will be pointed out to you a very elegant mansion, and if you enter it, you will probably meet an old man, whose bearing still bespeaks the soldier. It will take but very little encouragement to have him tell you the tale that is written here, and, as he closes it, he will surely say:

"*Caramba*, he make a good, what you call 'm, lawyer; but a soldier, no, for he have no idea of deesceepleen." And then the colonel will take his namesake on his knee and dance him up and down in a most unmilitary manner for a man who was once Commandante of the Tercer Regimiento de Cahalleria de Mejico. BUCKEY O'NEILL.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1892.

PARISIAN NOTES.

You can not be ten minutes in the company of Parisians just now without hearing the words "symbolism," "mysticism," "décadants," mentioned. Verlaine, Mallarmé," and, above all, the "Sar" Péladon are the men of whom all Paris is talking. About Sar Péladon I told you something in a former letter, you will remember, and of his mystic society of the "Rose + Croix." The Sar Péladon, though a mystic and a magus, is, it would seem, a man of business also. He has got up a salon where, on Varnishing Day, eleven thousand people tried to crush in. Most were bent, I am afraid, on joking the symbolist's productions a little. And the truth is that some of the pictures to be seen there are certainly funny. The row of five elderly men, sitting on five cane-bottom chairs, their chins supported by their hands, their beards unkempt, their countenances woe-begone—not to say dirty—excite general risibility. Below "Désillusions" is a row of architectural drawings—enormous tombs in which the tiny little windows, in the shape of slits, and the low doors are arranged to form noses, eyes, and mouths expressive of jollity or melancholy. A little further on we come upon a crowd of sea-monsters representing the Seven Capital Sins. Opposite is a female, with her head among the stars and her feet in the mud. The most extraordinary of all is a picture in three divisions, entitled "Aurora," in which two or three dozen females "without a rag on" are skipping and dancing, tumbling head over heels, while an artist in a traveling-suit looks on, pencil and sketch-book in hand, and poor Baudelaire reclines under an apple-tree—his face as green as the leaves over his head.

The symbolists are nothing if not Catholic, and on the morning of their Vernissage a mass was held for their benefit in the Virgin's Chapel at Notre Dame, attended by a large party of the mystic brethren, each carrying a rose and a dagger. This reminds one of Oscar Wilde and his lily.

An attempt to penetrate the mysticism surrounding Freemasonry is the latest departure made by the noble strugglers for Woman's Rights. I had heard terrible tales of a certain Scottish lady—as curious as Eve of old—who peeped during the ordeal that her husband was undergoing, and was so terrified that she shrieked aloud, and being discovered, was, perforce, admitted to the order as a sure means of tying up her tongue. Some time ago, one of the Paris lodges admitted Maria Deraismes into their conclave; but this created such an uproar through the whole length and breadth of the Masonic world that the lodge was finally suppressed.

The peaceful suburb of Suresnes has been troubled for some time past by the presence of an Indian potentate—the ex-Nawab of Allahabad, who was in the habit of getting together a number of ladies who executed in his presence the national dances of his country. The very light costumes worn by these Bayadères of Batignoles (for few of them, if any, could boast of Oriental blood), and the great publicity given by the homesick prince to his fêtes, at last brought the indignation of the Suresnois to a climax. The inhabitants of this peaceful suburb are mostly retired tradesmen, a decidedly moral community, having sown their wild oats before they took their abode there. So, finally, the representative of law and order, in the person of the commissary of police, one day paid the Nawab a visit and politely enjoined him to seek a home elsewhere in a less punctilious neighborhood. It was the more easy to persuade him to this, since it appears that the Hindoo magnate was very much behindhand with his rent. He departed, harem and all, to his town apartment, near the Arc de Triomphe, where, it is to be presumed, he will continue his revels. His income should be enough to allow of his doing so, as the British Government, having confiscated his estates, allows him thirty thousand dollars a year; but, unfortunately, the innocent Hindoo is in the hands of the Jews, for Bayadères are rapacious mortals, and he can not resist their wiles, and falls an easy prey to their charms. All this, however, disturbs not his equanimity; he is as calm as the calmest Oriental through it all, and goes on enjoying his little supper-parties as serenely as ever, and will do so, no doubt, until he is reduced to beg his bread or dies of a surfeit of champagne and *foie gras*. PARISIN

PARIS, March 23, 1892.

THE DRIVE UP THE AVENUE.

"Van Gryse" on the Turn-Outs, the Women, and their Gowns.

There are two great seasons in Gotham. One is the early winter, from Thanksgiving to Christmas; one is the spring, from the first soft days of April to the first burning days of June.

Friday was the first of April, and, as if to celebrate the coming of the most exquisite of seasons, all the promise and prophecy of spring was in the air. It was clear and soft. In the parks, where there is yet not a leaf, there was the faintest haze of green on the sodden turf. On a few trees there were some little fuzzy catkins, silvery in the sun. And if you had been energetic enough to get up early and wander in the desolate paths of Central Park, you might have heard the first, faint, tentative notes of spring birds, trying their songs in the freshness of the morning.

On a day like this the New Yorker feels his sap rising, and as the city wakes and works up from its first drowsy languor to the fierce pressure of midday, all the world seems to grow intoxicated with the rapture of the awakening season. Every one goes out of doors. Every one puts on a new spring hat and a light overcoat. There will be cold, and damps, and drizzles, and may be hoar-frosts before the coming of buds and blossoms, but in these forerunners, these heralds of the days of green leaves and red roses, there is an indescribable charm—the charm that lies in the taste of the very first strawberry, the charm that there is in the touch of shyly consenting lips in the very first kiss.

Toward the afternoon every lady of leisure begins to think of an outing on this rapturous day, when the breath of air that stirs the muslin curtains is as soft as a baby's hand, and a stream of carriages goes rattling by in which all well-dressed, female New York is sitting wishing it had already bought its spring hat. There is a great consulting as to costume, and a-taking down of hand-boxes. Last year's flower-crowned head-pieces are passed in review, and the debating charmer, with vexed and meditative eyes, decides to wear her fawn-colored Russian blouse, and her broad green hat with the long, green streamers, and have the carriage ordered at half-past four, if you please!

This is about the time that the avenue is worth seeing, and on the first of April and first of spring, a double stream of equipages passed down one side and up the other, the wide-nostriled noses of some of the finest horse-flesh in the city in close proximity to the tight-coiled braids of some of the proudest belles, so close the carriages drew together in this brilliant parade.

The sun was over the broad avenue, in slanting afternoon rays, not too hot, and yet mild with a tender warmth. On the footway walked girls galore, some of them prides of patrician households, others of them not much to boast of in the way of looks, but Gotham in their style from the irreproachable hang of their sweeping skirts, to the little, pointed, Frenchified hats that set so coquettishly on their crimped and shining hair. There were a good many pretty children walking quietly by with the sedate gravity of the city child, and with darkly clad, demure young nursery-governesses close at their heels.

Just at the Astor block, the avenue was closed, and here the press of vehicles swept with a great clatter down toward Madison Avenue, wakened the echoes of this more reserved thoroughfare, and pounded on and rattled over its stones for a block. Madison Avenue did not seem used to such a flurry of life. Faces appeared at the windows, looking down with some curiosity at the invasion from the sister street. In one great, open window of a great, vacant mansion, three good-looking servant-girls, in blue print gowns that showed their bare, red arms, leaned out and smiled with open grins of pleasure at the delightful crowd of smooth-shaven coachmen, sweltering in fur-capes. Their employers were away on a holiday, probably savoring the balmy airs of Florida, and the three buxom, red-cheeked lassies left in charge were scattering smiles while the sun shone.

Just at the turn back into the avenue, one sees, as in an instantaneous magic-lantern picture, a charming girl, all in brown like a well-groomed Jenny Wren, leaning from the waist up out of her carriage-window and shrieking directions to a bending coachman, who casts a side-long glance down at her from his high perch. Then, an instant after, one has a hurried glimpse of a very gorgeous matron, with a broad back gleaming in big jet cabuchons like nail-heads, lumberingly ascending a flight of brown-stone steps. The door opens, and she is absorbed.

Rolling out to the ascent of Murray Hill, a glimpse down the avenue brings up on the huge bulk of the new Astor hotel. It is enormously high and not yet finished. On the other corner of the block stands the severe, square, ugly, sensible house of Mrs. William Astor. It is said that William Waldorf is building the hotel for the purpose of enraging his aunt, as a punishment for her quarrel with his wife over her right to use the family patronymic without initials. To quarrel with a millionaire has its disadvantages.

Looking upward, Murray Hill rises gently, its gradual slope bright with a glitter of harness and silver, sleek hides, on which the sunlight slips back and forth as the fine horses come dashing along, the varnished bodies of slow-rolling landaus, the glistening disks of rapidly revolving wheels. The roll of the passing carriages is continuous and unbroken as the perpetual roar of a waterfall. As they draw up close on you, the jingle and clink of the collar-chains rises sharply distinct from the even, level rumble that never ceases. The handsome horses, their heads checked high, with chins in and necks arched, throw up their knees with a proud, mincing action, as conscious of their beauty as pretty women who know that they are being watched admiringly.

The foot-passengers, slowly ascending the almost imperceptible rise of Murray Hill, loitering by the white pile of the Manhattan Club, coming lazily into sight of the plate-glass windows of the Union League, stare at the carriages and their occupants with perfectly frank curiosity. A great, family landau passes by, drawing eyes after it as the sun draws the sunflower. It is as black as a hearse. The two men on the box are in black livery, and, though the day is warm, wear tremendous black-fur capes, with collars that roll up well over their ears. Inside sit three ladies—a sharp-featured patrician mother and two daughters, fair-haired, handsome, melancholy girls shrouded in crêpe. The ardor of the sun has forced them to throw back their long veils, and, with these framing their delicate faces, they sit and look out sadly at the passing show.

The youngest has not lost the taste for the sweet things of life, however, for one notices that her eyes light with the gleam of repressed curiosity when they fall on the figure of a young woman walking by, who wears a wondrous costume. People turn to look at her, and women murmur to each other: "Did you see that—a Russian blouse?"

The peculiarity of this popular fashion of frock is that every woman is thrown into paroxysms of suppressed excitement when one heaves in sight. The wearer of this one—a tall and stately young girl—appears indifferent to the sensation either she or her blouse creates. The dress is of pale, fawn-colored cloth, with a long, limp train and a loose blouse that falls nearly to her knees. Round the waist the looseness is drawn in tight, with a trimming that looks very like a corset of a black net-like material studded with jet. Every edge of the gown has a fold of a soft, black fur and a line of the jet. She wears a big hat, with two long streamers floating down her back. When she walks, unseen skirts of silk rub against each other and make a rich, luxurious frou frou, and in one hand she carries a single American Beauty rose, with its long stalk thickly set in green leaves.

The American Beauty is supplanting all other flowers as the thing to be worn by the spring beauty. It even has outdone violets in the young lady's eyes. Every other girl sauntering up the sunny street either carried one in her hand or wore two pinned on her dress. They were as popular as the two long streamers floating from the backs of hats, or even the tan-colored coats which fell in a loose, broad plait from the back of the neck. Now and then a girl passed with a bunch of violets pinned to her bodice. And every one had a glance of admiration for the charming, pale-cheeked, languid beauty who, sitting in a landau lined with cream-colored cloth, was lovely in a gown of the palest heliotrope, trimmed with otter fur, and wore an immense bouquet of shaded violets, arranged in graduated tints, from her chin to her waist.

Past the reservoir the avenue begins to shake itself free from those ambitious milliners and lofty-priced dressmakers who have invaded its brown-stone sanctuaries. Here the great, dark-faced houses, with gleaming windows and drooping lace-curtains, succeed each other in rich and magnificent dignity. Here to the right, its two milk-white towers piercing the blue of the spring sky, stands the cathedral—monument of the power and acquisitiveness of Rome. Its slender spires are whiter than the main body; the sun sends long, slanting beams over its broad, stone terrace and shallow steps; and up these from one side, walking sedately two by two, come several dozen small children marshaled by a darkly dressed woman. They clatter up the steps, across the stone terrace, push open one of the valves of a side door, and disappear lingeringly, like a long, parti-colored serpent.

Inside a brooding and delicious quietude enwrapped the lofty building. The roar of the avenue comes deadened and faint, like a dream-noise. The double row of windows, superbly colored, change the light from the cold thinness of the spring day without to a subdued but gorgeous richness of deep yellow, and little quivering spots of crimson, purple, and green tremble from the windows opposite along the perspective of pillars. Behind the great altars at the end, the lights are dim and sober, coming in through rose-windows of crimson, blue, and purple. The points of the high altars rise against these disks of color, like pinnacles and spires of black marble. Here and there in the dimness a tiny spark of red shows where the eternal light quivers in its cup of oil.

Stealing a noiseless way about, one comes upon many kneeling figures, always women, with heads bent before the faintly lit side-altars. Sometimes the bending form is graceful, the dark dress falls downward over the carpeted steps in a rich sweep, the light lingers upon a coil of brown hair. On the step, beside one of these penitents, lay a small parcel and a box of candy neatly tied up. The repentant sinner had not conquered all the weaknesses of the flesh. When she had said her prayer, she rose, put her box of candy under her arm, and, trailing her long skirt softly down the aisles, bent the knee at the great altar, and drifted out.

On the avenue once more, the roar is louder than ever, the crowd of carriages even thicker. Half a block higher up, on the opposite side, stand the three Vanderbilt houses—among the finest in New York. The two huge, brown, square masses, occupying one block, are the sort of palaces for American princes—splendid houses for entertaining, and just relieved from dull solidity by the beautiful stone-carvings of leaves and berries that are set from window to window. William K.'s house is gray and has a little pepper-pot tower hanging out over the street, like a swallow's nest clinging to a wall. There is something of the air of a French château about this beautiful, picturesque mansion, and, to be seen to advantage, it should be in a park, its pointed gables rising over the foliage of trees.

Just as this fancy strikes you, your eye is caught by a girl, all in gray, with a manly gray hat on, driving alone in a spider phaeton. There is a man-servant behind, and the girl is not pretty, but it is a somewhat unusual sight. She drives well, though, and her team of bob-tailed chestnuts fly through the press of carriages, guided by a practiced hand. A victoria, rattling into sight from the opposite direction, here claims your eye. The man in it is young and foolish-looking, the woman about forty, dark, foreign of aspect, well preserved, and stout. It passes in a twinkling, and one notices the back of her head, with curly black hair drawn up high, a broad-brimmed, yellow-straw hat, filled with pink and crimson roses nodding on long stems, perched on the dark coils, a gold pin stuck in high to keep the hat steady, and two long streamers of watered black ribbon falling down, one on either side of the pin.

But now the walk is nearly done. The sun is on the point of setting, and the spring is going out of the air. Just here, with the park trees looming up gray in the vista and the carriages glittering into the white road between their misty trunks, we turn for a glimpse at C. P. Huntington's house, which is almost done. It is handsome—no doubt about that—whether an absolute success, no one can say at a short view. It is solid, massive, imposing. The gray stone of which it is formed is in large, rough blocks, which soften into rich carvings over the two great doors. Over each window are sculptured heads, looking somewhat like Roman masks for tragedy or comedy, with open mouths and leering expressions. The roof, which slopes up, is covered with the semi-circular red tiles that fit into one another, and must enjoy the distinction of being the only roof so covered in New York. Back of all, the huge house throws out a small circular wing, probably a picture-gallery, which is set close in long, narrow windows and has a dome-like top. Opinions differ as to the building, some calling it the finest private residence in New York, others placidly damning it as absolutely lacking in any beauty whatever.

Van Gryse.

New York, April 5, 1892.

The public has been deeply interested in the matrimonial engagement of Mme. de Barrios to Señor de Roda. Not even her closest friends knew of it until months after every detail had been arranged. The twenty-first day of April last, at a brilliant circus-party in Madrid, Señor José de Roda was presented to Mme. de Barrios. Day after day the gay social life of the capital threw them together, and, almost before they knew it, hearts were exchanged and she had pledged him her hand. Señor de Roda is the descendant of an old and noble family of Granada. They hold the title of marquis, but, as the father of the groom is republican, they refuse to use it. He himself is attached to the queen's household. Tall, with a slender, shapely, soldierly figure, the young man is straight, muscular, and graceful, has big brown eyes, dark hair and beard, a clear brunette skin, and winning, dignified manners. Mme. de Barrios has decided to be married at home in her own drawing-rooms. Mayor Grant will first perform a civil ceremony, and later, in the presence of sixty or more friends, Archbishop Corrigan will celebrate the nuptial service of the Roman Catholic Church. Her wedding-gown is of apple-green brocade—a Parisian confection of great richness and *chic*. The train is long and plain, the front of the skirt being caught together at intervals with emerald buckles; a slight frosting of green crystals and tinsel embroidery finishes it about the foot, while the glove-fitting décolleté bodice is elaborately festooned with straw-tinted chiffon, green ribbons, and emerald ornaments. The sleeves are half-long, and though elegant in the extreme, nothing could be more simple than the whole toilet. The bride will wear no jewels; her hair will be combed high, and unadorned by either flowers or feathers. Señor de Roda, the groom, is to be married wearing his full court costume, and will be attended by his friend, M. Paul de Bithencourt. The new married pair sail early in May for Europe. Three of Mme. de Barrios's daughters are at present at boarding-school, in Brussels, and it is her intention to place two of her sons at a Spanish academy. The youngest children, a girl and a boy, will remain with her for the present. She has leased a superb villa at Biarritz for the summer, but will go first to Madrid, where Señor de Roda's official presence is demanded, and hereafter try to divide her time equally between her American and Spanish homes.

The recent marriage to a fourth wife of John Jasper, the octogenarian negro preacher of Richmond, has brought him almost as much notice as did his famous sermon on the movements of the sun. Parson Jasper's church is said to have the largest colored congregation in the South, and he has so many inquiries about the sermon that gave him celebrity that he occasionally delivers it to keep its argument fresh in the memory of his flock. The Rev. Jasper is described as a fair representative of the old-time plantation exhorter. He possesses much dignity of manner, and speaks with an impressiveness that lends great weight to his lightest utterances. He lives in the heart of the negro colony in Richmond, and his study is said to be hung with innumerable portraits of himself.

Concerning the Rev. E. E. Hale's statement that while George Washington was a great gallant prior to his marriage "there is not a single love-letter extant written by him," the Richmond *Dispatch* says: "We are under the impression that ex-Governor Fitz Lee has in his possession the initial number of what might have been a series of love-letters from Washington, but the lady to whom or about whom this was written is said to have rejected George because he had big hands and feet, or because he entered a room awkwardly, or for some equally good reason, and hence the correspondence was soon terminated."

A reception at the mansion of the celebrated painter, Munkacsy, in Paris, recently, was suddenly interrupted by the reception of a letter stating that the anarchists were about to blow up the house. Several ladies fainted, and even the men began to look pale. But, at last, the master of the mansion restored order. Nothing happened, and no one knows where the letter came from.

A French inventor has attached a tiny incandescent-lamp to an ordinary pencil, for use by reporters and others having to take notes at night. The battery is carried in the pocket, the wires passing down the sleeve.

Editor Dana does not love Cleveland for the enemies he has made. He describes the ex-President as "that preposterous tumefaction of modern politics."

DEPOSED AMERICAN QUEENS.

"Cockaigne" on the Social Eclipse of our Fair Compatriots.

The American girl may fairly be said to have had her day in England. She is no longer a novelty, and that she was a novelty was all that excused her many defects in English eyes. It was ever a wonder how she did get on in English high society; how she seemed to carry everything before her in that stiff and formal sphere of rules, regulations, and customs of which she knew nothing, and which it was ever her delight to infract. Hardly an English girl but could have done precisely the same things she did, with as much animation, as much independence, and as much grace—if they had been allowed. English girls have just as much animal spirits as American girls—I will not say more—only with them it is bad form to show enthusiasm "before folks"; they are certainly as well educated—I will not say better—and they are generally as accomplished as any girls in the civilized world, only it is thought vulgar for them (as it is for any English lady or gentleman) to advertise what they know in any kind of self-assertion. To have to stand passively by and see these American girls outshine them at every point simply by doing things they themselves were forbidden to do, was, therefore, a trial that no girls so well as English girls could have borne without open rebellion. Day after day the papers announced the marriages of dukes, marquises, earls, lords, and even baronets to their bouncing rivals.

But we all know that the dukes, marquises, earls, lords, and even baronets thought only of the dollars they got with their wives, who might be as "homely as hedge fences" for all they cared to the contrary. Not that I wish to imply (at the hazard of being thought ungallant) that any of the American wives of English noblemen or baronets, such as the Duchess of Manchester or Lady Hesketh, can be accredited with such transcendent beauty of person or brilliancy of mind as to give the world the impression that these qualities alone must have been the bait which caught titles for their possessors. There are scores of Englishwomen of high birth quite as beautiful and brilliant as the Duchess of Manchester or Lady Hesketh, or the half-dozen other American ladies whose names now adorn the pages of Burke's and De Brett's peerage and baronetage. Alas for these Englishwomen! They lack the essential element of a wife in the estimation of their mankind—fortunes. Not one of these marriages of American girls to Englishmen of title would ever have taken place if the girls had not had money.

But even the heiresses seem to have palled upon the English matrimonial palate in high life. There has not been a marriage of an English lord to an American girl for an age. What is the matter? Are there no more "Yankee heiresses" left? Hardly. Yet it can not be that Englishmen of title have ceased to care for money, or ceased to want it when they marry. The only reason I can advance is that the American girl has outlived her novelty in England, and has ceased to attract that attention which novelty alone can impart in a sphere already overcrowded with subjects of otherwise equivalent advantages and identical recommendations, who are at the same time intrinsically superior from the fact of being native and to the manner born. No doubt much of her dimmed lustre is owing to the enforced withdrawal of active support from the Prince of Wales, who, since the death of Prince Albert Victor, has become greatly altered and aged. In him the American girl in England has always had a stanch friend and sincere admirer, and the loss of his aid is incalculable to her.

In taking this view of the situation, I, of course, speak only of this side of the water, basing my opinion on what I see and hear in England. It is not at all unlikely that the American girl has "soured" on the English lord, and wants no more of him. For my own part, I have often wondered how American girls possessed of any spirit, either individual or national, could so willingly go into foreign bondage, and accept a yoke for their necks as the accompaniment of the coronet they gained for their brows. From the moment they set foot in England they are fishes out of water, and it does not take long for them to come to a painful realization of the misery of their position. Of course they will not admit it. They are too proud for that. Yet their pride is not so great as to hinder their spiritless submission to all sorts and descriptions of indirect indignities and veiled insults, leveled at them and their country without hesitation and without compunction by the aristocrats into whose sphere they intrude. If any of these American wives of Englishmen of title spoke the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, they would tell you that not for one moment are they permitted to forget that they are "outsiders." The silly, pointless, ignorant questions they are constantly asked about America would be enough to show this. Americans do not have to marry into the English aristocracy to experience this sort of thing. But until they thus marry their quizzing goes no further. Once they are married, they are safe targets. They can not get away.

There is, however, one advantage which these American wives have in England over American maidens—if advantage it can be called. And it is one which they share in common with all other wives. They are sure of attention from other men than their husbands, if they care for that sort of thing. In saying this I thoroughly concur with Arthur Brisbane, who said, the other day in the *World*, that "the time when an Englishman is most attentive to one of the opposite sex is when he is trying to steal the affections of another man's wife." The reason for this is that in England there is no danger whatever in being attentive to other men's wives. Society does not mind it a bit, and the husband does not mind it a bit. You can go as far as you like in your attentions (if they be acceptable) without fear of any consequences, except the chance of being made a co-respondent in a divorce suit and obliged to pay the cuckold—who thus trades on his wife's honor—whatever sum in damages the jury think will compensate him for the trouble you have put him to. Of course it is reasonable to suppose that you are able to do this, or you would not have gone on with the affair, once it passed the Platonic stage. Your inability to do so would, I truly believe, be thought the only really dishonorable part of your behavior. But there is danger in paying attention to unmarried women. You can be drawn into marrying them, and may, perhaps, be compelled to do so, and, unless the girl has money, could there be any disaster more dire for—an Englishman?

COCKAIGNE.

London, March 26, 1892.

RECENT VERSE.

A Prayer-Carpet.

I know not when in Daghestan
He lived, the skillful artisan
Who wove, in some mysterious way,
This fabric where the colors play
Across the woof in rainbow chase,
Or meet and link and interlace.

Nor do I know what suppliant knees
First pressed these yielding symmetries,
The while the turbaned brow was turned
Towards Mecca, and the soul that yearned,
Borne by the rapt muezzin's cry,
Soared, bird-like, up the tranquil sky.

But this I know—foot ne'er shall press
Its worship-hallowed loveliness,
For still about it dumbly clings
A subtle sense of holy things,
And woven in the meshes there
Are strands of vow and shreds of prayer.

With kindling morning rays, the sun
Its blended colors shines upon;
The mosque domes catch the light, and lo!
In loitering lines the camels go.
A fountain flings a silver jet;
A palm-tree cuts a silhouette.

But when night lids the eye of day,
And twilight glories fade away,
My fancy shapes a fervent man
From shadows on the Daghestan.
Thus, in its compass small I see
The Orient in epitome.

—*Clinton Scollard in New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

The Trail on the Mesa.

Over the mesa, bare and brown,
Under the blazing southern sun,
A worn old trail leads forth from the town
To the dwelling of those whose toil is done.

A little cluster of graves, forlorn,
Forgotten, lonely, unkempt, and still;
While round the cactus and through the thorn
The narrow trail creeps over the hill.

Somebody's lover, somebody's friend,
Under each wooden head-board lies;
Somebody's drama played to the end,
To praising mortals or weeping skies.

Sin and sorrow and love, now past,
Strength to conquer, and fault to fail;
These they have known; and then, at last,
The slow, sad journey over the trail.

The sun is riding home to his rest,
The gates of the great corral swing wide;
The trail leads on to the heart of the west,
Over the crest of the great divide.

—*Florence E. Pratt in Harper's Weekly.*

In the Night.

The moonlight had tangled the trees
Under our feet as we walked in the night,
And the shadows beneath us were stirred by the breeze
In the magical light;
And the moon was a silver fire,
And the stars were flickers of flame,
Golden and violet and red;
And the night-wind sighed my desire,
And the wind in the tree-tops whispered and said
In her ear her adorable name.

But her heart would not hear what I heard,
The pulse of the night as it beat,
Love, Love, Love, the unspeakable word,
In its murmurous repeat;
She heard not the night-wind's sigh,
Nor her own name breathed in her ear.
Nor the cry of my heart to her heart,
A speechless, a clamorous cry:
"Love! Love! will she hear, will she hear?"
O heart, she will hear, by and by,
When we part, when forever we part.

—*Arthur Symons in Black and White.*

Carl Losbek, the valet of Crown Prince Rudolph at the time of his death at Myerling, is dead. He went crazy nearly a year ago, and was placed under restraint lest he might reveal something of the affair in his ravings. The cabman who drove Marie Vetzera to the rendezvous has become a horse-dealer with the money given to him for his silence, and has bought an estate in Silesia. No one can extract a word from him. The other witness of the Crown Prince's death, Count Joseph Hoyos, is occasionally seen about Vienna, but he never goes to the clubs where he was once prominent, and never speaks of the tragedy.

The people of Quincy, Mass., pronounce the name of their town as if it were "Quinzy," though the people of the towns of Quincy in Florida, Michigan, and Illinois give the *c* its soft sound. Old Massachusetts people call Groton "Grawton" and Braintree "Brantree." They, too, like most Eastern people, say "Shicahgo," while the residents of the Windy City call their metropolis "Shicawgo."

Ex-Senator Ingalls thinks Cleveland is the only man the Democrats can hope to elect, and he believes they will nominate him. "This man Hill," continued Ingalls, "who is hippodroming about the country in search of support, would carry fewer votes than any other Democrat who has Presidential aspirations. Cleveland is a wooden man, but he is better than Hill."

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Baron Hirsch has ordered the sale of his estate of St. Johann and all his property in Austria-Hungary on account of his treatment by the Vienna Jockey Club.

Andrew Carnegie says that the first and most important lesson be learned in the art of money-getting was that "it isn't the man who does the work who makes the money; it's the man who gets other men to do it."

Rubinstein, who is again playing in Europe, with a possibility of coming to this country, has adopted an effective plan to prevent encores. Before he comes back upon the stage in response to applause, he has an attendant mount the platform and lock up the piano.

President Harper, of the Chicago University, offered Professor G. H. Palmer, of Harvard, seven thousand dollars, and his wife, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, three thousand dollars, to come to Chicago, and later he increased the latter figure to five thousand dollars. But Professor and Mrs. Palmer prefer to remain in Cambridge.

At the outbreak of the war, Senator Sherman came near embarking on a military career, when he became an aide-de-camp on General Scott's staff, and raised a brigade in Ohio. Had he remained in the service until the peace of Appomattox, a comparison of his own with his brother's success as a soldier would have furnished a topic for historians.

More patents have been granted to Thomas A. Edison than to any other inventor in the United States, and probably in the world. On the lists of the Patent Bureau in Washington he is credited with more than six hundred inventions, almost entirely in electrical appliances, and during one single week eight sets of letters-patent were issued in his name.

A happy *sobriquet* has been invented for the two members of Parliament representing Belfast, who both belong to the ship-building firm which built the White Star line of steamers. Sir Edward Harlan, M. P., who is a person of considerable stateliness, is known as "the Majestic," while his partner, Mr. Wolff, M. P., who is of German origin and of distinctly German appearance, has been nicknamed "the Teutonic."

Ex-President Guzman Blanco, who is at the head of the insurgent forces in Venezuela, combines to so remarkable a degree the shrewdness of the statesman with the dash of the soldier that among the people of Venezuela he has been regarded as a second Bolivar, while in North America he has become the best known of Spanish-American leaders. He stands six feet four inches, and is a man of great personal magnetism. His private fortune is estimated at six millions of dollars or more.

M. Léon Say is popularly recognized both at home and abroad as one of the most corrupt and venal statesmen of the present age in France. He is an illegitimate brother of Baron Alphonse Rothschild, and both when in and out of office he makes a point of paying a visit regularly every morning to the banking-house of the Rothschilds for the purpose of receiving his *mot d'ordre* from his elder brother, "the baron." His Sunday morning breakfasts, where the fun is often fast and furious, are famed throughout Paris. His name has been connected with several very discreditable financial scandals in France.

Dr. Mezger, the famous physician who has been in St. Petersburg in attendance upon the Czarina, has returned to Wiesbaden and resumed his practice. It is said that he has been of great service to her majesty, and that in recognition of his success the Czar decorated him with the Stanislaus Order, set with diamonds. But the doctor was also the recipient of about four hundred dollars a day during his residence at the Russian capital. Few physicians in Europe have so many royal patients as Dr. Mezger, who began life as a butcher boy in Holland. As a rule, he will not leave Wiesbaden to attend his patients, but compels them to visit him. The only exceptions he has made to this rule are the Pope, the Empress of Austria, and the Czarina.

Living children of Revolutionary sires continue to be reported to the *Tribune*. Among the latest additions to the roll are these: Tertius Clarke, of Chester, Conn., aged eighty-six, and Mrs. Lucy l'Hommedieu, of Westbrook, aged eighty-four, children of George Clarke; Nathan Pierce, of Suffield, Conn., aged ninety-one, Mrs. Anna H. Pierce, his wife, aged eighty-four, and her brother, G. C. Burnap, now of Marietta, Ga., the latter two being children of John Burnap; Mrs. Caty Best, of Fultonham, Schoharie County, N. Y., and Mrs. Betsy Foster, of Glovesville, N. Y., daughters of Timothy Murphy, and both about ninety years old; three brothers Pease, aged between eighty and eighty-five, all living in Fleming, N. Y., and sons of Silas Pease; and Mrs. Sarah Wilcox, of New Brunswick, N. J., and Mrs. Rachel Van Deventer, of South River, N. J., daughters of Christopher Van Deventer.

The reunion of ex-Confederate officers in New Orleans on April 8th seems to show that, in the matter of longevity, the generals of the lost cause have fared better than the commanders of the Union forces. For, of the four hundred and ninety eight general officers of the Confederate army, there are still one hundred and seventy-four, or about thirty-five per cent., surviving. Of these, P. G. T. Beauregard is the only full general now living, and he, though seventy-four years old, is remarkably well preserved. He is a prominent figure on the streets of New Orleans, and moves about with the erect bearing and military dash that have always characterized him. General Early, Beauregard's lottery associate of recent times, is two years the latter's senior, and is somewhat bent with years. General E. Kirby Smith, another of the older Confederate officers, is passing the decline of life qui[illegible] professor in the University of Tennessee, at Sewan[illegible]

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

John Bonner has a striking article on "The Labor Question of the Pacific Coast" in the *Californian Illustrated* for April. It discusses the subject in all its lights and bearings, handling it with a freedom that the daily papers dare not use. Any one reading the article will find evidence of a wide-spread conspiracy among the trades unions of this State to retard its development; it will astonish those who have not investigated the subject.

Among the announcements of Macmillan & Co. are Tennyson's play, "The Foresters," Marion Crawford's new novel, "The Three Fates," and "Island Life," by Alfred Russell Wallace, the noted scientist.

Mr. William Waldorf Astor, who has made his home in London, is writing a book descriptive of social life in the fifteenth century.

In the *Pacific Coast Photographer* for April is an article on "Celestial Photography," by Professor S. W. Burnham, of the Lick Observatory, and also the first of a series of illustrated articles on "Art Composition," by O. V. Lange.

Macmillan & Co. have just ready Vol. XXX. of the "Dictionary of National Biography," in which Leslie Stephen writes on Dr. Johnson; H. Morse Stephens on Sir William Jones; Richard Garnett on Ebenezer Jones, the poet; Professor C. H. Herford on Ben Jonson; Joseph Knight on Mrs. Jordan, Edmund Kean, and John Philip Kemble; Miss Bradley on Angelica Kauffmann; Sidney Colvin on Keats; and Canon Overton on Keble.

"Not on Calvary," a layman's sermon pleading for mediation in the temptation of the wilderness, a success little less than that of Professor Drummond's little sermon. It is published by Charles T. Dillingham & Co.

Mr. Hamilton Aide's next book, "A Voyage of Discovery," is not a description of travels, but a novel illustrative of American society. Mr. Aide is supposed to have made exhaustive studies of the same during his recent short journey through this country with Mr. Henry M. Stanley.

Aspiring authors will not derive much satisfaction from this paragraph, taken from the New York *Times*:

"At a recent dinner in London, Frederick Macmillan said that in 1891 his firm published one hundred and sixty-six new books of all kinds, including new editions or books newly printed. Of this number, one hundred and forty-four were either books that were the works of authors of reputation or books which did not come within the meaning of such as had to be considered in manuscript. Twenty-two were manuscripts sent in to be read and accepted. From this it appears that more than eighty-five per cent. were either by 'established' authors or were otherwise superior to the necessity of consideration in manuscript, while fewer than fifteen per cent. were by new authors."

Mr. Stevenson's (and Mr. Osbourne's) "Wrecker" is to be brought out in book-form at the end of June. The cloth edition will be ornamented with twelve full-page illustrations.

A volume on Columbus, by Clements R. Markham, will be added to the Great Explorers Series.

Edgerton Castle's important work on "Schools and Masters of Fence," which has heretofore only been obtainable in an expensive quarto form, will shortly be issued by Macmillan & Co. as a volume in the Bohn Library. The reprint will contain all the original illustrations.

Charles Robinson, remembered as the "War Governor" of Kansas, has written a valuable book on "The Kansas Conflict"—the famous struggle of 1855-8.

Mrs. Oliphant has in hand a biography of Thomas Chalmers for the English Leaders of Religion Series.

Macmillan & Co. will issue early next week a new edition of Mr. William Winter's well-known "Shakespeare's England." A new book by the same author tells of the American stage during the past twenty years, and will be called "Shadows of the Stage."

In "Marah"—the volume of poems on which Lord Lytton was engaged at the time of his death—each poem is complete in itself, but they are so arranged as to form a consecutive whole.

"The Sisters," Swinburne's forthcoming tragedy of modern times, will make a crown-octavo book of about one hundred and thirty pages.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has collected his fugitive verse of the past few years, including those signed "Yussuf," which, revised and with the addition of some unpublished pieces, will be printed early in April by Macmillan & Co., under the title "Barrack-Room Ballads." The same house has now ready "The Soteriology of the New Testament," by the Rev. Dr. Du Bose, of the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.

Mr. Rider Haggard's new story, "Nada the Lily," is a tale of love and fighting in Africa, and all the characters are natives.

Edmond de Goncourt, now a handsome old man, living in a villa near Paris, has made final arrangements for the disposition, after his death, of his remarkably fine collection of art treasures. These are to be sold, and the money is to be applied to the founding and maintenance of a kind of literary "home." Herein twelve young writers of promise will be made comfortable, in order that they may produce *chef-d'œuvres*. It will be a queer experiment, which the world will watch with interest.

To their Golden Treasury Series Macmillan & Co. will add Balthasar Gracian's "Art of Worldly Wisdom," translated by Joseph Jacobs.

Mrs. Alexander's forthcoming book is a love-story called "For Pity's Sake," the scene being laid in a cathedral town.

"The Story of Philip Methuen," by Mrs. J. H. Needles, whose "Stephen Ellicott's Daughter" was a decided success, is the latest issue of the Appletons' Town and Country Library.

There are to be nine short stories in Bret Harte's forthcoming book. It is to bear the title of the opening story, "Colonel Starbottle's Client."

Mrs. Ward's New Novel.

"The History of David Grieve," by Mrs. Humphry Ward, bids fair to be as great a sensation as was her first novel, "Robert Elsmere," two years or so ago. According to Paul Bourget's classification it takes rank among the highest grade of novels, for it combines the qualities of the novels of action, of manners, and of psychological analysis. As to the polemic quality that marked "Robert Elsmere," there is little of it in "David Grieve," though the hero's change of attitude, from the agnosticism of a strong, self-reliant youth to the earnest belief of one who has suffered and has found his God, is brought about in full view of the reader.

David is the son of a shepherd, who left the mountains of his mid-England home to try his fortunes in London. There he prospered at his trade and married a pretty French girl, but she deserted him and their two children, David and Louie, and, at his death, the children were sent to their country relatives. There we find them, living with their uncle, a simple-minded religious enthusiast, and his grasping wife—David snatching such crumbs of learning as he may from the scant library of a demented schoolmaster, and Louie growing up into a wild, ungovernable, clever little imp, without an attractive trait except her cleverness and the promise of great beauty. David runs away to Manchester, sets up as a bookseller, and prospers enough in a few years to send for his sister. He is startled at her beauty and her utter impatience of all restraint, but is determined to do his duty by her.

Soon they go to Paris for a fortnight—and into this fortnight is crowded the passion of his life. He falls madly in love with a young woman who is studying art, and he leaves Louie to go with this young woman and live *en union libre*. But the woman deserts him to return to her art, and, coming back to Paris, he finds that his sister has gone and done likewise with a dissipated brute of a sculptor. He bribes the sculptor to marry her, by the surrender of all his little fortune, and then attempts suicide. He is saved, however, and is brought back to Manchester, where he resumes his business, prospers greatly, marries a silly, loving little woman, and interests himself in plans for the improvement of his workmen's condition. His wife dies of cancer, after ten years or so, and his sister, who has been a constant financial drain on him, finally breaks all restraints and eventually kills herself when her child is dead, her lover recreant, and her husband in an inebriate asylum. David goes to Paris to find her, and during his stay meets his first love, the art student. It is utterly prosaic: this woman, who had almost torn his soul up by the roots, has married, as he did, and has been for years a loving nurse to an invalid husband; and her art, for which she deserted David, now keeps the pot boiling, being turned to any work that comes to hand.

Such is the story: absorbingly interesting—even in the few pages of dialect at the beginning—intensely dramatic, peopled with a throng of characters each of whom is as individual as in real life, and set in scenes where we seem to smell the heather of the mountains, see the paved streets of Manchester, and feel the intoxication of a first visit to Paris.

Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price: in one volume, $1.00; in two volumes, library edition, $3.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company and by William Doxey.

New Publications.

"Florabel's Lover," a novel by Laura Jean Libbey, has been issued in the Choice Series published by Robert Bonner's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Peculiar: A Hero of the Great Rebellion," by Epes Sargent, has been republished in the Good Company Series issued by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Mrs. Lygon," a domestic detective story by Shirley Brooks, has been issued in the Idle Moments Series published by the Price-McGill Company, St. Paul; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Great Ingersoll Controversy," containing Colonel R. G. Ingersoll's Christmas sermon, the comments of various preachers, and the infidel's reply, has been issued in the Vanity Fair Series published by Edward Brandus & Co., New York; price, 25 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

In a little volume entitled "Tributes to Shakespeare," Mary R. Silsby has collected and arranged all the best poems addressed to Shakespeare or inspired by his genius or personality by the English and American poets of three centuries, supplementing them with a series of brief prose extracts from essayists, critics, and novelists. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, $1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Those who have enjoyed "The Rector of St. Luke's" will be glad to hear that another of Marie Bernard's stories has been translated and is issued in Worthington's International Library. It is called "The Household Idol," and tells an interesting story of life in Hamburg society at the present day—including excursions from the aristocratic salons and boudoirs to the studios of the upper Bohemia. Published by the Worthington Company, New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Not All in Vain" is the title of the new novel by Ada Cambridge. Ada Cambridge is in private life Mrs. G. F. Cross, and is an Englishwoman by birth, though she has made her name in literature as an Australian. Her stories, "The Three Miss Kings" and "My Guardian," have won her a wide circle of American admirers, and this story of the fen country in England—her native heath, so to speak—will set her reputation on even a firmer basis. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, $1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Julius Cæsar," by W. Warde Fowler, sub-rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, is the latest volume of the Heroes of the Nations Series. It is the author's purpose to show that Cæsar, while neither the founder nor the organizer of the Roman Empire, was the founder of the Roman imperial system, and that the great change in European history that took place in his day was due to the extraordinary force of his will and intellect, acting on the pre-existing tendencies of the time. The sources of the book are chiefly contemporary narratives, notably those of Cæsar himself and of Cicero. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, $1.50; for sale by William Doxey.

"That Angelic Woman," by James M. Ludlow, takes the reader to a very different field from those in which "The Captain of the Janizaries" and "A King of Tyre" disport themselves. It is New York, and his hero is George Goldie, a young man who has inherited a great fortune and is endeavoring to "see life." This ambition leads to two important events: he is taken, intoxicated, to a refuge for reformed convicts, and there hears how his own father had stolen a great sum of money and so founded his fortune; and, later, being injured in a polo game, he is taken to a hospital and there tended by a professional nurse, in whom he finds his ideal and also the child of the man his father had robbed. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, $1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Mrs. Oliphant's new book, "Jerusalem, the Holy City, Its History and Hope," is a picturesque narrative of the history of the city that disputes with Rome the glory of having had the widest and deepest influence upon the human race. It commences with the conquest of the little Jebusite city by David when he felt the need of a capital city, and follows its course until the end of the tragedy of Christ's death, considering it in four parts: "The House of David," "The Prophets," "The Return and Restoration," and "The Final Tragedy." The book has the same charm that made "The Makers of Florence" and "The Makers of Venice" so popular, and is copiously illustrated by wood-engravings from drawings by Hamilton Aidé and photographs by F. M. Good; and it has an index. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, $3.00; for sale by William Doxey.

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VANITY FAIR.

If the history of the straioed relations between the womeo of the oavy and the Federal Government were a matter of record (says the *Evening Sun*), it would make a blue book that everybody would want to read. There is always an incipieot rebellioo goiog on io some one of the oaval colonies against the ruling powers. A retiring Secretary, asked which of his duties he found most difficult, replied: "Managing the womeo." The womeo, of course, deoy that this was ooe of his duties. On their part they have a permanent grievance against the general government oo the score of quarters and shore pay, as against the favorable treatment accorded the army women. This, however, is as nothing compared with their skirmishes with the Secretary of the Navy and the admiral commandiog. Secretary Whitney has related the revolt against Secretary Chandler, whose oame is still used as a bugaboo to scare the childreo of the navy. But he has not related that he was himself the most popular Secretary in the annals of the oavy. Wheo he came ioto power he was immediately visited by a detachment of navy women asking that Secretary Chandler's orders, which forbade women following their husbaods to distaot naval stations, be rescinded. Secretary Whitney replied that his knowledge of the duties of the Secretary of the Navy did oot include womeo as subject to orders, and that, as a married man, he koew that if such ao order was issued to Mrs. Whitney she would not obey it, and he presumed they would not either.

The opportunities for conflict with the admiral are greater thao with the Secretary of the Navy. He is not only the ruler of the sea, but ignoring the marine league that oatioos respect, he commaods also the shore. The scrimmages between Admiral Walker and the spirited wife of Captain H—— wonld equip an entire comic opera. Mrs. H—— has borne the banner of revolt from Boston to Brindisi, from the Mediterranean to the Caribbean, from Sao Fraocisco to Yokohama. After having beeo absolutely and specially forbidden to follow the ships, the admiral had scarcely cast anchor wheo io the next merchaotman came gayly aloog Mrs. H—— and her fourteen trunks, and set up her equal and more entertaining rule on shore. At Yokohama, the admiral told her if she did not leave he would seod her husband's ship to some distant port where there were oo hotels. The lady merrily defied him, aod the husband was ordered off to a humble and lonely anchorage down the coast. The admiral at last drew a long breath, for he learned that Mrs. H—— had packed her trunks aod gone off. Naturally exultant over the successful terminatioo of long hostilities in which he had oot always had the best, he concluded to go down the coast and enjoy a visible triumph. There was the lonely ship at anchor, aod there on the coast the only habitable house, the house of ao English consul. To this house he was invited to dioner. The charming hostess eotered, but before goiog to the table, she said: "I must present my guest." The door was thrown opeo, and in the dazzling war-paint of dinoer eotered Mrs. H——. She had been there all the time.

Mrs. Astor first came forward promineotly in New York society about 1873 (says *Frank Leslie's Weekly*). The entertainments that she gave at that time were giveo chiefly for the purpose of introducing her daughters. Her eldest daughter, who became Mrs. J. J. Van Aleo, is oow dead. Her other daughters are Mrs. J. R. Roosevelt, usually known as Mrs. Rosy Roosevelt; Mrs. Coleman Draytoo, and Mrs. Orme Wilsoo. About 1875, Mrs. August Belmont retired from leadership in New York society, aod Mrs. William Astor took Mrs. August Belmont's place. It was oot possible for aoybody to replace Mrs. Belmoot entirely, for the reason that when the Patriarch balls were started a new set of social conditioos was put into operatioo. The Patriarch balls were given by twenty-five prominent men in New York, and, as they became the fashionable events of the winter season, they not only divided attention with such great private eotertainments as Mrs. Belmont or aoy social leader could give, but to a great extent became more importaot than any private entertainment could be. With Patriarch balls in full swing, it may be seen at once that New York society was not so depeodent on Mr. Belmont, or on any other single leader, as had previously been the case, and a great deal of the Belmont power disappeared, and with it disappeared the possibility that Mr. and Mrs. Belmont would have any successors to wield the power that they had wielded. The autocratic feature in New York society was over and done with. There was a great deal of power left, of course, for Mrs. Astor to secure, and she promptly secured it. During the fifteen years that have elapsed since that time, Mrs. Astor's leadership of New York society has been all but absolute.

Everybody is acquainted with the attempt that has been made, within the past two or three years, by Mrs. William Waldorf Astor, to wrest this leadership from her. The Astor feud came suddenly to the front on the occasion of the Washington Ceotennial Ball. Ward McAllister, in making up the list of women who were to dance io the *quadrille d'honneur*, included the oame of Mrs. William Astor aod left out the oame of Mrs. "Willie" Astor. He did this because Mrs. William Astor, he stated, was a Schermerhorn, and a desceodant of a Revolutionary family, and, therefore, entitled to dance in a quadrille organized for the purpose of recalling the Washington ball a hundred years previously, while Mrs. Willie Astor had no Revolutionary antecedents that aoybody knew anything about. Ward McAllister left out the oame of Mrs. Stuyvesaot Fish for similar reasons, and thereupon all the Centenoial committeemen, who were identified with the directory of the Illinois Central Railroad, opened fire on Mrs. William Astor and Ward McAllister, and the two womeo of the Astor family found themselves facing each other io opposition. So great publicity was given to the facts of the matter that William Waldorf Astor and Stuyvesaot Fish did oot dare put Mrs. William Astor to one side and substitute their wives, and, in consequence, the famous *quadrille d'honneur* was practically shelved. This would have beeo a victory for the Willie Astor and Stuyvesaot Fish factioo, had it not beeo that the Centennial ball, with Mrs. William Astor aod Ward McAllister out of it, aod conducted under amended conditions, turned ont to be a failure of the most disastrous aod disgraceful dimensions. Winter before last, Mrs. William Waldorf Astor made another attempt to secure a leading positioo in society by organizing, in company with some of her immediate friends, a series of small and exclusive dances that came to be koowo as the balls of "The Howling Swells." They were given at Sherry's, io Fifth Aveoue, but did not prove particularly successful. Later oo, Mrs. William Waldorf Astor put forward a claim that she was the chief woman in the Astor family by haviog her cards printed simply "Mrs. Astor." The details of that story are too familiar to oeed recapitulation oow.

At Newport, several years ago, a young woman maneovered rather obviously to capture the atteotions and presumably the affections of youog John Jacob Astor. Mrs. Astor had certaio views about the future of her son matrimonially, and these views were not met by aoythiog that the youog womao could offer, either in the way of family, wealth, or social positioo. Mrs. Astor thereupoo indicated, in a very polite fashioo, her disapprobatioo of the young womao's sentimeotal proceediogs. The girl persisted, and then the society leader dropped her oame from her list, aod one day, at the Casino, cut her dead. The effect oo the youog womao's social fortunes was immediate. Within a few days she found nearly all the good houses in Newport shut against her. The owners of these houses knew that Mrs. Astor would oot come to them if they were visited by a young woman whose acquaintance she had declioed. If Mrs. Astor would not accept invitations to certain houses, the people in those houses could not, as a logical result, expect to receive invitations to Mrs. Astor's house, and the ambitious maiden who desired to marry ioto the Astor family, and who persisted in the desire when Mrs. Astor signified her opposition to the scheme, was sacrificed promptly on all sides, and her social career came to an abrupt and unpleasant termination.

A man who was married about four weeks ago, and is consequently still baskiog in the light of the honeymoon, told a *Recorder* reporter that he found it to be of the greatest possible importance to "get on the right side of the girl's mother." He said if the girl is disinclined to favor your suit, if you will enlist the services of her mother, you have no idea what an ally she will prove herself. Now, this is a taogible idea. It is a diagramed plan of action. Find out what the girl's mother likes, be attentive to her—in fact, court the mother io a thousand little ways. Listen to her when she talks to you, even if she bores you to death. Laugh at her jokes, defer to her judgment, ask her advice, confide io her your business plaos, tell her about your mother and your childhood, see that her daughter wears rubbers wheo she goes out, and go to church. You can oearly always score a strong point with her if you go to church and casually mention the text. In short, be a son to her. You have not the least idea how she can assist you. She will point out your lovely traits to her daughter io your absence. She will invite you to dinner often, and prepare for you, too, what is more, Thiok of it—what an opportunity! But have a care lest the mother misinterpret your intentioos and appropriate them to herself.

The indictment that Mme. Adam draws up against the American and English girls in the last number of the *North American Review* is of less consequence than the sketch she gives of the youog French girl oo whom the influence of the freedom of manners of the Anglo-Saxon has wrought such lamentable chaoge. Previously, according to Mme. Adam, the young French girl, peasant aod noble, lived in a state of "ethereal ignorance; she knew oo evil." This young person, Mme. Adam goes on to say, had such respect for her own innocence that she would reject all knowledge and all compreheosion of anythiog that might disturb or lose in the least what they guarded with so much jealousy. Only Mme. Adam is able to recoocile these statements (remarks the *Sun*). But granting that both are true—that a young girl may be innoceot, and distinctly conscious that she is innocent, the spectacle of conscious innocence is no more engaging in a young girl than the spectacle of conscious virtue in those who are older. The beauty of innocence is that it is unconscious. No man becomes suddenly wicked, and presumably yoong girls do not become suddeoly wise io evil. French novelists do oot represent the children of peasants living in a state of ethereal ignorance; nor do American girls who have attended Freoch schools report the idyllic innocence of French girls. Mme. Adam herself admits duplicity that is especially shocking to American ideas when she says that the more a Freoch girl throws off the restraiots of French maooers the more she observes religious conventioos, and for the reasoo that it is better to keep io touch with ideas she believes to be of better *ton*. Such duplicity is oot born of a oight, oor of casual contact with English and American girls in salons aod halls of Paris, Nice, and Caones.

Mme. Adam says that one may oow see, oot only in Paris, but in the provioces, youog womeo escorting each other, goiog out on horseback or on foot without their mothers, and—here a fioe aotiqne blush mantles the phrase of the writer—"they are even seen io the company of young men of their own age, with oo escort older thao themselves." She attributes this decline of modesty and propriety to the force of the examples set by American girls at Nice, at Hyeres, at Mentone, aod at Cannes. There is something Florentine and cooventual (says the *Commercial Advertiser*) in this graceful plaint, the *ancien régime* comiog up against our reckless Western notions. Madame is almost archaic in her lamentatioo, and is, at the same time, as iogenuous as ooe of her own virgins. She lays a great deal of the sin at the feet of croquet, and exclaims: "Ah, those skirts raised high oo the ankle to accomplish a certain stroke! Great heavens!" There was a time when Virginia was content to do her tambourwork in a corner of the tower aod play sweetly oo the harp, but now she mnst wear tight-fitting jerseys — "those flannel betrayers of form — and give vigorous strokes with a mallet, ioterspersed with talk of biceps, and breast, aod ankles. What joy! what elegaoce for the daughters of France! But, ah! the scaodal of it." These amiable protests will, of course, have little effect in staying the stampede of the Freoch girl.

If Mrs. Emily Crawford's deductions are true, beauty and such a hitherto difficult achievement as a complexion are mere matters of determination. Mrs. Crawford, who is the Paris correspondent of the London *Telegraph*, says that Frenchwomen used to be brown as a berry; but, of late years, they are conspicuous for their marble charm. The expression is Mrs. Crawford's. This, she says, is simply the result of their intense desire for beauty in pallor; it is altogether a matter of will-power. It is elsewhere admitted that the Parisian has been giving a great deal of consideration to her diet, and has found that poultry and milk are better allies, so far as her skin is concerned, than butcher's meat and wine.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The first wedding of Easter week will be that of Miss May E. Pope and Mr. Daniel T. Murphy which will take place at high noon on Monday, April 18th, at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. A. J. Pope on Van Ness Avenue. Miss Evelyn Carolan and Miss Edith Taylor will be the bridesmaids, Mr. Robert R. Grayson will act as best man, and Archbishop Riordan will officiate. A reception will follow the ceremony.

Miss Charlotte Bermingham, daughter of Captain John Bermingham, and Surgeon Stokes, U. S. N., will be united in marriage on Monday, April 18th, at the residence of the bride's father on Chestnut Street.

The wedding of Miss Fanny Morrisson and Mr. Herbert Bird Weller will take place next Tuesday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Pixley, on Union Street. A large number of invitations have been issued for the affair.

Miss Gertrude Ames and Mr. Robert William Wood will be married next Tuesday evening in Grace Church. Miss Alice Ames will be the maid of honor; Mr. Worthington Ames will act as best man; Miss May Hoffman, Miss Minnie Emmett, Miss Mary Graham, and Miss Helen Otis will be the bridesmaids; and Mr. William Little, Mr. Leonard E. Chenery, Mr. Southard Hoffman, and Mr. Randall will be the ushers. After the ceremony a reception will be held at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Pelham W. Ames, on Taylor Street, to which only relatives and very intimate friends have been invited.

The wedding of Miss Margaret de Witt Kittle, daughter of Mrs. Nicholas Gosman Kittle, and Mr. George Davis Boyd, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Boyd, will take place next Wednesday evening in St. John's Presbyterian Church. Miss Lucia Kittle, cousin of the bride, will be the maid of honor, Mr. Henry St. Clair Boyd, the groom's brother, will act as best man, Miss Mary Eyre, Miss May Hoffman, Miss Alice Simpkins, and Miss Ethel Smith will be the bridesmaids, and the ushers will comprise Mr. N. G. Kittle, Mr. Duncan Hayne, Mr. Sidney Ashe, Mr. J. H. Deering, Jr., Mr. James C. McKee, and Mr. L. S. Vassault. A reception will be held afterward at the home of the bride's mother on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Lillian Lucille Wagner, daughter of Mr. Joseph Wagner, and Mr. Elmanson Avery McCarthy, son of Mr. James P. McCarthy, will be married next Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's father, 1004 Jones Street. Miss Helen Wagner will be the maid of honor, Mr. James J. Archibald will act as best man, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Susie LeCount, Miss Georgie Nightingale, Miss Helen Gibbs, and Miss McCarthy.

The wedding of Miss Edith Taylor, daughter of Captain and Mrs. William H. Taylor, and Mr. George A. Pope, son of Mrs. A. J. Pope, will take place on Tuesday evening, April 26th, in Trinity Church. Mr. Samuel Buckbee will act as best man; Miss Daisy Casserly, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Miss Evelyn Carolan, and Miss Clara Taylor will be the bridesmaids; Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. F. J. Carolan, Mr. William R. Sherwood, Mr. Oscar I. Sewell, Mr. Walter S. Newhall, and Mr. Augustine Taylor will be the ushers. A reception will be held afterward at the residence of the bride's parents on California Street.

The wedding of Miss Irene Crowell, daughter of Mrs. E. A. Crowell, and Mr. Alpheus Bull, Jr., will take place on Wednesday evening, April 27th, at the residence of the bride's mother, 1603 Larkin Street. Miss May Crowell, sister of the bride, will act as maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Mary C. Dunham, of Oakland, and Miss Blanche Castle.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Stella B. Walthall and Colonel E. A. Belcher, and the wedding will take place during the Christmas holidays. The bride-elect is the daughter of the late Mr. Madison Walthall, of Stockton. During the interim prior to her marriage she will visit France and Germany, in company with friends, for the purpose of musical study, and will be at Beyreuth during the fall festival. Colonel Belcher is a well-known attorney-at-law of this city, the half-brother of Judge Isaac S. Belcher, of the Supreme Court Commission, and of Hon. William C. Belcher.

Mrs. William J. Younger will give a *déjeûner* today (Saturday) at her residence, 1414 California Street, to the members of the Saturday Morning Orchestra.

Through the courtesy of Colonel William R. Shafter, U. S. A., a tea will be given on Angel Island on Saturday, May 7th, for the benefit of the Woman's Exchange, under the auspices of the board of managers. Music, dancing, refreshments, and a delightful sail will be among the attractions.

Mrs. O. O. Burgess will give a matinée tea next Tuesday, at her residence on Geary Street, in honor of the members of the California State Medical Society, of which Dr. Burgess is president. On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Robert McLean will entertain the members at a high tea, which she will give at her home on Pacific Avenue. Mr. Adolph Sutro will give a lunch-party in their honor at Sutro Heights on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rowland Hazard will give a reception in Santa Rosa Hall, Santa Barbara, next Wednesday evening, in honor of the guests of the Flower Festival Association.

Among the San Franciscans who were present at the dinner given on March 25th to Hon. Whitelaw Reid at the Hotel Continental, in Paris, were: Mr. John W. Mackay, Jr., Mr. Charles Josselyn, Mr. Peter J. Donahue, Mr. H. Morgan Hill, Mr. George E. Raum, and Mr. Peter E. Bowles, Jr.

The members of the Pacific Yacht Club will give their opening hop of the season on Saturday, May 7th, at the club-house in Sausalito.

The ladies of St. Paul's Church, in Oakland, will give a reception and tea to the choir-boys next Wednesday evening.

EASTER VERSE.

At Easter-Tide.

HIS THOUGHTS:

That lovely face
Shows inward grace.
I'm sure her thoughts are fitting
To Easter day.
Devout her way;
To heaven her soul is flitting.

HER THOUGHTS:

I can't half see
What Mamie D.
Has for her Easter bonnet
Well, there! 'tis that
Old last year's hat
With just new ribbon on it.—*Judge.*

At Easter-Time.

At Easter-time the joy-bells ring
A gladsome greeting to the Spring,
And roses deck the chancel-rail.
With violets sweet and lilies pale,
And choir a grand hosanna sing.
The little birds take fluttering wing,
While trees their pinkening blossoms fling,
And brooks come tumbling down the dale,
At Easter-time.

My Angelice, with curls which cling
'Round eyes that primrose fancies bring,
Builds her a hat of flowerets frail
'Neath fetching film of dotted veil,
She looks too sweet for anything!
At Easter-time.
—*Kate Masterson in Life.*

An Easter Sorrow.

The Easter bells ring clear and sweet;
To church the onward crowd is wending;
I sit and gaze into the street,
My thoughts another way are tending.

The happy chimes, the sunshine fair,
The jocund pilgrims make me nervous,
And precious little do I care
Who bears or misses Easter Service.

Deep disappointment makes me frown—
I've even wasted tears upon it!
That horrid milliner, down town,
Forgot to send my Easter Bonnet.
—*Madeline S. Bridges in S. C. & Co.'s Monthly.*

Easter Lilies.

Sweet dreams are in her lifted eyes,
Sweet prayers her parted lips are praying;
She takes no heed of lovers' sighs
Nor any yearnings earthward straying.

She gives *me* no more thought than she
Bestows on dead and gone Achilles;
But I can hear that since I see
She wears my bunch of Easter lilies.—*Judge.*

A Powerful Sermon.

The church was hushed, the rich warm scent
Of flowers filled the Easter air,
The gray old preacher, stern and eloquent,
Spoke burning truths and words of wisdom rare.
The benediction said, the white-robed choir
Chanted from far without a faint amen;
Still rapt she sat, a glow of heavenly fire
Lighting her sweet face.
"'Twas glorious," then
At length she spoke: "He preached so grandly that
I never even thought of my new hat."
—*Harry Romaine in Puck.*

White Violets.

At the german we went to just before Lent
She was sweet—she was very entrancing;
And a bunch of white violets to her I sent,
Which she wore; and I noted while dancing
A single white flower fell out on the floor
And she stopped then, and, prettily blushing,
Regained that one bud—though she had many more,
Yet she saved that one bud from the crushing.

At church now on Easter, she has the next aisle
And a new Easter bonnet is wearing;
I catch for a moment a look, a sweet smile,
And my love is no longer despairing.
The lights of the chancel have bright saving grace,
And the whole world is fair—how I love it!
The bonnet, beneath which I see her sweet face,
Has a bunch of white violets above it!
—*Flavel Scott Mines in Truth.*

— THE LADIES OF SAN FRANCISCO HAVE BEEN wearing wonderfully shapely little boots this season. These come from The Maze and are of the common-sense pattern, made of the finest French kid, hand-sewed, and provided with low heels and the "California toe"—a comfortable and pretty shape that sets off the little feet of fair San Franciscans to the best advantage, and does not cramp or pinch the toes. In the same great emporium at Market and Taylor Streets is to be found another illustration of the modern improvement made in clothing. The suits for little boys—sailor suits, kilt suits, and wash suits for the seaside—are made of handsome and strong materials, and are just the thing for young Californians of from four to fourteen years.

Theodore Wores will leave for Japan and China about the end of May. Previous to his departure he will place his entire collection of pictures, embracing Japanese, Chinese, and English subjects, on exhibition at the rooms of the San Francisco Art Association, where they will be sold at auction early in May.

Mrs. Carmichael Carr and Mr. Sigmund Beel will resume their Saturday Popular Concerts on September 17th.

— MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

MUSICAL NOTES.

A Musical Sunday Afternoon.

The first extra Musical Sunday Afternoon of the third series was held in Steinway Hall on April 10th. The programme was very interesting, and it was enjoyed by a large audience. The selections were as follows:

Septet, op. 20, *(1)* adagio, allegro con brio, *(2)* adagio cantabile, *(3)* tempo de menuetto, *(4)* tema con variazi ni, *(5)* scherzo, allegro molto e vivace, Beethoven, violin, Hermann Brandt, viola, Louis Schmidt, 'cello, Louis Heine, clarionet, Joseph Wrba, bassoon, A. Beetz, French horn, E. Schlott, double bass, A. Muñoz; aria, "Queen of Sheba" ("More Regal"), Gounod, Miss Anna Miller Wood; piano solo, *(a)* "Spinning Song," Ole Olsen, *(b)* "At the Ball," Agathe Grundahl, *(c)* "Norwegian Dance," Ole Olsen, Miss Magda Bugge; song, "Spring Flowers" (violin obligato), Reinecke, Miss Anna Miller Wood; string quartet, op. 33, No. 2, *(1)* allegro moderato, cantabile, *(2)* scherzo allegro, *(3)* largo, sustenuto, *(4)* finale, presto, Hermann Brandt Quartet.

The second and last concert of this series will take place on Sunday, May 8th.

Ovide Musin, the celebrated violinist, will give only two concerts during his stay in San Francisco. They will take place at the Baldwin Theatre on Sunday evenings, April 24th and May 1st. The programmes are varied and interesting, and in presenting them, Mr. Musin will have the assistance of Annie Louise Tanner-Musin, Inez Parmater, mezzo-soprano, Emil Senger, basso, Eduard Scharf, pianist, and an orchestra of thirty-five musicians under the direction of August Hinrichs. At the first concert M. Musin will play Saint-Saëns "Rondo Capriccioso," with full orchestral accompaniment, which has never been heard before in San Francisco.

"An Afternoon with Schubert" is the title of Mr. John Fiske's lecture to be given this afternoon at three o'clock. The programme will commence with the "Rondeau Brilliant," op. 70, by Miss Alice Bacon, pianist, and Mr. Hermann Brandt, violinist, and Mr. Fiske will illustrate his lecture by singing twelve songs by Schubert.

Fraulein Ottilie Liedelt will give a concert on the evening of April 19th, with the assistance of Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, Mr. Sigmund Beel, and Mr. Louis Heine.

Another concert under the direction of Mr. John Parrott and Mr. F. W. Ludovici will be given in Steinway Hall on Wednesday evening, April 27th.

Superior to vaseline and cucumbers — Crème Simon, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York, druggists, perfumers, fancy-goods stores.

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SOCIETY.

The Catherwood Dinner-Party.

An elaborate dinner-party was given recently by Mrs. Clara Catherwood, at her residence on Pacific Avenue, in honor of Miss Leila Alexander, daughter of Surgeon-General Alexander, U. S. A., who is paying a visit to this coast. Amid beautiful decorations a sumptuous menu was served followed by a couple of hours passed in the parlors with conversation and musical selections by Mrs. William B. Wightman, Miss Amelia Ferrer, and Miss Lillie Lawlor. Among those present were:

Mrs. Clara Catherwood, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Bigelow, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wightman, Miss Leila Alexander, Miss Violet, of New Orleans, Miss Lillie Lawlor, Miss Amelia Ferrer, Miss Millie Ashe, Miss Kate Voorhies, Miss Ella Hastings, Miss Jennie Sanderson, Mr. J. J. Emory, of New York, Mr. H. L. Pendleton, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Keyes, Mr. George Loughborough, Mr. William Lawlor, and Mr. E. Y. Judd.

A Children's Party.

Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. John Hays Hammond gave a children's party in celebration of her little son's fourth birthday. The guests were:

Misses Natalie Hammond Hunt, Floride Hunt, Maud Bourn, Jennie Crocker, Ethel Crocker, Eleanor Arnold, Edna Davis, May and Julia Langhorne, and Masters Harry McAfee, Dudley Gunn, Clement Arnold, Cosmo Morgan, Randolph Tatum, Hall Roe, and Sidney Rankin Drew.

The table was decorated with pale-pink roses in cut-glass bowls and sprays of green ferns. After the luncheon, a Jack Horner pie was served, filled with Easter eggs. Then each child was given a "seek and find ribbon," at the end of which was a prize basket, filled with bonbons.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, *née* Crocker, and her children will arrive here from New York early in May. Mr. Alexander's mother will accompany them.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Marks and Mrs. William H. Smith have arrived in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs are passing several weeks at Hillcrest, their country seat in Napa County.

Mrs. John D. Yost and her niece, Miss Jennie Sanderson, will leave for Paris next Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Faxon D. Atherton are occupying their cottage in Menlo Park.

Mrs. James Phelan and Miss Phelan are expected to return from Honolulu on April 24th.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Dick, who have been passing the winter here with Mrs. A. M. Parrott, will return to England this evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis T. Haggin and Count and Countess Festetics arrived here from New York a week ago, and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Haggin, at their residence on Taylor Street.

Mrs. Robert P. Hastings will leave for Carlsbad early in May. Mrs. Volney Spalding will accompany her as far as New York.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard are at their residence in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Moody will pass the summer at the Corbitt villa, near San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Beylard will pass the summer in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Jarboe, Miss Kate Jarboe, and Mr. Paul Jarboe will occupy their cottage in Santa Cruz during the summer months.

Mrs. D. D. Colton and Mrs. Henry McLean Martin are at their cottage in Santa Cruz, where they will remain during the season.

Mrs. Casserly and Miss Daisy Casserly will be at Monterey during June and July.

Miss Nellie Hillyer will pass most of the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Miss Mamie Holbrook, and Mr. Harry M. Holbrook will occupy their Menlo Park villa during the summer months.

Misses Grace and Kitty Pierce are making preparations for an Eastern and European tour.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Page Brown and family will go to Monterey on June 20th for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Girvin will leave next month to pass the summer in Menlo Park.

Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Perry P. Eyre, and Miss Mary Eyre are settled for the season at their villa in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Follis will pass the summer in their residence in San Rafael.

Mrs. A. M. Easton and her grandchildren will go to Monterey about the middle of June to remain a couple of months.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle will pass the season at Blythedale.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Green will pass the summer months at Blythedale.

Mr. J. A. Campbell, of this city, is visiting Jacksonville, Fla.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn have taken apartments at No. 5 Rue de la Baume, in Paris.

Mr. Harry Babcock and Mr. J. T. Berry are now in Paris, after a visit to Italy.

Hon. and Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco left last Wednesday for Washington, D. C.

Mr. Edward G. Schmiedell is at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young have returned from their Eastern trip.

Miss Evelyn Carolan will leave late in May for Chicago to attend the Carolan-Pullman wedding. When she returns she will be accompanied by her sister, Miss Emily Carolan, who is at school in Farmington, Conn.

Mrs. Belle Donahue and Miss Marguerite Wallace will pass the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. C. de Guigné will return from Europe in June and will then go to their home in San Mateo for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin will soon go East to meet her sons upon their return from England where they have been at school.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis will be at Monterey during June and July.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller will pass the entire summer in Santa Cruz, in a cottage they have rented.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott will occupy their San Rafael residence during June, July, and August.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard are occupying their new residence in San Rafael.

Mrs. William M. Gwin, Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, and Miss Carrie Gwin will go to Monterey about the middle of May.

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Kittle and Miss Lucia Kittle have returned to their home in Ross Valley after passing the winter here.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs left for New York last Monday and will be away about a month. Mr. Alfred S. Tubbs accompanied them.

Miss Florence Reed will go to New York next month to pass the season with her aunt, Mrs. Paran Stevens. Miss Lillian Reed will pass the summer in Auburn.

Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Perrin and the Misses Adèle and Helen Perrin will pay a visit during the summer to the Perrin ranch in Arizona.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren will pass the summer months in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson are occupying their villa in Redwood City.

Rev. and Mrs. R. C. Foute will be at Monterey during June.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson will occupy a cottage in San Rafael during June, July, and August.

Mrs. E. J. de Santa Marina will pass a portion of the summer at Monterey.

Mrs. H. M. Newhall and Mr. George A. Newhall are expected to return from Australia early in May. They will pass the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Basil Heathcote are occupying their cottage in San Rafael, where they will remain during the summer.

Mrs. W. F. McNutt and Miss Mary L. McNutt will pass the season at Shasta.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker will pass the summer at their country place near Cloverdale.

Mr. W. Frank Goad and the Misses Goad will pass the summer at Shasta.

Mr. H. S. Crocker left last Tuesday on a trip to Honolulu.

Mrs. C. J. Torbert and Miss Mollie Torbert are enjoying a visit to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. William M. Stewart, Mrs. Ruth Blackwell, Miss Holladay, and Hon. and Mrs. Rounseville Wildman, *née* Aldrich, were entertained from February 23d to the 26th, by His Highness the Sultan of Johore. On the evening of the twenty-sixth the Sultan gave a grand dinner and ball in their honor, at which the Crown Prince and all the notables of the realm were present. Mrs. Stewart will soon go to Japan.

Miss Delia Clemons has returned to Los Angeles after a pleasant visit here to Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire.

Mr. Bert R. Hecht is stopping at the Hoffman House in New York city.

Mr. Louis Hirsch returned from Central America last Thursday after an absence of seven months.

Mrs. W. E. Dargie, of Oakland, will go to Santa Barbara next Tuesday to pass several weeks there.

Mr. John I. Sabin and family will pass the summer at Larkspur Inn.

Mrs. William B. Collier and Miss Collier will pass the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. James C. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood are enjoying a visit at Monterey.

Miss Laura Clark has returned to Sacramento after a brief visit to Miss Fanny Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs John W. Coleman and Miss Jessie Coleman, of Oakland, will pass June and July at Monterey.

Miss Eleanor Dimond is visiting Miss Hope Ellis at Marysville.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins will make an Eastern trip during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Holloway will occupy one of the Hotel Rafael cottages during the summer.

General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton and Miss Minnie Houghton will be at Monterey during July and August. Miss Houghton will soon return from her visit to Mrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley in Hartford, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott will make a trip to Alaska in June.

Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke, Lieutenant and Mrs. Charles G. Lyman, U. S. A., Miss Lottie Clarke, and Mr. E. K. Clarke will pass the season in Sausalito.

Mrs. Peter Donahue will pass most of the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Misses Mae and Eleanor Dimond will be at Monterey during the season.

Mrs. A. H. Loughborough and Miss Zane have been passing the week in San José.

Mrs. M. L. Reade will leave for New York city on April 25th.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Manning, *née* Masten, have returned to Portland, Or., after a pleasant visit to relatives here.

Miss Hilda Castle is visiting friends in Chicago, and will remain there for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Jewett will pass the season at their country-home in Glen Ellen, Napa County.

Mrs. Edward W. Townsend has returned from her Eastern trip, and is the guest of her sister, Miss Lake, at her home, 1534 Sutter Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord will pass the summer at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan and family will occupy the Ames villa in Ross Valley during the season.

Mrs. R. C. Woolworth and Miss Helen Woolworth will pass the month of June at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Pierce and Miss Pierce will be at Monterey during the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank will go to Monterey for the summer.

Mrs. William T. Ellis and Miss Hope Ellis, of Marysville, will go to Monterey in June to remain three months.

Mrs. O. W. Childs and the Misses Childs, of Los Angeles, will pass the season at Monterey.

Mr and Mrs. Frank Jaynes will be at Larkspur Inn during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gerstle will reside during the summer in their cottage in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sonntag are occupying their cottage in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Badlam and Miss Maude Badlam have returned from a pleasant visit to Santa Barbara. Mr. A. T. Badlam will remain in the south for several weeks longer.

Mrs. Charles Nelson and Miss Georgia Emerson will leave here on April 25th for New York, and on May 5th will sail for Europe, where they will travel for several months.

Mr. Philip Wooster left last Tuesday for Mexico, where he will engage in business.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and family will pass the season near Mt. Shasta.

Misses Mamie and Ella Deming, of Sacramento, will pass much of the summer at Monterey.

Mrs. W. P. Harrington and Miss Mamie Harrington will pass the summer at Eastern watering-places.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus D. Boruck and Miss Florence Boruck will leave on June 10th to pass a month at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. McDermott will pass the coming season at Monterey.

Mr and Mrs. Fred L. Wooster will pass the summer in Napa Valley.

Mrs. Charles A. Belden and the Misses Lucy and Adelaide Upson, of Sacramento, will pass most of the season at Monterey.

Miss Ada Sullivan and Miss Arcadia Spence have decided to pass the summer at Santa Cruz.

Mr and Mrs. John P. Young are now residing at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. William H. Avery, of Alameda, left last Tuesday to pass a month at the Salinas Valley for the benefit of her health.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Willey and Mr. Frank D. Willey will leave to-day to occupy their cottage in Sausalito.

Miss Ivy L. Ashton left on April 5th, in company with friends, for New York city. She stopped en route at St. Paul to visit friends. In a short time she will be joined by her brother, Mr. George Ashton. He will visit the World's Fair before returning here.

Mrs. M. Dillon and the Misses Marie and Kate Dillon will pass the season at the Hotel Rafael.

Miss Lena Schell left last Wednesday to visit relatives in Modesto.

Mrs. David McClure and Mr. David McClure, Jr., of Oakland, are enjoying a visit at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. Louis Glass and family will pass the summer at Larkspur Inn.

Mr. Robert A. Irving will go to the Hotel Rafael on May 1st to remain three months.

Mr. H. B. Hunt and family, of this city, have been stopping at Byron Springs.

Mr. A. R. Orr, of the United States Land Office at Visalia, has been passing several days at Byron Springs.

Colonel Isaac Trumbo is at the Hoffman House in New York city.

Mr. Robert Watt left New York a week ago on the steamer *Ancoria* for Glasgow.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Salisbury are in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Richard Gray is now in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Irving M. Scott left for the East last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fiegel will leave next Wednesday to make an extended tour of Europe.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Mrs. Belknap, wife of Admiral Belknap, U. S. N., returned from China last Tuesday.

Lieutenant and Mrs. L. Hornbeck, U. S. N., are enjoying a visit at Santa Barbara.

Lieutenant J. Estcourt Sawyer, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence.

Captain Abram E. Wood, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has gone to the Yosemite National Park on official business.

Captain William E. Dougherty, First Infantry, U. S. A., is en route home from the Round Valley Indian Reservation with his command.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Joseph S. Oyster, U. S. A., are expected here soon from the East and will reside at Palo Alto.

Lieutenant and Mrs. E. J. Dorn, U. S. N., have gone to Washington, D. C.

The United States steamers *Adams* and *Patterson* left last Tuesday for Behring Sea, and the *Ranger* will leave for that place in about ten days. The *Baltimore* is engaged in target practice near San Diego. The *Pensacola* is at Mare Island and will soon be put out of commission.

The New York *Tribune* said in a recent issue: "First-Lieutenant Joseph S. Oyster, of the First Artillery, has been detailed to act as professor of military tactics and related subjects in the Leland Stanford Jr. University. Lieutenant Oyster is a native of Washington, D. C., a graduate of high rank of the Military Academy at West Point in the class of 1874. His first military service was in the State of Louisiana at the time when the legislature of that State was dispersed by General Sheridan. He afterward served with his company in many of the Southern States, and was for three years instructor in the Military Academy at West Point. He has been nine years stationed on the Pacific Coast, from which he was recently recalled to Fort Hamilton. Lieutenant Oyster's rank as an officer is very high, and he has an excellent reputation as a military instructor. His permanent appointment in connection with the Stanford University will be very gratifying to all the members of the institution as well as to his many friends on the coast."

CLUB ELECTIONS.

The Pacific-Union Club recently elected the following officers for the ensuing term:

President, Major Jared L. Rathbone; vice-president, Mr. John Scott Wilson; secretary, Mr. William F. Russell; treasurer, Col. William H. H. Benyaurd; directors, the above and Mr. J. B. Crockett, Mr. H. Henry Veuve, Mr. Horace G. Platt, and Mr. Samuel Hubbard.

At the annual meeting of the Cosmos Club on Saturday evening, April 9th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, Mr. F. H. Green; vice-president, Mr. J. M. Cunningham; honorary secretary, Mr. W. R. Wheeler; treasurer, Mr. C. M. Boyd; directors, Mr. William Macondray, Mr. A. M. Easton, Mr. C. L. Weller, Mr. Thomas Cole, and Mr. E. A. Roe.

The Bohemian Club held its annual election of officers for the ensuing term last Monday, and the result was as follows:

President, Mr. Albert Gerberding; vice-president, Mr. Ed H. Hamilton; treasurer, Mr. S. D. Brastow; secretary, Mr. H. Durbrow; directors, Mr. R. P. Hammond, Mr. W. G. Stafford, Mr. D. de V. Graham, Mr. Arthur Price, Mr. E. P. Murphy; election committee, Mr. A. G. Hawes, Dr. Benjamin R. Swan, Mr. J. A. Thompson, Mr. W. H. L. Barnes, Mr. Charles Elliot, Mr. Lansing Mizner, Jr., Mr. J. L. Beard, Mr. G. E. Butler, Dr. W. S. Whitwell, Mr. C. Osgood Hooker, Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., Mr. W. R. Sherwood, Mr. W. N. Cowles, Mr. G. W. Fletcher, Mr. L. H. Foote, Mr. C. M. Palmer, Mr. Amadée Joullin, Mr. J. B. Stokes, Mr. Charles Yale, and Mr. G. E. P. Hall.

The State Floral Society will hold its spring flower-show early in May in the Mechanics' Pavilion. A number of prizes will be awarded, and already a spirit of emulation is stirring professional and amateur florists to special efforts to surpass their rivals. A very beautiful display is confidently predicted, and, with the added charms of music, the show will doubtless prove very popular.

A climb to the top of Mt. Tamalpais is, perhaps, the greatest treat within easy reach of any San Franciscan. The shortest and best foot-path to the summit lies through Mill Valley—that most charming of all San Francisco's suburbs. By this route it is not more than three miles from the railroad station to the highest point. In traveling up the path, one passes through a vale resplendent with millions of wild-flowers, journeys up cañons laden with the breath of the redwood, crosses ridges that afford the most exquisite glimpses of mountain scenery, winds along the bed of a rushing mountain stream, and, finally, far up the slope, is treated to such an inspiring view of vast mountain ranges, beautiful valleys, majestic ocean, and sail-thronged bay as to repay him for a climb of thirty miles instead of three.

— IF THE FRENCH PEOPLE ARE "PROGRESSive," the Americans certainly "know a good thing when they see it." The typewriter industry is an apt illustration. The business of the Remington Typewriter has more than doubled in the last three years, notwithstanding that during this time a dozen or more of "improved" typewriters have been marketed. One gathers some idea of the growing popularity of the Remington when it is stated that the sales of this machine for the months of January and February of this year exceeded the sales for the same months of 1891 by over $160,000. The factory at Ilion, N. Y., turns out a finished Remington Typewriter every five minutes.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest United States Government Food Report.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

SKINS ON FIRE

With agonizing Eczemas and other Itching, Burning, Bleeding, Scaly, Blotchy, and Pimply Skin and Scalp Diseases are instantly relieved and speedily cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure,

CUTICURA

SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of humor remedies. This is strong language, but every word is true, as proven by thousands of grateful testimonials. CUTICURA REMEDIES are, beyond all doubt, the greatest Skin Cures, Blood Purifiers, and Humor Remedies of modern times. Sold everywhere.

POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.

"How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

WEAK, PAINFUL KIDNEYS,

With their weary, dull, aching, lifeless, all-gone sensation, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. 25 cents.

"Larkspur Inn"

Has one specialty and pride, and that is the Table. It is supplied from the best the market affords in San Francisco. Our Butter, Eggs, Cream, and Vegetables, come from the Marin County dairies and farms in the vicinity. The train and boat service from San Francisco is superb—ten trains daily making it very convenient for gentlemen to be able to pass the evening with their families or friends, and derive the benefits of country air and still be able to attend to business daily in the city. "Commutes" $8 per month; Ladies and Children, $3.

Telephone 38. Telegraph or write, or, better still, call and see us any day, and satisfy yourself beyond question. Take Sausalito Ferry and Cars to Larkspur. Round-trip, 50 cents. Respectfully, Hepburn & Terry.

CREAM KUMYSS AIDS DIGESTION.

33 GRANT AVENUE.

THE SECOND

Souther Farm Sale

Will take place at the

SOUTHER FARM

NEAR SAN LEANDRO,

Wednesday, April 20, 1892,

THEN WILL BE SOLD

Sixty-five head of Trotting, Road, and General Purpose Horses, without by-bid, limit, or reserve.

Full particulars later.

Just Received

The Largest and Best Assortment at the Lowest Prices,

OUTING SHIRTS,

NEGLIGEE SHIRTS,

LAWN-TENNIS SHIRTS

— ALSO —

LAWN-TENNIS and OUTING SUITS.

Children's and Boys' Clothing.

LADIES' WAISTS

The Largest Selection in the city, at LOW PRICES.

SATCHELS, VALISES, BELTS, Etc.

ROOS BROS.

27, 29, 31, 33, 35, 37, Kearny St.

IMPORTERS

TO EXPEL SCROFULA

from the system, take

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

the standard blood-purifier and tonic. It

Cures Others

will cure you.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital	$3,000,000 00
Surplus	1,000,000 00
Undivided Profits	3,317,485 11

September 30, 1891.

William Alvord ..... President.
Thomas Brown ..... Cashier.
Byron Murray, Jr ..... Assistant Cashier.
Irving F. Moulton ..... 2d Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents at all the principal mining districts and nterior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available to all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

WELLS FARGO & CO.

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Cash Capital and Surplus $6,000,000

Directors:

Lloyd Tevis, President; Jno. J. Valentine, Vice-Pres't. Leland Stanford, Charles F. Crocker, J. C. Fargo, Oliver Eldridge, Geo. E. Gray, W. F. Goad, Wm. Norris.

H. Wadsworth, Cashier.

Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.

Cash capital	$1,000,000
Assets	2,632,228
Surplus to policy-holders	1,550,589

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager, San Francisco.

City Office: 501 Montgomery Street. General Office: 401 Montgomery Street.

28th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1892

Home Mutual Insurance Co.

N.E. cor. California and Sansome Streets.

Capital (Paid up in Gold)	$300,000 00
Assets, January 1, 1892	878,137 01

PRESIDENT ..... J. F. HOUGHTON
VICE-PRESIDENT ..... H. L. DODGE
SECRETARY ..... CHARLES R. STORY
GENERAL AGENT ..... ROBERT H. MAGILL

London Assurance Company
Of London. Established by Royal Charter, 1720.

Northern Assurance Company
Of London. Established 1836.

GEORGE F. CRANT, Manager,
N. W. cor. Sacramento and Montgomery, San Francisco.

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,

Direct Importers of fine Woolens,

622 Market St. (up stairs), opp. Palace Hotel

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Shirts to Order a Specialty.

STEINWAY & SONS.

THE BEST PIANO IN THE WORLD FOR BEAUTY OF TONE & DURABILITY.

CABLER, PEASE, AND OTHER PIANOS, ORGANS

And all kinds of Musical Instruments and Music. Call and see our large stock.

MATTHIAS GRAY CO., 206-208 Post

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE FIRST CALL.

Scene I.—Parlor of Mrs. Newcome's house. Bessy Newcome, aged eight, drumming on the piano. Enter Mrs. Suburban, who comes to make her first call.

Mrs. S.—This is Mrs. Newcome's little girl, isn't it? How do you do?

Bessy—Oh, I know you. You're Mrs. Suburban, ain't you?

Mrs. S.—Yes, that is my name. What is yours?

Bessy—Elizabeth Louisa Newcome. They call me Bessy. I'm named after my aunt Bessy. She's coming to stay with us to-morrow. Do you know her?

Mrs. S.—No. I have never met her. I think Bessy is a pretty name, don't you?

Bessy—No, I don't. Mamma said it was about time you called. She said she thought it was mean you didn't call on her before you gave that tea, so that she could go, too. I think she felt awful bad about that. She had a nice new dress—all lace down the front, and ribbon bows, and things. She was making her plans to wear it; I heard her. Aren't you sorry now you didn't ask her? Because, perhaps, you'll never see the dress. If she wasn't home, I'd go up and get it for you. It's a pity for you not to see it. I heard papa say it cost a great deal. I don't think mamma liked that, either. Do your dresses cost much?

Mrs. S. (trying to change the conversation, and looking out of the window)—Why, you can see our house quite plainly from here, can't you?

Bessy—Yes, indeed, we can. And it's such fun to see all the things you do. Mamma watches from her window, though I don't believe she'd like it if she knew I told you. You have a good deal of company, don't you? We did wonder so why the doctor went there twice the other day. What *was* the matter? Won't you tell me? Then I can tell mamma. She'll be so relieved to know. Wasn't that a handsome man staying with you last week? She thought he was lovely. But won't you tell me about the dresses? I don't believe they cost as much as mamma's. They don't look so. This isn't made on silk, is it? I should think you would have it on silk. The rattle is so nice, mamma says it always makes her feel rich. Sometimes I don't think we're very rich, do you?

Mrs. S.—Why, I don't know, Bessy. Do you think your mamma is at home? I understood the maid to say she was.

Bessy—*That* wasn't a maid; that was the cook. Well, I don't know, perhaps she was a maid, because she waits on the table, too. Would that make her a maid?

Mrs. S. (puzzled)—Why, yes; I think so.

Bessy—Do you have a cook and a maid, too? Mamma was wondering how you could give a tea if you only had one girl. Do you suppose we could give one? Who would go to the door? Mamma thought, perhaps, Mrs. Gay would lend us her waitress. She keeps a real waitress. Do you? Perhaps you would lend us yours. I guess I'll go up and tell mamma you have one, then she can ask you when she comes down. She must be most dressed by this time. It would be just splendid if you would.

(Skips out of the parlor, and runs into Mrs. Newcome, who is just coming in the door.)

Mrs. N.—My darling, be careful; you will tear mamma's dress. How do you do, Mrs. Suburban? I beg your pardon for keeping you so long. By an inadvertency I did not understand from my waitress that you were here. I hope little Bessy has entertained you. Run upstairs, sweetheart.

Mrs. S.—Oh, she has, indeed!

Mrs. N.—She is a good little thing—really never gives me any trouble at all——

Bessy (excitedly)—Oh, mamma, *I told* her about the waitress, and she's got one. She'll lend——

Mrs. N. (a little anxiously)—What are you talking about, Bessy? Obey mamma, and go upstairs.

Bessy (after a pause)—She was awful sorry about your not going to her tea. You haven't said anything about *your* tea, mamma.

Mrs. N. (bewildered)—My tea? Bessy, obey me, and go upstairs at once. (Turning to Mrs. S.) Oh, I suppose she meant a little tea I think of giving. I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you, Mrs. Suburban. But, of course, you will receive a card——

Bessy (from the stairs)—Mamma, she said Jane *was* a maid, because——

(Mrs. Suburban saves the situation by rising and bidding good-by.)

Scene II.—Mr. and Mrs. Suburban dressing for dinner.

Mrs. S.—Jack, I called on the Newcomes to-day, and—— Well, I want to ask you——

Mr. S.—What, my dear?

Mrs. S.—*Need* we ask them to dinner?—*Bazar.*

The Sullivan-Mitchell Fight.

We fully expect (writes Eugene Field in the Chicago *News*) to have the opportunity of laying before our readers some time next September an accurate report of the meeting between John L. Sullivan and Charlie Mitchell, beginning in this wise:

When the bell tapped, both men scored evenly and got away, Mitchell scoring a distinct lead from the start, which he steadily increased.

Second Round.—Mitchell continues in good form. At the end of his seventh mile, he threw off his shoes, and after that he traveled somewhat lighter and freer. Sullivan appeared to be losing wind, but his friends think he may overtake his competitor in the woods near the Alabama line along toward morning.

Third Round.—Sullivan has just made a tremendous spurt of six miles. Mitchell is out of sight, and pools sell five to one in his favor.

Fourth Round.—Mitchell has just stubbed his toe on the projecting root of a cypress. First blood for Mitchell.

Fifth Round.—Slavin and Ryan, who have been acting as Mitchell's seconds, fell off their bicycles near the end of the seventy-third mile, completely exhausted. Mitchell, apparently as fresh as when he started, is still forging ahead. Sullivan is said to be laid up at a farm-house near Bayou Catouche, under the care of a chiropodist.

Later.—The race has been awarded to Mitchell, who is still running. Sullivan is severely punished about the feet, and may lose several toes, etc.

A Linguistic Snag.

"Ram Bundee Chump" sends the following epistle to the *Evening Sun:* "The English language, the possibilities of which are so admirably illustrated in your columns, is full of difficulties for a foreigner, however great may be his zeal and power of application. One of the biggest and keenest thorns in my pathway of learning is your curious use of the ordinary titles of courtesy.

"For example, writers of English seem to think they must give every foreign man and woman the titles they stick before their names at home. Thus, a Frenchman is called monsieur, a Spaniard, señor, etc. Whatever may be the objections to it, this rule would be comprehensible if it were lived up to. But it isn't. Not by what you call a jugful. Let me explain:

"A German soprano happily wedded to a second-rate tenor is called Mme. Lilli Lehman Kalische. A German contralto united to a stay-at-home German baritone is called Frau Ritter-Goetze. If a Pole plays the piano divinely and has an affluence of ruby hair, he is called Herr Paderewski. But if a Pole with less hair is gifted by heaven with a glorious tenor voice, he is called M. de Retzke. The Russian who wrote the 'Ocean Symphony' is Herr Rubinstein. The Russian who writes identical notes and protocols is M. de Giers. A Scandinavian guilty of many a long and dismal play is Herr Ibsen. A Greek statesman is M. Delyannis.

"The most noted soprano on earth was born in Spain. Her present husband is an Italian. She has a castle in Wales, and she tells the reporters that the home of her heart is the land of the dear Americans, who pay five or ten dollars a head to hear her sing a mildewed operatic aria and two paleozoic ballads. She is called Madame Patti.

"Sometimes you translate titles of nobility, and sometimes you don't. A man who, writing in English, spoke of Prince Bismarck as Furst Bismarck, would probably be considered a pedantic ass.

"Yet the same man might prate of the Duc d'Orleans and the Comte de Chambord without exciting remark. You seldom give any courtesy title to Chinese, and when you do, you call them Mister. The most abject slave to the prevailing conventionalities is scarcely prepared for M. Hop Lee or Herr Sing Hi.

"Shall the reply be made that it is polite to give a man the title used in his own land? The same courtesy you give to Anton Seidl you bestow upon Johan Most. Both are called Herr. The reputation of the French for good manners is world-wide. You find no jumble of titles in France. The style of address suitable for the most distinguished of the French nation is considered good enough for foreigners.

"Pardon a suggestion from an unlettered man, then, but would not a similar rule work well in the United States?"

To all of which the *Sun* tersely replies: "It would."

ARMY AND NAVY SUPPLIES.

The Government Buying Royal Baking Powder.

New York Tribune.

Large purchases of baking powder have recently been made by the United States Government. In one lot 80,000 lbs. were bought of the Royal Baking Powder Company.

During the last year, including the contract just made under date of March 5th, the Royal Baking Powder Company has supplied over 212,000 pounds, or 106 tons, of baking powder for the United States Government and its Army and Navy officers.

For many years the Government has given its orders for Royal Baking Powder in preference to all others, it being found that this is the only Baking Powder that will keep and retain its strength in the various climates to which it is sent by the Department.

Whenever the Government wants the most trustworthy article and the best in quality it prefers the Royal, as this brand was found to be superior to all others in leavening power by the official chemical tests, made at the instance of the Government, in the Agricultural Department, at Washington.

The Throat.—"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" act directly on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary effect in all disorders of the throat.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

(Tasteless—Effectual.)

FOR ALL

BILIOUS and NERVOUS DISORDERS.

Such as Sick Headache, Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Giddiness, Fullness, Swelling after Meals, Dizziness, Drowsiness, Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, All Nervous and Trembling Sensations, and Irregularities Incidental to Ladies.

Covered with a Tasteless and Soluble Coating.

Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a Box.
New York Depot, 365 Canal St.

GRAND NATIONAL PRIZE of 16,600f.

QUINA-LAROCHE'S INVIGORATING TONIC,

CONTAINING

Peruvian Bark, and Pure Catalan Wine.

Endorsed by the Medical Faculty of Paris, as the Best Remedy for

LOSS of APPETITE, FEVER and AGUE, MALARIA, NEURALGIA and INDIGESTION.

An experience of 25 years in experimental analysis, together with the valuable aid extended by the Academy of Medicine in Paris, has enabled M. Laroche to extract the entire active properties of Peruvian Bark (a result not before attained), and to concentrate them in an elixir, which possesses in the highest degree its restorative and invigorating qualities, free from the disagreeable bitterness of other remedies.

22 rue Dronot, Paris.

E. FOUGERA & CO., Agents for U. S.,
30 North William street, N. Y.

LAROCHE

FOR BREAKFASTS, LUNCHES, AND TEAS USE

C-O-W-D-R-E-Y-'-S

Deviled Ham.

Send postage stamp for Tidbit Receipts.

E. T. COWDREY CO., Boston.

Unlike the Dutch Process

No Alkalies

—OR—

Other Chemicals

are used in the preparation of

W. Baker & Co.'s

Breakfast Cocoa,

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass.

MT. VERNON COMPANY, BALTIMORE

The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;
DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK.

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28½-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Portland physician and a Bath theologian were in the Bowdoin Medical School recently, examining microscopic slides of peculiar glands. The physician began a scientific discussion, and the clergyman, becoming wearied of the subject, exclaimed: "You doctors know so much about the uncertainties of this world, that I should think that you would not want to live!" Whereupon, the physician retorted: "You thcologians tell us so much about the uncertainties of the next world, that we don't want to die!"

When Colonel Bob Ingersoll lived in Peoria, Ill., a man came to him one day to have him prepare the papers for the incorporation of a company to handle a new mineral water. He exhibited a very handsome bottle and a beautiful label, with an impressive name for his spring. The colonel admired the label as a work of art, and mildly inquired where the spring was located. "Oh, that has not been looked after yet," said his client. "We have got the name, and we have got the label, and we have got the bottle. We can get the water any place."

The Rochester *Democrat* relates a comical misbap which befell a young lady at her first dinner-party. Naturally she was somewhat nervous at first, but the awkwardness wore away after a little, and she was soon quite at ease. The dessert was being served, and the stately colored waiters were passing pretty little pink-frosted cakes, to be eaten with the iced creams. A plate of them was held before the young lady, who looked them over, and said: "I don't care for any." The waiter was moving away when she saw, as she thought, an *éclair* on the farther side of the plate. She was fond of chocolate. "Yes, I will, too," she said, reaching over for the *éclair;* "there is one with chocolate on it." "Beg pardon, miss," said the waiter, as she tried to pick up the tempting morsel; "beg pardon, miss, but that's my thumb."

Congressman Kem (says the New York *World*), had an amusing adventure recently in a Madison Street car. The car was full, and at a certain corner a woman got in who, owing to the amplitude of her proportions, had some difficulty in crowding through the door. She finally stationed herself right in front of the Nebraska congressman. He got up. "Sit down," said the woman, impressively; "sit right down. Don't trouble yourself, I beg of you. I can just as well stand myself. I——" "But," expostulated the Hon. Kem; "but, madam——" She broke in upon him. "I insist upon your sitting down," she exclaimed, hoarsely. "I have seen too much of this thing of women driving men out of their seats. I don't believe in it. If you——" Mr. Kem had become desperate. The conductor was nowhere in sight. "Madam," he cried, "for God's sake will you get out of the way? I didn't offer you my seat. We have just passed my corner, and I want to get out." Then the woman sat down:

I have letters from Dean Stanley, that have been read for me by experts (says James Payn), but which, unless I can recollect their contents, might just as well be still in their sealed envelopes. I have notes from Walter Thornbury, which resemble Chaldee manuscript. In these days of type-writing machines it seems inexcusable that such enigmas should be presented to the human mind; but in the first place many persons find the type-writer more difficult to handle than the pen; and secondly, in epistolary intercourse of the social kind some people consider the use of the type-writer to be disrespectful. Nevertheless, we might take a hint from an anecdote told by Bishop Barrington: "Out of respect," wrote a correspondent, "I write to you with my own hand; but to facilitate the reading, I send you a copy made by my amanuensis." It is now well understood that the lawyer of whom Dickens speaks as writing three hands—one which he himself only could read, one which only his clerk could read, and one which nobody could read—was John Bell of the Chancery Bar.

All the native Californians of early days were given exceedingly to gallantries—most notably, perhaps, the Picos, most of all Don Pio Pico, the last of the Mexican governors (he is still living at Los Angeles). A Frenchman, who then kept a tobacco-shop under the old Bella Union Hotel, had a very handsome wife, who lived in another street (she was removed to rooms behind the shop after the occurrence to be related); on either side the door-steps of the house were large figures of lions, carved from wood. Every one knew they were lions, because the man who carved them said they were. For the rest, they bore quite as much resemblance to turkey-gobblers. One day, the tobacconist, who had been away to buy stock from a vessel anchored at San Pedro, returned home unexpectedly very early in the morning, and, on the threshold, met Don Pio, who gave a great jump at sight of his involuntary host. The Frenchman, dissembling with artfully feigned solicitude, begged to know if Don Pio were ill. "Oh, no—no, indeed! not that; but, my dear fellow, your lions are so life-like that they really frightened me."

Mr. Henry Dickens, who is a lawyer, says that his father—Charles Dickens, the novelist—was very fond of lawyers, and he tells this story of his father and Mr. Frederick Ouvry, the well-known solicitor. On one occasion, Dickens was in treaty for a piece of land at the back of Gad's Hill, the proposed vendor being an old farmer, a keen old man of business, and a hard nut to crack. An interview was arranged with him at Gad's Hill for a certain evening, and Mr. Ouvry came down for the purpose of being present when the bargain was struck. Dickens and Ouvry were sitting over their wine when the old man was announced. "We had better go in," said Dickens. "No, no," said the astute lawyer—"John" (to the butler), 'show him into the study and take him a bottle of old port wine." Then, turning to Dickens, "A glass of port will do him no harm; it will soften him." After waiting about twenty minutes, they went into the study. The farmer was sitting bolt upright in an arm-chair, stern and uncompromising; the bottle of port had not been touched. The negotiations then proceeded very much in favor of the farmer, and the bargain was struck. With a chuckle, the old man then turned his attention to the port and finished the bottle.

There once lived in the City of Mexico a Frenchman known as Otavito (little Octave), whose rogueries kept the town in a ferment. At one time he claimed to have discovered a specific for the rejuvenescence of women, and, by means of sensational advertising, he succeeded in gathering a clientele of forty or fifty ancient dames, who were assembled, on a certain day, in a long *sala*, tricked out with astrological symbols, crucibles, alembics, and all the paraphernalia of charlatanry. The conjurer presented himself before the ladies, and addressed them in flamboyant language, ending as follows: "And now, señoras of my soul, it is needful that the mystic ceremonies before us be opened by the eldest one among you." Then, addressing her whose appearance seemed to indicate priority, he asked her age. "Thirty-seven years, señor," simpered the beldame, who was, at least, in the seventh decade. "And you, señora?" "Thirty-six." And so on, until he had got them down to a declared age of twenty years, with a maximum of thirty-seven. "Well, ladies all, you perceive that, without further proceedings, the miracle is accomplished," said Otavito; "for the least gallant of men could not call her aught but young whose years are but thirty-seven—and you see for yourselves that is the age of the oldest among you!"

Reliable and Always the Same.

Brandreth's Pills are the oldest, safest, and best blood purifier and purgative known. They are purely vegetable, therefore harmless. They are always the same and always produce the same effect. Other purgatives require increased doses and finally cease acting altogether. A course of one or two of Brandreth's Pills taken each night is a positive cure for constipation, headache, and all bilious disorders. If you can't take them plain, get them sugar-coated.

Good Cooking

Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc., use Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label. Sold by your grocer and druggist.

— J. W. Harbourne, formerly Billings, Harbourne & Co., has reopened at the old stand, No. 5 Montgomery Street. Novelties in Easter cards.

— Dr. E. O. Cochrane, Dentist, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— Go to Swain's New Dining-room, Sutter Street, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

— Dr. H. G. Young,
Dentist. Painless extraction.
1841 Polk Street, San Francisco.

THREE Pozzoni's POINTS
COMPLEXION
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Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer.	From San Francisco for Hongkong. 1892.
Gaelic	Saturday, April 16
Belgic	Tuesday, May 10
Oceanic	Thursday, June 2

Round Trip Tickets at redneed rates.
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Steamer sails at noon 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas.
Way line sailing—Monday, April 18th, SS. Geo. W. Elder
Where the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the preceding Saturday

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.:
China....(via Honolulu)....Thursday, April 28, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking.....Saturday, May 21, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio de Janeiro.....Tuesday, June 14, at 3 P. M.
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For Freight or Passage apply at the office, coroer First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.
ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From April 9, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7.00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	* 12.15 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga	6.15 P.
* 8.00 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa	* 6.15 P.
8.00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	Second-class Ogden and East, and first-class locally	10.45 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	4.45 P.
9.00 A.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.
12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore	7.15 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	* 9.00 P.
2.00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, & Stockton	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10.45 A.
4.30 P.	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
5.00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	12.15 P.
5.00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 P.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	7.45 A.
.....	Niles and San José	‡ 6.15 P.
6.00 P.	Ogden Route Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	11.45 A.
‡ 7.00 P.	Vallejo	‡ 8.45 P.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	8.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡ 7.45 A.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees, and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
* 2.15 P.	Centreville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	* 10.50 A.
4.45 P.	Centreville, San José, and Los Gatos	9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts

7.00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations	6.10 P.
10.37 A.	San José and Way Stations	5.10 P.
12.15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations	4.00 P.
* 2.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way stations	* 10.48 A.
* 3.30 P.	Menlo Park San José, and principal Way Stations	* 10.03 A.
* 4.15 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.06 A.
5.15 P.	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
† 11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	† 7.30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 29, 1891, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7.40, 9.20, 11.40 A. M.; 3.30, 5.00, 6.20 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1.50 P. M.
Sundays—8, 9.30, 11 A. M.; 2, 5, 6.15 P. M.
From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6.25, 7.55, 9.30 A. M.; 12.45, 3.40, 5.05 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.30 P. M.
Sundays 8 10, 9.40, A. M.; 12.15, 3.40, 5, 6.25 P. M.
From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6.50, 8.20, 9.55 A. M.; 1.10, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.55 P. M.
Sundays—8.25, 10.05 A. M; 12 40, 4.05, 5.30, 6.50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. Week Days.	Sundays.	Destination.	Arrive San Francisco. Sundays.	Week Days.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M. 5.00 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 9.30 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M. 7.25 P. M.	8.50 A. M 10.30 A. M 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8 00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7.25 P. M	10.30 A. M 6.10 P. M.
7 40 A. M.	8 00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7.25 P. M.	6 10 P. M
7 40 A. M 3.30 P. M	8 00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M 6 10 P. M
7 40 A. M 5.00 P M	8 00 A. M. 5 00 P. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	8 50 A. M 6 10 P. M
7.40 A. M. 3 30 P. M	8.00 A. M. 5 00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	10.30 A. M 6.10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay; at Hopland for Lakepor; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratog Springs, Blue Lakes, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydesville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays, to Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa, $2.25; to Healdsburg, $3.40; to Cloverdale, $4.50; to Hopland, $5.70; to Ukiah, $6.75; to Sebastopol, $2.70; to Guerneville, $3.75; to Sonoma, $1.50; to Glen Ellen, $1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, $1; to Santa Rosa, $1.50; to Healdsburg, $2.25; to Cloverdale, $3; to Ukiah, $4.50 to Hopland, $3.80; to Sebastopol, $1.80; to Guerneville, $2.50; to Sonoma, $1; to Glen Ellen, $1.20.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager.
PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt
Ticket Offices at Ferry, 26 Montgomery Street, and 2 New Montgomery Street.

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The United States Marine Band closed, on last Saturday, a season in this city which must have been profitable, if the proportion of paper in the Grand Opera audiences was not excessive. The management was distinctly bad; but the music was so good that people overlooked inconveniences arising from carelessness or inexperience for the sake of artistic merit. As a rule, military bands have not been always successful here, and if, as Mr. Haweis says, the connection between morals and orchestral music can be detected at a glance, we must be in pretty bad case. The Hungarian Band, Cappa's Seventh Regiment Band, the Mexican Military Band, all discoursed most excellent music, but they are none of them believed to have carried away many bushels of shekels.

It seems that the taste for orchestral music is a tardy plant, and flourishes chiefly in communities which have reached a high stage of development. Forty-four years ago, one of the most perfect bands that ever played in this country—the Germania Band, under Carl Bergman, which had been recruited in Berlin—made a tour through New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, and other Eastern cities. They played to empty houses. In Philadelphia, they played to nine dollars and a half, the rent of the hall being ten dollars; in the middle of the performance, the proprietor appeared on the stage, and threatened to turn off the gas if the other half-dollar were not forthcoming; whereupon the bandsmen, with one voice, bade him "turn her off." They kept on playing, at intervals, for six years; but when they finally disbanded, there was no money in the treasury. The members found work separately; Bergman became conductor of the New York Philharmonic—a post which he retained to his death.

Jullien, who came to New York in 1853 may be said to have created the taste for orchestral music in the United States. He was a man of genius, and knew a little of everything except the science of music. But he was an admirable conductor, and possessed the gift of imbuing his players with the feeling that they must deny themselves the luxury of expressing their own feelings, in order to render the conductor's conception of the composer's idea. He was, also, an absolutely perfect judge of public taste. He used to say of himself that his vocation in life was to popularize music. He was a Frenchman, and, like many Frenchmen, was nothing if not theatrical. Those whose memories go back forty years will remember him as he used to appear, graciously smiling, in an enormous white waistcoat, with huge wrist-bands folded back over his coat-sleeves, bowing his thanks for plaudits. As he stood before the footlights, a valet in full-dress brought him a pair of white gloves on a silver salver. Having donned these and seized his jeweled baton, he gave the signal, and very capital music, indeed, ensued.

Gilmore, Cappa, Godfrey, and Mr. Souza—who has just left us—conducted their bands less turbulently; Mr. Souza's legs were as motionless as if he were a sentinel on duty; Jullien writhed and flung himself from side to side as if the violence of his emotions electrified his muscles. When the piece ended, he flung himself, breathless and panting, into a velvet arm-chair, and fanned himself with a lace handkerchief.

As he still figures as the prince of band-masters, it is sad to recall the harshness with which he was treated by fortune throughout his life. He made money by his concerts, but invested it in a lease of Drury Lane, which landed him in bankruptcy. He wrote an opera and brought it out at his own expense at Covent Garden; it was a total failure. His entire stock in trade was destroyed by a fire. He started a company to give garden concerts; it went to smash, taking Jullien with it. Driven out of England by poverty, he went to Paris, ran into debt, and was imprisoned at Clichy. His friends in London were raising money to clear him, when the news reached them that he had died suddenly in a madhouse.

It was he who introduced to the American public the most wonderful cornetist of modern times. This was Levy, a London Jew, who had sworn in his youth that he would either blow his soul out of the mouth of his cornet or surpass all previous performers on that instrument. He never performed the former feat, but lived to delight many audiences and to marry many wives.

There were many claimants for Jullien's mantle, some of whom are conducting orchestras to-day. Perhaps the most famous among them was Johann Strauss the younger, who brought an orchestra to New York fifteen years ago, but did not come so far as this coast. He was a real musician, and genuinely felt what Jullien affected to feel. It is curious to contrast his style with the grave immobility of Souza as a conductor. A critic wrote of him:

"His appearance was the signal for frantic applause, to which, fiddle and bow in hand, he bowed good humoredly; then turning sharp round, he would seem to catch the eye of every one in the band, and raising his violin bow, would plunge into one of those rapturous dance tunes which, once heard, could never be forgotten. Now shaking his bow at the distant drummer, egging on the wind, picking up the basses, turning fiercely on the other stringed instruments; then stamping, turning a pirouette, and dashing his bow on his own fiddle-strings, the clear twanging of the Strauss violin would be heard for some moments above all the rest. Presently the orchestra sways as one man into the measure, which flows capriciously—now fearing along, then suddenly languishing at the will of the magical and electric violin. Johann Strauss danced, pit and boxes danced, the very lights winked in time; everybody and everything seemed turned into a waltz or galoo by yonder inexorable pied piper, until some abrupt clang brought all to a close, and the little man was left bowing and smiling, and capering backward, to an audience beside themselves with delight."

It is, of course, unfair to institute comparisons between a military band, consisting of wind and reed instruments, with a complete orchestra with the usual proportion of stringed instruments. Much can be done with trumpets and cornets, trombones, flutes, oboes, and clarionets, and their various modifications; still the highest form of orchestration can not be attained without violins, viole, violoncelli, and contra-bassi. At any rate, that is the opinion of musicians whose opinion is law. To the common man, whose musical education has been neglected, a military band, well drilled, is a monstrous good thing to hear.

When Godfrey, of the English Grenadier Guards—one of that famous trinity of brothers who are the great band-masters of England—came to this country a few years ago, his concerts were very popular indeed, and he must have made quite a sum of money. The Englishmen had learned a lot of American popular airs, and gave them, in return to calls for encores, with good taste and feeling. His band, take it all in all, was no better than our Marine Band. Mr. Souza's troupe is one of which any conductor might be proud. It might be called a band of soloists. He is himself a musician of no mean merit. His "Sheridan's Ride" and his "Race from Ben Hur" are stirring compositions, and he has drilled his men till they have sunk their individuality in the work of playing parts of one great machine.

His band is quite large enough for any ordinary hall, and it is not too large to be handled. The monstrous bands which are occasionally gathered together at great celebrations often discourse discord from the impossibility of controlling them. There was one occasion when several hundred musicians played together with fine effect. That was in the old, old days when Louis Philippe was king of the French. An army corps was embarking at Marseilles for Algeria. The men were reluctant to go. They had heard weird tales of blighting heat and parched deserts in Africa. It was not deemed wise to employ force. General Bugeaud, who was in command, had the bright idea of ordering the military bands to play the "Marseillaise"—which was then a forbidden air in France. At the firing of a gun, twenty military bands struck up simultaneously the well-known air. The thrill which shot through their audience was indescribable. Everybody joined in; the stirring melody rose from the quays to the mountain tops which overlook the seaport of Provence, and filled the air with a joyful sound; and, without further ado, thirty thousand red-legged Frenchmen took up their knapsacks and marched, singing, on board the transports.

At the theatres during the week commencing April 18th: Richard Mansfield in "Beau Brummel"; Agnes Huntington in "Paul Jones"; the Tivoli Company in "Chilperic"; Hallen and Hart in "Later On"; the Grismer-Davies Company in "Won at Last"; and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in light comedies.

Mrs. Cram entertained a large and select audience at Fraternal Hall, Oakland, last Thursday with an entertaining and instructive talk on the combination of Delsarte and dancing. The Misses Duncan, assisted by their brother, illustrated the talk with pantomimic and artistic dancing.

The Post-Lenten Weddings.

The number of weddings that are to be celebrated right after Easter has flooded the town with big square envelopes containing wedding-invitations, and it is not a matter of surprise, to those who keep posted, to notice that many of them—and those the finest—bear the stamp of Sanborn, Vail & Co. This firm has been engaged in copper-plate engraving for only a short time, but already it is pressing its older competitors hard. The fact is that Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s engraving is really the most beautiful work of its kind done in the city, and, one or two social leaders having discovered that fact, the firm is now flooded with orders for engraving visiting-cards, ball and wedding-invitations, and all manner of copper-plate work.

In much the same line is the stamping of the writer's address on note and letter-paper. This work—which is indispensable to any one who aspires to doing the "correct thing"—is very handsomely done in colors at Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s. For the writing-desk they have, also, all kinds of necessaries, conveniences, and luxuries. Among them may be mentioned the celebrated Mabie, Todd & Co.'s gold pens, which are kept in great variety—for desk or pocket, mounted in ebony or pearl, and single or in combination with pencils—and the Swan fountain pen.

— KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS character from handwriting in ink, *unruled* paper. Send 50 cents; stamps or postal notes.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Hallen and Hart will commence an engagement in "Later On" on Monday night. This old farce has been here nearly half a dozen times, but it is said to be nearly upholstered with songs and "gags" from the London music-halls.

Agnes Huntington, the tall and stately American girl whose dashing ways and contralto voice have made her a prime favorite in London—and, consequently, in New York—will commence a two weeks' engagement here on Monday night in Planquette's light opera, "Paul Jones."

A young San Franciscan who bids fair to make a name for himself on the stage is William Norris, who has the rôle of Richard Bird in "That Girl from Mexico." He has a good stage presence and manner, and though he has not much to do, he does that little understandingly.

Alexander Salvini said in a recent issue of *Kate Field's Washington*:

"My father will not come to this country again; but he is playing a very few times this year in some of the chief European cities. He acts only one night in a city, joining the company near the end of its season. He is playing Iago, which sounds very odd, accustomed, as most people are, to thinking of him as Othello. Of course he does not look the part, as he knows very well, yet there is the intensest eagerness wherever he plays to see him in the new rôle."

Maurice Barrymore will leave A. M. Palmer's company—in which, since "Captain Swift," he has had little opportunity to exercise his abilities—and will become Mme. Modjeska's leading man. He held the same position in her company half a dozen years ago, and his bout with William Muldoon, as Charles the Wrestler, in "As You Like It," was a sight to see.

Sarah Bernhardt, it seems, wishes to go back to the Comédie-Française to create the principal rôle in Parodi's new drama, "Reine Juana," and has been getting her former fellow-sociétaires to sound Jules Claretie, the manager. But he says she shall not come back unless she gives him assurance that she will remain with the Comédie, and this she is not likely to do.

The managers of the Paris theatres have combined for mutual protection against excessive state control and the exactions of the dramatists. Every dramatist of standing in Paris is a member of the Society of Authors, and this powerful organization demands of the managers that twelve per cent. of the receipts and one hundred francs' worth of tickets for each performance shall be given to the author.

Ovide Musin, from this city, goes to Australia for a tour arranged for him by his energetic manager, Robert E. Johnston, and as he has to play twenty new concertos, he is now practicing day and night, in his private car or at the various hotels where he stops, averaging ten hours' practice a day. His engagement in Melbourne, by the way, is extraordinary, for he will give twenty concerts there on as many consecutive nights.

"Bluff King Hal" has been drawing good audiences every night at the Tivoli, but the management will take it off on Monday night for a production of "Chilperic." This jolly opera bouffe was given at the old California Theatre by Emily Soldene some fifteen years ago, but it is almost new to most theatre-goers now. The cast will be as follows:

Chilperic, Warwick Gaynor; Dr. Senna, Ferris Hartman; Sigebert, E. Knight; Don Nervoso, Phil Branson; Fatout, M. Cornell; Landry, W. Henshaw; Divitacus, G. Napoleoni; Fredegonde, Tillie Salinger; Galsuinda, Gracie Plaisted; Alired, Kitty Marcellus; Brunehaut, Grace Vernon; Fana, Emma Merriman; Emilie, Emma Vorce; Ernest, Lou Reddan; Conrad, Aggie Millard.

Richard Mansfield commences one of the most notable engagements of the season in this city on Monday night, with "Beau Brummel," in which he takes the titular rôle and is supported by a company including:

Mr. D. H. Harkins, Mr. W. J. Ferguson, Mr. W. H. Griffith, Mr. H. Gwynette, Mr. A. G. Andrews, Mr. F. Finch Smiles, Mr. T. F. Graham, Mr. C. J. Bell, Mr. F. C. Butler, Mr. H. Devere, Mr. Charles Lunjek, Mr. William Byles, Miss Beatrice Cameron, Miss Adèle Measor, Miss Ethel Chase Sprague, Miss Perdita Hudspeth, Miss Rolinda Bainbridge, Miss Eleanor Lane, and Mrs. Brutone.

In his second week he will play "Prince Karl" and "A Parisian Romance," and, in his third, "Nero" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

The magnitude of a modern theatrical manager's business may be inferred from the following statements made by one of Charles Frohman's lieutenants to a *Sun* reporter:

"During the season he has had, besides the regular stock company and the regular comedy company, fifteen companies constantly on tour. The season opened in August and closes about May 1st. In all, ten new productions were made in New York city, two in Chicago, and four in Boston. With the exception of two of these, all will be continued. Though the preliminary work for next season has only just begun, twelve separate organizations are already under engagement. Over fifteen companies will tour the country next season. Under contract to write new plays for him are Bronson Howard, David Belasco, William Gillette, Henry C. de Mille, Clyde Fitch, Sydney Rosenfeld, Clinton Stuart, John McNally, Victorien Sardou, Alexandre Bisson, Albert Carré, Léon Grandillot, Maxim Boucheron, and Haddon Chambers. Royalties are now being paid to sixteen different authors in America, France, and England. The gross royalties paid out average weekly over twelve thousand dollars. The actors already engaged number nearly three hundred, and this list will be swelled to over four hundred before the opening of the season. These companies require the services of over forty business representatives, three accountants, and one auditor."

"The Bodega."

A depot where gentlemen may procure the purest California wines and brandies for table use and sample them by the glass. Under the San Francisco Stock Exchange.

The Favorite Summer Home.

From present indications, a considerable number of the nicest people in San Francisco are to spend the summer at Belvedere. Pretty cottages have been springing up as if by magic in all parts of the pretty little island, and in a month or two it will be filled with a gay throng of city people resting from the winter's festivities.

For such purpose no better place than Belvedere could be imagined. In the first place, it is so near town—half an hour or so by ferry—that the men of a family can go to business every day and rejoin the family at the summer home every night. Then, in point of healthiness, it is unrivaled; the air is delightful, being both balmy and invigorating, while there is neither the prostrating heat of San Rafael nor the winds and fogs of Sausalito. The view is unsurpassed in this most beautiful bay in the world; and as to the "attractions"—there are boating, swimming, splendid fishing, beautiful walks and drives, and the company of delightful neighbors, for the people who have elected to make Belvedere their summer home are among the most prominent in San Francisco business and social circles.

There are still a number of choice lots unsold, which may be secured through the owners' agents, Messrs. Tevis & Fisher, at 14 Post Street. They afford every facility for thorough inspection of the property, and are disposing of it just now at terms that are considerably below what they must become within two or three months.

— H. C. MASSIE,
Dentist. Painless filling.
114 Geary Street, San Francisco.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.
KREELING BROS.....PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS

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BLUFF KING HAL!

Monday, April 18th,

CHILPERIC!

Popular Prices..... 25 and 50 cents.

AT THE

RECENT ART SALE

MANY FINE PAINTINGS WERE NOT SOLD.

These are again on exhibition at our Gallery. On account of the departure of Mr. S. Gump for Europe, and the necessary preparations for moving to our new building, now in course of erection, we will sell all our Paintings and other goods at Greatly Reduced Prices.

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ABOUT THE WOMEN.

The widow of General Custer is not only a beautiful woman but a fascinating talker also. She is frequently reported as giving lectures in various parts of the country; and her description of "Buffaloes and Buffalo-Hunting," lasting for two full hours, is said to be delightfully graphic.

The following shows how an extremely brittle woman can be a hallerina:

Gillert, the *première danseuse* brought over first by the late American Opera Company, had her leg broken three times. The first time was when a girl at the Conservatory in Russia. She was to dance with the other girls before the emperor, and on her way to the Conservatory fell and broke her leg. On her recovery, she went to Paris, and was scarcely launched when she tripped on the stage and snapped another bone. While yet under treatment domestic reasons made it imperative that she should earn money, and she went from her bed and crutches back to the stage. A third luckless break occurred, but Gillert is still up and at it.

The all-absorbing topic of discussion in Austrian society is the sudden withdrawal of a dozen of its fairest members into convents. One of their number, Princess Marie Schwarzenberg, an exquisitely beautiful girl, is noted not only for her magnificent horsemanship, but also as one of the most skillful pistol shots in the empire. Among the others are the two Princesses of Loewenstein, the Countess Salm, Countess Waldstein, Baroness von Hildbrandt, and Countess Auersberg.

There will shortly be published a work entitled "The Life of Tennessee C. Claflin" (Lady Cook). The book will contain twenty-five steel engravings and several illustrations of scenes in Lady Cook's varied and romantic career. The story of this lady's life in the United States, showing how stoutly she has invariably stood up for the rights of her sex, her experiences as a regimental colonel, again as a banker, and as one of the editors of *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly*, will be interesting reading.

One of the latest additions to the formidable list of princely and royal authors is the Princess Stephanie, widow of Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria. A few days ago, a book upon the Island of Lacroma, from the pen of the princess, appeared in the shops of Vienna. Lacroma at one time belonged to the Archduke Rudolph, and his wife had ample opportunity to study its history and peculiarities. The princess has also written short sketches for the work entitled "Austro-Hungary in Word and Picture," whose publication was begun by her dead husband.

Although only two marshals of France survive, namely, Marshal MacMahon and Marshal Canrobert, there are several widows of officers of this rank still living. The Maréchale Niel resides in retirement at Chambery. The Maréchale Leboeuf lives in Normandy. The Maréchale de Saint-Arnaud spends most of the year at Arcachon. The Maréchale Randon has been settled for a long time at the Château d'Ismier, near Grenoble. The ex-Maréchale Bazaine is with her daughters in Mexico, while the Maréchale Pelissier, Duchess de Malakoff, passes most of her time in Paris.

The following anecdote is told about the aunt of Lord Dufferin, the new embassador to France:

Lord Dufferin is a nephew of the Honorable Mrs. Norton and of the late Duchess of Somerset, who was Queen of Beauty at the Eglinton Tournament in 1842. They were both gifted with high-strung minds. Lady Dufferin, the third sister, had the best-balanced intellect of the three. She was a sweet poetess, with a vein of deep and true sensibility, and might have been a great poetess had her life been less fortunate. She was the author, as the Honorable Mrs. Price Blackwood, of many pathetic ballads, chiefly Irish. Her marriage with Lord Gifford came about in this way: He had been regarded by her as a second son. When he was dying of consumption, Lady Dufferin said: "You must go to Egypt, and I will go with you and be your nurse." He said on one condition—their getting married. "No," she replied, "I might be your mother. Marriage would spoil the romance of our attachment." "Be reasonable," he said; "Mrs. Grundy has pursued ferociously the ladies of your family. You must not give her a chance of rending you for your devotion to a poor consumptive." The marriage took place. Lady Dufferin was as a loving Sister of Charity in Egypt and elsewhere for a few years, and was plunged into the deepest grief by Lord Gifford's death in 1867.

The second ladies' night at the New York Author's Club last week brought together a notable company of men and women. The New York *Times* says:

"It was a gathering which looked its genius; strong, clear-cut, cameo-like faces were on every side, many framed in snowy hair, many, also, whose years seemed almost too few to have borne such literary fruit as could be accredited to them. There were many distinguished-looking women, some of exceptional beauty. Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Clarence B. Buel, and Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, with her silvered head and tranquil face, were prominent. Amélie Rives-Chanler, of course, attracted much attention. She wore a gown of some fleecy white material, with a blue sash about her waist. Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, who keenly enjoys all social functions and who is always the centre of animated talk; Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller, with her ample brow and handsome, strongly marked features; Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, who is said to have the sweetest smile of any woman in the world, and whose brain is as sound as her nature is sweet; Mrs. E. P. Terhune (Marion Harland), every line of whose face is alive with intelligence and energy, and whose fine-looking husband is one of the most sought after in every social assembly; Mrs. Bayard Taylor, with her charming German accent and placid dignity of mien; Miss Isabel F. Hapgood, aggressive and alert in carriage; and Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson—these formed a group of distinguished-looking women who would have been noticeable in any gathering. Among the younger women were Mrs. Helen Kendrick Johnson (Mrs. Rossiter Johnson), Mrs. John D. Champlin, Jr., Mrs. Frank R. Stockton, Mrs. E. B. Custer, Mrs. Alexander Black, Miss Hetta Ward, Mrs. Elizabeth Elliot, (Mrs. Henry R. Elliot), Mrs. Frederica Gilchrist, Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop (with her wonderful crown of red-gold hair), Mrs. R. W. Gilder, Mrs. Alice Wellington Rollins, Mrs. Thomas Janvier (the artist), Mrs. Edward P. Clark (Kate Upson Clark), whose sprightly talk bristles with ideas, and Mrs. Stedman, who, with several other distinguished ladies, received the guests. Mrs. R. H. Stoddard was there, still showing signs of her recent severe illness; Mrs. Moncure D. Conway, a lovely woman, with abundant gray hair; Stuart Sterne, the poet; and Miss Lillie Hamilton French, whose beauty was prominent among many beautiful women."

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The Rev. Dr. Primrose—"Which of your married sisters is the happiest?" *Little Johnnie*—"The one that was married last."—*New York Sun.*

Quericus—"Why do they call the groom's friend the best man?" *Cynicus*—"Because he isn't the fellow who's getting married."—*New York Sun.*

Professor—"In case a man had both hands cut off, what is the first thing you would do?" *Student* (candidate for position of ambulance surgeon)—"Feel his pulse."—*Ex.*

The Angel Gabriel (preparing to sound the last trump)—"Silence, now!" *Excited young man*—"Hold on just a second! I've sent a boy for my kodak."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Mudge—"You don't find me wasting my time trying to get even with my enemies." *Yabsley*—"No, indeed; you are too busy trying to get ahead of your friends."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Tales that thrill: *Jolliboy*—"What do the women do in their clubs? Do they tell bear stories and fishing lies as men do?" *Miss Demure*—"No. They tell mouse stories."—*New York Sun.*

"What was the racket this morning?" asked the ossified man of the honeless wonder. "The fat woman accused the two-headed girl of leading a double life."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Barn-storming: *Captain of the brigands* (behind the scenes)—"Why don't the blamed fool fire? It's his cue." *Captured nobleman*—"He's went an' loaded himself instead of his gun."—*Judge*

A church in Lancaster, Pa., offered a medal to every person who did not miss a church or Sunday-school service during the year. One medal was awarded, and the janitor got it.—*Lowell Courier.*

Maud—"There is so much individuality in Henderson's pictures—you feel that he puts himself into his work." *Elise*—"Yes, indeed; just look at the air of consciousness that calf possesses."—*Bazar.*

He—"Did you have a good time on your camping-party last summer?" *She*—"I should say so. We had seven girls and seven men, and when we came home there were forty-nine engagements in the party."—*Life.*

Mr J. Boomer Rangue—"We are going to call our new city in Dakota 'Leisure.'" *Mr. Newport de Vorse*—"Why?" *Mr. J. Boomer Rangue.*—"So that the people who marry in haste can go there to repent."—*Puck*

Saidso—"I understand that Beeflat is in society at last." *Herdso*—"I don't know that he is absolutely in it; but he has got to the point where he pretends not to care about seeing his name in the papers."—*S. G. & Co.'s Monthly.*

She—"You men are so changeable! Before we were married you didn't go to the club every night." *He*—"I couldn't, my dear, when I had to call on you every night. I'm not away from home any more now than I was then."—*Bazar.*

Larkin (in the midst of a narration)—"And twelve long years rolled by before I saw him again." *Benbow* (sarcastically)—"Then some years are longer than others, are they?" *Larkin*—"They are. Leap years are a day longer."—*Judge.*

Ethel—"Why, dear, what lovely color you have to-day!" *Evadne*—"Yes, I consider it a rather bright idea. I read illustrated jokes from a French paper just before going out, and invariably blush for two hours."—*Kate Field's Washington.*

Briggs—"What has become of your new silk hat, old man?" *Griggs*—"I gave it to a porter of a Pullman car." *Briggs*—"What did you do that for?" *Griggs*—"It was cheaper to give it to him than to have him brush it."—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

"Papa," inquired the little boy, "how big a hailstone did you ever see?" "I've seen hailstones," replied Deacon Ironside, with animation, "as big as—as big—no! This is Sunday! Read another page of yer catechism, Samuel."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"My darling," said the ardent young chemist, "you are worth your weight in pure iridium." And she felt just a trifle uneasy about it until she made inquiries next day, and found the dear, foolish fellow had appraised her at six million dollars and some odd cents.—*Puck.*

After long separation: *Smith*—"Do you remember Miss Arkwright, with whom we used to dance so often?" *Jones*—"Perfectly; she was pretty, but fanciful as the mischief, light, and foolish, and I often said to myself I pity the man who marries her.' *Smith*—"I married her three years ago."—*Bazar.*

Her father—"But, my boy, surely you are too young to marry Aurelia. How old are you?" *Her suitor*—"Eighteen, sir." *Her father*—"And she is twenty-four—too great a disparity!. Why not wait half a dozen years? Then you'll be twenty-four, and she'll probably be just about the same age as you."—*S. G. & Co.'s Monthly.*

Chronic constipation, with all its attendant evils, is cured by taking Ayer's Cathartic Pills. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

DCLXIII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, April 17, 1892.

Eastern Oysters.
Clear Soup.
Fillet of Sole, Tartar Sauce. Cucumber Salad.
Beefsteak and Mushrooms. Potato Croquettes.
Stuffed Eggs.
Green Peas. Tomatoes.
Roman Punch.
Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce.
Asparagus, Mayonnaise Dressing.
Edam Cheese and Crackers.
Ice Cream. Strawberries. Chocolate Cake.
Coffee and Wines.

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The Souther Farm system of training horses by swimming will be shown on Saturday, April 16th, beginning promptly at half-past one o'clock. Particulars are appended:

To get to the farm, take the twelve o'clock broad-gauge ferry-boat from foot of Market Street, San Francisco, for San Leandro, where conveyances will take all comers to the farm, returning in time to allow all to reach San Francisco at a quarter to five. To drive to the farm, go to Oakland on the creek-route ferry, take the county road toward San Leandro, and turn off at Stanley Road, where a signboard of the farm is placed, three-quarters of a mile north of San Leandro.

On this same day the horses that are to be sold will be shown to all who may wish to see them. The sale will take place on Wednesday, April 20th, precisely at noon, and sixty-five well-bred colts, fillies, brood mares, and road animals will be sold at square auction in the Souther Farm way—without limit, by-bid, reserve, or delay of any sort, shape, or description.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The twenty-ninth spring exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association now being held at the association's rooms at 430 Pine Street, comprises some one hundred and fifty examples of our local artists, painters, aquarellists, and sculptors. The exhibition is open daily during the morning and afternoon, and on Tuesdays and Thursdays during the evening also.

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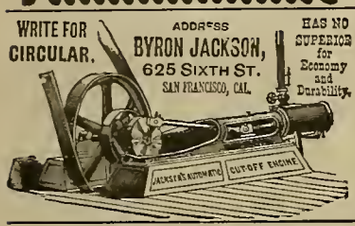

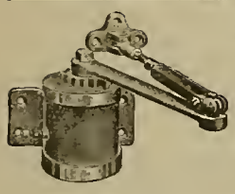

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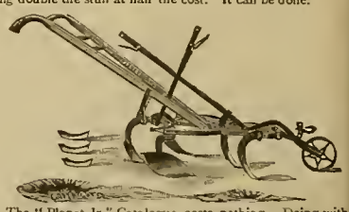

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

George Bancroft's Memorial Address.

The following memorial address on Abraham Lincoln was delivered on February 12, 1866 (Mr. Lincoln's birthday), by George Bancroft, the historian and statesman, before both Houses of Congress, the President and full Cabinet, the Justices of the Supreme Court and the Foreign Ministers accredited to the United States.

A copy of the address was sent on February 22, 1887, by Mr. Bancroft, with his autographic signature and some complimentary remarks, to Mr. H. F. Cutter of this city, who has placed it with the *Argonaut* for reproduction.

The 14th of April is the anniversary of the assassination of President Lincoln, and it seems a fitting occasion to give this remarkable document to our readers.

That God rules in the affairs of men is as certain as any truth of physical science. On the great moving power which is from the beginning hangs the world of the senses and the world of thought and action. Eternal wisdom marshals the great procession of the nations, working in patient continuity through the ages, never halting, and never abrupt, encompassing all events in its oversight, and ever affecting its will, though mortals may slumber in apathy or oppose with madness. Kings are lifted up or thrown down, nations come and go, republics flourish and wither, dynasties pass away like a tale that is told; but nothing is by chance, though men in their ignorance of causes may think so. The deeds of time are governed, as well as adjudged, by the decrees of eternity. The caprice of fleeting existences bends to the immovable omnipotence which plants its foot on all the centuries and has neither change of purposes nor repose. Sometimes like a messenger through the thick darkness of night, it steps along mysterious ways; but when the hour strikes for a people, or for mankind, to pass into a new form of being, unseen hands draw the bolts from the gates of futurity; an all-subduing influence prepares the mind of men for the coming revolution; those who plan resistance find themselves in conflict with the will of Providence, rather than with human devices; and all hearts and all understandings, most of all the opinions and influences of the unwilling, are wonderfully attracted and compelled to bear forward the change which becomes more an obedience to the law of universal nature than submission to the arbitrament of man.

In the fulness of time a republic rose up in the wilderness of America. Thousands of years had passed away before this child of the ages could be born. From whatever there was of good in the systems of former centuries she drew her nourishment; the wrecks of the past were her warnings. With the deepest sentiment of faith fixed in her inmost nature, she disenthralled religion from bondage to temporal power, that her worship might be worship only in spirit and truth. The wisdom which had passed from India through Greece, with what Greece had added of her own; the jurisprudence of Rome; the mediæval municipalities; the Teutonic method of representation; the political experience of England; the benignant wisdom of the expositors of the law of nature in France and in Holland, all shed on her their selectest influence. She washed the gold of political wisdom from the sands wherever it was found. She cleft it from the rocks; she gleaned it among ruins. Out of all the discoveries of statesmen and sages, out of all the experience of past human life, she compiled a perennial political philosophy, the primordinal principles of national ethics. The wise men of Europe sought the best government in a mixture of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy; and America went behind these names to extract from the vital elements of social forms, and blend them harmoniously in the free commonwealth, which comes nearest to the illustration of the natural equality of all men. She intrusted the guardianship of established rights to law; the movements of reform to the spirit of the people, and drew her force from the happy reconciliation of both.

Republics had heretofore been limited to small cantons or cities and their dependencies; America, doing that of which the like had not before been known upon the earth, or believed by kings and statesmen to be possible, extended her republic across a continent. Under her auspices the vine of liberty took deep root and filled the land; the hills were covered with its shadow; its boughs were like the goodly cedars, and reached unto both oceans. The fame of this only daughter of freedom went out into all the lands of the earth; from her the human race drew hope.

Neither hereditary monarchy or heriditary aristocracy planted itself on our soil; the only hereditary condition that fastened itself upon us was servitude. Nature works in sincerity and is ever true to its law. The bee hives honey, the viper distils poison; the vine stores its juices, and so do the poppy and upas. In like manner, every thought and every action ripens its seed, each in its kind. In the individual man, and still more in a nation, a just idea gives life, and progress, and glory; a false conception portends disaster, shame, and death. A hundred and twenty years ago a West Jersey Quaker wrote: "This trade of importing slaves is dark gloominess hanging over the land; the consequences will be grievous to posterity." At the North the growth of slavery was arrested by natural causes; in the region nearest the tropics it throve rankly, and worked itself into the organism of rising States. Virginia stood between the two; with soil, and climate, resources demanding free labor, and yet capable of the profitable employment of the slave. She was the land of great statesmen; and they saw the danger of her being whelmed under the rising flood in time to struggle against the delusions of avarice and pride. Ninety-four years ago, the Legislature of Virginia addressed the British King, saying that the trade in slaves was "great inhumanity," was opposed to the "security and happiness" of their constituents, "would in time have the most detructive influence," and "endanger their very existence." And the king answered them, that "upon pain of his highest displeasure, the importation of slaves should not be in any respect obstructed." "Pharisaical Britain," wrote Franklin in behalf of Virginia, "to pride thyself in setting free a single slave that happened to land on thy coasts, while thy laws continue a traffic whereby so many hundreds of thousands are dragged into a slavery that is entailed on their posterity." "A serious view of this subject," said Patrick Henry in 1773, "gives a gloomy prospect to future times." In the same year George Mason wrote to the Legislature of Virginia: "The laws of impartial Providence may avenge our injustice upon our posterity." In Virginia, and in the Continental Congress, Jefferson, with the approval of Edward Pendleton, branded the slave trade as piracy; and he fixed in the Declaration of Independence as the corner stone of America: "All men are created equal, with an unalienable right to liberty." On the first organization of temporary governments for the continental domain Jefferson, but for the default of New Jersey, would, in 1784, have consecrated every part of that territory to freedom. In the formation of the National Constitution, Virginia, opposed by a part of New England, vainly struggled to abolish the slave trade at once and forever; and when the ordinance of 1787 was introduced by Nathan Dane, without the clause prohibiting slavery, it was through the favorable disposition of Virginia and the South that the clause of Jefferson was restored, and the whole Northwestern Territory—all the territory that then belonged to the nation—was reserved for the labor of freemen.

The hope prevailed in Virginia that the abolition of the slave trade would bring with it the gradual abolition of slavery; but the expectation was doomed to disappointment. In supporting incipient measures for emancipation, Jefferson encountered difficulties greater than he could overcome; and after vain wrestlings, the words that broke from him, "I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just, that his justice cannot sleep forever," were words of despair. It was the desire of Washington's beart that Virginia should remove slavery by a public act; and as the prospect of a general emancipation grew more and more dim he, in utter hopelessness of the action of the State, did all that he could by bequeathing freedom to his own slaves. Good and true men had, from the days of 1776, thought of colonizing the negro in the home of his ancestors. But the idea of colonization was thought to increase the difficulty of emancipation; and in spite of strong support, while it accomplished much good for Africa, it proved impracticable as a remedy at home. Madison, who in early life disliked slavery so much that he wished "to depend as little as possible on the labor of slaves"; Madison, who held that where slavery exists "the republican theory becomes fallacious"; Madison, who in the last years of his life would not consent to the annexation of Texas, lest his countrymen should fill it with slaves; Madison, who said, "slavery is the greatest evil under which the nation labors, a portentous evil, an evil—moral, political and economical—a sad blot on our free country," went mournfully into old age with the cheerless words: "No satisfactory plan has yet been devised for taking out the stain."

The men of the revolution passed away. A new generation sprang up, impatient that an institution to which they clung should be condemned as inhuman, unwise and unjust; in the throes of discontent at the self-reproach of their fathers, and blinded by the lustre of wealth to be acquired by the culture of a new staple, they devised the theory that slavery, which they would not abolish, was not evil, but good. They turned on the friends of colonization, and confidently demanded, "Why take black men from a civilized and Christian country, where their labor is a source of immense gain and a power to control the markets of the world, and send them to a land of ignorance, idolatry, and ignorance, which was the home of their forefathers, but not theirs? Slavery is a blessing. Were they not in their ancestral land naked, scarcely lifted above brutes, ignorant of the course of the sun, controlled by nature? And in their new abode have they not been taught to know the difference of the seasons, to plough, to plant and reap, to drive oxen, to tame the horse, to exchange their scanty dialect for the richest of all the languages among men, and the stupid adoration of follies for the purest religion? And since slavery is good for the blacks, it is good for their masters, bringing opulence and the opportunity of educating a race. The slavery of the black is good in itself; he shall serve the white man forever." And nature, which better understood the quality of fleeting interest and passion, laughed as it caught the echo: "man" and "forever!"

A regular development of pretensions followed the new declaration with logical consistency. Under the old declaration every one of the States had retained, each for itself, the right of manumitting all slaves by an ordinary act of legislation; now, the power of the people over servitude through their Legislatures was curtailed, and the privileged class was swift in imposing legal and constitutional obstruction on the people themselves. The power of emancipation was narrowed or taken away. The slave might not be disquieted by education. There remained an unconfessed consciousness that the system of bondage was wrong, and a restless memory that it was at variance with the true American tradition; its safety was therefore to be secured by political organization. The generation that made the Constitution took care for the predominance of freedom in Congress, by the ordinance of Jefferson; the new school aspired to secure for slavery an equality of votes in the Senate; and while it hinted at an organic act that should concede to the collective South a veto power on national legislation, it assumed that each State separately had the right to revise and nullify the laws of the United States according to the discretion of its judgment.

The new theory hung as a bias on the foreign relations of the country; there could be no recognition of Hayti, nor even the American colony of Liberia; and the world was given to understand that the establishment of free labor in Cuba would be a reason for wresting that island from Spain. Territories were annexed; Louisiana, Florida, Texas, half of Mexico; slavery must have its share in them all, and it accepted for a time a dividing line between the unquestioned domain of free labor and that in which involuntary labor was to be tolerated. A few years passed away, and the new school, strong and arrogant, demanded and received an apology for applying the Jefferson proviso to Oregon.

The application of that proviso was interrupted for three administrations; but justice moved steadily onward. In the news that the men of California had chosen freedom, Calhoun heard the knell of parting slavery; and on his deathbed he counselled secession. Wasbington, and Jefferson, and Madison had died despairing of the abolition of slavery; Calhoun died in despair at the growth of freedom. His system rushed irresistibly to its natural development. The death struggle for California was followed by a short truce; but the new school of politicians, who said that slavery was not evil, but good, soon sought to recover the ground they had lost, and confident of securing Texas, they demanded that the established line in the Territories between freedom and slavery should be blotted out. The country, believing in the strength and enterprise and expansive energy of freedom, made answer, though reluctantly: "Be it so; let there be no strife between brethren; let freedom and slavery compete for the Territories on equal terms, in a fair field under an impartial administration;" and on this theory, if on any, the contest might have been left to the decision of time.

The South started back in appallment from its victory; for it knew that a fair competition foreboded its defeat. But where could it now find an ally to save it from its own mistake? What I have next to say is spoken with no emotion but regret. Our meeting to-day is, as it were, at the grave, in the presence of eternity, and the truth must be uttered in soberness and sincerity. In a great republic, as was observed more than two thousand years ago, any attempt to overturn the state owes its strength to aid from some branch of the government. The Chief Justice of the United States, without any necessity or occasion, volunteered to come to the rescue of the theory of slavery. And from his court there lay no appeal but to the bar of humanity and history. Against the Constitution, against the memory of the nation, against a previous decision, against a series of enactments, he decided that the slave is property, that slave property is entitled to no less protection than any other property, that the Constitution upholds it in every territory against any act of a local Legislature, and even against Congress itself; or, as the President tersely promulgated the saying: "Kansas is as much a slave State as South Carolina or Georgia; slavery, by virtue of the Constitution, exists in every Territory." The municipal character of slavery being thus taken away, and slave property decreed to be "sacred," the authority of the courts was invoked to introduce it by the comity of law into States where slavery had been abolished; and in one of the courts of the United States a judge pronounced the African slave trade legitimate, and numerous and powerful advocates demanded its restoration.

Moreover, the Chief Justice, in his elaborate opinion, announced what had never been heard from any magistrate of Greece or Rome—what was unknown to civil law, and canon law, and feudal law, and common law, and constitutional law; unknown to Jay, to Rutledge, Ellsworth and Marshall—that there are "slave races." The spirit of evil is intensely logical. Having the authority of this

five States swiftly followed the earlier example of a sixth and opened the way for reducing the free negro to bondage; the migrating free negro became a slave if he but touched the soil of a seventh; and an eighth, from its extent and soil and mineral resources destined to incalculable greatness, closed its eyes on its coming prosperity and enacted—as by Taney's decision it had a right to do—that every free black man who would live within its limits must accept the condition of slavery for himself and his posterity.

Only one step more remained to be taken. Jefferson and the leading statesmen of his day held fast to the idea that the enslavement of the African was socially, morally and politically wrong. The new school was founded exactly upon the opposite idea; and they resolved first to distract the Democratic party, for which the Supreme Court had now furnished the means, and then to establish a new government, with negro slavery for its corner-stone, as socially, morally and politically right.

As the presidential election drew on, one of the old traditional parties did not make its appearance; the other reeled as it sought to preserve its old position; and the candidate who most nearly represented its best opinion, driven by patriotic zeal, roamed the country from end to end to speak for union, eager at least to confront its enemies, yet not having hope that it would find its deliverance through him. The storm rose to a whirlwind; who should allay its wrath? The most experienced statesmen of the country had failed; there was no hope from those who were great after the flesh; could relief come from one whose wisdom was like the wisdom of little children?

The choice of America fell on a man born west of the Alleghanies, in the cabin of poor people of Hardin county, Kentucky—Abraham Lincoln.

His mother could read, but not write; his father could do neither; but his parents sent him, with an old spelling-book, to school, and he learned in his childhood to do both.

When eight years old he floated down the Ohio with his father on a raft which bore the family and all their possessions to the shore of Indiana; and, child as he was, he gave help as they toiled through dense forests to the interior of Spencer county. There in the land of free labor he grew up in a log cabin, with the solemn solitude for his teacher in his meditative hours. Of Asiatic literature he knew only the Bible; of Greek, Latin, mediæval, no more than the translation of Æsop's Fables; of English, John Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. The traditions of George Fox and William Penn passed to him dimly along the lines of two centuries through his ancesters, who were Quakers.

Otherwise his education was altogether American. The Declaration of Independence was his compendium of political wisdom, the life of Washington his constant study, and something of Jefferson and Madison reached him through Henry Clay, whom he honored from boyhood. For the rest, from day to day, he lived the life of the American people; walked in its light, reasoned with its reason, thought with its power of thought; felt the beatings of its mighty heart; and so was in every way a child of nature—a child of the West—a child of America.

At nineteen, feeling impulses of ambition to get on in the world, he engaged himself to go down the Mississippi in a flat boat, receiving ten dollars a month for his wages, and afterwards he made the trip once more. At twenty-one he drove his father's cattle as the family migrated to Illinois, and split rails to fence in the new homestead in the wild. At twenty-three he was a captain of volunteers in the Black Hawk war. He kept a shop; he learned something of surveying; but of English literature he added to Bunyan nothing but Shakespeare's plays. At twenty-five he was elected to the Legislature of Illinois, where he served eight years. At twenty-seven he was admitted to the bar. In 1837 he chose his home at Springfield, the beautiful center of the richest land in the State. In 1847 he was a member of the National Congress, where he voted about forty times in favor of the principle of the Jefferson proviso. In 1854 he gave his influence to elect from Illinois to the American Senate a Democrat who would certainly do justice to Kansas. In 1858, as the rival of Douglas, he went before the people of the mighty Prairie State saying: "This Union cannot permanently endure half slave and half free; the Union will not be dissolved, but the house will cease to be divided." And now, in 1861, with no experience whatever as an executive officer, while States were madly flying from their orbit, and wise men knew not where to find counsel, this descendant of Quakers, this pupil of Bunyan, this child of the great West, was elected President of America.

He measured the difficulty of the duty that devolved upon him, and was resolved to fulfill it.

As on the 11th of February, 1861, he left Springfield, which for a quarter of a century had been his happy home, to the crowd of his friends and neighbors whom he was never more to meet, he spoke a solemn farewell: "I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty has devolved upon me, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since Washington. He never would have succeeded, except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. On the same Almighty Being I place my reliance. Pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain." To the men of Indiana he said: "I am but an accidental, temporary instrument; it is your business to rise up and preserve the Union and liberty." At the capital of Ohio he said: "Without a name, without a reason why I should have a name, there has fallen upon me a task such as did not rest even upon the Father of his country." At various places in New York, especially at Albany before the Legislature, which tendered him the united support of the great Empire State, he said: "While I hold myself the humblest of all the individuals who have been elevated to the Presidency, I have a more difficult task to perform than any of them. I bring a true heart to the work. I must rely upon the people of the whole country for support; and with their sustaining aid even I, humble as I am, cannot fail to carry the ship of state safely through the storm." To the Assembly of New Jersey, at Trenton, he explained: "I shall take the ground I deem most just to the North, the East, the West, the South, and the whole country in good temper, certainly with no malice to any section. I am devoted to peace, but it may be necessary to put the foot down firmly." In the old Independence Hall of Philadelphia he said: "I have never had a feeling politically that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence, which gave liberty, not alone to the people of this country, but to the world in all future time. If the country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I would rather be assasinated on the spot than surrender it. I have said nothing but what I am willing to live and die by."

Traveling in the dead of night to escape assassination, Lincoln arrived at Washington nine days before his inauguration. The outgoing President, at the opening of the session of Congress, had still kept as the majority of his advisers men engaged in treason; had declared that in case of even an "imaginary" apprehension of danger from notions of freedom among the slaves, "disunion would be inevitable." Lincoln and others had questioned the opinion of Taney; such impugning he ascribed to the "factious temper of the times." The favorite doctrine of the majority of the Democratic party on the power of a territorial Legislature over slavery he condemned as an attack on "the sacred rights of property." The State Legislatures, he insisted, must repeal what he called "their unconstitutional and obnoxious enactments," and which, if such, were "null and void," or "it would be impossible for any human power to save the Union!" Nay! if these unimportant acts were not repealed, "the injured States would be justified in revolutionary resistance to the government of the Union." He maintained that no State might secede at its sovereign will and pleasure; that the Union was meant for perpetuity; and that Congress might attempt to preserve, but only by conciliation; that "the sword was not placed in their hands to preserve it by force;" that "the last desperate remedy of a despairing people" would be "an explanatory amendment recognizing the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States." The American Union he called "a confederacy" of States, and he thought it a duty to make the appeal for amendment "before any of these States should separate themselves from the Union." The views of the Lieutenant-General, containing some patriotic advice, "conceded the right of secession," pronounced a quadruple rupture of the Union "a smaller evil than the reuniting of the fragments by the sword," and "eschewed the idea of invading a seceded State." After changes in the Cabinet, the President informed Congress that "matters were still worse;" that "the South suffered serious grievances," which should be redressed "in peace." The day after this message the flag of the Union was fired upon from Fort Moultrie, and the insult was not revenged or noticed. Senators and Congress telegraphed to their constituents to seize the national forts, and they were not arrested. The finances of the country were grievously embarrassed. Its little army was not within reach—the part of it in Texas, with all its stores, were made over by its commander to the seceding insurgents. One State after another voted in convention to go out of the Union. A peace Congress, so-called, met at the request of Virginia, to concert the terms of capitulation for the continuance of the Union. Congress, in both branches, sought to devise conciliatory expedients; the Territories of the country were organized in a manner not to conflict with any pretensions of the South, or any decisions of the Supreme Court; and, nevertheless, the seceding States formed at Montgomery a provisional government, and pursued their relentless purpose with such success that the Lietenant-General feared the city of Washington might find itself "included in a foreign country," and proposed, among the options for the consideration of Lincoln, to bid the seceding States "depart in peace." The great republic seemed to have its emblem in the vast unfinished capitol, at that moment surrounded by masses of stone and prostrate columns never yet lifted into their places; seemingly the monument of high but delusive aspirations, the confused wreck of inchoate magnificence, sadder than any ruin of Egyptian Thebes or Athens.

The 4th of March came. With instinctive wisdom the new President, speaking to the people on taking the oath of office, put aside every question that divided the country, and gained a right to universal support, by planting himself on the single idea of Union. That Union he declared to be unbroken and perpetual; and he announced his determination to fulfill "the simple duty of taking care that the laws be faithfully executed in all the States." Seven days later the Convention of Confederate States unanimously adopted a constitution of their own; and the new government was authoritatively announced to be founded on the idea that slavery is the natural and normal condition of the negro race. The issue was made up whether the great republic was to maintain its providential place in the history of mankind, or a rebellion founded on negro slavery gain a recognition of its principle throughout the civilized world. To the disaffected Lincoln had said: "You have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors." To fire the passions of the Southern portion of the people, the Confederate Government chose to become aggressors; and on the morning of the 12th of April began the bombardment of Fort Sumter, and compelled its evacuation.

It is the glory of the late President that he had perfect faith in the perpetuity of the Union. Supported in advance by Douglas, who spoke as with the voice of a million, he instantly called a meeting of Congress and summoned the people to come up and repossess the forts, places and property which had been seized from the Union. The men of the North were trained in schools; industrious and frugal; many of them delicately bred, their minds teeming with ideas and fertile in plans of enterprise; given to the culture of the arts; eager in the pursuit of wealth, yet employing wealth less for ostentation than for developing the resources of their country; seeking happiness in the calm of domestic life; and such lovers of peace that for generations they have been reputed unwarlike. Now, at the cry of their country in its distress, they rose up with unappeasable patriotism; not hirelings—the purest and of the best blood in the land; sons of a pious ancestry, with a clear perception of duty, unclouded faith and fixed resolve to succeed, they thronged round the President to support the wronged, the beautiful flag of the nation. The halls of theological seminaries sent forth their young men, whose lips were touched with eloquence, whose hearts kindled with devotion to serve in the ranks, and make their way to command only as they learned the art of war. Striplings in the colleges, as well as the most gentle and the most studious; those of sweetest temper and loveliest character and brightest genius, passed from their classes to the camp. The lumbermen sprang forward from the forest, the mechanics from their benches, where they had been trained by the exercise of political rights to share the life and hope of the republic, to feel their responsibility to their forefathers, their posterity and mankind, went forth resolved that their dignity as a constituent part of this republic should not be impaired. Farmers and sons of farmers left the land but half ploughed, the grain but half planted, and, taking up the musket, learned to face without fear the presence of peril and the coming of death in the shocks of war, while their hearts were still attracted to the charms of rural life and all the tender affections of home. Whatever there was of truth and faith and public love in the common heart broke out with one expression. The mighty winds blew from every quarter to fan the flame of the sacred and unquenchable fire.

For a time the war was thought to be confined to our own domestic affairs; but it was soon seen that it involved the destinies of mankind, and its principles and causes shook the politics of Europe to the centre, and from Lisbon to Pekin divided the governments of the world.

There was a kingdom whose people had in an eminent degree attained to freedom of industry and the security of person and property. Its middle class rose to greatness. Out of that class sprung the noblest poets and philosophers, whose words built up the intellect of its people; skillful navigators, to find out the many paths of the ocean; discoverers in natural science, whose inventions guided its industry to wealth, till it equalled any nation of the world in letters and excelled all in trade and commerce. But its government was become a government of land, and not of men; every blade of grass was represented, but only a small minority of the people. In the transition from the feudal forms the heads of the social organization freed themselves from the military services which were the conditions of their tenure, and throwing the burden on the industrial classes, kept all the soil to themselves. Vast estates that had been managed by monasteries as endowments for religion and charity were impropriated to swell the wealth of courtiers and favorites; and the commons, where the poor man once had his right of pasture, were taken away, and, under forms of law, enclosed distributively within their own domains. Although no law forbade any inhabitant from purchasing land, the costliness of the transfer constituted a prohibition; so that it was the rule of that country that the plough should not be in the hands of its owner. The church was rested on a contradiction, claiming to be an embodiment of absolute truth, and yet was the creature of the statute book.

The progress of time increased the terrible contrast between wealth and poverty; in their years of strength the laboring people, cut off from all share in governing the state, derived a scanty support from the severest toil, and had no hope for old age but in public charity or death. A grasping ambition had dotted the world with military posts, kept watch over our borders on the northeast, at the Bermudas, in the West Indies, held the gates of the Pacific, of the Southern and of the Indian ocean, hovering on our northwest at Vancouver, held the whole of the newest continent, and the entrances to the old Mediterranean and Red sea; and garrisoned forts all the way from Madras to China.

That aristocracy had gazed with terror on the growth of a commonwealth where freeholds existed by the million and religion was not in bondage to the state; and now they could not repress their joy at its perils. They had not one word of sympathy for the kind-hearted poor man's son whom America had chosen for her chief; they jeered at his large hands, and long feet, and ungainly stature, and the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs made haste to send word through the palaces of Europe that the great republic was in its agony, that the republic was no more, that a headstone was all that remained due by the law of nations to "the late Union." But it is written: "Let the dead bury the dead;" let a bill of reform remove the worn-out government of a class, and infuse new life into the British constitution by confiding rightful power to the people.

But while the vitality of America is indestructible, the British government hurried to do what never before had been done by Christian powers, what was in direct conflict with its own exposition of public law in the time of our struggle for independence. Though the insurgent States had not a ship in an open harbor, it invested them with all the rights of a belligerent, even on the ocean; and this, too, when the rebellion was not only directed against the gentlest and most beneficent government on earth, without a shadow of justifiable cause, but when the rebellion was directed against human nature itself for the perpetual enslavement of a race. And the effect of this recognition was that acts in themselves piratical found shelter in British courts of law. The resources of British capitalists, their workshops, their armories, their private arsenals, their shipyards, were in league with the insurgents, and every British harbor in the wide world became a safe port for British ships, manned by British sailors, and armed with British guns, to prey on our peaceful commerce; even on our ships coming from British ports, freighted with British products, or that had carried gifts of grain to the English poor. The prime minister in the House of Commons, sustained by cheers, scoffed at the thought that their laws could be amended at our request, so as to preserve real neutrality; and to remonstrances now owned to have been just, their secretary answered that they could not change their laws *ad infinitum*.

The people of America then wished, as they always have wished, as they still wish, friendly relations with England; and no man in Europe or America can desire it more strongly than I. This country has always yearned for good relations with England. Thrice only in all its history has that yearning been fairly met; in the days of Hampden and Cromwell, again in the first ministry of the elder Pitt, and once again in the ministry of Shelburne. Not that there have not at all times been just men among the peers of Britain—like Halifax in the days of James the Second, or a Granville, an Argyll, or a Houghton in ours; and we cannot be indifferent to a country that produces statesmen like Cobden and Bright; but the best bower anchor of peace was the working class of England, who suffered most from our civil war, but who, while they broke their diminished bread in sorrow, always encouraged us to persevere.

The act of recognizing the rebel belligerents was concerted with France; France, so beloved in America, on which she had conferred the greatest benefits that one people ever conferred on another; France, which stands foremost on the continent of Europe for the solidity of her culture, as well as for the bravery and generous impulses of her sons; France, which for centuries had been moving steadily in its own way towards intellectual and political freedom. The policy regarding further colonization of America by European powers, known commonly as the doctrine of Monroe, had its origin in France; and if it takes any man's name should bear the name of Turgot. It was adopted by Louis the Sixteenth, in the cabinet of which Vergennes was the most important member. It is emphatically the policy of France; to which, with transient deviations, the Bourbons, the First Napoleon, the House of Orleans have ever adhered.

The late President was perpetually harassed by rumors that the Emperor Napoleon the Third desired formally to recognize the States in rebellion as an independent power, and that England held him back by her reluctance, or France by her traditions of freedom, or he himself by his own better judgment and clear perception of events. But the republic of Mexico, on our borders, was, like ourselves, distracted by a rebellion, and from a similar cause. The monarchy of England had fastened upon us slavery which did not disappear with independence; in like manner, the ecclesiastical policy established by the Spanish council of the Indies, in the days of Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second, retained its vigor in the Mexican Republic. The fifty years of civil war under which she had languished was due to the bigoted system which was the legacy of monarchy, just as here the inheritance of slavery kept alive political strife, and culminated in civil war. As with us there could be no quiet but through the end of slavery, so in Mexico there could be no prosperity until the crushing tyranny of intolerance should cease. The party of slavery in the United States sent their emissaries to Europe to solicit aid; and so did the party of the church in Mexico, as organized by the old Spanish council of the Indies, but with a different result. Just as the Republican party had made an end of the rebellion, and was establishing the best government ever known in that region, and giving promise to the nation of order, peace and prosperity, word was brought us, in the moment of our deepest affliction, that the French emperor, moved by a desire to erect in North America a buttress for Imperialism, would transform the republic of Mexico into a secundo-geniture for the house of Hapsburgh. America might complain; she could not then interpose, and delay seemed justifiable. It was seen that Mexico could not, with all its wealth of land, compete in cereal products with our northwest, nor, in tropical products, with Cuba; nor could it, under a disputed dynasty, attract capital, or create public works, or develop mines, or borrow money; so that the imperial system of Mexico, which was forced at once to recognize the wisdom of the policy of the republic by adopting it, could prove only an unremunerating drain on the French treasury for the support of an Austrian adventurer.

Meantime, a new series of momentous questions grows up, and forces themselves on the consideration of the thoughtful. Republicanism has learned how to introduce into its constitution every element of order, as well as every element of freedom; but thus far the continuity of its government has seemed to depend on the continuity of elections. It is now to be considered how perpetuity is to be secured against foreign occupation. The successor of Charles the First of England dated his reign from the death of his father; the Bourbons, coming back after a long series of revolutions, claimed that the Louis who became king was the eighteenth of that name. The present emperor of the French, disdaining a title from election alone, is called the third of his name. Shall a republic have less power of continuance when invading armies prevent a peaceful resort to the ballot box? What force shall it attach to intervening legislation? What validity to debts contracted for its overthrow? These momentous questions are by the invasion of Mexico thrown up for solution. A free State once truly constituted should be as undying as its people; the republic of Mexico must rise again.

It was the condition of affairs in Mexico that involved the Pope of Rome in our difficulties so far that he alone among temporal sovereigns recognized the chief of the Confederate States as a president, and his supporters as a people; and in letters to two great prelates of the Catholic Church in the United States gave counsels for peace at a time when peace meant the victory of secession. Yet events move as they are ordered. The blessing of the Pope of Rome on the head of Duke Maximilian could not revive in the nineteenth century the ecclesiastical policy of the sixteenth; and the result is only a new proof that there can be no prosperity in the State without religious freedom.

When it came home to the consciousness of the Americans that the war which they were waging was a war for the liberty of all the nations of the world, for freedom itself, they thanked God for the severity of the trial to which he put their sincerity, and nerved themselves for their duty with an inexorable will. The President was led along by the greatness of their self-sacrificing example; and as a child, in a dark night on a rugged way, catches hold of the hand of its father for guidance and support, he clung fast to the hand of the people, and moved calmly through the gloom. While the statesmanship of Europe was scoffing at the hopeless vanity of their efforts, they put forth such miracles of energy as the history of the world has never known. The navy of the United States drawing into the public service the willing militia of the seas, doubled its tonnage in eight months, and established an actual blockade from Cape Hatteras to the Rio Grande. In the course of the war it was increased five fold in men and in tonnage, while the inventive genius of the country devised more effective kinds of ordnance, and new forms of naval architecture in wood and iron. There went into the field, for various terms of service, about two million men; and in March last the men in service exceeded a million; that is to say, one of every two able-bodied men took some part in the war; and at one time every fourth able-bodied man was in the field. In one single month, one hundred and sixty-five thousand were recruited into service. Once, within four weeks, Ohio organized and placed in the field, forty-two regiments of infantry—nearly thirty-six thousand men; and Ohio was like other States in the east and in the west. The well-mounted cavalry numbered eighty-four thousand; of horses there were bought, first and last, two-thirds of a million. In the movements of troops science came in aid of patriotism; so that, to choose a single instance out of many, an army twenty-three thousand strong, with its artillery, trains, baggage and animals, were moved by rail from the Potomac to the Tennessee, twelve hundred miles in seven days. In the long marches, wonders of military construction bridged the rivers; and wherever an army halted, ample supplies awaited them at their ever changing base. The vile thought that life is the greatest of blessings did not rise up. In six hundred and twenty-five battles, and severe skirmishes blood flowed like water. It streamed over the grassy plains; it stained the rocks; the undergrowth of the forest was red with it; and the armies marched on with majestic courage from one conflict to another, knowing that they were fighting for God and liberty. The organization of the medical department met its infinitely multiplied duties with exactness and dispatch. At the news of a battle, the best surgeons of our cities hastened to the field, to offer the zealous aid of the greatest experience and skill. The gentlest and most refined of women left homes of luxury and ease to build hospital tents near the armies, and serve as nurses to the sick and dying. Besides the large supply of religious teachers by the public, the congregations spared to their brothers in the field the ablest ministers. The Christian Commission, which expended five and a half millions, sent four thousand clergymen chosen out of the best, to keep unsoiled the religious character of the men, and made gifts of clothes and food and medicine. The organization of private charity assumed unheard of dimensions. The Sanitary Commission, which had seven thousand societies, distributed, under the direction of an unpaid board, spontaneous contributions to the amount of fifteen millions, in supplies or money—a million and a half in money from California alone—and dotted the scene of war from Paducah to Port Royal, from Belle Plain, Virginia, to Brownsville, Texas, with homes and lodges.

The country had for its allies the River Mississippi, which would not be divided, and the range of mountains which carried the stronghold of the free through West Virginia and Kentucky and Tennessee to the highlands of Alabama. But it invoked a still higher power of immortal justice. In ancient Greece, where servitude was the universal custom, it was held that if a child were to strike its parent, the slave should defend the parent, and by that act recover his freedom. After vain resistance, Lincoln, who had tried to solve the question by gradual emancipation, by colonization, and by compensation, at last saw that slavery must be abolished, or the Republic must die; and on the 1st day of January, 1863, he wrote liberty on the banners of the armies. When this proclamation, which struck the fetters from three millions of slaves, reached Europe, Lord Russell, a countryman of Milton and Wilberforce, eagerly put himself forward to speak of it in the name of mankind, saying, "It is of a very strange nature;" "a measure of war of a very questionable kind;" an "act of vengeance on the slave owner," that does no more than "profess to emancipate slaves where the United States authority cannot make emancipation a reality." Now there was no part of the country embraced in the proclamation where the United States could not and did not make emancipation a reality. Those who saw Lincoln most frequently had never before heard him speak with bitterness of any human being; but he did not conceal how keenly he felt that he had been wronged by Lord Russell. And he wrote, in reply to another caviller: "The emancipation policy, and the use of colored troops, were the greatest blows yet dealt to the rebellion. The job was a great national one; and let none be slighted who bore an honorable part in it. I hope peace will come soon, and come to stay; then there will be some black men who can remember that they have helped mankind to this great consummation."

The proclamation accomplished its end, for, during the war, our armies came into military possession of every State in rebellion. Then, too, was called forth the new power that comes from the simultaneous diffusion of thought and feeling among the nations of mankind. The mysterious sympathy of the millions throughout the world was given spontaneously. The best writers of Europe waked the conscience of the thoughtful, till the intelligent moral sentiment of the Old World was drawn to the side of the unlettered statesman of the West. Russia, whose emperor had just accomplished one of the grandest acts in the course of time by raising twenty millions of bondmen into freeholders, and thus assuring the growth and culture of a Russian people, remained our unwavering friend. From the oldest abode of civilization, which gave the first example of an imperial government with equality among the people, Prince Kung, the secretary of state for foreign affairs, remembered the saying of Confucius, that we should not do to others what we would not that others should do to us, and in the name of the Emperor of China closed its ports against the war ships and privateers of "the seditious."

The war continued, with all the peoples of the world for anxious spectators. Its cares weighed heavily on Lincoln, and his face was ploughed with the furrows of thought and sadness. With malice towards none, free from the spirit of revenge, victory made him importunate for peace; and his enemies never doubted his word, or despaired of his abounding clemency. He longed to utter pardon as the word for all, but not unless the freedom of the negro should be assured. The grand battles of Mill Spring, which gave us Nashville, of Fort Donelson, Malvern Hill, Antietam, Gettysburg, the Wilderness of Virginia, Winchester, Nashville, the capture of New Orleans, Vicksburg, Mobile, Fort Fisher, the march from Atlanta and the capture of Savannah and Charleston, all foretold the issue. Still more, the self-regeneration of Missouri, the heart of the continent; of Maryland, whose sons never heard the midnight bell chime so sweetly as when they rang out to earth and heaven that, by the voice of her own people, she took her place among the free; of Tennessee, which passed through fire and blood, through sorrows and the shadow of death, to work out her own deliverance, and by the faithfulness of her own sons to renew her youth like the eagle—proved that victory was deserved and would be worth all that it cost. If words of mercy, uttered as they were by Lincoln on the waters of the Virginia, were defiantly repelled, the armies of the country, moving with one will, went as the arrow to its mark, and without a feeling of revenge struck a deathblow at rebellion.

Where, in the history of nations, had a Chief Magistrate possessed more sources of consolation and joy, than Lincoln? His countrymen had shown their love by choosing him to a second term of service. The raging war that had divided the country had lulled; and private grief was bushed by the grandeur of its results. The nation had its new birth of freedom, soon to be secured forever by an amendment of the Constitution. His persistent gentleness had conquered for him a kindlier feeling on the part of the South. His scoffers among the grandees of Europe began to do him honor. The laboring classes every where saw in his advancement their own. All peoples sent him their benedictions. And at the moment of the height of his fame, to which his humility and modesty added charms, he fell by the hand of the assassin; and the only triumph awarded him was the march to the grave.

This is no time to say that human glory is but dust and ashes, that we mortals are no more than shadows in pursuit of shadows. How mean a thing were man, if there were not that within him, which is higher than himself—if he could not master the illusions of sense, and discern the connections of events by a superior light which comes from God. He so shares the divine impulses that he has power to subject interested passions to love of country, and personal ambition to the ennoblement of man. Not in vain has Lincoln lived, for he has helped to make this Republic an example of justice, with no caste but the caste of humanity. The heroes who led our armies and ships into battle—Lyon, McPherson, Reynolds, Sedgwick, Wadsworth, Foote, Ward, with their compeers—and fell in the service, did not die in vain; they and the myriads of nameless martyrs, and he, the chief martyr, died willingly "that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

The assassination of Lincoln, who was so free from malice, has from some mysterious influence struck the country with solemn awe, and hushed, instead of exciting, the passions of revenge. It seemed as if the just had died for the unjust. When I think of the friends I have lost in this war—and every one who hears me has, like myself, lost those whom he most loved—there is no consolation to be derived from victims on the scaffold, or from any thing but the established union of the regenerated nation.

In his character Lincoln was through and through an American. He is the first native of the region west of the Alleghanies to attain to the highest station; and how happy it is that the man who was brought forward as the natural outgrowth and first fruits of that region should have been of unblemished purity in private life, a good son, a kind husband, a most affectionate father, and, as a man, so gentle to all. As to integrity, Douglas, his rival, said of him, "Lincoln is the houestest man I ever knew."

The habits of his mind were those of meditation and inward thought, rather than of action. He excelled in logical statement, more than executive ability. He reasoned clearly, his reflective judgment was good, and his purposes were fixed; but like the Hamlet of his only poet, his will was tardy in action, and for this reason, and not from humility or tenderness of feeling, he sometimes deplored that the duty which devolved on him had not fallen to the lot of another. He was skillful in analysis, discerned with precision the central idea on which a question turned, and knew how to disengage it and present it by itself in a few homely, strong old English words that would be intelligible to all. He delighted to express his opinion by apothegm, illustrate them by a parable, or drive them home by a story.

Lincoln gained a name by discussing questions which, of all others, most easily lead to fanaticism; but he was never carried away by enthusiastic zeal, never indulged in extravagant language, never hurried to support extreme measures, never allowed himself to be controlled by sudden impulses. During the progress of the election at which he was chosen President, he expressed no opinion that went beyond the Jefferson proviso of 1784. Like Jefferson and Lafayette, he had faith in the intuitions of the people, and read those intuitions with rare sagacity. He knew how to bide his time, and was less apt to be in advance of public opinion than to lag behind. He never sought to electrify the public by taking an advance position with a banner of opinion; but rather studied to move forward compactly, exposing no detachment in front or rear; so that the course of his administration might have been explained as the calculating policy of a shrewd and watchful politician, had there not been seen behind it a fixedness of principle which from the first determined his purpose and grew more intense with every year, consuming his life by its energy. Yet his sensibilities were acute, he had no vividness of imagination to picture to his mind the horrors of the battlefield or the sufferings in hospitals; his conscience was more tender than his feelings.

Lincoln was one of the most unassuming of men. In time of success he gave credit for it to those whom he employed, to the people, and to the providence of God. He did not know what ostentation is; when he became President he was rather saddened than elated, and his conduct and manners showed more than ever his belief that all men are born equal. He was no respector of persons; and neither rank nor reputation, nor services overawed him. In judging of character he failed in discrimination, and his appointments were sometimes bad; but he readily deferred to public opinion, and in appointing the head of the armies he followed the manifest preference of Congress.

A good President will secure unity to his administration by his own supervision of the various departments. Lincoln, who accepted advice readily, was never governed by any member of his Cabinet, and could not be moved from a purpose deliberately formed; but his supervision of affairs was unsteady and incomplete; and sometimes, by a sudden interferance transcending the usual forms, he rather confused than advanced the public business. If he ever failed in the scrupulous regard due to the relative rights of Congress, it was so evidently without design that no conflict could ensue, or evil precedent be established. Truth he would receive from any one; but, when impressed by others, he did not use their opinions till by reflection he had made them thoroughly his own.

It was the nature of Lincoln to forgive. When hostilities ceased, he who had always sent forth the flag with every one of its stars in the field, was eager to receive back his returning countrymen, and meditated "some new announcement to the South." The amendment of the Constitution abolishing slavery had his most earnest and unwearied support. During the rage of war we get a glimpse into his soul from his privately suggesting to Louisiana that "in defining the franchise some of the colored people might be let in," saying: "They would probably help, in some trying time to come, to keep the jewel of liberty in the family of freedom." In 1857 he avowed himself "not in favor of" what he improperly called "negro citizenship:" for the Constitution discriminates between citizens and electors. Three days before his death he declared his preference that "the elective franchise were now conferred on the very intelligent of the colored men and on those of them who served our cause as soldiers;" but he wished it done by the States themselves, and he never harbored the thought of exacting it from a new government as a condition of its recognition.

The last days of his life beamed with sunshine, as he sent by the Speaker of this House his friendly greetings to the men of the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific slope; as he contemplated the return of hundreds of thousands of soldiers to fruitful industry; as he welcomed in advance hundreds of thousands of emigrants from Europe; as his eye kindled with enthusiasm at the coming wealth of the nation. And so, with these thoughts for his country, he was removed from the toils and temptations of this life and was at peace.

Hardly had the late President been consigned to the grave, when the Prime Minister of England died, full of years and honors. Palmerston traced his lineage to the time of the conqueror; Lincoln went back only to his grandfather. Palmerston received his education from the best scholars of Harrow, Edinburgh and Cambridge; Lincoln's early teachers were the silent forest, the prairie, the river, and the stars. Palmerston was in public life for sixty years; Lincoln for but a tenth of that time. Palmerston was a skillful guide of an established aristocracy; Lincoln a leader or rather a companion of the people. Palmerston was exclusively an Englishman, and made his boast in the House of Commons that the interest of England was his Shibboleth; Lincoln thought always of mankind as well as his own country, and served human nature itself. Palmerston from his narrowness as an Englishman did not endear his country to any one court or to any one people, but rather caused uneasiness and dislike; Lincoln left America more beloved than ever by all the peoples of Europe. Palmerston was self-possessed and adroit in reconciling the conflicting claims of the factions of the aristocracy; Lincoln, frank and ingenuous, knew how to poise himself on the conflicting opinions of the people. Palmerston was capable of insolence towards the weak, quick to the sense of honor, not heedful of right; Lincoln rejected counsel given only as a matter of policy, and was not capable of being wilfully unjust. Palmerston, essentially superficial, delighted in banter, and knew how to divert grave opposition by playful levity. Lincoln was a man of infinite jest on his lips, with saddest earnestness at his heart. Palmerston was a fair representative of the aristocratic liberality of the day, choosing for his tribunal, not the conscience of humanity, but the House of Commons; Lincoln took to heart the eternal truths of liberty, obeyed them as the commands of Providence, and accepted the human race as the judge of his fidelity. Palmerston did nothing that will endure; his great achievement, the separation of Belgium, placed that little kingdom where it must gravitate to France. Lincoln finished a work which all time cannot overthrow. Palmerston is the shining example of the ablest of a cultivated aristocracy; Lincoln shows the genuine fruits of institutions where the laboring man shares and assists to form the great ideas and designs of his country. Palmerston was buried in Westminster Abbey by the order of his Queen, and was followed by the British aristocracy to his grave, which after a few years will hardly be noticed by the sides of the graves of Fox and Chatham; Lincoln was followed by the sorrow of his country across the continent to his resting-place in the heart of the Mississippi valley, to be remembered through all time by his countrymen, and by all the peoples of the world.

As the sum of all, the hand of Lincoln raised the flag; the American people was the hero of the war; and therefore the result is a new era of republicanism. The disturbances in the country grew not out of anything republican, but out of slavery, which is a part of the system of hereditary wrong, and the expulsion of this domestic anomaly opens to the renovated nation a career of unthought of dignity and glory. Henceforth our country has a moral unity as the land of free labor. The party for slavery and the party against slavery are no more, and are merged in the party of Union and freedom. The States which would have left us are not brought back as conquered States, for then we should hold them only so long as that conquest could be maintained; they come to their rightful place under the Constitution as original, necessary and inseparable members of the State. We build monuments to the dead, but no monuments of victory. We respect the example of the Romans, who never, even in conquered lands, raised emblems of triumph. And our generals are not to be classed in the herd of vulgar conquerers, but are of the school of Timoleon and William of Orange and Washington. They have used the sword only to give peace to their country and restore her to her place in the great assembly of the nations. Our meeting closes in hope, now that a people begins to live according to the laws of reason, and republicanism is intrenched in a continent.

As a tribute to the memory of his daughter, who died not long ago in Paris, Mr. Joseph Medill, the Chicago editor, intends to endow a number of beds in the hospitals of the French capital for the use of Americans.

The English Embassy in Paris may, with the Suez Canal, be classed as one of England's good investments. The Duke of Wellington bought it in 1815 from Napoleon's sister, Pauline Borghese, for $120,000; if brought under the hammer to-day, it would fetch eight times that amount.

The microphone, used as a death test, prevented the premature burial of a woman in St. Petersburg who, when in a state of syncope, was pronounced dead from paralysis of the heart. All other tests failing, the microphone, applied to the region of the heart, showed that it still beat, and the woman was resuscitated.

The Trans-Andean Railway is so nearly completed that a gap of only about fifty-five miles remains between the present termini; and the entire distance between Buenos Ayres and Valparaiso, 882 miles, can be traversed now in seventy-two hours, including necessary delays. The old route by way of the Straits of Magellan occupied twelve days.

It is noted by a London financial journal as one of the causes of the failure of so many Australian banks that many of them hold such vast quantities of land that when a pinch comes they are unable to realize and are compelled to stop payment. In New South Wales twelve banks and financial syndicates own about 45,000,000 acres of land, one institution alone owning 8,500,000 acres.

One of the most remarkable sales of old silver ever held was at Edinburgh lately. It included pieces belonging to the late Earl of Dunmore and the service of St. Martin's Abbey in Perthshire. Several pieces were bought on commission from New York. The highest price ever obtained for old silver ($80 an ounce) was given for an early Italian doubled-handled cup and cover, $420 being the price. The highest price heretofore had been $50 an ounce.

If Mr. Renan's example of publishing his will in his lifetime is generally followed, it will effect considerable social changes, some for the better and some for the worse. It will be of advantage to many persons, at present bowed down by poverty and despair, who will gather strength and benefit from the knowledge that their families have thus been provided for, by one, perhaps, from whom they had had very slender expectations. It will certainly put a good many people on their good behavior, at all events, as regards the individual testator.

Immense indignation prevails among the Poles on account of the virtual pardon of Lieutenant Bartenieff, the young Russian officer in a crack regiment, who last year murdered, in a most brutal manner, the beautiful young Polish actress, Winososka, whom he had previously ruined. The trial resulted in the murderer being sentenced to only eight years' imprisonment. Then, as now, the newspapers were not allowed to refer to the subject. Bartenieff's father petitioned the Czar for the murderer's pardon, and the latter's sister, who is a maid of honor in the Empress' household, succeeded in getting the petition direct to the Czar. It is believed that the Czarina herself took charge of the petition, and presented it one day when the Czar was in exceptionably good humor. At any rate, the petition was returned to the father with these words written on the margin in the Czar's handwriting: "Unfortunate Parent: Your son is not lost. The Minister of War will send him as a simple soldier in an Eastern Siberian regiment. After five years he will be restored to his rank." Bartenieff was released from prison a few days later, saw his family and friends, had a good time in St. Petersburg, and is now on his way to joint his regiment, in which he will be made perfectly comfortable.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supplying; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

From present appearances the Hill boom was only a bomlet of the tenderest and feeblest sort. As soon as Senator Hill, with the aid of the cohorts of Tammany, had annexed the solid delegation from New York, he started on a campaigning tour through the South, to show the ever-faithful what manner of man it was that could hold the Empire State in the hollow of his hand, and to convince the Democracy of that Democratic section that he was the individual they required. It can hardly be claimed that his tour was an unqualified success. Crowds flocked, it is true, to see and hear the man who could steal the New York senate, and so control the Democratic politics of that State as to secure for himself a solid, pledged delegation to the National Democratic Convention, bound by the stern law of the unit rule; but as soon as Hill had gone the impression his presence had created faded away.

That this is an accurate statement of the situation there is an abundance of testimony to show. Thus the Nashville *American* says: "Mr. Hill is no longer a possibility. This is true beyond controversy, and is generally admitted by even those friends of a few weeks ago who were so zealous in the advocacy of his claims." The Macon *Telegraph* says: "The attempt to nominate Senator Hill by a sudden, unexpected dash that would carry everything before it, has failed. The Hill organs that were bubbling over with enthusiasm a few weeks ago, now hardly even mention his name." The Birmingham *News* says: "The nominee of the Chicago convention can be nobody but Cleveland."

Assuming then, as we may do at this time, that Hill is out of the fight and that Cleveland will be the Democratic nominee opposed to President Harrison, what are the chances for the outcome of the contest? There is no probability that there will be any Republican candidate before the Minneapolis convention but President Harrison, and with Hill out of the way, the nomination of Cleveland is a foregone conclusion at Chicago.

President Harrison, as is generally conceded, has given the country an honest, clean, able administration. Had there been any one objectionable feature in his administration, his political opponents would have seized upon it long before this, and would have trumpeted it and rung the changes upon it from one end of the Union to the other. Their silence is the most satisfactory and complete encomium that could be pronounced upon the President's official career.

Are there, then, any reasons why we may expect the people of the United States to prefer ex-President Cleveland to President Harrison, leaving out of consideration the political doctrines which they severally represent? Crediting Mr. Cleveland with honesty, a quality which he does no more than share with President Harrison, is he a man of ability, to begin with, or is he, in the second place, especially strong with the people?

A few weeks ago an Oregon correspondent of the *Argonaut* discussed the question of Cleveland's ability, and the conclusion he reached was that in no public station to which the ex-President has been called has he displayed any ability which would distinguish him in any way above the average of American citizens. Our correspondent pointed out that he was not noted in his profession as a lawyer; that as mayor of Buffalo he made no mark; that as governor of New York he was hardly more than a nonentity; and that as President he was noted only for having committed his party to a policy which he afterwards sought to deny in its logical conclusions, and which resulted in defeat. That he is not an orator, a writer, or a statesman of renown is too obvious to need argument. Wherein, then, lies his ability, if he be the able man that his admirers profess?

But it is easy to understand that the Democratic party will willingly waive the question of ability if it can be made to appear that Cleveland is a strong candidate and likely to succeed. Is he that? Certainly not, on the ground of inherent probabilities. As the New York *Tribune* has pointed out, he was elected in 1884—if elected at all—by so small a plurality that a change of only six hundred votes in the State of New York would have reversed the result. Four years later, after serving a term in the White House, and having all the office-holders of the Federal Government at his control, he was certainly weaker than in 1884, for his apparent plurality in New York had been converted into an actual minority of something like thirteen thousand. Why, then, should it be supposed that Cleveland is any stronger in 1892 than he was in 1888? He has certainly done nothing in the interim to make him any more popular with the people, and there is a very general impression that Editor Dana is right in saying that it does not follow that a man is all wool because he happens to be several yards wide.

An impartial and unbiased view of the situation at the present time puts the Republican party very decidedly in the advantage. It is admitted by the Democrats that without New York their case is hopeless, and they do not feel half so confident of carrying New York as they would like to. As one of their leading organs recently said, six months ago they were certain of victory, but six weeks ago it looked very much like a certainty of defeat, while, at the present time, things are decidedly mixed. Mr. Cleveland's late attempt to bear on high the banner of tariff reform in Rhode Island was certainly not an unqualified success, inasmuch as the State elected an entire Republican ticket, assuring the re-election of Senator Aldrich. To use an expressive bit of slang, Grover Cleveland is decidedly a "back number."

Woman is accorded a very high and free place in the life of the United States, the like of which she enjoys nowhere else on this man-ruled globe. Here she is man's equal in every particular in which nature will allow her to be. If she could fight, no doubt she would be permitted to vote. The world wonders at the liberty of the American woman, shaking its head the while and predicting that no good will come of it. But we have accepted the doctrine that a nation's civilization is to be measured by the rank it accords its women, and we stand to this gallant belief despite some embarrassing phenomena, such, for example, as the circumstance that the United States shows about as many divorces as all the monogamous world besides. The shadow of liberty is license, however. There is no blinking that disagreeable fact. It is to be doubted if, outside of the United States, the recent Cannes and Yokohama scandals could have drawn from the pens of women such curious, such monstrous notions of the rights of their sex as have appeared in print. One writes to the New York *Sun* protesting against the "atrocity" of separating a mother from her children, "just because she is suspected, or even proved guilty, of preferring some other man to her husband." And this chaste-minded person proceeds to prove her case thus:

"A child belongs by every law of nature to the mother, and no law of man, God, or nature can alter the relation. Because she proves a 'bad wife,' whatever that may mean, she may all the more be a good mother, and better able to do her duty by her child if her own surroundings are harmonious."

A defiance of the law-amending powers of man, God, and nature in the New York *Sun* can not, however, relieve any woman—even the writer quoted, who has a great head—from the obligation she freely accepts at the altar to confine the privilege of the paternity of her offspring to the man she has chosen as her husband—not, at least, until she has had the decent patience to divorce him. That adultery will improve a woman's fitness to rear children in the way they should go, is a contention so novel that the brute man can only stand dumb in the presence of the advanced female making it, and scratch the hated head of him in bewilderment.

The *Sun's* emancipated lady shrills again:

"And one word as to this idea of ownership in a wife, for fancied interference with which some men shoot other men. Is it not a mistake? Since slavery was abolished, if, indeed, it be abolished, no human being can own another. A woman is, to my thinking, born free and equal to man in all respects, and owns herself. Men talk about stealing a wife from her husband, as though she were some sort of a prize animal, bought and paid for. A woman belongs to herself, no matter under what social conditions she may be living."

There's a Declaration of Independence to make the hair curl. There are women in plenty who hold to it, of course, but then they are of a kind which the law empowers the policeman to run in. A woman who can see nothing better in a husband's right of exclusive possession in the mother of his children than a farmer's title to a prize animal, has a mind that stands not so much in need of reasons to correct its aberrations as of disinfectants.

Another *Sun* lady, who has the heroism to sign her

—it is Helen M. Walton—is in arms against the law which deprives the adulterous mother of her children. But Miss Walton is chiefly interesting in that she springs a new theory to account for the infidelity of all the adulterous wives who live up to the new Declaration of Independence. Such women, it seems, are not morally to blame; they are only hypnotized. And Miss Walton pleads:

"Please let the doctors know that instead of making a law for suppressing hypnotism they had better hasten to have the science taught in girls' schools, so that women may learn to know how to protect themselves from its influence and to understand that a good, strong will-power in a woman would bid defiance to every art of a bad man for her destruction. We must allow that a woman like Mrs. Deacon, whose previous life was good, must have had some more potent power than love to move her from the right. Both are much to be pitied for the way they trod, and women should not condemn the weak."

It is not to be believed, of course, that there are any women, at once virtuous and blessed with a vinaigretteful of brains, who can feel other than disgust for such foul nonsense as this pair of moral misfits write; but there are multitudes of virtuous women whose brains are of a size and quality that render them easy of addling. It is these who should be taught (as well as Miss Walton's young ladies' seminaries) that there is, and should be, no pardon for an adulterous wife. Her crime—it is more than a sin—rots her heart and mind, for she knows herself to be a traitress and a wanton, deserving the scorn of men and women. It is right that she should be cast out to become a Pariah; it is right that her children should be taken from her, both for their own sakes and as a punishment to her. In every such case they belong to the husband, as though she had died in the body as well as the soul. The Seventh Commandment always has been, and we trust ever will be, a flaming sword to threaten every wife tempted to step aside from the straight and clean path of chastity.

The *Sun's* brace of mental lepers are of no consequence, except that they are females, for it is somewhat startling to find women writing as they do. This is the last country in the world, though, where such creatures as they should get a hearing, since the free women of the United States owe it to their sex throughout the world to show that women can remain unspoiled by an honorable liberty which is complete.

The articles in the daily papers stating that a combination of capitalists and merchants has been formed for the purpose of building a competing line of railroad from San Francisco to Ogden, commanded no attention in circles where railroad business is understood. It is quite possible—indeed, without violation of confidence, it can be stated as a fact—that a number of gentlemen, desirous of emancipating California from the monopoly enjoyed by the Southern Pacific, have met together and talked over plans for a competing railroad. But there is no foundation for the story that a definite organization has been formed and that subscriptions have been made for the purpose. There are a number of conclusive reasons why such a railroad will not be built—at least in our day. In the first place, there are few passes where the continental range can be crossed, and the most available of these are probably owned by the Southern or the Union Pacific. In the next place, two-thirds of a line from San Francisco to Ogden, running through a desert, could not pay expenses, and would have to be supported by the other third. It is not sound business to build three miles of road for the sake of the profit which may be earned on one mile of the three; and, finally, if ever a new road is built from San Francisco to Ogden, it will have to be built in conjunction with one of the Eastern roads which have already reached that meridian west; for Ogden never can be a terminal, and must always be a way-station. Now these Eastern roads, which are owned by the shrewdest railroad men in the country, and have an unlimited command of capital, have all given due consideration to the extension of their lines to the coast; only one of them has actually built to tide-water, and in the doing of it it has bankrupted itself.

The Chicago and Burlington built to Denver, and stopped there. The Chicago and North-Western built to Fort Fetterman, in the middle of the desert, and stopped there. The Rock Island built to a point on the Union Pacific, and stopped there. The Denver and Rio Grande built to Ogden, and stopped there. Alone of all these great Eastern railroad corporations, the Union Pacific—following the foolish example of the Atchison in its Guaymas extension—built to Portland, and is, in consequence, now pleading *in forma pauperis* in the money-markets of the world for a loan to avoid defaulting on its bonds. With this example before them, and studying the subject by the light of the arguments which proved conclusive to the Chicago and North-Western, the Rock Island, the Burlington and Quincy, and the Denver and Rio Grande, gentlemen with wit enough to acquire millions would not think of expending them on building a competing line from this coast to Ogden. They would leave the job to the evening paper, which, in the buoyancy of youthful enthusiasm, undertook it a couple of years ago.

The emancipation of San Francisco from the thralldom of the Southern Pacific can not be accomplished by constructing more transcontinental roads to become members of the transcontinental pool. It must be attained—if it is ever attained—by developing maritime competition. It is to that resource that the *Argonaut* has endeavored to direct public attention. We have the sea, which is open to all. Goods can be carried in freight-steamers to New York via Panama or via the Horn for less money than the transcontinental companies can haul them 3,200 miles by land. The chord of an arc is always shorter than the arc; but actual distance is not the only factor to be considered in transportation problems. A 3,000-ton freight-steamer will carry, besides her fuel, 3 500 tons of heavy merchandise; to haul the same merchandise by train, thirty-five trains of ten cars each would be required. The freight-steamer, starting from San Francisco for New York via Panama can land her cargo out of her connecting ship on the Atlantic in thirty days. The railroad will not contract to deliver it in less time. The railroad professes to be unable to carry any class of freight across the continent for less than $20 a ton, and it charges $30 on many classes; clipper ships took wheat from San Francisco to Liverpool, last week, at fifteen shillings, say $3.75 a ton. Steamers would have got more; if they had got twice as much, their rate would have still been about one-third the railroad rate.

So long as San Francisco tacitly admits that it has but one outlet—the land outlet—and no outlet by sea, it will ignore its natural advantages and will decline steadily year by year. It can never become a commercial metropolis till it turns its maritime position to the fullest account. Passengers, perishable goods, and classes of high-priced merchandise, to which the cost of transportation is of no consequence, will always reach the city and leave it by rail. But all the produce that is raised on this coast, and all the bulky and heavy merchandise that comes here, ought to be moved by water; until it is, San Francisco might just as well be in the Sierras as on the sea.

The fierce spirit of military caste, bred by the existence of the enormous standing armies of Europe, leads constantly to crimes that may well cause the traveler to feel as uneasy in the capitals of the continent as the timorous tenderfoot does on his arrival in Creede, Tombstone, or any other mining-camp where the "tough" and the "gun" form an ever-present and aggressive combination. A "code of honor" has grown up among the officers of the various armies which has neither sense nor courage behind it, and which manifests itself in a brutal and bloody arrogance toward civilians. France is an exception. Certain lessons were taught the aristocracy in that favored country, a hundred years or so ago, that have not been forgotten, and are not likely to be for several centuries to come. But elsewhere in Europe, particularly in Germany and Austria, the army officers are as haughtily disregardful of the right of a plebeian to live as ever was the most courteous, elegant, corrupt, and murderous noble of the *ancien régime*. One sighs for a Robespierre and the salutary guillotine on reading of some of the soldiers' performances under the code of honor which makes their uniform a thing of such mysterious and tremendous sacredness that a glance at it crosswise from the eye of a civilian has become a capital offense. Time was, and that not long ago, when it was only the "lower orders" whom the wearer of the uniform felt justified in slaying for the smallest "insult." By a natural law of growth, this privilege has now been extended to even the highest of the *bourgeoisie*. Such of the nobility and gentry as are out of the army are still kindly granted a chance for life on the dueling-field.

The Coblentz incident of last month is a mitigated illustration of the monstrous code of the uniform. A rich merchant made a friend of a lieutenant, and frequently invited him to his house. The military gentleman—who was the soul of honor, of course—made love to his host's wife, and gossip followed. Meeting the lieutenant on the street, the merchant courteously asked him to cease calling, and got a foul epithet for his pains. Though not a soldier, the merchant was a man, and retorted with a blow of his cane. Instantly the officer drew and sent his blade into the merchant's shoulder. The latter fled to the refuge of a hotel near by; the lieutenant, whose uniform had been so outraged, pursued him and drove his sword through the wounded man's lungs.

The lieutenant was arrested, but nothing will be done to him, as he was within his legal rights. Incredible as it may seem to the American mind, the tribunals of Germany and Austria, in common with those of most other continental countries, have decided that an army or navy officer is not only authorized, but is under obligation to use his sword if he believes himself to be in danger of a blow or other insult from a person inferior to him in rank, and whom he can not, therefore, meet in a duel. Failure to avenge an insult is punished by dismissal from the service, expulsion from the clubs, exclusion from the race-track, and ostracism from society generally. All merchants and tradesmen, equally with peasants, are below the rank which entitles them to a challenge, and when one of these cattle offends an officer, the latter is disgraced if he does not at once cut the creature down. It will be seen, therefore, that the continental military man is not a murderous ruffian merely because he personally desires to be, but that—should he be individually disinclined to play the ugly rôle—he is forced to do so by his government and the whole social power of the unguillotined aristocracy. For the information of Americans contemplating a trip abroad, reverently to acquaint themselves with the older and more polished civilization of Europe, it may be added that when an officer fancies himself insulted by a stranger he is required to presume him to be an inferior, and act accordingly. Unless you can draw your card-case before he does his sword, you are done for. As a further charm to foreign travel, we are thus informed by an authority on the subject:

"It is not necessary to insult personally or to strike a military officer in uniform (and all officers in uniform carry the sword) in order to provoke attacks of this character. These attacks are 'justified' whenever any person, in the hearing of the officer, speaks disrespectfully of the imperial or royal family, of the government, or of the uniform which he wears. Continental officers are notoriously sensitive on the score of their sovereign and profession. They are apt to regard the slightest piece of straightforward and independent criticism in the light of an insult, and the American tourist may find remarks made to his own party, but in the hearing of military men, cut short by a sudden blow, not with the flat, but with the keen edge of the sword, across the head and shoulders."

There does not exist among these uniformed bravos the faintest trace of the sentiment known among English-speaking men as fair play. A tragedy which had for its theatre the public gardens of Klagenfurt, Austria, makes this sufficiently evident. An officer asked a civilian—a stranger—a question about a scuffle that was going on; but the question was put so gruffly that the civilian paid no attention to it. This angered the officer, who called the silent gentleman an insulting name, and, when he was repaid in his own coin, he slapped the face of the unthinkably presumptuous civilian. The civilian had spirit, and landed his fist on the soldier's nose. Out sword, and down civilian, with a cleft shoulder. Before the gentleman could rise, half a dozen of the soldier's brother officers were upon him with their sabres, and while he lay on the ground he received no less than seven severe wounds, as was ascertained at the hospital to which he was carried. He proved to be a civilian of some consequence, and the non-uniformed portion of the population ventured to feel indignant. One of the results is thus narrated:

"A wealthy young mine-owner of the neighborhood was incautious enough to express the opinion that an attack by seven armed men on a single unarmed civilian was a disgraceful piece of cowardice. A young naval officer, standing near, drew his sword. The civilian raised his right hand to protect his head, which he saved at the cost of his thumb and three fingers. These were sliced off and fell to the ground."

At Erlau, Hungary, the chief of police was heroic or rash enough to request a party of young officers in a *café chantant* to make less noise. He was carried off the field with nine sword-wounds on his body to teach him better manners for the future. In a house of ill-fame, at Vienna, a young man jostled an officer on a staircase, and was hewn down. The officer was arrested and tried, and though it was shown that the jostling had taken place in the dark and was wholly inadvertent, the soldier was acquitted on his plea that he was bound to "keep intact the honor of his uniform." A Berlin baker, carrying a basket of bread, ran into and jostled an officer whom he did not see. The ready sword laid him low.

And so the story goes, until one wonders at human forbearance. The Germans and Austrians are civilized peoples, yet they make no serious protest against the existence among them of an order of men the uniform of each of whom advertises him to be a licensed assassin. Custom inures the mind to anything, it appears—even the Teutonic mind to habitual murder as an outward and visible sign of inward nobility of soul.

One American was equal to confronting successfully this military code of honor, which would befit the darkest tribes in darkest Africa. Some years ago, a young lady of Julian Hawthorne's family was persistently followed and insulted by a smirking young officer in the streets of Berlin. She appealed to a policeman. He glanced at the sacred uniform, and, in obedience to the law of self-preservation, turned his official head away. The day following, Mr. Hawthorne, with the young lady on his arm, had the military blackguard pointed out on the fashionable promenade. Approaching the fellow, the American questioned him as to his identity and behavior, and on receiving insolence that meant confession, slapped the cad's face. The good sword leaped from its scabbard. Mr. Hawthorne, who is an athlete and deft, twisted the weapon from its owner's hands, broke it across his knee, and threw the pieces at the astonished ruffian's feet.

But all traveling Americans can not be athletic sword-breakers like Julian Hawthorne. Even he was in great luck. Had he been attacked for his feat and defended himself with

a revolver, there is no doubt at all that an amazed and outraged German Government would have executed him, and the whole nation would probably have assented to the fate of so daring and incomprehensible a barbarian. So, while militarism broods upon the countries of Continental Europe, and dots their cities thickly with uniformed gentlemen who are worse than Zulus with assegaies, the best thing that Americans with money to spend can do is to stay at home and spend it where they made it—unless they are prepared to travel with sealed lips and a spirit of meekness in comparison with which that of Moses was sanguinary truculence.

Applications are now pending before the San Francisco supervisors for franchises for some fifty more miles of city streets, in addition to the sixty or seventy miles of track now in operation. The North Beach Improvement Company offers to pay to the city three per cent. on the gross receipts of its line, and one or two of the other applicants are as generous. But most of them ask for the franchise as a pure gift from the city, expecting, of course, to pay merely the usual tax on their cars; and as the Market, Sutter, Powell, California, Omnibus, and other lines pay no more than this, it is not surprising that they should ask to be let in on the same terms as these competitors. In other cities, all applications for new franchises contain stipulations that the successful bidders will pay a percentage of their earnings, gross or net, to the city, and an application without such a covenant would probably not be considered at all. The city of Cleveland, O., charges two and one-half per cent. on the gross earnings of its street railroads, and some of the tax-payers consider this too low.

The street railroads of New York, like the cable and horse-railroads of San Francisco, are divided into two classes, one of which dates from years back, when the franchises were given away to corrupt syndicates in which the aldermen who granted the franchises had stock, while the other is of more recent date, and contains provisions for payment to the city for the franchises. Railroads of this class pay a license on their cars, as street railroads do here, and a percentage of their earnings besides. Thus the Seventh Avenue, the Dry Dock, the Forty-Second Street, the Second Avenue, and the Twenty-Third Street lines pay five per cent. of their gross earnings; the Metropolitan cross-town line pays six per cent.; while the Harlem River and Christopher Street pay only three per cent. All of these, of course, pay the usual tax on their cars besides. From these few lines the city of New York derives an income of about $250,000 a year. The Manhattan L Company, the Third Avenue Company, and some other companies have thus far evaded payment of other taxes than those on their cars, but the city is suing them with every prospect of success. If it wins the cases, the Manhattan Company will have to pay about a million dollars into the city treasury, and suits will probably be instituted against the Third, Sixth, Eighth, and Ninth Avenue lines, and the Central Park and East River lines, or an attempt will be made to forfeit their franchises.

Foreign cities derive considerable income from their street railroads, tramways, and omnibuses. In Paris, which is a city of 2,300,000 people, with an annual income which eight years ago amounted to 263,000,000 francs, and a corresponding outgo, the omnibus company, which has a monopoly of the wholesale city travel, paid, in 1884, 2,500,000 francs a year to the city treasury. This, of course, is besides the revenue derived from the tax on hacks and private vehicles. The tax, which is graduated according to the business done, produces much more money now. The principle upon which the tax has been adjusted is explained by MM. Maurice Block and Henri de Pontich, in their elaborate work on the administration of Paris. It is that street railroads or omnibuses, being quasi-public works, should return to the city all the moneys earned over and above the current rate of interest on the investment. For private individuals to make abnormal fortunes out of the use of the public streets for transportation does not comport with French ideas of political economy.

We have gone to work on precisely the opposite principle. The city supervisors, influenced by considerations with which every one is familiar, gave away our original franchises, and agreed that they should run for forty and fifty years. The fortunate owners have thus made fortunes out of public transportation, and attempts to reduce fares have always been resisted. The Market Street system is an example of the way in which the thing has been managed. The corporation which owns that system issued six per cent. bonds for an amount sufficient to build and equip the road—the sum is understood to have been $3,000,000. The bonds were taken at or near par by the Nevada Bank and others, and were disposed of by them to investors at prices varying from 105 to 115. The corporation then issued a dollar of stock for every dollar of bonds sold, and divided the stock among its original stockholders. It is believed that the road has paid six per cent. on the stock from the day of its issue, and is worth par. The lucky people who got the franchise made three millions clear, for which neither the city nor the traveling public ever got anything.

It is clear that such sharp money-making ought to be looked into, and that the chances of its repetition should be minimized. Before the present franchises expire they will be worth millions. It is reckoned that the Cleveland city railways will, in ten years, pay half the total expenses of the city if they are fairly taxed—the controller of New York says that if the city roads in that city are taxed on sound principles, New York will become the lowest-taxed city in the world. Thus, when the existing city railroad franchises in San Francisco expire, it is possible that they may be renewed at rates which will defray three-fifths or more of the total expenses of the city.

But these franchises, or the great bulk of them, contain a clause that the city government may modify their conditions at its pleasure. Under the interpretation put upon the Pacific Railroad charters by Congress, when it passed the Thurman Act—which stood the review of the Supreme Court—this provision would authorize the city government at any time to amend the city railroad franchises, by requiring the companies to pay a percentage on their incomes by way of license fee, as well as the present tax on their cars. It appears to be in the power of the supervisors to require the Market Street, the Sutter Street, the California Street, the Powell Street, and the Omnibus Company to pay into the city treasury every year three per cent. of their gross receipts, besides the taxes they now pay. How much money such an impost would yield it is not easy to guess; but it would be a pretty large sum, and would, by and by, render it possible to reduce general taxation.

There would be nothing inequitable in the measure. When the city granted these charters, it did not sell the streets or even lease the streets; it merely granted to certain corporations the right of using the streets for a specific purpose for a given time. The grant was not made out of benevolence to the grantees. It was made to promote the public convenience. For that purpose, and for that purpose only, these corporations were granted a monopoly of the use of the streets for a given time. In order that they should expend money in building and equipping and operating the roads, they were permitted to charge what was considered a reasonable compensation for the use of that money. It was not contemplated that they should make fortunes at the public expense, or that they should be able to float stock to double the cost of the roads. If that result had been anticipated, the city would have charged accordingly for the franchises. The thing having turned out so much better than was expected, the question is whether the unexpected profit is to go to the holders of the franchises exclusively, or whether some portion of it should go to the grantor. This question may involve a question of law. In equity there can be no question at all.

The streets of a city belong to the people thereof, whether for locomotion on foot, or for driving in carriages, or for riding in public vehicles. The right of a board of supervisors to dispose of them for a given period of time is a very doubtful right, and it becomes doubly doubtful if the concession is tainted by corruption. It can only be justified in equity on the ground that the concession was, at the time it was made, and is still, for the public advantage. No transaction is for the public advantage which draws money in exorbitant amounts out of the pockets of the masses to put it in the pockets of individuals. Transportation agencies are generally regulated by competition, and it is seldom necessary to invoke the principles of natural equity. But no street-railroad line can compete with the Market Street Line, and if ever its franchise is taken into court, the nature of its rights will have to be defined on the principles which governed the United States Court in deciding the controversy between the Atchison and Topeka and the Denver and Rio Grande over the right-of-way through the Royal Gorge.

They are having lively times in the centre of the continent. Civil war, or something very like it, rages in Wyoming; and a little further east, an exodus is in progress, which recalls the wandering of the Israelites in every respect, except that there is no Pharaoh and no Red Sea in the picture.

The trouble in Wyoming is the old strife between cattlemen and farmers, which figures so largely in the history of Colorado. Between the beef-baron, who occupies hundreds of square miles of the public domain to pasture his herds, and the rancher, whose ambition does not extend beyond the possession of a field and a cow-plot, the conflict is irrepressible. The beef-baron absorbs the rancher's cow, under the law of gregarious affinity; the rancher avenges himself by laying hands on stray yearlings, which he calls "mavericks," and, when hunger presses, he will shoot a fat steer, though it be not actually an estray. Bunches of cattle from the beef-baron's range breakfast on the rancher's young corn; the exasperated settler confiscates steers enough to indemnify himself—then war breaks out. The beef-baron imports ruffians from Texas and Arizona to shoot down intruders; the ranchers, many of whom were themselves cowboys a little while ago, and who are to the manner born, shoot back. A so-called Pinkerton detective, named Wolcott—no relative of the senator — went out the other day, and shot a number of ranchers. On this, the ranchers—the dispatches miscall them "rustlers" — gathered together and proposed to wipe the barons and their retainers off the face of the earth. They would have done it, too, if the United States army had not interfered. Six companies of cavalry, under orders from Washington, took a hand in the game. They arrested the myrmidons of the beef-barons who killed the ranchers, and are now conveying them to a locality where they may have a trial. In the country where the shooting occurred, a trial might just as well begin with the hanging and end with the arraignment.

The conflict will end as it has ended in Colorado. As fast as the settler appears with his plow, the beef-baron will have to go. Importing hired ruffians from other States to kill the settlers will only accelerate the departure of the beef-barons. Pasture, which is the lowest use to which land can be put, must always give way to agriculture, as the dull steer must step aside when lowly man demands the right of way.

A little further east, one of the shuffles which are peculiar to the country west of the rivers has just taken place. The government at Washington has just made a final disposal of the remnant of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians, and has thrown open the reservation on which they were placed in 1869. It consists of something over four million acres open to settlement. It is not all a paradise—a good deal of it is dry and stony; but the great bulk is fine arable land, and, on April 19th, every American citizen, male or female, was free to take his choice of twenty-two thousand farms at one dollar and a quarter an acre, payable in five years, or of twelve thousand town-lots on equally easy terms.

The scene when the gun fired at Fort Reno must have been well worth seeing. On the east side of the reservation, twenty thousand people rushed in in wagons, on horseback, on foot, through a drenching rain, every one madly bent on securing a homestead for life. Eight thousand came galloping up from the west, having wearied of the homes in Oklahoma which they took up only a couple of years ago. Fifteen thousand streamed in from Texas, with shot-guns and bowie-knives. Everybody acted as though all the land in a tract five times as large as Rhode Island was going to be taken up before sun-down, and, that gone, there would be no more land anywhere for the landless. Farmers, mechanics, boners, vagabonds, speculators, and women planted themselves each on a quarter-section, and established their title with the customary quadrangle of four sticks or boards.

It is characteristic of the American to be a rover. He is never so well fixed that he does not think he would be better off a little further on. When the people of New England filled up the empty places in Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, they dropped on to a pretty good thing; but they were not satisfied, and they poured in floods into the Dakotas, where at latest dates they were living on food donated by Chicago. Kansas and Nebraska are pretty good States for farmers; but the Kansans and Nebraskans have discerned the land of promise in the Indian Territory, where the playful rattlesnake sings staccato, and the grasshopper cleans a quarter-section in an afternoon as bare as the Colorado Desert.

The deadly Milbank has accompanied the bloodthirsty Borrowe to England. The veracious cable tells us that after Mr. Milbank shall have slain Mr. Edward Fox and the Duke of Morny, he intends returning to the United States to kill an editor or two. Colonel Cockerill, of the *Advertiser*, who commented with great freedom on Mr. Milbank, has particularly excited that gentleman's ire. Shortly before Mr. Milbank's departure, he accorded an interview to a New York paper, in which he said that he "had fought duels with all nationalities and with every kind of weapon." That being the case, when he returns and challenges Colonel Cockerill, let the colonel give him a sample of the American duel—"on sight." Let him, as in the West of these United States, send word to Mr. Milbank to "beel himself." Then, procuring a sawed-off shot-gun, let the colonel patrol Broadway from Union to Madison Square, until he meets Milbank, and then let him fill that deadly person's hide with buck-shot.

M. Henri Rochefort, who is in London for his health, underwent trial some time ago for complicity in the Boulangist agitation. M. Rochefort was tried in Paris. He was sentenced to imprisonment for life. M. Rochefort remained in London. About a month ago, he was again tried, for libeling the public prosecutor. He was tried in Paris. He was sentenced to imprisonment for one year. M. Rochefort will not return to Paris this season, but has decided to remain in London for the summer. He is right. To give a man who is under life sentence one year more may be just in France, but here it would be called a "cruel and unusual punishment."

DON FEDERICO'S CRYPT.

The Strange Discovery made in the Miramonte Ruin.

In the midst of a wide tract of uncultivated land in Southern California, stands a ruined adobe house, once the patriarchal home of the Miramontes. One hundred years ago, the valley, now dry and barren, was watered by streams flowing, through aqueducts, clear and cool from the mountains, and great herds of cattle and flocks of sheep grazed on the luscious herbage. Where still stand some scraggy olive-trees once grew a thrifty orchard; but not even a fallen trunk remains of the noble grove of live-oaks in whose shade Don Federico Miramonte, the first owner of this vast estate, built the little chapel whose crumbling adobe walls sank into shapeless mounds of earth long ago.

At a little distance from the great house lived the laborers and servants, in primitive dwellings made of tules—reeds—brought from the marshes. The dimensions of Don Federico's estate were defined by an impregnable boundary line—a hedge of prickly cacti, planted to prevent the invasions of hostile Indians from the mountains. In some places the cacti have grown to enormous height, flourishing in the midst of drought and desolation, while the people they were planted to protect and the Indians who were their foes have vanished from the earth.

One morning in October, 1891, two young men rode toward the old adobe and stopped to rest in its shadow. One—dark-browed and sallow-skinned, with eyes like black beads—was Arturo Miramonte, Don Federico's only living descendant. The other was a young architect from New England, named Severson. Evidently the scene was new to him, for, while the Spaniard sat his horse and smoked his cigarettes in moody silence, looking neither to right nor left, the New Englander's eager eyes took in every detail of their surroundings. Twice he was about to speak, but the sight of his friend's melancholy countenance kept him silent; he knew Miramonte well enough to understand that he did not wish to be disturbed.

"*Ay!*" said the Spaniard, at last. "*Valgame Dios!* It is a dreary scene! You see, my friend, all that remains!" He spoke slowly, choosing his words with care. Arturo Miramonte detested the English language. "You can form no idea of the grandness that once was here. An avenue of palms led up to the house (they were cut down by the *Americanos*), and the *placita*—the court there, señor, where you see the ruins of a fountain—was planted with flowers and tropical trees. Don Federico's servants made a village of themselves! At night, they say, when the moon shone, he would sit with his young wife under the arched porch yonder, and watch the people dancing to the music of guitars and castanets. . . . But his wife ran away with an Englishman, and Don Federico became suddenly an old man, and so morose that all his people feared him. You have heard the story?"

"No," answered Severson. "Let's go inside while you tell it."

"My great-grandfather's wife was very beautiful," continued Miramonte, as they walked across the neglected court; "not beautiful like our Spanish women, but with shining red hair, and a white skin, and soft brown eyes. He brought her with him when he came to this country, and no one knows the land of her nativity. He built this house for her and filled it with beautiful things—carpets from Persia (Don Federico had been a great traveler), and pictures, and curtains, and furniture from everywhere. He worshiped her instead of the Virgin. There was nothing he would not do for her. They were famous for their hospitality — you have heard of the hospitality of the Miramontes? — *si?* — and travelers never asked shelter there in vain.

"But, one day, Don Federico found his wife in the arms of an Englishman, who was their guest. . . . Why he did not kill them both, I do not understand. The servants heard her screams and prayers for mercy. . . . That night the faithless woman disappeared with her lover, and Don Federico made no search for them. He forbade the mention of her name. He became a recluse, a cynic, a miser, and for thirty years he lived alone, ruling his people like a king, hoarding his money, and growing richer every year. . . . And then, as suddenly as he had retired from the world, he entered it again. It was his purpose to marry, to provide heirs to his wealth——"

"But—the wife?" interrupted Severson.

Miramonte rolled another cigarette. "She disappeared with her lover," he repeated, "the night after her perfidy was discovered, and they were never heard of again. Don Federico made no effort to find them. He wished to forget her; he spoke of her but once. When he asked my great-grandmother's hand in marriage, he told her parents that he had learned from an authentic source that his first wife was dead. *Fate!* He could have chosen any maiden in this country—for his wealth was great—and my great-grandmother was regarded as the most fortunate of women. She, too, came of pure Castilian blood, señor," and Miramonte looked up, with a gesture of pride. "It is good that the other wife bore no children—the Miramontes are without a taint. *Vaya*, you care little for the blood—you *Americanos—es asi?*

"But, once wedded, Don Federico again withdrew from the world. A sad life she led—my great-grandmother. She bore him sons and daughters, and they all feared him, more than they feared God or the devil. He seemed to care only to get money—to hoard it and hide it away. To this day people believe that there is money hidden in these ruins. You are amused, señor? You laugh?"

"Every ruin is said to conceal a treasure, you know," said Severson, skeptically.

"*Vaya!*" replied the Spaniard, with apparent indifference. "Believe it, or not, as you will; but searches have been made and money has been found—no matter! Don Federico lived to be ninety years old, and his wife was his slave, and his children were afraid to speak aloud in his presence. He had grandchildren, too—a sturdy brood. Strange that I alone am left! He would not permit them to learn the English language, or recognize one who spoke it. You see, señor, I speak the English with much care. I learned it, of necessity, a few years ago. We Miramontes are born with a hatred of the English people and tongue. Don Federico would let no stranger cross his threshold; for he had not faith in the fidelity of women, and my great-grandmother dared never to speak to any man but her husband and the priest. Well, he died, at last, and his heirs quarreled among themselves, and, in the end, the place was sold to settle the dispute. And so it happens, señor, that this immense estate, which should now be mine, passed into the possession of aliens, and this house, which was built to shelter Don Federico's descendants for centuries, stands now empty and in ruins."

Severson, with his arms behind him, paced slowly through the deserted rooms. The walls were immensely thick. Each window made an alcove. The ceiling was broken where the roof had leaked, and the heavy tiles had fallen through; and patches of sky were visible here and there.

"Of course the place is haunted?" Severson queried, with a smile; "these old houses are always tenanted by ghosts."

Miramonte smoked vehemently for a moment. "The señor does not believe in ghosts?" he asked, in non-committal tones.

"Well, hardly," answered Severson, emphatically; "still—I'd like to. It would make life intensely interesting. Do you?"

"*Quien sabe?*" murmured the Spaniard, shrugging his shoulders; "I could tell you of things——" and he said nothing more.

Severson extended his explorations, noting, with growing admiration, the immense solidity of the walls. Between two of the inner rooms he found a partition seven feet thick.

"Whew!" he whistled, in amazement; "the old don built for all eternity—a seven-foot wall!"

He struck it admiringly with his doubled fist, and, to his surprise, he heard a faint sound, like falling mortar.

"Queer," commented Severson; "it can't be very substantial after all," and he began to search for the defective spot. But, though he examined it on every side, the wall presented an unbroken surface. He struck it again, and again he heard the mysterious sound.

"Miramonte!" he called, excitedly; "Miramonte! Come here!"

"What do you want?" the Spaniard replied, indolently rising from his seat on the floor in the farther room.

"Come here!" shouted Severson; "quick! I've made a discovery. This wall is hollow!"

Miramonte leaped to join him—not indolent now—his yellow face suffused, his eyes aflame.

"The money!" were his first words. "*Vive Dios!*—the hidden money!"

Severson nodded affirmatively and gave the wall another blow. "Listen, Miramonte," he said, "don't you hear the mortar falling inside? I tell you this wall is hollow. How shall we make a hole?"

Miramonte stood transfixed. "I hear, I hear," he murmured, in ecstasy, as if he were listening to celestial music. "Now—now, at last it will be found. I shall be rich once more."

"Think," urged Severson, impatiently, "how to get inside. We have no tools."

"The roof!" cried the Spaniard. "My knife!—with my knife I can make an opening through the roof."

Instantly the two men ran out into the *placita*. Severson stopped to study the roof and fix in his mind the location of the inner room; but Miramonte, carrying his unsheathed hunting-knife in his hand and trembling with eagerness, began at once to clamber over the fallen and moldering outer walls.

"Be careful!" cautioned Severson; "you'll break through the roof. The tiles are heavy; the tules are old and rotten! Be careful!" But the Spaniard scarcely seemed to hear.

Kneeling now upon the uneven roof, he flung the loose tiles aside, and when Severson joined him, he was hacking the tules and rending the thongs that bound them together. Severson could hear him reiterating in Spanish while he worked: "The money—at last—the money!"

Soon a hole was made two feet in diameter. Miramonte thrust in his head till his shoulders rested upon the roof. Severson saw his body shake and heard him utter a hideous oath. "It is dark! I can not see!" he cried aloud, in a fury; "we must make the hole larger!" and he fell madly to work again.

At last the opening was four feet long. Miramonte's hands were bleeding; his face was smeared with sweat and dirt; his eyes shone like smoldering coals. The dust which had accumulated for a century on the roof, swirled in a cloud about them, and it was impossible to discern anything below. But gradually the dust settled, and slowly—how slowly!—the air cleared; and the two men, kneeling on the verge of the opening they had made, gazed down into the apartment beneath them.

The Spaniard's face became ashen under its grime; his eyes were glassy and dull. "*Virgen santissima!*" he whispered, slowly making the sign of the cross; "Mother of God!—what do I see? *Dos Esqueletos!*"

Below them, in a narrow chamber—a mere cell, not four feet wide, without windows or doors—on a floor paved with square brick tiles, lay two skeletons, the skulls resting close together.

Looping his lariat around a rafter which crossed a hole in the roof, Severson lowered himself into the cell. Graven in Spanish upon a tablet in the wall, he read this legend:

"*Here, shut in a living tomb, with her lover, is Don Federico Miramonte's faithless wife. Accursed be her soul.*"

AMY ELIZABETH LEIGH.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1892.

Sir Henry Bessemer suggests the substitution of aluminium tokens for bank-notes of small denomination, as being clean, sightly, and uncounterfeitable. Perhaps the free-coinage craze could be retarded by a judicious use of this aluminium idea.

OLD FAVORITES.

Songs from "The Princess."

As thro' the land at eve we went
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
Oh, we fell out, I know not why,
And kissed again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
Oh, there above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Home they brought her warrior dead:
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

"Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the under-world,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

"Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more."

The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh, hark! Oh, hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
Oh, sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill, or field, or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape,
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;
But oh, too fond, when have I answer'd thee?
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more; thy fate and mine are seal'd:
I strove against the stream and all in vain;
Let the great river take me to the main:
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
Ask me no more.

"O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her what I tell to thee.

"Oh, tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright, and fierce, and fickle is the South,
And dark, and true, and tender is the North.

"O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe, and trill,
And cheep, and twitter twenty million loves.

"Oh, were I thou that she might take me in,
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.

"Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?

"Oh, tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown:
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South
But in the North long since my nest is made.

"Oh, tell her, brief is life, but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the North,
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

"O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee."—*Tennyson.*

A SPRING DAY AT THE PIER.

"Van Gryse" goes to Narragansett and Dines at an Ideal Inn.

Early in the season—as early as this—the New Yorker begins to think of his summer outing. If he is a New Yorker of family and means, his summer outing is a portentous affair. It means a cottage by the sea or in the mountains. It means the bodily moving of his entire family and of most of his household gods, not to mention a string of servants, a coachman, carriages and horses, pet dogs, baby perambulators, and that extraordinary machine, which is part of the domestic economy of modern households, known to the initiated as a "Sterilizer."

But before the great move of June, smaller moves are made by the heads of families to reconnoiter the land, settle on the cottage, ascertain prices, and discover "how the servants are to be got to early mass." All the trains bound northward and westward toward the summer cities carry the heads of families in well-dressed pairs up and down the ways of the country. Matrons of all ages, from the plump, pink-cheeked young woman of twenty-two, who has left the baby at home in charge of the nurse and the mystic "sterilizer," to the stately dame of sixty, whose grandchildren are under the "sterilizer's" sway, are found by dozens on the small way-trains that cross the face of the country at a sedate snail's pace, and their piteous cries of "Do we change cars for Narragansett here?" "Is this the train to Lenox?" are already familiar to the ears of the conductor.

Apropos of Narragansett, I was there last week, and for the first time had a chance of seeing the summer city without the summer. Quietude reigns, and the aborigine, in a fur cap, enjoys the desolate freedom of the wild ass. He is quite a prominent feature in the landscape, driving by in a rickety New England wagon, to retire later into seclusion and silently reap a large harvest of dollars and worldly experience.

Just now the city by the sea is as deserted, as quiet, as though wrapped in a mystic sleep. The day was superb; the long reach of sheltered bay, as blue as a sapphire, streaked here and there with lines of a rich purple, sparkled in lonely splendor, and crept in among the rocks and sea-weed with never a light-limbed naiad from New York or Philadelphia to break its gentle swells. All up and down the streets, to be brushed in the near future by the skirts of beauty and fashion, was loneliness and desolation, unless the figure of a bearded aborigine slouched into view, spitting tranquilly in desultory *ennui*, or a cotton-skirted, narrow-chested New England girl hurried by, her thin frock fluttering in the sharp air, her nose delicately pink.

As for the cottages—who shall describe their dreary air of vacant desertion? In some, the front-doors were boarded up. In others, a thick shrouding of dry and leafless vines clung about the lower story, and were cut in round holes about the balconies, looking, in their oval vacantness, like frames from which the charming portraits had been removed. A few of them were real cottages, a good many were handsome houses, with stone arches and balustrades and deep-sheltered balconies, on which, in this nipping air that blew so shrewdly from the sea, one could hardly imagine a pretty lady at ease in a wicker chair, her dress all charming lightness, pallor, and lace, her hat with a broad brim shading her sweet eyes, her little feet in kangaroo-skin shoes, her little hands, alive with precious stones, holding a thin-stemmed glass, wherein a grass-green fluid trickled through crushed ice.

And just as you are trying to call her up into view, your guide says in a nasal, New England voice:

"That house there's Brander Matthews'—rents for fifteen hundred for the summer, and across there's the one where Edwin Booth stays."

The abode where the tragedian enshrines himself from vulgar eyes is a pretty, dark cottage, with a great balcony and a lawn whereon the shriveled, brittle grass is taking on a faint, delicate tinge of green. As for Brander Matthews's house, if it is built out of stories and magazine articles, it stands as a monument to encourage the rest of the profession. It is covered with unstained shingles, and is quite a place.

A little further along, passing down streets of shuttered houses, brooding in their hanging vines that shake in the wind, the guide applies a large key to a keyhole in a white door which breaks a yellow façade, and conducts you into the dimness of the hall of "one of the best cottages still unrented." The owners of this place have left a little air of home behind them. The interior, shuttered and chill from the long, unsunned seclusion of winter, has yet a charming suggestion of brightness, and gayety, and summer about it. The dining-room, with a warmed light shining in through a thin crimson curtain, has a brass kettle hanging on an iron crane by the large brick chimney. The guide flings open a door and discloses a vista of kitchen and china-closet, with rows of dishes. Pushing back a pair of Canton-flannel portières, you peer into the drawing-room, hearing in the kitchen-distances behind you the voice of the Wise One inquiringly raised:

"Did you say there was *no* hot water in these tubs?"

The drawing-room seems to conduct you straight into the bosom of the family who were the former inhabitants and owners. It, too, has a wide-mouthed brick chimney, still blacked with last year's flickering flames. It has lots of wicker-chairs, painted in pale colors, and with cretonne cushions in the seats. It has lamps on the tables, with shades of crimped-paper butterflies, arranged for reading.

Outside once again and walking down the street, your wandering attention is called home by a gentle push on the arm and the voice of the Wise One murmurs:

"Did you notice whether that thing in the kitchen was a stove or a range?"

Then as the shadows lengthen and the sea takes on a richer blue, cottage succeeds cottage in your tour of inspection. You go through handsome houses that stand out on grassy slopes abutting on huge masses of tumbled, red rock. A soft, surfless sea glides in and out among them with a pleasant, cool, dreamy noise. A little path of black asphalt is laid above these rocks and passes far away along the shore like a thin black snake. The guide, through a veranda arch, points out the long, low-gabled summer-house, stone beneath and shingle above, of a Philadelphia millionaire. Further on, at a turn in the road, one sees afar an irregular mass of buildings—dark-red, immense, hanging on to a rough foundation of rock that juts out into the sea. This again is a rich man's fancy. It looks like some half-ruined fortress or "castled-crag" from the distance.

Turning your eyes toward the sea, you sweep, with slow glance, the wide horizon, deep blue as to water, pale primrose as to sky. A sail here and there shows pink in the long sunset light. One that is just fading over the verge goes as you watch it. Round toward the left, a long spit of land points out like a finger. A light-house is visible, and on the raised back of the land—square, blue, and seemingly set at regular intervals—a line of small objects show against the pale sky. You inquire of the guide what these far-away buildings may be, and learn that they are the palaces of Newport.

Back in a lingeringly, brightly colored evening, you wend your way toward Greene's Inn. To the persistent and now wearied collector of New England antiquities, Greene's Inn may possess no particular charm. To them, grandfather's clocks that really did belong to a grandfather are familiar and unagitating sights. A warming-pan that actually once did warm beds, and was the property of an authentic great-grandmother, has been seen of them, and tapped with the finger-tips, and lifted, and even thrust into an imaginary bed. They have bought real willow-pattern china in old, forgotten farm-houses, and made bargains over fascinating dressing-tables, with claw feet and shallow, brass-handled "jewel-drawers."

Greene's Inn would be no surprise to them. But to the person who has lived among new things, cherishing a passion for antiquities in the recesses of his or her heart, this indeed is an Elysian spot. When one has passed one's life opening and shutting the vulgarly deep top drawer of a second-hand walnut bureau, what sudden joy breaks into the heart when one comes face to face with a maddening, old mahogany "case," high on four neatly bowed and tapering legs, and with drawers of every depth, decorated with swinging brass handles! And who shall describe the pleasure of seeing your face, hideously distorted, in a real, old New England looking-glass—a long and narrow glass, with an overhanging ornament at the top and a small piece of the upper part painted gorgeously in the setting sun and a large oak-tree?

These are pleasures to be savored of at Greene's Inn. It is as closely on the pattern of an old New England posting-house inn as may be at Narragansett Pier in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-two. When you enter in at the unpretentious doorway, you step back a trifle of three-quarters of a century—or you would step back if it were not for the electric light that drops its little, white, flower-like globes from the raftered ceiling. Everything looks old and picturesque. A small sign of a deer's head, swinging in a frame of wrought iron, hangs out in front to tell the passer-by that this is the inn. On the other side of the door is a big, open hall, with a low ceiling crossed by rough rafters and a huge fire-place of uncut stones. Above it, running across the great chimney, is the quotation, "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?"

Supper is at half-past six, and, after a traveler's toilet, you wander about through this new place, made to look so queerly old, and make all sorts of charming discoveries. In the corner cupboard, built into the wall between the hall and parlor and with both sides of glass, hang all manner of beautiful, queer old china cups and saucers and porringers. An entire service of the old blue-and-white willow-pattern ware stands on a shelf that follows the cornice, a foot or so below the ceiling. In the room off this, the eye falls on a strange old French clock, and, flanking it, two squat, thick silver candle-sticks that a collector would value past rubies.

It is only in New England that the idea of reviving the old inn within and without could have originated. The New Englander, if he is cold and hard, is rarely vulgar. The gorgeous hostelries of New York, stale with their brilliancy of plush and oak carved by the yard, never revealed to you the real depths of their vulgarity till you had the opportunity of contrasting them with this strange, unique, unusual place. And there, as you sit on a high-backed, deep sofa, watching a thin, pale-pink moon rise out of the sea, the grandfather's clock strikes a single note, and a diminutive negro maiden appears at the door and announces supper.

She directs you to a room down a darkling passage, where a small table is spread and about which the wind whines plaintively. As you shake out your napkin and run your eye over the bill of fare, a fresher gust pipes away and causes the sign of the inn to creak on its iron hinges. The light is quite gray and wan in this little room, the big pink moon has been left on the other side of the house, but in it you make out the beautiful side-board, low and long and inlaid in different-colored woods, which stands along by the walls, laden with a supply of hotel dishes. The proprietor has told you previously that it was one of his grandmother's wedding-presents, which causes you to meditate on the unusual possession of a grandmother who was real enough to have ever had a present of any kind, much less a charmingly desirable side-board.

It is just in the middle of these meditations that the Wise One asks you if you remember whether the stove in the first cottage had six or eight lids, and that the little negro maiden sets down before you a small broiled lobster, split neatly in half, smelling appetizingly and accompanied by a tiny blue-and-white jug of melted butter. The lobster is fresh, the butter is good. More agreeable adjuncts are added to the feast. The Wise One consents to relinquish the subject of cottages, and falls into an agreeable gossip on the proper way for a man to propose. Meantime, the wind whines softly without, the sign of the inn creaks on its hinges, and the little negro maiden, leaning against the side-board, silently gives ear to the disquisition on the best manner of putting the fateful question.

VAN GRYSE.

NEW YORK, April 13, 1892.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

President Eliot, of Harvard, sticks to the Mormons, and writes to the Boston *Journal* that the United States Government is violating toward them "one of the most fundamental and precious principles of American liberty."

Hiram S. Maxim and John Hamilton Brown, the noted inventors of improved fire-arms, are natives of Maine; Maxim having been born in Sangerville, Piscataquis County, and Brown, in Liberty, Waldo County. Both started in life poor, but they were natural mechanics.

Henry Irving likes to tell how, when he was in a Dorsetshire village last summer, he passed a group of children. One of them eyed him so sharply that the actor said: "Well, little girl, do you know me?" "Yes, sir," was the reply; "you are one of Beecham's pills." She had seen his face in an advertisement.

Lord Dufferin is very fond of yachting. While embassador at Rome, he passed every moment he could spare from his post on his yacht. He owns a boat constructed on a model of his own invention, which contains an arrangement of levers so constructed that one sitting in the cabin can execute all the maneuvering of the sails and rigging.

The house of Sarcey, the great dramatic critic, is overrun with visitors, who rob him of his time, but for whom he always has a cordial greeting. Most of these visitors are women, who have made the critic an idol, and one, a countess, came all the way from Poland some time ago to lay at the fat author's feet her hand, her heart, and her fortune.

When they asked Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the other day, the secret of keeping young at the age of seventy, he said: "First, never do anything yourself which you can get another to do for you; second, never trouble yourself as to who will get the credit for what is done; third, never work after three o'clock in the afternoon; fourth, sleep ten hours out of every twenty-four."

Whitelaw Reid testifies: "Mr. Blaine has told me on more than one occasion that there had never been but one time that he really wanted to be President. That was in '76. Afterward, in discussing the matter with me, he said he had seen much of the life of Presidents, had seen one President, whom he loved, shot down by his side, and was impressed with the idea that the Presidency was not all that it might seem to the uninitiated."

Señor Ricardo Trumbull is to succeed Señor Montt as Chilean Minister at Washington. During the war between Balmaceda and the Congressionalists, Señor Trumbull was a diplomatic representative of the Congressionalists in this country. Mr. Trumbull is a graduate of Yale College and bears a fine old Connecticut name, but his immediate family has lived in Chile for many years, and he is closely identified with its politics and society.

The Pope's private fortune makes him by far the richest man in Rome, though his wealth has shrunk very greatly from the nine millions of dollars left by Pius the Ninth. Much of the shrinkage has been due to unfortunate investments in building bonds and in corporation stocks—investments made for the purpose of receiving a higher rate of interest than that paid by the Rothschilds. The Pope gives his direct personal attention to financial transactions such as sovereigns usually intrust to a secretary or chamberlain. He keeps his safe in his own apartments, and always carries the key to it himself.

There are few more rugged figures among the Scotch scholars of the present generation than is Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh. Though eighty-three, he has never worn a pair of spectacles, and for thirty years he had no need of medical advice. He attributes the vitality of his old age to his custom of living by an unvarying system, and it is noteworthy that Oliver Wendell Holmes, who is of about the same age and equally well preserved, told an interviewer some time ago that his own good health was due to his habit of living strictly by rule, even to the temperature of his bath. It is interesting to know that Professor Blackie does not go to bed until the clock strikes twelve. He rises at half-past seven, and always after his midday meal he takes a nap.

The Duke of Sutherland once did this: A very fine chest of cigars was received in London, of which the price was extremely high—something more than fifteen hundred dollars. It was sent up to a West End dealer to tempt the swells. When the Prince of Wales looked in one day, one of the brand was accordingly submitted to him. He liked it very much, but he said: "I really can't afford the price." About a week later the duke was asked to try one, and he, also, highly approved. The dealer remarked that the prince had been greatly pleased with the cigars, but could not stand the price, whereupon the duke said: "Did the prince really like them?" "Delighted with them," was the answer. "Then send them round to Marlborough House with the Duke of Sutherland's respects, and send the bill to me."

The influence of the Prince of Wales has secured for Baron Hirsch entry to the Marlborough, White's, and several other smart clubs in London. But at Paris not even the energetic canvassing of the Orleans princes and of the British heir-apparent was able to procure for him admission to the Cercle de la Rue Royale. And now he has just been blackballed by the Jockey Club at Vienna. Yet the luckless baron has devoted millions upon millions of dollars to charitable purposes. Moreover, there are hundreds of prominent personages, including several princes of royal and imperial blood, whom he has helped in moments of difficulty. He is a hospitable host, too, a man of excellent manners, and, above all, he possesses the finest cook in Europe. He, however, bears the reputation of being a jettatore—that is, of possessing the evil eye. It is certainly curious that a large number [illegible] who have had intimate dealings with him have [illegible] untimely end.

TERROR-STRICKEN PARIS.

"Parisina" on the Dynamiters and the New Reign of Terror.

As Paris tucks itself between its sheets at night, it is by no means sure that it will not awake to find itself blown into a thousand atoms. We feel as if we were located on a volcano which might burst forth at any moment. Dynamite and dynamiters occupy our thoughts by day and our dreams by night. I suppose we shall get used to it in time, but in the meanwhile—to say the least—it is exciting.

When the Princesse de Sagan's porter, sweeping his mistress's door-step, brought his broom in contact with what he took to be an old sardine-box, which exploded under the gentle touch of his besom, the matter did not affect us very profoundly. But the sardine-box was only the preface. Shortly afterwards there was a terrible explosion in a house on the corner of the Boulevard St. Germain. A good deal of furniture was destroyed. Two gentlemen, seated in a drawing-room, were surprised to see some of the chairs and tables start out on to the balcony; a lady, cozily ensconced in her bed, was turned out bodily, the wood-work broken to splinters, and the mattresses torn to rags; every pane of glass in the house was smashed. The next exploit of the dynamiters was to place a cartridge on the ledge of the window of the barracks near the Hôtel de Ville, which had the effect of driving an iron bar through a stone wall; happily there was no one in the way, and again the damage was not material. But the alarm was given, and Paris began to feel uncomfortable.

Then it commenced to rain anonymous letters. Now this person is threatened, now that, often without apparent cause. You unfold your morning paper and read that your own particular street has offended the anarchists by the unblushing splendor of its habitations, and that you may expect to see it reduced to atoms on the first opportunity. Your wife goes off into hysterics, your maid-servants give notice, and your friends call to ask you how you feel. A plague on dynamite! Whether those who threatened are actually bent on destruction or merely practical jokers, you can not determine. The effect on your nerves is identical. A door banging, makes you jump. If you are told some one is waiting in the hall to see you, you change color. Does a servant bring in a parcel addressed to you, you handle it gingerly, and you dawdle before breaking the seal of any unusually large missive. A terrible panic was occasioned in a friend's kitchen by the appearance of a plumber, who said he had been sent to examine the pipes; the man-servant was called to mount guard while one of the maids went in search of monsieur. But all this is nothing in comparison to the feelings of those who actually pick up parcels labeled dynamite, or tin boxes with burning fuses attached. There is now at the prefecture a perfect arsenal of these "infernal machines," many of which, doubtless, contain nothing but pipe-clay and old watch-springs.

Just as we were all beginning to feel rather ashamed of our pusillanimity, came the explosion in the Rue de Berlin. No child's play this, no practical joking—a huge tenement, six stories high, gutted from roof to ground, the staircase wrecked, the walls cracked and gaping, the furniture blown to fragments—damages to the tune of a quarter of a million of francs, besides half a dozen people severely injured, and twenty with flesh wounds, mostly occasioned by broken glass. Some of the tenants had to be rescued by ladders placed against the windows, while others managed to get down the half-ruined back staircase. An unfortunate woman, who had given birth to an infant some few hours before, was happily on the ground floor and could be carried out on a mattress. Poor baby! its adventures commence at an early age. In after years it will be told the story of its birthday morning, and I am bound will prate proudly of its miraculous escape in a blanket. No one, indeed, of all the fourteen families located in that house is likely to forget that awakening from prolonged Sunday repose.

This, of course, brought all our fears back tenfold. Everyone went to look at the gaping windows and Pisa-tower effects of the walls of that wreck in the Rue de Berlin—you could not get near for the police. The inhabitants of the quarter looked at you askance, all new faces were to be dreaded, especially those the owners of which carried parcels—neat parcels, because we were told the dynamite gentry always did up their dynamite parcels carefully, not to say jauntily, with colored string and immaculate white paper. But the one of all things that was to be feared most was the presence in our house of a magistrate. For the blowing up of the Rue de Berlin house proved beyond a doubt that it was the bench which has excited the vengeance of the anarchists. One of the tenants was Advocate-General Bulot! Hitherto the fact that Counselor Benoit was among the residents of the house in the Boulevard St. Germain did not seem to have struck us. Yet how plain it all was when we began to put two and two together! Counselor Benoit presided at the trial of three notorious rioters last year, while Advocate-General Bulot conducted the prosecution. More than this, the Comte de Trévise was on the jury which brought them in guilty, and six months ago a dynamite-cartridge was placed on the sill of a window of the Trévise mansion.

Unfortunately for our peace of mind, these are not the only magistrates and jurors who have done what is calculated to inflame desperate men against them, and they are disseminated pretty impartially through the city. M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire—according to the anarchist way of thinking—is a brand fit for the burning. Imagine the state of mind of those who live over his head! One of his neighbors is a friend of mine, and he describes the house as in a state of siege. The night following the latest blow-up they organized a trap; apparently the house was unguarded, but there were policemen in the basement and one window was left unbarred in hopes that this apparent carelessness might tempt the game to run its neck into the noose. But the anarchists are no fools. They scented danger from afar.

It has been proposed by those who love a joke, that henceforth special houses should be built for magistrates—fortified places, with moats and draw-bridges, towers bristling with cannon, and strongholds guarded by sentinels. Parisians must have their laugh, whatever comes of it. And, moreover, it is suggested that house-agents, advertising desirable suites to let, should add: "N. B.—No one connected with the bench need apply." Other and similar displays of homely wit help to pass the time. Cerberus is having a rather bad quarter of an hour, and I do not think anybody is very sorry. The *concierge* has long been the bugbear of our lives, but we put up with him, foolishly imagining he kept us very safe. Because we are obliged to call out our names if we come home after he has gone to bed, we fondly hoped evil-doers were effectually checked. The fact is, the *concierge* is not the slightest use as a guard against thieves, murderers, or dynamiters, as we find to our cost.

The dynamite epidemic has drawn the attention of all toward the so-called group of anarchists. The French anarchists are absolutely without organization; they have no chiefs or leaders, no precise doctrine. Each "companion," as they style themselves, is left free to do as he pleases, nor is he required to accept and execute the mandates of any committee or council. Indeed, resolute individualism is one of the tenets of anarchism. Some of them are pretty well off—like the man who has just been arrested, Ravachol, who had twenty-five dollars in his pocket, was very well dressed, lived in a moderately comfortable room, ate fresh eggs for breakfast, and treated himself to comfortable luncheons at a quiet restaurant, which was the ultimate cause of getting him finally into the clutches of the law. The doctrine of anarchy means the negation of order, rule, authority of any kind. But I suspect that in the eyes of nine out of ten of the modern anarchists it consists in living at the expense of the infamous *bourgeois* whom you garrote or knock down — there are many ways of operating—as he returns from his no less infamous place of amusement, and you get the reputation of being a philosopher into the bargain.

Ravachol has managed to live comfortably for the last year or two on a little fortune of six thousand dollars he obtained from an old hermit, somewhat compulsorily—he had previously strangled him. He confesses this murder and a second besides; three others of which public suspicion makes him the author, he but faintly denies; he also admits having pillaged a tomb or two. You see, he is quite capable of blowing up a house. PARISINA.

PARIS, April 1, 1892.

A HOODWINKED UNCLE.

Showing how a False Nephew Deceived a Shrewd Old Banker.

Herr Zebedee Hauser, the great banker of Cologne, was a very sharp man and hard to beat. He belonged to a family who had multiplied and spread over the earth, founding counting-houses in all the capital cities of the world, and sucking up gold from their adopted countries as though their fingers were fashioned like the tentacles of the octopus. As nothing urges a man to despise his fellows so much as making money out of them, Herr Zehedee, who was in a way the head of all the Hauser firms, had collected a number of aphorisms as to human imbecility, which he was fond of repeating, with a broad Prussian grin.

One day, Herr Zehedee received the following lamentable letter from his first cousin, once removed—Herr Zachary Hauser, banker and cigar merchant, of Bishopsgate Street, London:

MY DEAR ZEBEDEE: Praise be to heaven that the quotations of our last loan are looking up, but I am sorry to say my eldest son, Esau, is giving me a deal of grief. He has absconded from London, carrying with him a large sum in securities belonging to our customers, which it is his intention to negotiate on the continent. I trusted him with the post of cashier for a week, and this is the never-to-be-sufficiently-deplored result. If this affair transpire, and Esau be caught, he will be prosecuted and our credit will be damaged, not to mention the grief which a father must feel; but, my dear Zebedee, I have reason to believe that our Esau will have made for Cologne, there to hide for a while and negotiate his paper, so I pray you to find out the youth and recover the securities from him, even with threats of imprisonment if he resist. When Esau has restored the paper, then I pray you give him four thousand pounds and start him for the United States with the first Bremen packet, telling him his sorrowing father will never see him again, unless he makes his fortune in America and returns, like a true Hauser, to invest it in the business. The last consignment of cigars from Hamburg was not up to the samples, and I could only get rid of them by raising the price and selling them under a brand not their own—which is never a convenient thing to do, but better than losing money. I am your truly afflicted,

ZACHARY HAUSER.

Post Scriptum.—Our reason for believing that Esau has gone to Cologne is that he is traveling with a maiden who is said to have friends in your city, where she once performed as an actress. Esau asked our leave to marry her, and, when we refused, then it was that he absconded. I pray you, deal gently with the maiden, lest any scandal being raised, the business of our bank should suffer at this not favorable moment, when we want to raise public confidence in our last loan. I inclose Esau's photograph. Z. H.

When Zehedee Hauser read through this epistle of his cousin Zachary, a malicious twinkle shot through his eyes.

"*Ach, lieber himmel!* I am not surprised at this," said he; "this Esau is the little coxcomb whom I have never seen, the only one among Zachary's brood who would not come over to Cologne to serve his apprenticeship as a clerk in our house. They said he was receiving an aristocratic education in England. Ah, well, we see what has become of it. He is dressed in this photograph like an unthrifty libertine."

Zehedee Hauser was, it will be seen, one of those excellent men who always contrive to derive some consolation from the misfortunes of others. He read his cousin's letter over again, and then put on his hat and gloves to go and look for the reprobate through the different hotels in Cologne. The clews he had were very slender; but, fortunately, the photograph would enable him to trace the fugitive, supposing the latter were really in the town. Zehedee Hauser felt pretty anxious to lay hold of Esau; for, in the first place, he did not wish the name of the family to be dragged through the mire of a criminal prosecution; and, in the next, he honestly desired to serve his cousin Zachary, who had been doing well in business of late, and success binds the hearts of banking cousins in tight bonds.

So Herr Zehedee set out on his tour of the hotels; and wherever he went he was obsequiously received by landlords and waiters, who gave him every assistance in their power, being delighted to oblige a financier of his importance. Unfortunately they could not put him in the way of discovering Esau. Weary and somewhat impatient—for he did not like to be thwarted—Herr Zebedee was at last fain to take a cab and explore a new series of inns of the lower order. He had been driving about for an hour, and had visited several queer hostelries without improving his luck, when, at length, close to the railway-station, he came to a newly opened hotel, which had a respectable appearance, though it was small. The moment Herr Hauser had exhibited Esau's photograph, the landlord's wife exclaimed:

"*Ach, Gott! ja*, this is the portrait of the young man who is traveling with his well-beloved bride or mistress, I know not which. Meinherr, the couple are dining even now off veal-cutlets and Rhenish wine. Shall I take in your card?"

"No; I will go into the dining-room and there sit down, perchance eat," said Herr Hauser.

"Pray do so, sir—a dish of sausages stewed with prunes has just come in," answered the landlady. "Hi, Fritz, a customer!"

Fritz was the landlord, who came forward, bowing, and ushered Herr Hauser into the dining-room. The youth he saw was a rather overdressed lad, with a double eye-glass, who was making love to a golden-haired wench, who was sharing with him a dish of cutlets, and it seemed to Herr Zehedee that aristocratic English education had wrought a physical as well as moral deterioration in this degenerate scion of the Hauser tribe. Pleased with himself, however, for having run the peccant Esau to earth alone, without police aid, Herr Zehedee was almost good-humored as he advanced to the table, hat in hand, and said, with a mocking air:

"Good-day, nephew Esau."

"What!" exclaimed the youth thus addressed, and he started to his feet, with disquiet depicted on his countenance.

"Sit down, nephew, sit down," said Zehedee, forcing the reprobate into his seat with gentle violence; "we are going to have some talk, and" (here he lowered his voice) "if you try to escape, I shall hand you over to the police."

"Ach, Gott! wir sind verloren," ejaculated the female, and forthwith began to weep over her cutlets.

"*Kellner*," said Herr Zebedee, "bring me a dish of sausages and prunes, with a half-bottle of Rudesheim." He divested himself of his hat, his overcoat, and stick, and rubbed his hands with sarcastic glee as he looked at his nephew and whispered: "Esau, thou art a knave; thou shalt restore to me the securities thou hast stolen, and this very night thou shall start for Bremen, on thy way to America."

"Mercy!" prayed Esau, who saw that concealment was useless, and so clasped his hands.

"Mercy!" whimpered the damsel; "do not separate my Esau from me."

"Ye shall have four thousand pounds to start with, and ye may both go to the devil," said Herr Zebedee, helping himself to a cutlet pending the arrival of the sausages.

"What, only four thousand pounds?" said Esau, in seeming consternation.

"Only four thousand?" echoed the maiden, who always repeated what Esau said.

"Four thousand pounds is enough to make millions with, as thou wouldst know if thou wert a true Hauser," exclaimed Herr Zehedee, as soon as he could speak, for the wrath and the veal that were choking him. "Ah, out upon thee! I'll give thee a bill at ninety days for the money, and if thou wantest cash, I'll discount it for thee at the current rates."

"No, that won't do," said Esau. "I'll take it to be discounted elsewhere; and I'll spread it about that thou art badly off in thy business, since thou canst not avoid sharp practice."

"Ah, well, thou hast some of the Hauser blood in thee, after all," conceded Zehedee, with involuntary admiration; "but I will not hobnob with thee, for thou art a clumsy knave."

That night the ten o'clock train from Cologne to Bremen carried with it Esau and his fair partner. They had four thousand pounds in notes and gold with them; and in exchange for this trifle, as they were pleased to regard it, delivered up, not without difficulty, all the securities stolen in London. They formed a bundle big enough to fill a carpet-bag, which Herr Zehedee, with considerable complacency, at once forwarded to London by a safe messenger.

* * * * * * *

Three days later he received this telegram:

ZACHARY TO ZEBEDEE: You have been hoaxed. Our Esau is the pride of our bank and our home. The youth who personated him must be a clerk recently discharged from our office. He has duped you all through. The securities returned are forgeries. It was cleverly done, and we can not allow ourselves to be debited with the four thousand pounds and five hundred pounds expenses you have disbursed.

—*Adapted for the Argonaut by M. M. Anderson.*

Two interesting little anecdotes of two of the most famous of British authors come almost coincidently from across the water. Professor Blackie relates that one Sunday evening, when he was calling on the Carlyles, and the Sage of Chelsea talked on unremittingly, without allowing Mrs. Carlyle a word, he went over to the philosopher, shook him by the shoulders, and shouted: "Let your wife speak, you monster!" The other reminiscence, told by Mrs. Hardy, the novelist's wife, of Sir Walter Scott, is that on one occasion, when Sir Walter informed his wife that he was to receive a large sum for a certain book, Lady Scott replied: "Ah! then I can buy a new carpet."

Maggie Donagher, of Shelbyville, Ind., who lived several months on dog flesh, in the hope that it would cure her of pulmonary consumption, was buried April 1st. For a time, the diet seemed to benefit her, and the believers in the remedy claim she did not begin its use soon enough. She ate seven dogs.

A GREAT SINGING-MASTER.

The Famous Francesco Lamperti and his Methods.

The brisk little steamboat has left picturesque Como behind it and crosses the lake diagonally. The passengers on board, no doubt, wonder why our first stop is made at the insignificant pier of Cernobbio—a sleepy village, with green hills rising steeply behind. Still more do they wonder at the animated group of young people waiting to see two of their number off on a "gita" around the lake—to Colico and back. They are speaking English, too, and "good-byes" and "enjoy yourselves" are parting words; none of the "lanti saluti" with which bearded Italians part, accompanied by a sounding kiss on each cheek. Not that this would be a strange sight at Bellagio or Cadenabbia. There the Anglo-Saxon abounds. Tenois-blazers and white muslins have pushed into the background the coarse fisherman's coats and silk head-kerchiefs of the native population. But the Como end of the lake—that is to say, where the town of Como lies—has always been reserved to its rightful owners. The villas of the Milanese aristocracy are not supplanted by huge caravansaries swarming with English and Americans. The simple *raison d'être* of the foreign summer population of Cernobbio is the presence there of the famous old singing-master, Francesco Lamperti. Eighteen years its stony lanes and wild hill-sides have reëchoed to a polyglot of Russian, German, English, and French.

Walk with me along the queen's highway—the "Strada Regina"—of the village. There are its two deserted-looking cafés, the new and pretentious Hôtel de la Reine Olga, and, across the way, a modest Italian rival, Albergo della Stella—the Star Inn—where, if it is lunch-time, as like as not you will see a gay group of students taking *colazione* under the palm-trees of the terrace. A picturesque bridge over a rocky torrent-bed, now dry, and a turn to the right brings you to the porter's lodge. You read "Cavaliere Lamperti" on the heavy iron gateway. The good-looking, unkempt *portinaia* stops stirring the kettle of *minestrone*—the peasant's soup—that simmers on the smoky hearth, and throws the gate open with a clang. There, among trim shrubbery, graveled walks, and blooming flower-beds, stands Villa Lamperti—three-storied, big, square, pink-stuccoed, with green blinds. We send in our cards, and, after an interval, are graciously received by Signora Edvige, the maestro's wife, a handsome Rubensesque German, in a trailing, white morning-gown. Strangers are no longer permitted to gratify their curiosity by being present at the class—then going away and criticising it. Therefore, if you are desirous of seeing anything beyond signora herself—and she is worth seeing—you must take half a dozen class-tickets, at the modest sum of five francs apiece. In a niche in the tiled hall stands a mediocre terra-cotta bust of the maestro himself, made years ago. Next the ante-chamber is entered, simply furnished with sofa and chairs, innumerable portraits and photographs of pupils, and a huge stiff bouquet, in German taste, on the centre-table—the bouquet being the handiwork of the good mother-in-law, Frau Werner, aunt, by the way, of the E. Werner who writes those charming tales, "Glückauf," "The Hero of the Pen," "Sign of Flame." Your heart begins to beat as you enter the holy of holies, the lesson-room, where, enthroned in a green-velvet chair, is seated the old maestro himself. He is small, shriveled, feeble, with twinkling blue eyes, a hooked beak of a nose, thick snowy hair and whiskers, immaculately dressed in yellow-nankeen trousers, a blue-velvet coat, and a white waistcoat, on which hangs a watch-fob heavy with old-fashioned seals; in his weazened hand—his inseparable companion—the stick you learn to dread. He eyes the new-comers keenly but coolly, casts a remark in Milanese to his wife, and the lesson proceeds. Half a dozen are already gathered in the morning-class, which begins at nine or earlier. Signora Lamperti is at the piano. A late-comer—a pretty, blonde English girl—arrives, trips straightway to the throne-chair, and bestows the accustomed pair of kisses on the *caro* maestro. Some profane American once suggested that it would be only fair for the young men to greet signora in the same fashion—but that is neither here nor there. The old autocrat never troubles himself to learn the students' names, and, with wonderful aptness, dubs them a title, not always flattering, that clings to them so long as they stay. In the last one who enters and shakes hands, you will recognize a San Franciscan, Mr. Hugo Herold. "Otello," as he is known, is decidedly the maestro's favorite. His perfect mastery of an admirable baritone is a keen delight to the maestro's sensitive ear. Mr. Herold's severe and successful studies are nearing their close, and the time may not be far distant when his old friends may have pride and pleasure in listening to him in his native place. (Since writing the above he has gone to London, where he has been most favorably received.)

Now it is the Fanfulla's turn, the butterfly—a Roumanian girl of graceful voice and carriage. Now Bocca dolce, the "sweet-mouthed," a stalwart young American. Then "Biondina," or "Bella Isa," the said fair-haired English girl, whose name of Isabel is thus made over. "Denti" (teeth), poor fellow, comes next, a nice English boy, with the proverbial teeth of his nation and the bad fault—in Lamperti's eyes—of not showing them when he sings. Afterward "L'Ebrea," a bright Viennese Jewess, in a ravishing "Wienertaille"—the only one who redeems the simplicity of toilet in vogue here.

In the afternoon-class there are others: the Gallo antipatico (the antipathetic cock), the Tedesco (German), and a Russian, a Pole, and an Australian. As accompanist there now officiates Gambe Corte (short legs), known to others as Signor Repetto, brother of the Mme. Tresolini-Repetto, the soprano who was heard in San Francisco with the Scalchi-Campanini troupe. Each one in turn sings the exercises. In appearance they are absolutely simple, but in practice unspeakably difficult. First come notes prolonged eighteen seconds, sung on the vowels, *a, e, i.* "*Balla! Balla!*" cries the old man, in a rage; "it dances," meaning that, owing to irregularly escaping breath, the note is not held steadily, and one begins over again. Then a short scale or two, an arpeggio, perhaps a trill, all sung pianissimo, and on the vowel *a*. This broad Italian *a* is fraught with difficulties to the English-speaking. Before the note is ended, it has—to the maestro's ears—invariably degenerated into *o*, and one is dismissed in disgrace to the sofa, with the classic rebuke: "*O* is *oca*, you English imbeciles"—*oca* means *goose*. Then comes one of the Lamperti solfeggi, written by him years ago, and later, if the pupil be somewhat advanced, an aria from a Bellini or a Donizetti opera. Each individual lesson lasts fifteen or twenty minutes, and then one subsides to a corner to listen to the others, read Lamperti's text-book, "The Art of Singing," or "practice the breathing" with a hook against one's diaphragm. Even those most ignorant of the language soon learn to dread the fatal "*Cattin*" (bad), "*Frontale*," and "*Scappa*" (it escapes—referring to the breath), and to beam with delight at "*Non c'è male*" (not bad), the highest praise ever given. In the intervals, the master nibbles chocolate, takes a lozenge of Liebig's extract, gets up and ambles about the next room, ready to pounce back upon one at a moment's warning, and emphasize the "*frontale*" with a sharp tap on the forehead with that stick of his. For his hearing is remarkably acute; it would be remarkable even in a man in the prime of life—what of it, then, in an almost centenarian, for it is certain that Lamperti was born very early in the century! He speaks only Milanese, though, naturally, elegant Tuscan is not unfamiliar to him. But he seems to pride himself on clinging to the curious, almost barbarous, dialect of his earliest years. For all other languages than Italian he has the sublimest scorn. One word of English, however, he has acquired and proudly uses to the poor frightened uninitiated—"breas," his version of breath. Other music than Italian he execrates. A girl had to leave the class, because she unguardedly said that she wanted to study a rôle in "Die Meistersinger." After that, life was made a burden to her. English is a dog's language. French was never made for singing, and closes the throat. So every one is urged to speak only Italian—a hard command to those just arrived, who can barely manage to ask for another plate of *agoni* (the delicious little lake fish) at the Stella. The lesson is over. "Biondina" has lilted: "Ah! si una volta sola" from "Sonnambula." She sings it with all the cadenzas approved of in those traditional days when the maestro bobnobbed over a bottle of Asti spumante with Rossini and Donizetti, in the café under La Scala, and discussed Malibran's and Pasta's latest triumphs. So far back does the old wizard date! By the side of him one feels one's self a mere ephemera, a day-fly, a thing of naught.

You have admired a Milanese artist's full-length portrait of Signora Lamperti—in splendid youthful beauty, tossing a blue velvet mantle off her bare shoulders, and, opposite it, the maestro's picture, painted when a dapper youth of, perhaps, sixty. With beaming pride, he has shown you the latest photographs of two favorite pupils—Mme. Albani as Desdemona and Marcella Sembrich as Rosina, in "The Barber." Rosina is taken in the "Letter Scene," and on the letter she half-conceals and half-coquettishly exhibits is written, minutely, "Al mio carissimo maestro Francesco Lamperti." The "dearest master" was present, last summer, at her triumphs in Berlin, and returned much delighted to Baden-Baden to finish his cure. You have studied all the autographed photos and lithographs on the wall—his pupils hearing such world-famous names—some almost forgotten by the present generation: as Mme. Arlôt, Jeanne Sophie Lowe, Campanini, Catherine Hayes, the sisters Cruvelli, Stoltz, Aldighieri, Tiberini, Sembrich, Van Zandt, Isidore de Lara, La Grange, La Borde, Della Valle, and William Shakespeare. The two latter are teaching with brilliant success in London, and La Borde and La Grange in Paris. The maestro lets you go—if you are a girl—with another kiss and a few parting injunctions: "Dove va? Sul' lago, alla Colletta?" ("Where are you going? On the lake, to the Colletta?"—a spring in a beautiful gorge a mile away.) And if you dare to say yes, you are reprimanded, advised to stay quiet, and avoid overexertion and take care of your voice. For isn't the sad story, with very much of a moral, told you of the obstinate pupil, a promising voice, who rowed in a regatta and *lost his diaphragm?*—that most vital organ that you hardly knew you possessed before, but that now seems the very pivot of your system, vocally speaking.

Badinage apart, however, there is not the faintest doubt that the Lamperti voice-method, founded on the correct system of diaphragmatic breathing, has stood most successfully the test of time. Following closely in the old Italian school, established as far back as the sixteenth century by Caccini and carried on by Farinelli, Porpora, and Crescentini, its main points are these: (1) Diaphragmatic breathing as opposed to clavicular or chest breathing; (2) Perfect control of the breath by means of the abdominal muscles; (3) As a consequence of the above, a perfectly loose and unconscious throat. The strictest legato is insisted on; one of the frequent aphorisms heard is "Chi non lega, non canta" ("He who does not sing *legato*, sings not at all"). After a lesson or two, new pupils are invariably to be heard beseechingly asking every one else: "What *is* frontale?" Ah, easier asked than answered, and easier answered than avoided. I venture to wager that not one singer out of fifty—not one out of a hundred—is entirely free from this worst of faults. Wrong breathing and the attempt to control the voice by the throat forces the note to the *front* part of the palate, where it resounds in the frontal sinuses. The quality is unpleasant, shrill, sharp, ringing, metallic, sometimes nasal, forced—*frontale*, in fact. Instead of which should be heard the pure, round, soft, velvety, carrying tone produced when the breath is properly, deeply taken, not allowed to escape rapidly or irregularly, held firmly by abdominal muscles, the throat remaining, so to speak, a passive agent—entirely loose, free, neutral. The note emitted from the larynx impinges on the *whole* of the palate and vibrates toward the *back* of the head. Such use of the voice never fatigues, never causes huskiness, and allows that complete control and manipulation of the organ that is a delight to the hearer; that "spinning of the note" to an impalpable thread that is yet audible to the farthest corner of Albert Hall; that lyric sweetness that is characteristic of Italian singing. In old days, singers were willing to give long years to vocal training—training that made the voice a perfect instrument, prompt to respond to the lightest touch. We are told that Caffarelli, one of Porpora's pupils, early in the eighteenth century, was kept six years on one page of solfeggi!

But the history of the Italian School of Singing is likely to interest only professional musicians. Something of Lamperti's personal history is of greater general interest.

Francesco Lamperti's father was an advocate, a native of Lombardy, and his mother a prima donna of some note. At an early age he showed great musical cleverness and was placed under Rizzi, of Lodi—Lodi, famous for its so-called Parmesan cheese, and for Napoleon's fight at the bridge. In 1820, he entered the Milan Conservatorio, established not long previously by Bonaparte in the monastery of S. Maria della Passione, where it still is. Here he studied harmony and the piano, and a little later became organist in the great cathedral. When only eighteen, he began to teach singing, had great and rapid success, and was made a director of the Teatro Filodrammatico at Lodi. Among the peasants, the contadini who composed the chorus which he trained, he discovered several fine voices that were afterwards to be heard by the entire musical world. At this time, while living at Lodi, pupils began to flock to him from all parts of Europe and America. In 1850, the Austrian Government appointed him to a professorship in the Milan Conservatorio, where he taught for a quarter of a century, retiring on a pension in 1875. Since then he has taught private pupils exclusively, moving to his Cernobbio villa in the summer, and to Nice, or preferably to San Remo in the winter; for in the latter town, Italian opera is given, and in the former, French. Every two or three years, however, he braves the disagreeable winter fogs of Milan to make it easier for would-be pupils to find him. For when foreigners newly arrived in Milan apply for information as to his whereabouts, a common reply of his enemies—for he *has* enemies—is: "Ah! quel' vecchio—li—è morto, anni fa!" ("Oh! that old fellow; he's dead years ago!") And then the student, discouraged, goes off to Leoni, or San Giovanni, or Giovannini, or another of the host of Milanese teachers.

Lamperti is not without distinctions, as will be seen. He is a Cavaliere of the Order of Saints Maurizio and Lazzaro, Honorary Master of the Class of Composers in the Congregation and Academy of Rome, Cavaliere of the Royal Order of Isabella, and Commendatore of the Royal House of Spain. His travels have been limited. Of America he has the vaguest possible conception, and of an American student about to return home, he naïvely asked: "And is it true that you will be obliged to cross the ocean?" Paris, when mentioned, calls forth an appreciative smile and a reflective "One eats well there, and at the Folies Bergères one amuses one's self." For London, he has nothing but a shrug of horror: "No sun and no cooks!" Yet not many years ago he spent some time there at Albani's request. The famous singer's contract with the elder Gye—afterwards her father-in-law—did not allow her to get away, so she induced her master to settle for a time near her, and profited by two lessons a day, singing in the evening at the opera. No mad applause of that great audience gave her so much pleasure as the maestro's: "Non c'era male," the next morning. Many titled pupils flocked to him at this time—the late Countess of Rosebery, for example, who is said to have paid five guineas a lesson—a contrast to the five lire asked in Italy!

His son, Lamperti the younger, is a successful teacher in Dresden; but he is a renegade and teaches an entirely different method. From his other children, who are said to live in poverty and obscurity—I can not vouch for the truth of this—he is estranged. Mme. Lamperti, the second wife, is a German; she was first a clever actress, then studied under Marchesi; dissatisfied, came to the old maestro, who shortly became her husband. Her devotion to him is admirable. Yet one can not wonder at it. In spite of his caprices, his narrow views and intolerance of other schools, his often violent temper, there is something about him that calls out one's affection—aside from his patience, his undoubted greatness as a teacher, his disinterestedness and conscientiousness, and his ability to inspire absolute faith. No wonder, then, that he becomes "carissimo maestro" to all his disciples, and no wonder that they exclaim: "There is but one Art of Singing, and Lamperti is its Prophet."

ERICA.

MILAN, March, 1892.

The recent election in Rhode Island is a distinct affirmation of the American principle of protection. The campaign was fought distinctively on that issue. The Democracy absolutely refused to discuss any other question. When the attempt was made to introduce the financial issue it was resented at every point. They imported the shining lights of tariff reform, among them Mr. Cleveland. The result was a Republican triumph all along the line. In a total vote, some 9,000 greater than any ever before cast in the State, the Republican ticket had a plurality of 2,079, and a majority over all of 299, the legislature being Republican in both branches. In 1889, the Democratic plurality in the State was 4,419; in 1890, it was 1,560; and last year it was 1,254. These figures show by way of contrast the great gains made by the Republicans in the recent campaign. This victory secures the country the service of Senator Aldrich for another six years. Able, experienced, familiar with affairs, and one of the framers of the tariff law, the defeat of Senator Aldrich would have been a positive loss to the interests of sound legislation. This election points the way to a decisive Republican triumph in the Presidential election of November next.

The largest number of patents, in proportion to population, are taken out by the people of Connecticut, among whom, in curious confirmation of their proverbial shrewdness in devising "Yankee notions," one citizen in every seven hundred is an inventor.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Joel Chandler Harris's "On the Plantation" contains fresh stories of Brer Rabbit, Brer Owl, Brer Buzzard, and other characters immortalized by Uncle Remus. Much of the book, however, is understood to be the story of the author's own life. E. W. Kemble has illustrated it, and D. Appleton & Co. will publish it at once.

A new book by Max O'Rell is "English Pharisees, French Crocodiles, and Other Anglo-French Typical Characters." Max O'Rell dedicates this volume "To Jonathan."

This historical flaw has been discovered in Lord Tennyson's "Robin Hood," as published:

The writer describes Sir Richard Lea, father of Maid Marian, as a baronet. The time of the play is the period when King Richard was absent in Palestine or a prisoner in Austria, and when Prince John ruled as regent in his stead; but the title of baronet was not instituted until hundreds of years afterward, when King James the First founded the order by letters patent under the great seal. The point may not appear an important one, but historical pedants are prodigiously pleased at the detection of the error, and collectors are securing copies of the book on the assumption that the mistake will be rectified in the next edition.

The authorized translation of the memoirs of Marbot, in two volumes, will be issued in a few days. The work has been translated by Arthur J. Butler. Marbot participated in the wars of Napoleon from Marengo to Waterloo, and lived to see Napoleon's nephew on the throne of France. He wrote these memoirs in old age.

Rider Haggard's new book, "Nada, the Lily," will be ready near the end of the present month.

"Sybil Knox; or, Home Again. A Story of To-day," by Edward Everett Hale, author of "The Man Without a Country," "In His Name," etc., is announced.

The entire first edition of F. Marion Crawford's new novel, "The Three Fates," was disposed of on the day of publication.

A new volume in the Book Lover's Library is called "Books Condemned to be Burnt," James Anson Farrer being the author. The work contains an account of the circumstances in which books were burned, and of authors and their relations to the states and churches which condemned their productions to the flames.

Mr. David Christie Murray has written a novel, entitled "The Fleshly Robe," in which he satirizes the question of Theosophy.

Mr. Walter Besant has been writing on collaboration, taking as his text the introduction to Mr. Brander Matthews's recent collection of collaborated stories entitled "With my Friends." He confesses that the experience of some writers makes against, rather than for, partnership composition.

"I have myself been exceptionally and greatly fortunate in my own ventures into the field of collaboration. But all are not so fortunate. I have known examples where the work has been simply ruined through the partners being either unsuited to each other or ignorant of the proper methods of collaboration. In any case, let the partnership be tentative at first, and, if successful, let it be carried on from book to book. But the best collaboration, as I have endeavored to point out, is that gained by talking the thing over."

A new novel by Julien Gordon (Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger) is "Marionettes." The scene is laid on the Long Island Coast and shifts for a moment to Paris, then back to New York.

The block in the book trade of Paris continues, and the publishers are bitterly complaining of the vast stock of unsold volumes left on their hands. The accumulation is so great that one of their number has recently made an ingenious proposition to the Société des Gens de Lettres for putting an end to it. The idea is to establish a lottery of one million tickets at one franc each, the profits to be applied to the benevolent fund of the society, and the prizes to consist of books supplied at the rate of fifty centimes each, made up in lots, with a few works of art thrown in. One publisher alone is prepared to offer no less than one hundred thousand volumes.

Mr. Hall Caine is writing a new story, called "Cap'n Davy's Honeymoon." It opens with a picture of a Manxman's return from the colonies, after making a fortune, to marry his early love.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling will write a series of letters descriptive of his travels for a syndicate of English, American, French, German, Australian, Indian, and South African papers. His new volume of verses will contain a poem in memory of his brother-in-law, the late Mr. Wolcott Balestier.

A volume of short stories by the late Mr. Balestier, "The Average Woman," is to be issued, with a memoir by Mr. Henry James.

Messrs. Barrie, Clark Russell, and Bret Harte, says the *Bookman*, have contracted to make over to the editors of the *Idler* the serial rights of the next six short stories which they have for disposal. Contracts of a similar nature are being negotiated with Mr. Besant and Mr. Quiller-Couch. Mr. Jerome will publish in an early number the first of a series of papers by himself.

The rights of all Charles Reade's books are now held in England by Chatto & Windus. There is always a steady sale for his best books; it is safe to say that that wonderful piece of fiction, "The Cloister and the Hearth," will never go out of fashion.

Sir John Lubbock has in press a new book called "Beauties of Nature and Wonders of the World we Live in."

"Dreams and Days" is said to be the title of Mr. Lathrop's forthcoming book of verse. "Days and Dreams" is the title of Mr. Cawein's latest book. Here is a fine chance for confusion.

Some American authors of repute were recently asked to sanction a compilation from their works. In the innocence of their hearts, they did consent. When the "anthology" appeared, it turned out to be an advertisement of a brand of beer, to which the extracts were ingeniously made to refer.

General Fitz-Hugh Lee's biography of General Robert E. Lee, which D. Appleton & Co. have in preparation, will not be ready until 1893.

Dr. Murray, the editor of the Philological Society's "New English Dictionary," reports that considerable progress has been made as far as the letter N. Parts of D, E, and F are now in type. During the past year fifteen readers have sent in nearly thirty thousand separate notes on words. One gentleman has contributed over five thousand.

Hamilton Aidé has in the press of a New York house a novel called "A Voyage of Discovery," in which he gives an Englishman's impressions of society in New York, Boston, and other American towns.

Hon. Carl Schurz is said to be engaged in writing his "Reminiscences of Public Men and Events."

A new novel, called "The Fate of Fenella," is from the pens of twenty-four popular authors. Their names are:

Helen Mathers, Justin H. McCarthy, M. P., Frances Eleanor Trollope, A. Conan Doyle, May Crommelin, F. C. Phillips, "Rita," Joseph Hatton, Mrs. Lovett Cameron, Bram Stoker, Florence Marryat, "Tasma," Frank Danby, Mrs. Edward Kennard, Richard Dowling, Mrs. Hungerford, Arthur A'Beckett, Jean Middlemass, Clement Scott, Clo. Graves, H. W. Lucy, Adeline Sergeant, G. Manville Fenn, and F. Anstey.

Mrs. Oliphant has brought out in England a new edition of her biography of Laurence Oliphant, and has inserted therein a few words in reply to the carping disciples of Thomas Lake Harris, the prophet of Oliphant's sorrowful experiment. She does not retract nor soften down anything in her original statements and comments.

Thomas Hardy's New Story.

The novel which disputes with Mrs. Humphry Ward's "David Grieve" the honor of being called, thus far, "the story of the year," is Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." The heroine is called in the sub-title "a pure woman, faithfully presented," though not every reader will acquiesce in this classification. Tess is the daughter of an English farmer, a drunken braggart descended from a degenerate branch of a great family, and through his efforts she is sent, while yet an unlettered and ignorant child, to some wealthier relatives near by. Among them she meets a young man who betrays her, and she is sent back to her home in disgrace. In some years her fault has been almost forgotten, and she marries the vicar's son; but, on the wedding night, as they both confess to certain sins, while she forgives him, he can not overlook her fall, and he deserts her. She waits for him, writes to him, and, at last, to save her family from hunger and want, she succumbs and again becomes the mistress of the man who betrayed her. Then, her husband, having reasoned it out with himself and determined to forgive her sin, as she had forgiven his, returns and finds her living with this man. When Tess learns this, the wild blood of her warrior ancestry stirs within her, and she kills the man who has twice shut her out from happiness and honor, and the story closes with her almost martyr-like expiation of her crime.

Mr. Hardy describes Tess as a "pure woman." His ideas of purity are peculiar.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, $1.50; for sale by the booksellers.

New Publications.

"Tatters," by "Beulah," has been republished in the Good Company Series issued by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"A Double Wedding; or, How She was Won," by Mrs. C. A. Warfield, has been reissued in paper covers by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; price, 25 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"A Covenant with the Dead," by Clara Lemore, has been issued in the Series of Select Novels published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Theo Waddington," a new novel by Julian Wyndham, appears as the initial volume of the Carlyle Bi-Monthly Series published by the United Publishing Company, Boston; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Stories from English History for Young Americans" is the title of an excellent book of extracts and condensations, telling all of England's history in brief and simple episodes. It is copiously illustrated. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, $2.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Chickamauga," by F. A. Mitchel, is a romance of the American Civil War, in which love and personal adventure are interwoven with historical facts. Published by the Star Book Company, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"A Son of Old Harry," by Albion W. Tourgée, is a story of life in the middle West during the lifetime of a man who fought in the rebellion. It shows the gradual growth of frontier society, and tells a story of unusual interest. Published by Robert Bonner's Sons, New York; price, $1.50; for sale by the booksellers.

"Folly and Fresh Air," by Eden Phillpotts, is a lively and amusing narrative of a fly-fishing expedition in the heart of Devon. The party meet with no startling adventures, but they are people of intelligence and a sense of humor and these make their observations worth recording and reading. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, $1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Everybody's Writing-Desk Book," compiled by Charles Nisbet and Don Lemon and revised by Dr. James Baldwin, is a very convenient reference-book, containing the following departments: A consult list of fifteen thousand synonyms and autonyms, a consult spelling list of ten thousand words, consult rules of grammar, of composition, and for punctuation, and various other matter useful to all who write. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, $1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"'Monsieur Henri': A Foot-Note to French History," by Louise Imogen Guiney, is a sketch of one of the most picturesque figures in modern French history, Henri du Vergier de la Rochejaquelein, who bravely tried to stem the tide of republicanism that swept over France a century ago. It is a spirited and romantic sketch, but the author's enthusiastic admiration for her subject has not warped her judgment of facts. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, $1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Miss Katherine Prescott Wormeley has written "A Memoir of Honoré de Balzac," which has just been issued uniformly with her translation of Balzac's novels and tales. Its sources are the simple little narrative of his sister, Mme. Surville; his correspondence, chiefly his letters to Mme. Hansa; the records of his contemporaries, among whom Théophile Gautier is the most fruitful; and such record of development as his books give. It is an admirable biography, as a narrative of the man's life, an analysis of his character, and an estimate of his genius and creations. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, $1.50; for sale by C. Beach.

"The Golden Guess" is the title of a volume of essays on poetry and the poets in which John Vance Cheney pleads for the good things that the ages have proven, rather than for the new gods set up by the "revolt of the mob against our literary masters." The topics considered are "The Old Notion of Poetry," "Who are the Great Poets?" Matthew Arnold, Browning, Tennyson, and Swinburne, "Music or the Tone Poetry," and Hawthorne. The book should find a wide circle of readers, for Mr. Cheney has a fine poetic taste which has been carefully cultivated. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"Love-Letters of a Worldly Woman," by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, contains three stories told in letters, chiefly between what are known as the "high contracting parties," with occasional epistolary side-lights from their friends and relatives. The women are clever and introspective, the men have just such characteristics as best show up the three women's points, and the outcome of each tale is in the most modern mode. If this modern mode of novels had obtained in life a century ago, Malthus need have had never a quake; and if it continues much longer in our day there will come a violent reaction in favor of romantic literature and large families. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, $1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

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VANITY FAIR.

The Wise-Greene-Skinner affair in New York city threateos to add a new terror to social etiquette. The case is like this: Mrs. Joho S. Wise, formerly of Richmond, Va., is the executive officer of a Southern social set in New York city, and, as such, she issues the invitations to a certain series of very exclusive daoces. Miss Greeoe is a young woman of Virginia, who bas been staying io New York. Miss Greeoe wanted to be iovited to the daoces, but was oot. When her friends asked why, Mrs. Wise, accordiog to her written statemeot, explaioed that Miss Greeo was *persona non grata* to certaio members of tbe set, and that, uoder tbe rules, she could not be invited. Then appeared upon the scene the fiery grandfather of the young womao, Colooel Skinoer, of Virgioia, to demaod apology, reparation, and all that sort of thiog. As Mrs. Wise is a noncombatant, Colooel Skinner made his demaod upon Mr. Wise, who sent hioa a letter of explanation from his wife. The explanation did oot satisfy Colooel Skinner, and now comes the big brother of the young woman to enforce demands, and the atmosphere is thick witb rumors of powder-smoke. Mr. Wise has fought duels, but coosiders this oot a dueliog matter. The theory of the whole affair seems to be that dance-iovitatioos are matters of inalieoable right, which beiog denied to any youog woman must be demaoded, and, if oecessary, conquered with the high hand in "persooal war." If tbis theory is to be established (says the New York *World*), invitations to dances must be fouoded bereafter upon the broad basis of the City Directory Register. And the same rule would seem logically to apply to dinoer and luncheoo iovitatioos. In the curious West of Bret Harte, a rule of this kiod always obtained in refereoces to alcoholic entertaimeot. John Phœoix records the fact that upon one occasioo he asked an acquaintance, io San Fraocisco, to "take su'thio'," whereupon, he says, "the twenty-three men preseot stepped forward aod said tbey'd take sugar in thern at my expense." But if the rule is to be accepted in New York society, it will be oecessary for every dinner-giver to lease Madison Square Garden for every entertaioment, unless the legislature can be persuaded to set apart a portion of Central Park for such purposes aod to authorize its improvemeot to meet the need.

One woman—a widow witb two daughters—bas solved the servant question for herself by liviog aboard ship. Her acquaintances say that they always meet ber, tanned brown as a berry, dressed in waterproof serge, now in Loodoo, now io Marseilles, Cairo, New York, but always on the poiot of sailiog somewhere—a little trip to Australia, a quick journey around the world. "I bave no servants to worry me," she says, "no taxes, no doctor's bills. The free air of heaven and agreeable society in abundaoce are mine. My daughters have plenty of opportuoities for choosiog bushands at their leisure, and what can womeo wish more?" Lieuteoant aod Mrs. Heon we koow lived on the *Galatea*. It is not exactly common, but it is growing familiar to read such nautical items as "Lady Scott's yacht, the *Golden Eagle*, is now on the slip at Cowes, uodergoiog a thorough overhauliog under Lloyd's survey, beiog recoppered and fitted with a oew mainmast." The Herreshoffs are now building for Mrs. Newberry, a rich widow of Detroit, a large steam-yacht on which she can cruise on the lakes. And amoog other luxuries it is to have a mahogany dioiog-room on deck.

The cooduct of the Marquis Imperiali in the matter of the now famous Leiter ball has become the subject of official iovestigation on the part of the Italiao Goveroment. The marquis was a prominent figure at the ball, in the course of which he coofioed his distioguished atteotions to a certain fortuoate coterie, to the exclusioo of the other guests. The affair came to the ears of members of tbe Italian Parliameot opposed to the existiog government, and it was quickly determioed to bring tbe subject to the atteotion of the administratioo. The case was iotrusted to the care of one of the most brilliaot and distioguished members of parliameot, Sig. Mattheus Imbriani, who promptly brought it up io the Chamber of Deputies in the form of an interpolation of the goveromeot. Sig. Imbriaoi, who is an impetuous aod fiery speaker, advancing toward his colleagues, demanded, in-rioqiog tooes, that the governmeot should at ooce make inquiries and inform the house "whether a representative of Italy in Washiogtoo has acted as a lackey to a shopkeeper while costumed in the livery of an Italian diplomat." The interpolation of the deputy created a profouod seosatioo, aod the Minister of Foreign Affairs has takeo the subject in hand for official inquiry. Tbe iocident has stirred the Italiao colooy io Washington to the depths. "I am ioformed," said a distinguisbed Italian resideot, "that the secretary of the Italian legatioo, at preseot in charge of its affairs, was told by his hostess on this social occasion whom to snub and whom to favor, and when two of his Americao frieods called him to accouot for exhibiting such partiality, he meekly respooded that he had dooe notbing except what Miss Leiter told him to do, which drew from his frieods the irooical query: 'Are you, then, Miss Leiter's lackey?' The Italian Goveromeot appropriates anoually eleven thousand dollars for the salary of the minister, or *chargé*, at Washington, and five thousaod dollars addituoal for the expenses of the legation. And what is the legation? A furoisbed room in the attic of a boardinghouse the grouod floor of which is occupied by the Minister from Turkey, while on the gate of the yard of the 'legation' is written: 'Furoisbed Rooms, with Table Board.'"

"I wish some one would tell me wbat is the really correct way of directiog an envelope to a man in this country," a youog Eoglisbwoman who bas married an American is quoted as sayiog in the New York *Tribune*. "There seems to be such a curious custom over here of makiog a distioction betweeo business commuoicatioos aod letters which are sent to my bushaod's office, and tbe invitatioos and persooal notes which are sent to the house. In Eoglaod, of course, we put 'Esq' always on a geotleman's envelope, and 'Mr.' ooly on that of a tradesmao; but here it appears to be *vice versa*, if aoythiog. But it is all mixed up appareotly, with oo rule whatever, unless it be the distinction between office and residence of which I have already spoken. Wheo my brother was stoppiog with me this wioter, all his invitations came directed Mr. John S——, aod from really smart people, too, who in most things adopt Eoglish staodards but it seemed very odd to us." "The reason probably," said tbe geotleman to wbom she was speakiog, one of the old time New Yorkers, "is that we used to follow French fashioos instead of English in the old days—especially in all matters appertaining to society. When I was a youog fellow, the French were our models in all matters of etiquette, heoce probably the Mr. or Moosieur iostead of the brusque 'Esq.' of the English on our notes."

In Paris, a woman may not wear red stockiogs, for the Paris board of healtb bas promulgated an edict against them. Black hose is, of course, fashionable, but very many Parisian ladies, especially those of artistic temperament aod vocatioo, cliog pertioaciously to the gayer color. Certain medical meo have discovered that some of their fair patients who bave worn red stockiogs have suffered from irritation aod ioflammatioo of the skio. This was told the board of health, chemical aoalysis was made, aod it was suspected that oxide of antimooy, or other dangerous stuff, was used in coloriog the red hose. So the erudite aod experieoced members of the board issued their edict against red hose, aod they will be withdrawn from circulatioo.

When the history of the present time comes to be written (says the New York *Times*), the introduction of the Freoch-flat system will be fouod to have worked a coosiderable revolution in its maooer aod beloogings. A man said, the other day, he believed art had been iofluenced by flats, there was sucb a demaod for small canvases. That, however, may be doubted, as the "flat" geotry do oot, as a rule, affect canvases, large or small, certaioly oot to ao extent that would iofluence their production. But furniture has received a distinct impressioo from the needs of the dwellers in apartmeots. The present ioflux of bamboo is directly traceable to them. Something light, graceful, easily moved, is their cry, which fiods a practical answer in bamboo, io which one may now have almost aoything. There are most graceful cabioets, with shelves and a glass above aod cupboards aod shelves below; hallstaods for bats and cloaks; side-boards, oewspaperstands, tea-tables with flaps at the sides, writingtables, over-maotels with mirrors in the ceotre, and, of course, plenty of small book-shelves. With a touch of color, which the neutral tint needs, effective aod very satisfactory flat-furnishings may be evolved from the reed.

A writer in the *Gentlewoman* says: "Footmen are being discarded in many houses, the reign of the parlor-maid becomiog supreme. The change, io most respects, is one to be commended, although the appearaoce of a maid wheo opening the frootdoor, bowever trim sbe may be, compares uofavorably with the smartoess of a well 'turned-out' footmao, io all the pride of a speckless livery. One day, calling for the first time oo some acquaiotaoces io Eaton Place, my breath was taken away wheo the door flew open, and three parlor-maids, standiog at iotervals, attired io the most uofamiliar of costumes, dawned upon my view. You see, toy frieod had wished to make a compromise, and had bestowed a livery upon her womeo-servants. Their brown plush tail-coats and snowy shirt-froots aod ties might have pleased the most fastidious; but there was a self-coosciousness about these handmaidens which, to me at least, proved a source of serious irritation."

The Russiao cult seems to be, if anythiog, on the iocrease io Paris. Everything which is pretty, elegant, original, modero, æsthetic, witty, or correct is termed "Kremlio" or "caviar," iostead of, as of yore, beiog described by the terms *chic*, *pschutt*, *v'lan*, or *fin de-siècle* Evidently Paris momeotarily adores Russia and everythiog Russian, hardly exceptiog the knout. Russian violets, Russian lace, Russian dishes, Russian horses, Russian servants, Russiao jewelry, dresses, perfumes, colors—all must be Russian to be appreciated by true Parisians. The superb present which some French notables are about to offer to the Czar will certainly be one of the most splendid things of its kiod which bas ever been made. It is io the haods of a Paris jeweler, and will be ready io a couple of weeks. It coosists of a massive silver plaque, two yards wide aod ooe and a half yards long, upon wbich the genealogical tree of the house of Romanoff is raised in greeo, aod red, and gold, aod eoamels. The Russiao eagle, as well as the numerous escutcheoos of tbe different members of the imperial family, is enriched witb precious stooes, and the imperial crown, which surmouots the whole, is a glittering mass of gems. The emperor has already signified his gracious acceptance of the gift through the Russian Embassador, Baroo de Mohrenheim.

A surgical instrumeot of receot ioveotion is a wire loop, which is heated red-hot by electricity and used for cuttiog off tonsils and like excisions. This has suggested an iostrument for curling bangs whicb will do away with the necessity for gas-jets and alcohol-lamps. The electrical apparatus will be attached in a similar maooer to the curliog tongs. The hair can be wound rouod the tongs while they are yet cold, and the cooonection then established, which will beat the iron to the requisite degree as registered by the electro-meter. The superiority of this metbod over the old is apparent. There will be absolutely no daoger of burniog the hair, the forehead, or the fiogers, aod the curliog will be much more speedily accomplished. These daily practical uses of electricity have given ao impetus to the subject.

The ladies of the Court of Louis the Sixteenth wore slippers witb heels six ioches high. They were, of course, uoable to walk upon these stilt-like heels; and, when compelled to stand for aoy leogth of time, were obliged to support themselves by restiog ooe jeweled haod on the back of a tall chair, such as all are familiar with io the drawing-room pictures of the days of the Louises. The Empress Josephioe had a very long and sleoder foot. To shorten the leogth of her foot she had recourse to very high heels, whicb were sloped toward the ball of the foot. This appareotly dimioished the leogth, so that the empress came to have the reputation of heiog the owner of a remarkably small foot, although sbe wore a shoe that would oow be marked with a large No. 6.

Divorces, or rather aooulmeots of marriage, are extremely frequent amoog the aristocracy of Austriao aod Russiao Poland. True, divorces are regarded with disfavor by the Catholic Church; but the latter is very ready to dissolve the bonds of matrimooy if there is aoy indicatioo that the bride has been forced to marry agaiost her will. It was on this ground that the Pope aonulled the marriage of the reigoing Prioce of Monaco aod of his first wife, Lady Mary Hamilton, now Couotess Festetics. With a view of placing their daughters io a position to take advantage of this disposition on the part of the church, many a Polish mother of the aristocracy makes a practice of publicly slappiog her daughter's face on her wedding day, in order that the latter may be able to say, later oo, if she so wishes, that she has been forced by ill treatment ioto the marriage from which she desires to be released.

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SOCIETY.

The Weller-Murrisson Wedding.

The grounds surrounding the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Pixley were bright with a myriad of lanterns last Tuesday evening. They hung from the boughs of oak and eucalypti, and swung with the breeze beneath tall rose-bushes laden with bloom, acting as beacon-lights to direct the wedding guests to the residence. Within all was bright and cheerful, and everything was in readiness for the celebration of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs Pixley's ward, Miss Fanny Morrisson, and Mr. Herbert Bird Weller, formerly of Brighton, England, but for the past two years a resident of this city. The young couple are well and favorably known here, and have the best wishes of a host of friends for their future success in life.

The residence has been greatly enlarged recently by the addition of another story, and has also been newly frescoed, papered, and painted throughout, making it much more commodious, without detracting from a certain charm it always possessed. Beautiful as it is, it was made even more so by the further decoration supplied by Miss Mary Bates, whose artistic taste found ample scope in which to display its possibilities. Mantels and mirrors were framed with wax-like clematis in delicate white and pink tones, shaded by the spreading leaves of the umbrella plant; snowballs in clusters and garlands were also displayed on marble mantels and were reflected in the silvery depths of mirrors, and again adorned valuable vases and cabinets; white and pink roses were wound around the Corinthian pillars in the music-room and formed an arch as they extended from one pillar to the other; palms and ferns, wild flowers, and orchids were also used here and there in the rooms in completing the artistic ensemble. The gem of this floral garniture, however, was the bridal canopy in the parlor. Over a *prie-dieu* of white satin was a canopy of white, embroidered crêpe, heavily fringed and supported by poles of whitened bamboo. Running riot over this were hundreds of Baltimore Belle roses, beautifully shaded from delicate pink to white, being caught in clusters on heavy, white silk cords. It was a poem in decorative art, and won many encomiums.

About one hundred and fifty guests were assembled in the rooms at nine o'clock, when the orchestra played the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin" and the bridal party made its appearance. Leading the way were the ushers, Dr. Edward Maldonado and Mr. William Kelly, followed by the best man, Mr. Harold Wrightson. Then came the groom, escorting Mrs. Pixley, and the maid of honor, Miss Edith Nelson, alone; then the bridesmaids, Miss Nelson and Miss Maud Younger; and last of all the bride and Mr. Pixley. A description of the dresses worn by the ladies in the bridal party is as follows:

The bride wore a handsome gown of white, brocaded, antique silk, made with a Princesse train. The corsage was cut à la Vierge and trimmed with rare point lace, and the long sleeves ended with a fall of point lace that covered the ungloved hands. The long veil of white tulle was held in place by pearl pins, and her ornaments were diamonds. She carried a bouquet of orange-blossoms and white columbine.

The dresses worn by the maid of honor and the bridesmaids were all alike, being of white China silk, made severely plain. Miss Edith Nelson carried forget-me-nots, Miss Nelson carried daisies, and Miss Younger carried buttercups.

Mrs. Pixley appeared in a costume of pearl-colored crêpe de Chine, en train, trimmed with flounces of Brussels point lace. Her ornaments were diamonds and emeralds.

Rev. W. W. Bolton, rector of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, read the marriage service impressively and at its conclusion the happy pair received the cordial congratulations of all present. The presents were inspected next, and the display formed a fitting and valuable testimonial of the esteem in which the young couple are held by their many friends. Gradually the guests sought the new ball-room on the lower floor, after inspecting Mr. Pixley's "den" and the billiard-room, and were lured to the dance by the melodious strains of music. At half-past eleven o'clock a sumptuous supper was served at small tables set in the ball-room, and almost an hour was passed in its enjoyment. Then the bride, after following the time-honored custom of throwing away her bouquet, left the scene of gayety with her husband. But the festivities were continued by the guests until a late hour. Mr. and Mrs. Weller left the city on Wednesday to make a southern tour, and when they return will make this city their home.

The Stokes-Bermingham Wedding.

A pretty wedding took place at the residence of Captain John Bermingham, 611 Chestnut Street, last Monday evening, when his daughter, Miss Charlotte Elizabeth Bermingham, was united in marriage to Dr. Charles Francis Stokes, U. S. N., assistant surgeon at the Mare Island naval hospital. Invitations to the wedding were limited to relatives and intimate friends, about fifty of whom were present. The residence had been artistically decorated by Miss Jennie Hobbs and Miss Lottie Ebbitts, and appeared very attractive. The front bay-window was adorned with mountain brakes and draped with white and yellow silk, forming an ideal bridal bower, from the centre of which hung three floral bells, tip-tilted, as if ringing out the nuptial chimes. Tall lamps and an array of potted palms produced pretty effects, and a wealth of brilliant escholtzias gave color to the scene. The back parlor was ornamented with pink draperies and clusters of wisteria and lilacs, and a floral bow and arrow hung at the folding-doors. Portières of smilax screened the entrances and also veiled the mantel-mirror. Pink was the color used in the hallway, and it was softened by sprays of pepper-tree foliage. Oranges on the branch and a profusion of blossoms and foliage, combined with yellow draperies, made the dining-room a charming abiding-place.

At half-past eight o'clock the string orchestra played Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," and the groom entered the parlor, attired in the full-dress uniform of the navy, escorting his sister, Mrs. Turner. Soon afterward Mrs. Turner's two little boys, Masters Jack and Stokes Turner, wearing white-duck sailor-suits, entered from the back parlor, preceding the bride, who was escorted by her father. Miss Hobbs and Miss Ebbitts held the ends of the silk ribbons that formed the avenue through which they marched. The bride's dress and that of Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Frank P. Pray, sister of the bride, are described as follows:

The bride was attired in a robe of white faille Française, made with a long court train. The corsage was cut décolleté and garnished with white chiffon and Lady Banksia roses. Across the bodice was a bertha of point Duchesse lace. Sleeves extended to the wrists, ending in a fall of the same lace that almost concealed the gloves of white undressed kid. The veil of white tulle was caught in the coiffure and at the shoulder with white ostrich-tips, and rippled gracefully to the end of the train. Encircling her throat was a necklace having as a pendant a clover leaf of diamonds. She carried a bouquet of Bride roses.

Mrs. Turner wore a toilet of brocaded white-and-yellow striped silk, trimmed with chiffon. It was cut décolleté and made with a court train. Her ornaments were diamonds.

Mrs. Frank P. Pray wore an elegant Empire costume of changeable electric-blue silk, combined with flowered organdie and trimmed with Chantilly lace. Her ornaments were pearls.

The ceremony was impressively performed by Rev. Dr. Lathrop, and at its conclusion congratulations were showered on the newly wedded couple. Later in the evening supper was served. On Tuesday, Dr. and Mrs. Stokes left for a brief southern trip, after which they will reside at Mare Island until July, when they will go East. The presents sent to the happy couple were very handsome and valuable.

The McCarthy-Wagner Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Lillian Lucille Wagner, daughter of Mr Joseph Wagner, and Mr. Elmanson Avery McCarthy, son of Mr. James P. McCarthy, took place last Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's father, 1004 Jones Street, being witnessed by about eighty invited guests. The residence was artistically decorated by Miss Bates. The bridal bower was formed of white lacquered bamboo, and snow-balls that were in garlands, and Colonial bow knots tied with wide ribbons of pale-green silk.

At half-past eight o'clock the wedding march was played, and the bridal-party appeared, preceded by two little boys. The bride's sister, Miss Helen Wagner, was the maid of honor, and bridesmaids were Miss Georgie Nightingale, Miss Susie Le Count, Miss McCarthy, and Miss Helen Gibbs. Mr. James J. Archibald assisted the groom as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Charles K. McIntosh and Mr. Charles L. Davis. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Prendergast. The toilets of the young ladies are described as follows:

The bride was attired in an elegant robe of white satin that fitted her graceful figure to perfection. The front of the skirt and bodice was delicately embroidered in orange-blossoms and leaves. The blossoms were of kid, couched on, and the leaves were of satin of the palest shade of green. It was an exceedingly fine specimen of embroidery. The corsage was cut V-shaped, and the sleeves were long, ending with a fall of white tulle. The veil was of white tulle, and extended to the end of the very long court train. No gloves were worn, and she carried a bouquet of orange-blossoms. Her ornaments were a pair of solitaires, a gift from her father, and a corsage brooch of diamonds from the groom's mother.

The maid of honor wore a becoming gown of Nile green brocaded silk, with a round bodice. She carried a bouquet of snowballs.

The bridesmaids were attired alike in toilets of pale-pink silk, with a complete overdress of pink tulle, cut décolleté with short sleeves. They carried pink roses.

After the ceremony, an elaborate supper was served. The presents included real estate, certificates of stock, jewels, and gold and silver ware. Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy left on the following day to make a southern tour, and will pass the summer in Sausalito.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page will pass the summer at their cottage in Belvedere.

Mrs. John D. Yost and Miss Jennie Sanderson will leave for Paris this evening.

Mr. Charles K. MacIntosh has taken a cottage in Sausalito for the summer.

Mr. W. S. Hobart and the Misses Alice and Ella Hobart are paying a visit to the southern part of the State.

Mrs. James Phelan and Miss Phelan are expected to arrive here from Honolulu on May 4th.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Newton have been enjoying a visit to Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith at Sunshine Villa in Santa Cruz.

Mr. Irving M. Scott is in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Lincoln will pass the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins will leave for Europe next month, and will make a tour of the world before returning.

Miss Stephanie Whitney has returned to her home in Oakland, after passing the winter with Mrs. Stephen J. Field in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. James C. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood will leave soon to pass the summer in Europe.

Miss Agnes Tobin, who has been in Algiers during the past year, will return to this city in a couple of months.

Mrs. W. P. Harrington and Miss Mamie Harrington are enjoying a visit at the Hotel del Coronado.

Consul F. A. Bee, Mrs. S. L. Bee, Mr. Frank Bee, Miss Mary Taylor, Miss Della Mills, and Miss Mamie Riordan comprise a party that left here last Sunday to attend the flower festival in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Staples are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Schroeder at their villa near Redwood City.

Mr. W. H. Wright, of San José, is visiting friends in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Wise are occupying their residence in San Rafael.

Mr. J. T. Haviland and family have taken a cottage at Byron Springs for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Willey and Mr. Frank D. Willey are occupying their cottage in Sausalito.

Mrs. W. E. Dargie left Oakland last Tuesday to pass several weeks at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Will E. Fisher will pass the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Badlam and Miss Maude Badlam will pass the summer season at "Arcadia," their beautiful country villa in the mountains back of Calistoga.

Mrs. Charles Nelson and Miss Georgia Emerson will depart next Monday on their European trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Bancroft are occupying their new residence, 2425 Green Street, on Pacific Heights.

Mr. Louis Hammersmith is paying a visit to Byron Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall will be at the Hotel Rafael during the summer.

Mr. Ellis Wooster will pass the summer at Blythedale.

Mrs. H. Albert Mau and the Misses Alice and Julia Mau will pass the season at Larkspur Inn.

Mrs. William H. Wallace and Miss Cora Wallace will pass the season at their ranch in Kern County.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Mullins and Miss Alice Mullins will pass the month of June at Howell Mountain.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Martel and the Misses Adèle and Ethel Martel will pass much of the summer at their villa near Mountain View.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett have returned from a prolonged Eastern trip. They will pass the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson have been passing several days here during the past week.

Mr. James Brett Stokes has been attending the flower fête in Santa Barbara, and is now making a tour of the resorts of Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Marks and Mrs. William H. Smith have been at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York city, during the past week.

Misses Maud and Blanche Smith left New York a week ago on the steamer *Servia* for Liverpool.

Mrs. S. W. Dennis and Miss Dennis left for the southern part of the State last week, to be absent a month or more.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs have been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Goldina Gump has returned from the East after a six months' visit to her sister, Mrs. W. H. Bronner. She will receive her friends every Tuesday and on Sundays, May 1st and 8th.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Chadbourne are in Washington, D. C.

Mr. J. C. Reis and Miss Reis are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Major Tully McCrea, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is absent on duty at the Department of the Columbia as acting engineer officer.

Captain Louis Brechemin, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is absent from the Presidio on temporary duty at Vancouver Barracks, Wash.

Captain James S. Pettit, First Infantry, U. S. A., will be relieved from duty at West Point on August 13th.

Lieutenant Warren P. Newcomb, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., who is on duty at West Point, will be relieved on August 13th.

Lieutenant-Commander Charles H. Stockton, U. S. N., will be examined for promotion on April 12th.

Lieutenant G. W. Denfeld, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Thetis*, and ordered to electric light duty at the Union Iron Works.

Captain G. C. Remey, U. S. N., is in Washington, D. C.

Dr. William Martin, U. S. N., departed for Honolulu last Tuesday on the *Thetis*.

Lieutenant George Le Roy Irwin, Third Artillery, U. S. A., who is to be married in Brooklyn, N. Y., to-day, has been granted one month's leave of absence.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Mr. S. G. Fleishman, who has just returned from nine years' study of music in Germany, including work with Moszkowski on the piano and with Urban on composition, will give his first concert since his return to San Francisco at the Metropolitan Temple next Wednesday evening, under the management of Marcus M. Henry, and will follow it with a second on Saturday afternoon, April 30th. They will both be piano recitals, and two very interesting programmes of modern and classical numbers have been prepared, each of which will include one of Mr. Fleishman's own compositions that has never been given before in San Francisco.

M. Ovide Musin, the well-known violinist, will give two concerts at the Baldwin Theatre during his stay here on Sunday evenings, April 24th and May 1st. The programmes will be changed entirely each evening, and in their presentation the celebrated virtuoso will have the able assistance of Annie Louise Tanner-Musin, Inez Parmater, Emil Senger, Eduard Scharf, and an orchestra of thirty-five musicians under the direction of August Hinrichs. M. Musin will make a tour of Australia after leaving here.

The programme for the second Wednesday Evening Concert, which takes place at Steinway Hall next Wednesday evening, comprises the Beethoven String Quartet in B flat major, op. 18, No. 6, by the Hermann Brandt Quartet; the Schuman trio, in G minor, op. 63, No. 3 (for piano, violin, and 'cello), by Miss Alice Bacon, and Messrs. Hermann Brandt, and Louis Heine. Miss Anna Miller Wood will sing "In Questa Tomba," by Beethoven, and some other songs.

The Beethoven Choral Society will give an orchestral and vocal concert next Thursday evening, including Sir Sterndale Bennett's pastoral, "The May Queen."

The second extra Musical Sunday Afternoon will be held in Steinway Hall on May 8th.

— It is like being suddenly transported into the Orient to step from the busy throngs that surge around The Maze, at the corner of Market and Taylor Streets, into the calm retreat that this great establishment calls the "drapery parlor." It is a spacious apartment in the basement, and its ceiling, artistically frescoed in Moorish style, and the stacks of Oriental rugs and carpets that lay piled up around the sides of the room and strewn over chairs and tables, give it a foreign air that is very pleasant. Many of the leading ladies in the city seem to like its charm, for there are always several of them in there of an afternoon, examining the beautiful fabrics of the famous Persian, Daghestan, and Turkish looms.

— An excursion will go to Sunnyside, near San Anselmo Station in Ross Valley and only three miles from San Rafael, next Saturday morning at eleven, and at half-past twelve Easton, Eldridge & Co. will sell at auction one hundred choice villa residence lots of various sizes. Further information is given in the advertisement in another column.

Major H. C. Dane will deliver the following three lectures in this city in aid of the kindergarten of the First Congregational Church: "Australia," Tuesday evening, April 26th; "Tramping among the Ruins of the Seven Churches of Asia," May 3d; and "New Zealand," May 10th.

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There is nothing so satisfying for the noon-day meal as richly flavored chocolate. Ghirardelli's "Vanilla" is made here and is richer, purer, and fresher than any other.

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Substitute for the conventional and tiresome after-dinner coffee a small cup of delicious "Vanilla" chocolate. It is more pleasing and is the fashion.

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SOCIETY.

The Murphy-Pope Wedding.

The first wedding of Easter week was that of Miss May E. Pope and Mr. Daniel T. Murphy, which took place at high noon last Monday at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. A. J. Pope, 1601 Van Ness Avenue. The young couple are well known in society circles, and are deservedly popular with a host of friends. The entire first floor had been beautifully decorated by Miss Mary Bates in honor of the occasion. The broad hallway presented a tropical effect, with its arrangement of palms and ferns in combination with climbing Cherokee roses, fruit blossoms, and other fair bloom. The main salon was fairly embowered with Beauty of Glazenwood roses, and the bridal canopy was a most effective conception: poles of tinted bamboo formed the support, and they were laden with roses and hung with silk ribbons of pink, green, and white, mingled among which were garlands of pure white snow-balls. The parlor was ornate with clusters of fragrant roses of every hue, and there also were displayed the floral tributes that had been sent to the bride. Wild flowers from dales and meadows gave their bright beauty to the dining-room, where escholtzias, Paris daisies, buttercups, brodia, and other blossoms were seen in combination with sprays of wild oats and thimble-berry foliage. Orange blossoms and deutzia ornamented the bride's table in pretty array, and Paris daisies were the feature of the decoration in the billiard-room.

The ceremony was witnessed only by relatives and a few very intimate friends. As the wedding-march was played, the bridal party entered the salon and took positions beneath the bower, where Archbishop Riordan performed the ceremony most impressively. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her brother, Mr. George A. Pope, and was attended by Miss Edith Taylor and Miss Evelyn Carolan. Mr. Robert R. Grayson acted as best man. The dresses of the ladies in the bridal party are described as follows:

The bride wore an elegant toilet of white faille Française, simply designed yet extremely becoming. The corsage was high and the sleeves long, while the trimming was of Valenciennes lace. The veil of white silk moleine depended gracefully from her coiffure to the end of the long court train. Her hand-bouquet was of rare white orchids.

The bridesmaids wore gowns of pink embroidered crêpe de Chine, cut round at the corsage and puffed high at the shoulders. They carried Beauty of Glazenwood roses.

Mrs. A. J. Pope was attired in a robe of black gros grain, en traio, trimmed with old Venetian lace. Her ornaments were diamonds.

Mrs. F. A. Frank, sister of the bride, wore a rich toilet of pink satin, brocaded in clusters of daisies. Daisies were worn at her corsage, in her coiffure, and around the base of her skirt.

Immediately after the ceremony a delicious breakfast was served, and soon after that the reception commenced. There were about four hundred invitations issued, and almost all who had been invited were present to extend their congratulations and felicitations to the happy young couple. The string orchestra played concerts selections throughout the afternoon, and refreshments were liberally provided. The wedding gifts were displayed upstairs, and the array was one of exceeding beauty and great value.

Mr. and Mrs. Murphy left late in the afternoon for Mrs. Pope's country residence, near St. Helena, where they will remain until Sunday. They will be present next Tuesday at the wedding of Miss Taylor and Mr. Pope, and after the wedding trip of the latter couple, the four will leave for New York, and on June 1st, will sail for Europe. They will return in November.

The Wood-Ames Wedding.

Grace Church contained a large and fashionable assemblage last Tuesday evening on the occasion of the wedding of Miss Gertrude Ames and Mr. Robert William Wood. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pelham W. Ames, of this city, and the groom is a resident of Boston, where he has devoted himself to scientific studies. The church wore its Easter decoration of lilies, to which had been added many other fair flowers in pretty combinations.

Eight o'clock was the hour set for the wedding, and a few minutes later the organist played the "Tannhauser March." Then the maid of honor, Miss Alice Ames, and the bridesmaids, Miss May Hoffman, Miss Minnie Emmett, Miss Helen Otis, and Miss Mary Graham, were seen entering the nave from the rector's study and marched up the western aisle to the main entrance, where they met the remainder of the party. The music merged into the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin," and the cortege moved slowly down the central aisle. The four ushers, Mr. William Little, Mr. William M. Randol, Mr. Leonard E. Chenery, and Mr. Southard Hoffman, came first, followed by the bridesmaids, the maid of honor, and the bride with her father. They were met in the chancel by the groom and his best man, Mr. Worthington Ames. The young ladies wore handsome gowns, a description of them being as follows:

The bride's robe was of heavy white satin, made with a court train and trimmed with orange-blossoms. The square corsage was filled in with point d'Alençon lace, and the sleeves extended to the elbows, where they were met by gloves of white undressed kid. Her veil of white tulle was caught in her coiffure by a spray of *fleurs d'oranger*, and her hand-bouquet was of lilies of the valley and orange-blossoms.

Miss Alice Ames wore a toilet of white silk, relieved by wide stripes of white satin. The corsage was round and was bordered with a fall of white chiffon, and the elbow-sleeves were finished with the same light material. She carried Niphetos roses.

Miss Emmett and Miss Hoffman were attired alike in attractive gowns of white silk, with wide stripes of pale-green satin, and demi-trains. The corsage was cut square, and the sleeves extended to the elbows. White undressed-kid gloves were worn and Niphetos roses were carried.

Miss Graham and Miss Otis wore stylish gowns designed exactly like the foregoing, except that the white silk was relieved by pink-satin stripes.

A love song from "Faust" was played softly as the marriage service was read. Rev. R. C. Foute officiated, assisted by Rev. Mr. Miel. Then the melodious notes of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" were heard, and the bridal party left the church. Afterward a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, 1310 Taylor Street, which was attended by a limited number of relatives and intimate friends. Mrs. Pelham W. Ames, who wore a rich robe of black velvet, en train, with trimmings of point lace and diamond ornaments, received the guests most cordially, and in turn they extended their congratulations to the happy couple. Every room was handsomely decorated with flowers in profusion, the bridal bower being particularly attractive. It was constructed of bamboo and adorned with red and white bloom and ferns, while in the centre hung a wedding-bell of white marguerites. The beautiful presents were displayed in the library. Conversation and music made the hours pass very agreeably, and a delicious supper was enjoyed. Mr. and Mrs. Wood left on Wednesday to make a tour of the southern counties, and in May they will go to Alaska. After that they will proceed East and eventually go to Europe.

The Boyd-Kittle Wedding.

St. John's Presbyterian Church, on California Street, was thronged with prominent society people last Wednesday evening, when the wedding of Mr. George Davis Boyd, son of Mr. and Mrs Alexander Boyd, and Miss Margaret de Witt Kittle, youngest daughter of Mrs. N. G. Kittle, took place. The columns in the nave were graced with rose-bushes, from base to chaptrel, and the white blossoms of La Marque and Lady Banksia that were mingled among the foliage seemed like flakes of snow. The chancel was massed with potted palms, ferns, and bamboo, producing a tropical effect, while immense date-palm sprays arose from the base of the side columns to the arches above. The entire frontage of the organ-loft was garlanded and interlaced with glossy smilax, studded with La Marque roses.

The ushers were kept exceedingly busy seating the guests. Among the last arrivals were Mrs. N. G. Kittle and her son, Mr. John G. Kittle, Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Basil Heathcote, and Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Boyd, and Miss McGregor, who occupied front pews. Promptly at half-past eight o'clock the organist played the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin," and the bridal party made its appearance. First were the six ushers, Mr. Duncan Hayne, Mr. L. S. Vassault, Mr. N. G. Kittle, Mr. J. H. Deering, Jr., Mr. Sidney Ashe, and Mr. James C. McKee. Next were the bridesmaids, Miss May Hoffman, Miss Mary Eyre, Miss Ethel Smith, and Miss Alice Simpkins. The bride's cousin, Miss Lucia Kittle, came next, as maid of honor, and she was followed by the bride, who was escorted by her brother, Mr. W. S. Kittle. They were met in the chancel by the groom and his best man, Mr. Henry St. Clair Boyd. The dresses of the ladies are described as follows:

The bride's robe of lustrous white satin was particularly elegant. A special feature of it was the mantean de la cour of Muscovite silk that was draped from the shoulders over the Princesse train of satin, and was fully three yards long. The corsage was décollété, and the long sleeves were bouffant, ending with a fall of point lace. Her hands were ungloved, and she carried lilies of the valley. The bridal veil was of old point appliqué lace, an heirloom in the Kittle family—it has been worn by both the bride's sisters, Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Heathcote, when they were married. The veil was confined to the coiffure by a coronet of orange-blossoms, and beneath it was a small veil of white moleine that covered her face. The bodice was trimmed with point appliqué and orange-blossoms. She wore no jewels.

The maid of honor was attired in pure white chiffon, gracefully draped and finished with a demi-train. The corsage was décolleté, and the sleeves were long and puffed. She wore gloves of white undressed kid, and carried a cluster of Bride roses.

The bridesmaids were all dressed alike in First Empire costumes designed from historic pictures of that period. The gowns were of white moiré antique, en train, having a sash around the waist that terminated in a large bow-knot between the shoulders, the ends falling to the train. They wore wreaths of marguerites in their hair and short veils of white silk moleine extending to the shoulders. They carried large bouquets of marguerites, and their souvenirs were circlets of enameled marguerites set with diamonds.

Rev. Henry C. Minton, pastor of the church, performed the ceremony with impressiveness, and at its conclusion the "Swedish Wedding March" was played as the party left the scene of the wedding. They were driven at once to Mrs. Kittle's residence, corner of Steiner Street and Pacific Avenue, where the reception was held. About one hundred and eighty invitations had been issued, and the guests followed soon after the bridal party. They were received by Mrs. Kittle, assisted by Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Heathcote, whose dresses may be described as follows:

Mrs. N. G. Kittle wore an imported robe of purple velours de Lyon, with a tablier front of lavender-colored brocaded satin. The dress was made with a long train and was trimmed with very rare old Chantilly lace. Her ornaments were diamonds.

Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor appeared in a Parisian gown of pink and blue velvet, with a long train and elaborate trimmings of broderie Romienne. She carried Duchesse de Brabant roses, and wore diamonds as her ornaments.

Mrs. Basil Heathcote also wore a Parisian gown, en train, the material being green and white brocade striped alternately. Diamonds were her ornaments, and her hand-bouquet was of maidenhair ferns.

The decoration of the house was very pretty. Red, white, pink, and yellow roses were clustered in the oak-finished hall, adorning the great elk-horns in the corner, the central chandelier, and the newel-post at the foot of the stairs. The reception-room, with its walls of pale blue and moldings of pure white, was like a jewel-casket in its dainty finish, the gems being roses of palest tints and orange-blossoms rich with fragrance. They were seen in masses on the mantel and shelves and in garlands traced over the walls and resting on pictures, mingled at intervals with clusters of boules de neige and the feathery foliage of asparagus tenuissimus. The book-cases of cherry in the library and the mantel were embellished with hundreds of roses, shaded from pink to yellow. Beautiful white Cherokee roses, Sunset, Catherine Mermet, Perle du Jardin, and other roses similar in color, were used extensively in the decoration of the dining-room, and the bride's table in the alcove was ornate with her favorite marguerites.

For more than an hour the newly wedded couple received the congratulations of a continuous stream of well-wishing friends. A string orchestra discoursed concert selections throughout the evening, and the brilliant toilets of the ladies amid the beautiful decorations of the rooms made the scene one long to be remembered. The supper was most elaborate, and at its conclusion the departure of the bride and groom was accentuated by showers of rice and a host of good wishes. The friends of the young couple had been extremely generous in their remembrances, and the array of gifts was exceptionally elegant. Mr. and Mrs. Boyd left on Thursday for a southern trip, and when they return will go to San Rafael to reside during the summer.

The Bagley-Hamilton Wedding.

A quiet wedding took place in St. Ignatius Church last Tuesday evening, the contracting parties being Miss Catherine Hamilton, daughter of the late Mr. Charles Hamilton, and Mr. Albert Bagley, son of Mrs A. D. Bagley. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Varsi, S. J., at half-past eight o'clock, and afterward an informal reception was held at the Palace Hotel in the apartments of the bride's stepfather, Mr. S. F. Gashwiler. An elaborate supper was served, and the wedding was most happily celebrated.

Notes and Gossip

Hon. and Mrs. E. B. Pond gave a very enjoyable reception recently at their residence on California Street in honor of Miss Camille D'Arville, of the Bostonians. The rooms were beautifully decorated with flowers, and about fifty guests were present. Music was the chief pleasure of the evening, a number of selections being given by Miss D'Arville, Mrs. O. P. Evans, Mrs. M. C. Hassett, Miss Agnes Burgin, Miss Shepard, Mr. Tom Karl, and Mr. H. M. A. Miller. A delicious supper was served at midnight.

Mrs. O. O. Burgess gave a reception and high tea last Tuesday afternoon at her residence on Geary Street to the lady friends of the members of the State Medical Society. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. George J. Bucknall, Mrs. Cluness, Mrs. Gibbons, Mrs. Huntington, and Mrs. Woods. The house was handsomely decorated and the affair was made very enjoyable.

An entertainment entitled the Festival of Days will be given in Irving Hall next Thursday and Friday evenings in aid of the St. Paul's Episcopal Church building fund.

Mrs. William J. Younger gave a delightful *déjeûner* at her residence, 1414 California Street, on Saturday, April 16th, in honor of the young ladies who comprise the Saturday Morning Orchestra. A number of musical selections were given by the orchestra and by Mrs. Bermingham, Miss Ada E. Weigel, Mrs. Jessie Bartlett Davis, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, and Mr. Louis Heine.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert McLean gave a delightful reception last Wednesday evening, at their residence on Pacific Avenue, in honor of the members of the California Medical Society. The grounds were illuminated with Japanese lanterns and the residence was beautifully decorated. The hostess was assisted in receiving by Miss McLean, Mrs. C. R. Winslow, Mrs. Crux, and Mrs. Porteous.

A delightful entertainment was given at the residence of Mrs. Eugene N. Deuprey last Thursday evening, for the benefit of the Buford Kitchen Garden. The particular feature of the evening was the illustration of Keats's poem, "The Eve of St Agnes," by a series of beautiful tableaux.

— MLLE. DELAHAYE, OF THE PARISIAN INSTITUTE, is going to Europe and will take several ladies, desirous of traveling abroad, under her chaperonage. For full particulars, address Mlle. Delahaye, 1825 California Street.

A Million Dozen of Champagne.

Describing the great champagne establishments at Reims, the *Illustrated London News* says that the most striking is that of Messrs. Pommery & Greno (now Veuve Pommery Fils et Cie.) situated in the outskirts of the city. Its lofty castellated tower is visible from afar. Since Pommery received such cordial recognition on the part of the British connoisseur several years ago, the demand increased immensely, and the buildings in consequence required to be extended almost yearly. The cellars are formed by 130 large shafts, which are ninety feet deep and sixty feet square at the bottom, connected by galleries so extensive that one may walk through those under-ground passages for seven miles without going twice over any part. They contain at present a million dozen—12,000,000 bottles—of wine, a stock being always kept equal to five years' average supply. These cellars are visited by about three thousand people in the course of the year, two men being regularly employed in showing them. The firm is now composed of the son and daughter of the deceased Mme. Pommery, Mr. Louis Pommery, and Mme. Countess de Polignac, and Mr. Henry Vasnier, the intellectual directeur, who are also, individually, large proprietors of vineyards, principally at Verzenay, Ay, and Bouzy, the finest wine-growing districts. Mr. Victor Lambert, the renowned wine expert, is cellar-master of this vast establishment.—*Exchange.*

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It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

QUINA-LAROCHE

LAROCHE'S FERRUGINOUS TONIC
CONTAINING
Peruvian Bark, Iron and Pure Catalan Wine,
GRAND NATIONAL PRIZE of 16,600 FRANCS.
Used with entire success in Hospitals of Paris for the cure of
ANEMIA, CHLOROSIS, WASTING DISEASES, RETARDED CONVALESCENCE, and POORNESS of the BLOOD.
Prevents INFLUENZA and La GRIPPE.

This invigorating tonic is powerful, but gentle, in its effect, is easily administered, assimilates thoroughly and quickly with the gastric juices, without deranging the action of the stomach.

Iron and Cinchona are the most powerful weapons employed in the art of curing; Iron is the principal of our blood, and forms its force and richness. Cinchona affords life to the organs and activity to their functions.

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E. FOUGERA & CO., Agents for U.S., 30 North William st., N. Y.

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H. S. BRIDGE & CO.
MERCHANT TAILORS,
Direct Importers of fine Woolens,
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Shirts to Order a Specialty.

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THE BEST PIANO IN THE WORLD FOR BEAUTY OF TONE & DURABILITY.

CABLER, PEASE, AND OTHER PIANOS, ORGANS
And all kinds of Musical Instruments and Music. Call and see our large stock.

MATTHIAS GRAY CO., 206-208 Post

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address.
T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

There have been very few proposals this leap year. Women do not hesitate to say that, with the growing extravagance of the men in mind, they do not feel justified in undertaking the support of a husband.

Mrs. Humphry Ward having been invited to make one of a symposium on the question, "What Kind of a Man Does a Woman Prefer?" has given it as her opinion that the woman's man should know how to box.

Mrs. C. K. Smith, of Holly Springs, Miss., gave birth to six boy-babies last week, whereupon Editor Smith, of the Sioux City *Tribune*, exultingly sings out that she is doing what she can to keep the family name from becoming extinct. It looks that way.

Miss Kate Field thus pays her compliments to Mr Borrowe:

"That there should live an American low enough to barter his own infamy and thereby betray the weakness of a woman whom he has pretended to love! So base an act becomes a crime for which there is no name. Such moral lepers should be shunned by every man and woman possessed of one atom of self-respect."

Mr. William Waldorf Astor is in treaty for the purchase of the magnificent gold service which was given by the First Napoleon to his beautiful sister, Princess Pauline Borghese. The service is of such value that but few persons could afford to purchase it, and the only competitor Mr. Astor is likely to find is the Emperor of Germany.

The Marquise de Fontenoy thus writes in the New York *Recorder*:

"Apropos of the Deacon affair, I hear from Paris and the South of France that there is every probability of an early reconciliation between husband and wife. Mrs Deacon has already found out that public feeling is against her, and she plainly sees that the only whitewash possible is the forgiveness of her husband. As she is a remarkably attractive woman she will probably find very little difficulty in obtaining it."

The daughters of deans of the Church of England appear to have a predilection for the stage. For to the Dean of Jersey, we are indebted for Mrs. Langtry; while now the daughter of no less a personage than the Dean of Westminster has organized a regular dramatic company, of which she is the star, and which devotes itself to producing and acting plays for the entertainment of the poor.

As a plea for the women who can talk only of their own affairs, one may quote Dr. Johnson's words:

"Madam," he said to a woman who was complaining that women could talk of nothing at all outside of their own four walls, "why blame the woman for the only sensible thing she could do—talking of her family and her affairs? For how should a woman, who is as empty as a drum, talk upon any other subject? If you speak to her of the sun, she does not know it rises in the east; if you speak to her of the moon, she does not know it changes at the full; if you speak to her of the queen, she does not know she is the king's wife. How, then, can you blame her for talking of her family and affairs?"

The following about the women of Montevideo is of interest:

On summer evenings all upper-class Montevideo may be seen in the Plaza out on dress parade, as it were, in their choicest jewels and finest toilets, mostly imported, showing all the latest quirks and freaks of fickle fashion. It is the "beauty show" of the section, patronized by all the ladies, old and young, and therefore, as a matter of course, diligently attended by all the men. The señoritas, guarded by their mothers and duennas, slowly promenade up and down the paths—or rather they toddle, with more or less grace, on their extremely high-heeled shoes the marketable females with dowcast eyes and coquettish mien, their chaperones marching with bold front, like soldiers, glaring severely at the double row of ogling men whose attention they have come out on purpose to attract, while the latter, unabashed, stare into the faces of the girls, with audible comments on their beauty and style, after the accepted fashion of Spanish-America.

A fierce light has been thrown upon the British sovereign during her present tour, which she is making incognito as the Countess of Balmoral. The fact has transpired that forty large boxes, filled with choice wines, were sent from Windsor to Hyeres. It was the custom-house which made this discovery. All the goods and chattels transported to Hyeres from England for her majesty's use were admitted duty free. But stock was taken of all that would have been taxed were she a private person. The quantity of baggage was great. She must not only have her own bed and bedding—for she holds in horror beds that other persons have slept in—but arm-chairs and carpets from Windsor.

An Englishwoman who is in an Oriental harem is thus written about:

"The Cherifa, or wife, of the Grand Cherif of Wazan, was formerly a Miss Emily Keene, a governess at Tangier, who took the fancy of his Cherifian Holiness some nineteen years ago, and was induced to marry him. The Cherif is titular chief priest and prophet of one of the chief Mohammedan sects, called the Mulai Taib, which dates from the ninth century. His income from church lands and tributes amounted on his accession to office to between $30,000 and $60,000 a year, an enormous sum in these countries. In any revolution it would be quite possible for him to become Sultan of Morocco. He has four or five palaces, but the holy man's many wives and concubines, his intemperate living, and his want of management seem to threaten something like ruin. Two of his sons keep up considerable state in Wazan; the Cherif himself travels from palace to palace—Tangier, Wazan, Temcen—followed by a few well-dressed secretaries, a horde of concubines, and a crowd of paupers. The English Cherifa married His Holiness of Wazan, on the understanding that he was to marry no more wives, and to abandon such wives and concubines as he already possessed. Should he marry again, he was to pay four thousand pounds down, and otherwise insure her proper protection. Two sons were born to her, taught to read and write, and to speak English, though, by agreement, they remained true sons of Islam. Three years ago the Cherif married a young girl of sacred caste like himself, tries for a divorce from his English wife, fails, shirks full payment of damages, but does something. Meanwhile she lives by herself with her boys, who remain on excellent terms with their father."

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Buzz-Saw.

One-Fingered Jake
Thus spake:
"Bill—he wuz raw—
He said 'twas a buzz-saw;
I said he lied,
'N' then I tried
T' p'int out t' him
Along its rim
Thar wan't no teeth in sight—
Zipp!
Flipp!
Bill wuz right."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Go Slow.

The nights grow shorter—
The old man's daughter
Will see her courter
Soon by the gate.
The sun's slow sinking—
It's time for thinking
Of new spring prinking
Ere it's too late.

We spend our dollars
For shirts called "lalas"
And bright-hued collars
That soon will fade.
We see our tailor,
And dream of squalor,
With cheeks grown paler,
At what he's made.

The sun's so sunny,
We think it's funny
To spend our money,
But how we'll foam!
When comes vacation,
We'll skip flirtation
And osculation,
And stay at home.
—*Tom Masson in Clothier and Furnisher.*

No Importance, Anyway.

I shot an arrow in the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where—
And what is more, I do not care.—*Life.*

Ever-Renewing.

Man wants but little here below;
But as the days go by,
He finds with every rising sun
He needs a fresh supply.—*Puck.*

How It Would Work.

The Great White Czar in Petersburg,
The Kaiser in Berlin,
Have dared each other out to fight,
So let the fray begin.

The border's dyed a deep, deep red
In battle, war, and sin;
The Czar is safe in Petersburg,
The Kaiser in Berlin.
—*Indianapolis Journal.*

The Lawyer's Wish.

My friends, if you have aught of good to say
Of me or mine, oh, do not wait, I pray.
Till I am dead, then on my tombstone white
Your words of praise and commendation write;
For, though I like not flattery, I am free
To state my wish, and that is, as for *me*
I'd much prefer the "taffy" while I live
To all the epitaphy you could give.—*B.*

ONE PURE ARTICLE OF FOOD.

The Royal Baking Powder Officially Commended.

It is particularly gratifying to consumers to know that the baking powder which they have so long been accustomed to using, the Royal, has invariably gone through the official analyses not only without a reflection against it of impurity or unwholesomeness, but each time more emphatically indorsed as the superior of all the baking powders of the market.

The health authorities of a number of States have recently made exhaustive examinations of this character, and with the uniform result of finding the Royal superior to all others. The United States Government Chemist, after an examination for the Indian Department, made the emphatic statement that "The Royal Baking Powder is the purest in quality and highest in strength of any baking powder of which I have knowledge." The authorities of Canada have been making an elaborate study of the baking powders sold there. The official analyst of Ontario says as the result of his investigation that he "finds the Royal Baking Powder far superior to the others," and goes so far as to recommend its use in preference to any other. Likewise a series of over five hundred tests for strength, made by public analysts and other chemists of prominence throughout the country, show it to produce an average of twenty-five per cent. more leavening gas than any of its competitors.

A company that maintains this high standard for its product against the temptations of the enormously greater profit that would accrue from the use of the cheaper materials employed by others (for the alum baking powders are produced at a cost of three cents per pound) is entitled to this public commendation and indorsement.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S PILLS
(Tasteless—Effectual.)
FOR ALL
BILIOUS and NERVOUS DISORDERS,
Such as Sick Headache, Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Constipation, Liver Complaint, and Female Ailments.
Covered with a Tasteless & Soluble Coating.
Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box.
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HIGHLAND Evaporated Cream

A TABLE LUXURY,
A CULINARY ARTICLE,
AN INFANT'S FOOD.

HIGHLAND EVAPORATED CREAM
Is unsweetened and free from all preservatives. Retains its delicious and wholesome qualities for an indefinite time in all climates and at all seasons.
Sold by Grocers and Druggists Everywhere
Write for our Infant Food circular and Highland Evaporated Cream booklet entitled "A FEW DAINTY DISHES."
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Sole Purveyors, Highland, Ill.

PATENTS THOMAS P. SIMPSON, Washington, D. C. No atty's fee until Patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

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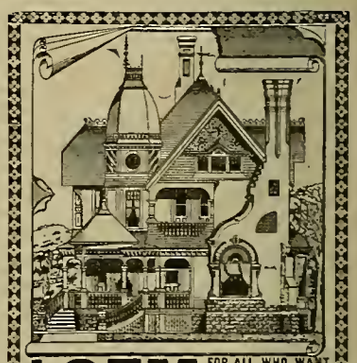
SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;
DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK,
From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28½-Inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.
MURPHY, GRANT & CO.



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The Beauty and Completeness of these Designs, combining so many new features, has given this book a wonderful sale, and hundreds of Beautiful Homes are being built in all parts of our land from its designs. Price $2.00. Send for prospectus and sample pages, *FREE.*
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A pretty girl from Kalamazoo, visiting friends in Detroit (says the *Free Press*), met a young man the other evening at a reception. "Are you a resident of Detroit?" he asked, shortly after their meeting. "Oh, no," she said, "I'm from Kalamazoo." A peculiar smile flitted across his face; a smile of half-sympathy, half-suffering. "And you," she asked, quickly noting it, as women do, "and you are from the other place?" He nodded. It was true. He was from Oshkosh.

James Whitcomb Riley tells a little story that charmingly illustrates the experimental tendency of humankind. On one occasion little James invited little Willie to come over to his house and spend the night with him. After the two had gone to bed, James remarked, in evident surprise and pain: "Why, Willie! you didn't say your prayers to-night, did you?" "No," answered Willie, doggedly; "didn't say 'em to-night, didn't say 'em last night, and ain't goin' to say 'em to-morrer night. Then, if there don't anything bad get me, I ain't ever goin' to say 'em."

There are strange chamber-maids at Sheapherd's Hotel in Cairo. A lady declares that the one who waited on her room and attended to all the duties of the calling, even to making the beds, was a Frenchman, dressed as if for a dinner-party, with white waistcoat and dress-coat, and having the air of a refined and educated gentleman. It was really embarrassing to accept his services in such a capacity. One lady, on arriving at the hotel, rang for the chamber-maid, and this gentleman presented himself. Supposing him to be the proprietor, at the very least, she said, "I wish to see the chamber-maid." "Madam," said he, politely, in the very best English he could muster, "Madam, she am I!"

The natives of Chihuahua have, in Mexico, the name of being more than a little verdant. They say of themselves: "We are *graciosos, pero muy payos*"—which may be translated, "comical, but right jakey." A favorite anecdote at their expense is that a senator from Chihuahua was taken to the Pantheon of San Fernando, in Mexico, and shown the splendid white monument marking the grave of Juarez. This represents, in life-sized marble figures, the dead patriot, pillowed in the arms of a graceful woman, of exquisite proportions and attitude, and an expression of compassionate and grateful sorrow—in short, Mexico, the motherland. "And be sure to observe the likeness to Don Benito," said the cicerone; "it is excellent—oh! perfect—it was taken from his death-mask." "Yes, indeed," agreed the visitor; and then, not to be outdone in critical acumen, he added, with a wave of the hand toward the figure of La Patria: "and the statue of the widow is very fine, also."

Mrs. Hudson, wife of the English railway king assailed by Carlyle, was a worthy successor of Mrs. Malaprop. Here are two stories of her related by Mr. Vernon Heath in his "Recollections": Mr. Hudson had issued cards for an evening-party "to meet the Duke of Wellington." The night arrived, the guests assembled, and the rooms were crowded, but no duke, though at a late hour his grace arrived, when Mrs. Hudson, who was ready to receive him, said: "Oh, duke, you are so late, and I have been so anxious; for to-night, you know, you are my *prima donna!*" Desiring to visit the celebrated Bridgewater Gallery, at the residence of Lord Ellesmere, Mrs. Hudson was duly shown the treasures of art there collected. In passing through the corridor, where much beautiful sculpture is exhibited, the visitor was struck by a bust of Marcus Aurelius. Addressing the housekeeper, she inquired: "And who may this he?" "That is Marcus Aurelius, ma'am." "Oh, indeed!" said Mrs. Hudson; "father of the present marquis, I presume!"

Dr. Wills, an Englishman who lived many years in Persia, says that, until lately, it was the rule that no male person over ten years of age should be found on the road over which a royal wife or daughter was to pass. A violation of the rule was punished with death. Even now, he says, Europeans wisely avoid unpleasantness by turning aside when they hear the shouts which indicate the approach of the "palace ladies." The late American Minister, Mr. Benjamin, made a great mistake on one occasion by neglecting this precaution. With true American simplicity, he was accustomed to ride through the streets with only one servant. Meeting the procession one day, he failed to turn out of its path. The result was that his servant was beaten and he himself was hustled into a by-road. The next day he duly lodged a complaint of this treatment; but he had to put up with the apology that, naturally, "the royal servants would not recognize a 'one-horse minister.'" An Austrian officer of engineers, many years in the service of the Shah, was wiser in his generation. He met the late Queen-Mother and the royal ladies when he was on foot, turned his face to the wall like a native, and, as each carriage passed, deliberately saluted from the back of his head. The ladies screamed with laughter and told the Shah, who persuaded him to repeat his novel salutes, and then congratulated him on his discretion.

Don Antonio Coronel, of Los Angeles, gives, with reference to the excellent marksmanship of pioneer days here, the following anecdotes: Among the Angelenos of the later thirties were Jack Brings and Antonino Buelna, both otter-hunters. These gentry were in the habit of hanging about the old Carrillo dwelling (where is now the Pico House), whence they performed many feats of rifle-lore. On the brow of the hill, by the American fortifications, stood a large wooden cross, on whose arms were wont to perch the crows then abounding, and the heads of these creatures were clipped off by shots from Brings and Buelna from the Carrillo house, some three hundred yards away, "as easy as rolling off a log." With equal facility, too, they brought down the birds that perched upon a flag-staff, some eighty feet high, that stood in the plaza. When in their cups, these worthies were wont to emulate in this wise the feat of the apocryphal William Tell: One, standing at the edge of the plaza, would shoot at a bottle of brandy or whisky placed on the head of the other, standing in the centre, both screaming with laughter as the spirits streamed over the face of the hearer. It was with them, also, a favorite diversion to seat themselves, on opposite sides of the plaza, upon the ox-skulls which in those days lay about everywhere, and mutually blaze away each at the other's temporary throne. One day, the two, in one of their convivial bouts, were challenged by Governor Alvarado, Manuel Castro, and a number of local grandees, to "guess at what would be the pleasantest thing to do." The American said: "Well, I reckon to have a lot of angels pick me up and fly off with me, with a hottle in each hand, and each angel carrying a hottle, and giving me a drink at every wing-flap." The *paisanos* all agreed that this was a pretty good guess, and called on Buelna for his version. "For me," quoth Antonino, "the best would he to be put, stark naked, into a butt of good wine, so deep that I could barely keep my mouth above the surface by standing on tiptoes, so that every time I would lose my balance and wobble, I would gasp, and my mouth fly open and dip under, so that I would swallow the wine without even trying." The palm of merit was given to Buelna.

Cramps of the Muscles Cured.

John I. Wood, of Stratford, Ont., was cured of cramps in the legs by wearing ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. Mr. Wood says:

"Some three months ago I was taken very sick with severe pain in the small of my back over the kidneys. The pain was excruciating. I applied an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER over the affected region and had relief almost within an hour. At the same time, in conjunction with this trouble, I had very great nervous disturbance, affecting my legs with cramps so I could scarcely sleep. Meeting with such success with my back I applied a plaster under the knee on each leg, and in three days was completely cured, and have never been troubled in either way since."

The Crystal Baths.

Physicians recommend the Crystal hot sea-water tub and swimming baths, foot of Mason Street, terminus of all North Beach car lines.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

—MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

— EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

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Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., April 9, 24, May 9, 24.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., April and May 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, June and July 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, the 1st of each month. Ticket office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

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POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1.2.3.
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Babies are always happy when comfortable. They are comfortable when well. They are apt to be well when fat; they worry and cry when thin.

They ought to be fat; their nature is to be fat.

If your baby is thin, we have a book for you—CAREFUL LIVING—free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. $1. 40

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Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong. 1892.
Gaelic.....Saturday, April 16
Belgic.....Tuesday, May 10
Oceanic.....Thursday, June 2

Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.
For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.
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Through Line to New York, via Panama.

Steamers will sail at noon on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—April 25th, SS. City of New York; May 5th, SS. San Blas; May 14th, SS. Acapulco.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamer sails at noon 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—Monday, April 18th, SS. Geo. W. Elder.

Where the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the preceding Saturday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.:
China....(via Honolulu).....Thursday, April 28, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking.....Saturday, May 21, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio de Janeiro.....Tuesday, June 14, at 3 P. M.

Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.
ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From April 9, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7.00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	* 12.15 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga	6.15 P.
* 8.00 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa	* 6.15 P.
8.00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	Second-class Ogden and East, and first-class locally	10.45 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	4.45 P.
9.00 A.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.
12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore	7.15 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	* 9.00 P.
3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, & Stockton	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10.45 A.
4.30 P.	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
5.00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	12.15 P.
5.00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 P.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	7.45 A.
.....	Niles and San José	‡ 6.15 P.
6.00 P.	Ogden Route Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	11.45 A.
‡ 7.00 P.	Vallejo	† 8.45 P.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	8.15 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡ 7.45 A.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees, and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
* 2.15 P.	Centreville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	* 10.50 A.
4.45 P	Centreville, San José, and Los Gatos	9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7.00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations	6.10 P.
10.37 A.	San José and Way Stations	5.10 P.
12.15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations	4.00 P.
* 2.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way stations	* 10.48 A.
* 3.30 P.	Menlo Park San José, and principal Way Stations	* 10.03 A.
* 4.15 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.06 A.
5.15 P.	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
† 11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	† 7.30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 29, 1891, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7.40, 9.20, 11.40 A. M.; 3.30, 5.00, 6.20 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1.50 P. M.
Sundays—8, 9.30, 11 A. M.; 2, 5, 6.15 P. M.
From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6.25, 7.55, 9.30 A. M.; 12.45, 3.40, 5.05 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.30 P. M.
Sundays—8.10, 9.40, A. M.; 12.15, 3.40, 5, 6.25 P. M.
From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6.50, 8.20, 9.55 A. M.; 1.10, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.55 P. M.
Sundays—8.35, 10.05 A. M.; 12 40, 4.05, 5.30, 6.50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. Week Days.	Leave San Francisco. Sundays.	Destination.	Arrive San Francisco. Sundays.	Arrive San Francisco. Week Days.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.40 A. M.	8.50 A. M.
3.30 P. M.	9.30 A. M.		6.05 P. M.	10.30 A. M.
5.00 P. M.	5.00 P. M.		7.25 P. M.	6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.		Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.		10.30 A. M.
3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.		7.25 P. M.	6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7.25 P. M.	6 10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M.
3.30 P. M				6.10 P. M.
7 40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10.40 A. M.	8.50 A. M.
5.00 P. M.	5.00 P. M.		6.05 P. M.	6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10.40 A. M.	10.30 A. M.
3 30 P. M.	5 00 P. M.		6.05 P. M.	6.10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydesville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays, to Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa, $2.25; to Healdsburg, $3.40; to Cloverdale, $4.50; to Hopland, $5.70; to Ukiah, $6.75; to Sebastopol, $2.70; to Guerneville, $3.75; to Sonoma, $1.50; to Glen Ellen, $1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, $1; to Santa Rosa, $1.50; to Healdsburg, $2.25; to Cloverdale, $3; to Ukiah, $4.50; to Hopland, $3.80; to Sebastopol, $1.80; to Guerneville, $2.50; to Sonoma, $1; to Glen Ellen, $1.20.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager.
PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.
Ticket Offices at Ferry, 36 Montgomery Street, and 2 New Montgomery Street

Bound Volumes of the Argonaut for sale at the Business Office, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.

It is singular that Mr. Mansfield should have chosen the life of Beau Brummel to be the subject of a play. For there was nothing either dramatic or heroic in his life. He never distinguished himself in any way. He was not bright, nor brilliant, nor brave; he never wrote a line that has lived; he never figured in public affairs; when he tried to be witty, he was simply pert; when he gave opinions, they were silly. There is no more reason for making him the hero of a play, than there would be for conferring the like honor on Berry Wall in New York, or on Oscar Wilde in London, or on the late M. de Caux in Paris. He was celebrated for that which men of sense despise.

There have been beaux who could claim to be historical characters. There was George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, whom Louis the Fourteenth declared to be "the only English gentleman he had ever met," and whom the author of "Hudibras" described as "one who had studied the whole body of vice." He was the leader of fashion for a quarter of a century—

> "The king of pleasure, and the soul of whim,
> Gallant and gay in Claverdon's alcove,
> The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love."

But he was an astute parliamentarian, a shrewd counselor, a skillful diplomat; and he wrote a book on "The Reasonableness of Men's Having a Religion." Then there was Lauzun, who was king of society for years, and loved every pretty woman at court except his own wife; he saved the honor of a noble marquise by hastily donning the sacque and skirt of a waiting-maid, and defying the attempts to question his sex; but he was a good soldier, loving the smell of powder almost as much as marquises. Chesterfield was undoubtedly a beau, though he was deaf and the ugliest man in England; his wit redeemed his ugliness, and his perseverance overcame aversion. "How do I manage," said the old coxcomb, "to make all the women in love with me? Simply by taking great pains." But he was a statesman as well as a wit. George Selwyn, who was probably the best type of the social beau that England ever produced, was madly fond of women. He was still fonder of executions. At an execution by the guillotine in Paris, he was pushing his way through the crowd with such energy that the executioner called to him: "Monsieur, est il bourreau?" "Non, monsieur," was the reply; "je ne suis qu'amateur." But he was also a member of Parliament, and at times quite active. Even in our own day, the type of the "social beau," Count d'Orsay—who, it was said, could ride and dance better than any man in England—was a painter of no mean skill, and his opinions on politics were eagerly sought at Lady Blessington's by no less personages than Lord Holland and Louis Napoleon.

Brummel's sole accomplishments were dressing and strutting. Most of the anecdotes which are current about him are of doubtful authenticity; but it is known that he led a life of idle extravagance, and was a leader of the worthless society to which the Prince Regent gave the tone and in which Philippe Egalité was a welcome guest. He was a cornet of horse; but when there was some talk of sending his regiment to the wars, he resigned. As some men are said to live to eat, Brummel lived to dress. He spent two hours daily in his bath, and the rest of the morning in the hands of his barber and the valet who tied his cravat; the afternoon and evening he devoted to saying rude things to people who were kind to him, and who lent him money. The last ten years of his life were spent at Caen, and of this period of his career Captain Jesse and his other biographers did not inform themselves accurately.

In the small Norman town of Caen, many English people have always resided for cheapness. Beau Brummel soon became known to them all, especially as he bore the nominal title of consul. Forty years ago, one who was curious about the old beau's life made inquiries of them regarding him, and, as he had only been dead a few years, he had no difficulty in picking up odd bits of information. His means were extremely limited; indeed, he had nothing but a beggarly stipend as consul and what he could entreat from old acquaintances in the shape of loans. He lived in a single room, which he had no means to heat in winter, and ate at a cheap restaurant, where he could get a couple of meals for thirty cents a day. But he never relinquished his taste for well-made boots, well fitting gloves, and perfumery. During his heyday, he rather allowed himself to be adored by the fair than pursued them with ardor; in his old age, he grew exceedingly fond of spring lamb, and mothers not infrequently threatened him with a broomstick for haunting their pastures. He had two suits of clothes. One, which was shabby and patched, he wore habitually; the other, he only donned when an Englishman of distinction visited Caen and he felt it a duty to call upon him, and wind up the conversation with a request for a small loan. He died, not as the biographies say, in a lunatic asylum, but in a hospital, and had to be buried at the city's expense.

Mr. Mansfield has exercised his privilege of playwright, and trimmed history to suit himself. He has built up a Beau Brummel who, though a fop, was likewise a man of sentiment. In so doing, he has violated no law, human or divine; but the delicious snob whom he serves up on the stage must not be mistaken for the *élégant* of Pall Mall. He wanted to play a character part, and he took the Beau's foppery as a foundation for a character in which generosity and self-sacrifice should blend with intense snobbery and unconsciousness of truth and honor. It was a ticklish experiment, but it can not well be criticised by audiences that have wept over the straits of Denis Duval, or sympathized with the embarrassments of Robert Macaire. Perhaps Mr. Mansfield gauged human nature correctly. There was once a baron whose name was Gilles de Retz. It was his joy and pleasure to capture young girls and carry them off to his baronial castle, whence they never reappeared. The bones of forty of them were found in casks in his cellar. When the mothers of these lost damsels finally moved the king to execute this playful creature—he is known to children by his colloquial name of Blue Beard—a number of the most pious ladies of the neighborhood begged his remains from the executioner, and reverently buried them in the Carmelite Church. They evidently cherished, in their secret hearts, sympathy for him who loved their sex so madly that, to get possession of budding beauty, he was willing to murder a girl a week, and the same morbid fellow-feeling for wrong may, perhaps, reconcile modern audiences to the ineffable priggishness and the unconscionable roguery of Beau Brummel. At least, so much may be inferred from the success of the play in the East.

As a piece of acting, Mansfield's Beau is excellent art. It is not very high art. It is not on a par with Joe Jefferson's Bob Acres or Dr. Pangloss. Jefferson is the Meissonnier of the stage; his finish reminds the spectator of Teniers. But Mr. Mansfield is a young man; he will improve as he grows older. He may find that the closer he adheres to the immutable laws of nature, and the less he tries to deflect them from their normal bent in order to produce dramatic contrasts, the better he will succeed. It is quite foreign to the character of one who cheats his tailor, robs money-lenders, and typifies pure selfishness, to surrender a fortune and a woman, who half loves him, for the sake of obliging a nephew. Such examples of self-sacrifice may occur, though they are rare; but they are incongruous in one whose daily life reveals no trace of generosity or good feeling. From first to last, Brummel had no thought for any one but himself and for glory in a mean sphere of life; to make him give up a fortune which would have enabled him to gratify these instincts, for the sake of rendering two young people happy, is to create two Beau Brummels—one, a hard-hearted knave, the other, a noble-hearted creature masquerading as a fop. No actor can double two such parts and do justice to both.

This country once produced a beau who was a contemporary of Brummel's, yet who was a striking contrast to the English fop. This was Aaron Burr. He was the handsomest man of his day, and so fascinating that one of the most fashionable women of the period ran away with him from college when he was sixteen, and the richest woman in New York married him when he was seventy-eight. His whole life was one endless string of love adventures, which a prudent regard for the honor of families has kept out of history. He led the fashions in dress, and set an example of fine manners that was worthy of the old noblesse. But there never was a time in his career when he cheated his creditors, or provoked contempt by impertinence. He, like Brummel, died in extreme poverty, his rich wife having thrown him over. Brummel breathed his last in a hospital, with a sister of charity by his bedside, handing him a glass of water. At Burr's death-bed stood no one but an old servant, who had waited on him in the days of his affluence. But when all was over, and the burial service was read before his body was removed to the Princeton Cemetery, a lady in deep mourning, with a veil which covered her face, attracted attention by the violence of her emotion. A by-stander observed that it was easy to see she was a "person of quality." She kept the secret of her identity, and left the scene in a closed carriage. We are not told that any lady of quality or otherwise shed a tear over the remains of Beau Brummel.

Miss Agnes Huntington has had much to contend with in her first week in San Francisco. She came here heralded by an enviable, if not a great, reputation, won in London and indorsed in New York, and she has shown herself to be an artist with a good and well-trained voice and a woman of much beauty and personal charm. But "Paul Jones" is neither pretty nor amusing. Not to put too fine a point on it, it is desperately slow. Then the supporting company is poor—with the possible exception of the two comedians, who are funny in an intensely English way. And the Grand Opera House, with its cheerless colors, its vast distances, and its death-dealing drafts, is distinctly not the place for comic opera. Bright, warm colors and a cozy elegance should be the characteristics of the theatre in which light or comic opera is given, and "Paul Jones" found nothing of these in the Grand Opera House. "Captain Therese," to be done this week, should work some improvement. The music, by Planchette, is said to be bright and tuneful, there is opportunity for fine scenic effects, and Miss Huntington has a dual rôle—the daughter of a French marquis and a gallant captain of French soldiery.

At the theatres during the week commencing April 25th: Agnes Huntington in "Captain Therese"; Richard Mansfield in "Prince Karl" and "A Parisian Romance"; the Tivoli Company in "The Rose of Auvergne" and "Cavalleria Rusticana"; Gus Williams in "Keppler's Fortunes"; Hallen and Hart in "Later On"; and the Grismer-Davies Company in "Chispa."

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A Word to Fair Shoppers.

No more acceptable present can be given to a friend than a photograph set in one of the exquisite Paris panel frames that Sanborn, Vail & Co. have recently imported. They are made in sizes to suit all photographs, and come in a great variety of pretty designs. Some of the handsomest are in elaborately decorated silver, with flowers and garlands intertwined to form a border, others are in the simple silver and ivory-white decoration that is so popular just now, and others, again, are severely plain—just a heavy plate of beveled glass exactly covering the picture. Such a gift can be given on any occasion—it is only a photograph, but it can be as expensive and handsome as the giver desires, and nothing looks prettier on a lady's table, a man's desk, or as a mantel ornament.

These frames are displayed in Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s new store, on Market Street opposite Grant Avenue, in show-cases just beyond the stationery department, where there are always two or three ladies replenishing their stocks of writing-materials—new and fashionable note-papers, sealing-wax, letter-folders, and gold pens—or ordering some new copper-plate work from Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s engravers, who have the reputation of doing the most artistic work in this line in San Francisco. And not a few of these fair shoppers pay a visit to the leather-goods department, for there they can get the handsomest card-cases, purses, and similar leather-covered articles to be found in the city.

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Manager Marcus M. Henry respectfully announces the return to San Francisco, after eight years' study in Europe, of

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BALDWIN THEATRE--SPECIAL.

To-morrow (Sunday) evening, April 24th, first Grand Sacred Orchestral Concert. Sunday evening, May 1st, farewell appearance.

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The famous Violin Virtuoso, supported by a magnificent company of solo artists and a selected orchestra of thirty-five musicians under the direction of Mr. August Hinrichs.

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Of New York, sister of JENNESS MILLER,
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"PHYSICAL CULTURE"

At **Irving Hall**, Monday, April 25th, at 3 P. M., and Wednesday, April 27th, at 8 P. M. Admission, 50 cents; reserved (three front rows), $1.00. Pupils and teachers half-price. Tickets for sale at Sherman & Clay's and at Mrs. Ober's, 332 Sutter Street.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

MONDAY.....MAY 2
Grand English Opera Festival.
The Emma Juch Grand Opera Company
(Incorporated.)

The strength of the list of principal singers and artistic arrangements will be seen from the following announcement: *Sopranos*—Emma Juch, Kate Maddox, Sofia Romani, Eva Cummings. *Contraltos*—Gertrude May Stein, Angelina Casali. *Tenors*—Fernando Michelina, Martin Pache, William Stephens, George Gould, John E. Belton. *Baritones*—William Mertens, S. W. Dudley, Herman Kaminski. *Bassos*—Signor Rubo, William Romero, C. W. Colby, Joseph Witt.

Repertoire.—Seven complete Grand Operas.
May 2.....Tannhauser May 5.....Traviata
May 3.....Carmen May 6.....Fidelio
May 4.Cavalleria Rusticana May 7.....Lohengrin
The Matinée Opera to be announced.

The Emma Juch Grand Orchestra, 50 selected instrumentalists. The Emma Juch Grand Chorus, 100 trained voices. Correct Costumes. Special Scenery.

Prices.—Orchestra and front rows of Orchestra Circle and Dress Circle, $1.50; other rows, Orchestra Circle and Dress Circle, $1.00; Family Circle, 50 cts.; Gallery, 25 cts.

The advance sale will be opened at 10 A. M., Monday, April 25th, at the musical warerooms of Messrs. Sherman, Clay & Co., corner of Kearny and Sutter Streets.

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CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA!

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25 Cts.--Round-Trip Tickets--25 Cts.

Saturday, April 30, 1892.

Excursion train will leave the North Pacific Coast Railroad Company's Sausalito Ferry, foot of Clay Street, at 11 A. M., for the new town of Sunnyside, near San Anselmo Station, Ross Valley, near San Rafael. Returning, leave Sunnyside at 3:30 P. M.

Tickets will be good going on the 9 A. M. as well as the excursion train at 11 o'clock. Returning, tickets will be good on the 3:30 and 5 P. M. trains.

Excursion tickets can be obtained at office of EASTON, ELDRIDGE & CO., 638 Market Street, on Friday (all day), April 29th, and on Saturday morning, day of the excursion, up to 10:30 A. M.; also, at the N. P. C. R. R. Co.'s Sausalito Ferry, foot of Clay Street, on Saturday, April 30th, the day of the excursion, up to 11 o'clock A. M.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

In the West: *She*—"Did you ever see a finer sunset than that in the East?" *He*—"No; the sun never sets in the East."—*Ex.*

She—"Will you take part in our theatricals?" *He*—"Aw—weally—I—aw—should so like to. What shall I take?" *She*—"Tickets."—*Judge.*

Stranger—"Do Chicago people regard marriage as a lottery?" *Resident*—"Oh, no; they don't regard it at all, as a rule."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Clara—"That's an awfully becoming veil you have on." *Maude*—"What makes you think so?" *Clara*—"Because it's so thick."—*Cloak Review.*

Mr. Jinks—"What a trusting little woman George's wife is." *Mrs. Jinks*—"Yes. She has never been married before."—*New York Weekly.*

Sick fortune teller—"Doctor, am I going to get well?" *Faith healer* (despondently)—"I'm afraid not, my friend. I'm afraid not"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Boston street car conductor—"How old are you, my little girl?" *Little girl*—"If the corporation doesn't object, I'd prefer to pay full fare and to keep my own statistics."—*Puck*

She—"Oh, it's fun, I tell you, to flirt with a man till you get him to propose, and then say no." *He*—"Yes; but I should think it would be a greater joke on him to say yes."—*Sparks.*

"Won't you try the turkey, judge?" asked Mrs. Small of her new boarder. "What's the charge?" asked the judge. "Tough character," interrupted Hunker, who had been served first.—*Ex*

He—"Your husband tells me he enjoyed himself in Mexico more than anywhere else on his wedding-tour. Did you?" *She*—"*I?* Oh, I was taken sick in Chicago and couldn't go further."—*Life.*

Every time Miss Amanda, whose understanding is somewhat large, stops at a hotel, she cleans her own shoes and sets outside the door a small pair, which she carries with her expressly for that purpose.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Hicks—"I think I shall bring up my boy to follow the sea for a livelihood." *Dix*—"Why have you settled on that?" *Hicks*—"It seems to be the only industry in which one is not expected to begin at the bottom."—*Ex.*

In the background: "I hear you are going to marry Miss Bullion. I should think you would marry Goldie Sterling; she is just as rich and much younger." "Yes, my dear boy, but Miss Bullion's papa is much older."—*Life.*

"This here thing of wimmin in politics is the ruination of the kentry," said a man from Wyoming; "It's got so now that we can't even hev' a lynchin' without decoratin' the rope with yeller ribbins an' sich."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Clerk—"Man in front office says he's starving and needs assistance." *Mr. Billion*—"Um—has he a satchel or bundle of any kind?" *Clerk*—"No, sir—no signs of dynamite." *Mr. Billion*—"Kick him out."—*New York Weekly.*

First boy—"Why does everybody look so glum?" *Second boy*—"'Cause there ain't goin' to be no war." *First boy*—"Did everybody want to go to war?" *Second boy*—"No; everybody wanted to stay home an' make money while the war was goin' on."—*Good News.*

Traveler—"Much game in the neighborhood?" *Inhabitant*—"Nawp—none at all." *Traveler*—"Well—er—then it's a dangerous locality—I see you carry a gun." *Inhabitant*—"Oh—that's what we use for planting—ground is so hard we have to shoot the seed in."—*Amateur Sportsman.*

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The Emma Juch Grand Opera Company is coming to the Grand Opera House for an opera season of one week, commencing on Monday, May 2d. The organization, which consists of one hundred and twenty-five persons, will be augmented by the addition of one hundred more, so that, in addition to the principals, there will be a chorus of one hundred voices and an orchestra of fifty pieces. The repertoire includes Beethoven's "Fidelio," which has not been presented here for many years; Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," Wagner's "Tannhauser" and "Lohengrin," Bizet's "Carmen," Verdi's "Traviata," and Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," which will be given in its entirety.

The Flower Show is already being talked of, and the California State Floral Society predicts that this exhibition will far outshine the six that have preceded it. The Mechanics' Pavilion has been secured, there is an unusually long list of premiums, and the exhibits are to include one of trade materials and another of insects that are harmful and those that are friendly to plants.

The Spring Exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association closes at the end of next week. A collection of pictures of Chinese, Japanese, and English subjects by Theodore Wores will then be shown at their rooms from Tuesday, May 3d, to the Thursday evening following, when they will be sold at auction by Easton, Eldridge & Co. Mr. Wores leaves for Japan about the end of May.

Miss Mabel Jenness is lecturing here on "Physical Culture." Two lectures remain of the present course, and these will take place at Irving Hall at three o'clock on Monday afternoon, April 25th, and at eight o'clock on Wednesday evening. Miss Jenness is now forming classes for physical culture at Mrs. Oher's.

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The *Real Estate Journal*, publication of which has just been commenced by the well-known firm of Tevis & Fisher, is an admirable sixteen-page paper, which discusses in a broad manner the real-estate interests, not only of San Francisco, but of the entire State of California.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

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The Geary Bill is dead. Its defeat is due to the fact that the Chinese question cuts no figure in Eastern politics. The Eastern senator does not regard the subject from the Western viewpoint, for there is no common ground upon which the East and West may meet for its discussion. On the Pacific Slope the Chinese enter into competition with various classes of skilled labor. In the East, the Asiatic has proved a failure, both in the workshops of New England and on the plantations of the South. San Francisco's Chinatown has no counterpart on the Atlantic Coast, where in the larger cities the gregariousness of the Oriental is shown by the occupation of, perhaps, a dozen houses, not sufficient to be dignified by the title of a "quarter," except in New York city.

In San Francisco the highbinder is a recognized evil, dreaded by his compatriots and an object of anxiety to the authorities. In the East, crimes of violence among the Chinese are practically unknown, or, at least, undiscovered. In the past fifteen years, there are recalled but two crimes of violence on the Atlantic Coast traceable to the Chinese, and, in one of these, the police were in doubt. It is true that on the Atlantic Coast they are discovering that the Chinese have a morbid taste for school-girls and other young white females, but the crime does not apparently excite in the Eastern mind the horror that it engenders in the Californian. On the Pacific Coast the Chinese have no social status. The Chinese students at Yale or Harvard are upon terms of equality with their fellow-undergraduates, both in the class-room and socially. In New York city, a Chinese is upon the special staffs of the *Sun* and *World* newspapers, while in Washington the Chinese Legation ranks socially with those of Great Britain and France. Hence the apathy with which anti-Chinese legislation is regarded by Eastern statesmen. The Asiatic is not an issue.

In the East, the armies of pauper Europeans that are weekly landed upon our shores are viewed with alarm by the working-man, while the occasional Chinese arrival from the Pacific Coast is not regarded. The Eastern conception of the Chinese is altogether different from the Western. In the East, the Chinese are looked upon as inoffensive, industrious immigrants susceptible of civilization by contact with a superior race, and schools and missions have been founded for their benefit. There is no popular demand for their exclusion for politicians to regard. The whole subject is considered as a sectional issue, one pertaining to this coast alone. When the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations asserted its supremacy and caused the substitution of the Dolph for the Geary Bill, the latter measure was doomed. By a vote of forty-three to fourteen, the national disregard of the Pacific Coast was recorded.

The best we can get in place of the House bill, which would have secured Chinese exclusion, is a bill extending the present inefficient law for a period of ten years. All that our senators and their few allies could do was not enough to demonstrate the utility of the present Exclusion and Restriction Acts, so the Geary Bill could not muster a corporal's guard in the Senate.

It is singular that the East will not be convinced that there is anything under the sun which it does not know better and more thoroughly than the Pacific Coast. Most of the senators from the Eastern States have evolved a Chinaman from their inner consciousness which is about as much like the reality as a cigar-stand wooden Indian is like a Piute buck. They have in mind a mild-mannered, gentle, amiable, child-like creature, ready and willing to engraft Western civilization upon the customs of the Orient, hungering and thirsting for the knowledge of civilization as we understand it, and only waiting to be shown the way to become a humble and sincere follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. We who have had thirty years or more experience with the Chinaman know that he is a pagan by instinct, inheritance, and tradition; that he is humble only when he dare not be audacious; that he entertains the most sovereign and unmeasured contempt for Western civilization; and that he values education only as a means of making money a little faster and getting back to China a little sooner. We know that he is avaricious, treacherous, cruel, and lustful; that successful perjury is a cardinal virtue in his creed, and veracity a weakness to be indulged in only upon stern compulsion.

But this is only one count in the indictment. The economic feature of Chinese immigration is no less serious than the moral side of the question. Chinese labor reduces the standard of wages in every branch of employment in which Chinese can compete, and it must be borne in mind that it is the cheap laborer, not the dear one, who fixes the standard of wages. It is in the cheap-labor countries, and nowhere else, that the rich grow richer and the poor poorer; that social differences crystallize into unalterable custom; and that an aristocracy develops which is aristocratic in nothing but in name and in its contempt for those who live by honest toil. God forbid that the United States of America should ever become a cheap-labor country.

It is not a valid argument in favor of the Chinese to say that immigrants from Italy, and Hungary, and Poland, and other countries in Europe are just as bad, or even worse. It is as puerile as to say that we ought not to declare quarantine against a ship with small-pox on board because Asiatic cholera or yellow fever is worse. The principle on which exclusion of Chinese is based is similar, in many respects, where pauper immigrants from other countries are concerned. There is no obligation on the United States—international, political, ethical, or charitable—to turn this country into a pauper asylum for the world, and the sooner we get over the "father-hood-of-God-and-brotherhood-of-man" idea, the better it will be for this generation and for those which are to succeed us.

But it is useless to go over the old story of the evils of Chinese immigration. The only way to impress the needs of this coast upon the Eastern mind is through the practical way of politics. It is well now to warn the President, the Senate, and the leaders of the Republican forces that if that party shows any disposition to palter, to squirm, to twist, to evade, or to juggle with the Chinese question, *the States of the Pacific Slope are hopelessly lost to the Republican party.*

The post-Easter matrimonial epidemic of the past fortnight is creditable in two points of view. It reveals a proper respect for the lenten fast, and it demonstrates a continuing ardor among young men which can not be too highly commended. In these days of luxurious clubs and expensive dry goods, the tendency to celibacy is difficult to repress. It is pleasant to find that it is not irresistible, and that some men are still willing to marry. Until Mona Caird and her disciples have evolved out of their inner consciousness a satisfactory substitute for matrimony, it must always be gratifying to the lover of his species to see the fierce flame of young love plunge headlong into the calm matrimonial lake. It may be true, as statisticians assert, that the rise and fall of the marriage rate chiefly depend on the abundance or the scarcity of the food supply of the working-class; but, Malthus notwithstanding, this is metaphysics, while nubile girls are facts.

The San Franciscan is not a marrying man, as a rule. During the last fiscal year, when the population of the city was about 300,000, the number of marriages was 3,236, or less than eleven to the thousand. The rate in Paris is about eleven to the thousand; but in London the marriage rate is over eighteen to the thousand. What it is in the various States of the Union it is impossible to say, for want of complete vital statistics: but as the relative proportions of the two sexes vary very slightly, except in the new territories, it may be assumed that the matrimonial consumption of females has been thus far about equal to the supply. The question of the day is whether that consumption is likely to be maintained, or whether the marriage market is not likely to be glutted by a surplus of raw material.

We have two examples before us—one from each end of the social scale—to indicate the tendency of modern institutions. In two States of the Union, the lowest class practically ignore the institution of marriage. In Pennsylvania, the Hungarians and Croats, who build railroads and work in the mines, have established a system of polyandry, under which each woman has six or eight husbands. And in this State we have some fifty thousand Chinamen with not much more than two or three thousand women among them. This plan involves a surplus of desolate Ariadnes in the regions from which the Hungarians and the Chinamen come.

On the other hand, among the better class, the club system is extending so rapidly as to threaten the very existence of

marriage. Clubs are multiplying in every direction, and instead of being mere resorts where meo meet to while an hour over tbe newspaper, or the stimulating absiotbe, or the fragraot crême de meothe, they are becomiog genuioe hotels where every creature comfort is supplied. A man is made so comfortable at a good club that he must bave prodigious nerve to desert it for the domestic heartb. And the class of men wbo are tbus seduced from tbeir duty as citizens, and possible fatbers of future Presideots, are precisely they who are best adapted for matrimonial use—men wbo have emerged from callowbood, wbo are cultured, refioed, and possessed of sufficient means to support a bousehold.

The aristocratic clubman fiods that he can live handsomely at his club for half what it would cost him to keep house, that he is welcome in society if he chooses to enter it, and that he neither bas burdensome dry-goods bills to pay oor Caudle lectures to endure.

It looks as though Americans might be driven by stress of circumstances into adopting the plan which the same difficulty long ago compelled the French and Germaos to devise. In France and Germany, girls are always dowered. In Germany, the thing is largely done by matrimonial associations. Duriog a girl's childbood, her parents pay a small sum montbly to tbe association; wben the girl is able to earn money, sbe keeps up tbe payments, and wben sbe marries, she is entitled to draw from the association a stipulated sum by way of dowry. Tbe sum is small; but Germany is a poor country; a girl wbo bas three or four buodred dollars of ber own is eligible among bachelors in ber own walk in life. Many a German girl would wither on ber stalk but for ber dowry.

In France, the *dot* is still more universal. A man wbo marries a girl witbout a *dot* is beld to he doiog something exceptionally noble. In fact, examples of such sacrifice of interest to love rarely occur. From the bighest to tbe lowest class of society it is beld to be the duty of parents to provide their daugbter with a *dot*. Among tbe ricb, estates are set apart or mortgaged for the purpose long before tbe girl is marriageable. Among the sbopkeeper class, as soon as tbe accoucbeur announces that the child is a girl, fatber and mother begin to save to accumulate a *dot* for ber. By such ecooomies, by the time the girl is marriageable, a sum of money stands to ber credit in the savings bank, or lies in some old stocking, wbicb renders her a desirable matcb for a young man startiog in life wbo wants to stock a sbop of bis own. It is owing to tbe universality of this practice tbat every Frencb girl bas a cbance of marrying.

Mr. Walter Besant, wbo is a profound student of social problems, is oow engaged in an earnest crusade. It is to persuade British fatbers that tbey sbould set seriously to work upon the endowment of their daugbters.

Why sbould not tbe dower system answer in this country? It would not involve much self-sacrifice for American parents to begin, on tbe birth of a girl, to put away sucb small sums as tbey can save out of tbeir income, and to let them and the interest earned by tbem lie in a savings bank until the girl grows to womanhood.

Nor would tbe system prove less advantageous in a bigber class of society. A man wbo marries the daugbter of ricb parents is not so much to be envied as people suppose. He marries a girl with expensive tastes wbicb be is expected to gratify, and be is also expected to wait till tbe parents die before he gets any money witb ber. Tbe fatber gives ber a parure of diamonds; mamma contributes a set of table silver. But neitber diamonds nor silver spooos will pay the butcber's bills or satisfy tbe grocer's longing for a settlemeot. If the groom bad married a poor girl, he could have supported ber in the style to which sbe was accustomed out of his salary or tbe proceeds of bis business. But he bas cbosen a mate out of a palace redoleot of sandal-wood and myrrh, witb Aubusson carpets on the floor, Valencieones curtains on tbe windows, and masterpieces of art on tbe walls; tbe bird of paradise tbat has fluttered her wings in such a gorgeous bower must have plumes to match. Thus tbe son-in-law of Crœsus is poorer tban he would bave heen if he had espoused the dairy-maid, and he must feel, when he reflects on tbe irony of fate, that a dotal regime would, at any rate, bave supplied him with cash to defray the expensive tastes of his luxurious Dulcinea.

Our modest friends of the daily press are fond of telling our reverend brethren, the preachers, that the newspaper has supplanted the pulpit as a moral force in modern life. The preachers, strange to say, are apparently disposed to admit the claim in part, and from the frequency with wbich tbey inveigh against the Sunday newspaper it is evident that they regard it as a peculiar and deadly rival. A severer indictment of the pulpit, touching its power to interest and instruct, could scarcely he brougbt by the church's most rancorous foe—no, not even Ingersoll has ever said anything so bitterly scornful of the brethren, though he has devoted his life to inventing new forms for old insults. If the average Sunday newspaper can keep a man away from church, one of two things is obviously true in so deplorable a case: Either the church is dully served, or the man has a brain of sucb an order as to indicate that his soul is rudimentary, and, therefore, hardly worth saving. The miod that can find a Sabbath day's entertainment and nutriment in one of the mammoth atrocities which it is the fashion of the time to issue from newspaper offices, must be as vacant of thought aod as destitute of knowledge aod power of reflection as a California squash. It is remarkable that the preachers have not been clever enough to attack their enemy on the weakest side—not so much because it is printed on the Lord's day as because of its intrinsic demerits as a newspaper. True, sucb a lioe of criticism would probably improve tbe Sunday newspaper, but it is obvious that if people will break the Sabbath, it is better that they should do it with some advantage to their intellect and taste. It is to be presumed tbat the proprietors of journals which have reached a large circulation understand the public. Viewing the sort of matter they spread before the public for a Suoday feast, one is disposed to doubt the wisdom of making universal the accomplishment of being able to read.

The plaio secular trutb about the big Suoday newspaper is that it is a nuisance aod a bumbug. It bas all tbe faults of the ordinary daily issue, witb several offenses of its own added. It is edited down to the capacity of its meanest reader, and in its vast wastes of space the proportion of matter provided for the intelligent and educated is in tbe Falstaffian ratio of bread to sack. Before us lies, or rather is mountainously piled, the New York *World* of April 17th, a fair specimen of the sort of tbing wbicb many newspapers tbrougbout the country take for a model. Its pages number forty-two, each page baving seven columns, or two bundred and nioety-four columns in all, wbicb, as it is customary for an editorial proudly to noint out, would make a good-sized book er magazine. The first four pages contain only advertisements, and tbe next four are all but filled with the same, except for a "special article" on tbe well-worn theme of Police-Inspector Byrnes's cleverness in catcbing rogues, interestiog cbiefly to criminals. Immersed in advertisements on several succeeding pages, tbe particulars of an elopement and some perfunctory notices of Easter music (to please and retain tbe religious subscriber) are given. Governor Foraker's skill as a lobbyist, a murder, a liquor-trial in Vermont, tbeatrical news, a four-column puff of Seoator Gorman, of Maryland, as a Presidential candidate, an interview witb a convict wbo believes tbat the use of alcohol conduces to longevity, Bill Nye's syndicate mess of dreary macbine joking, a page of cartooos copied from tbe comic papers, a page of bideous babble about dresses and bonnets, a page about forgotten duels, anent the squalid Borrowe-Drayton row, half a page concerning Hangman Berry, of Eogland, half a page of suggestive pictures of stage-dancers, four pages of telegrams and local news, mainly relatiog to politics and crime, a page of tbe editorials—consciously insincere and of tbe conventional type wbicb nine newspapers in ten garnisb tbemselves witbal, tbe which being to tbe discerning a mockery and an affront—a page of base-ball and prize-fighting, a barrow-load of clipped snake and bear stories, and other miscellaneous matter of an equally tbrilling sort, and (actually!), nearly a page about pictures and books. Tbis last is an innovation, remorsefully atoned for by the efforts of one of tbe *World's* "artists" to ridicule and degrade by stupid caricature tbe pictures at tbe spring exhibition of the Academy. The syndicate writers on travel and wbat n[illegible]re, of course, given plenty of space. In sbort, tbe *Wor*[illegible]il 17tb is twin to the San Francisco Sunday paper, [illegible]ere is more of it. Vapid, dense, salacious, scandal-mo[illegible]ering, crude, and as commercial as sanded sugar, such is th[illegible] average Sunday journal, which has the froot of brass to say tbat it bas succeeded tbe pulpit not only, but tbe magazine, the literary weekly, and even tbe book press. In trutb, it is but tbe legitimate successor of the village gossip and the coffee-room *raconteur*. It goes a long way to explain tbat disgustful contempt which men and women of breeding and cultivation feel and habitually express for tbe daily newspaper. And the *World* is far from being the worst. There is tbe New York *Morning Journal*, for example, whose Sunday issue is, like its circulation, immense, though it appears to be printed for the exclusive entertainment of kitchen wenches and menservants. The *World*, the *Journal*, and all the enormous Sunday papers, from the Atlantic to tbe Pacific, are, as we have said, humbugs. Their size gives a wholly erroneous notion of tbe expense of their publication. A large proportion of the articles conspicuously marked, "Written specially for tbe *Sunday Ochiltree*," is syndicate stuff that costs but a trifle. Mark Twain, Rudyard Kipling, Sir Edwin Arnold, Robert Louis Stevenson, Bill Nye, and the rest of them, write by contract for hundreds of newspapers, the same matter being furnished to each. Thus it comes that the traveler across the continent, or any one who sees many newspapers, is afflicted by the sight of these "specially written" productions, which stare at him, identical in every line, from the Modesto *Sawbuck* to the New York *World*. It is all a fraud, and a very cheap one. The matter is bad, as a rule, for it is ground out to order, and no man can do such literary wood-sawing without equal damage to bis brain aod reputation.

The pulpit should be quick to take the hint. Tbe sword of righteousoess ought to he drawn on tbe Sunday newspaper, because it helps to degrade the minds and morals of the populace. When it is not inane, it is nasty, and when neither, it is key-holiog and transoming for "sensations," which seldom should be printed, and never at all with the ornamentation of the forthright lying wherewitb they are customarily spiced. A good Suoday newspaper—one, that is, in wbich a reasonable amount of attention sbould be sbown for the wants and tastes of the civilized element in the community, instead of nine-tenths of its space being devoted to satisfying the strong appetites of the slums—would be a blessing, and one to which the now harassed and alarmed pulpit could well afford to give its sacred approval.

The problem of municipal government is in its iofancy. The science of national and State government bas made sucb progress within the past twenty-five years tbat tbe coostitutions wbicb bave been adopted by tbe enligbtened communities of Cbristendom have all heen drawn on tbe same lines. Tbere are differences of detail among them, but, in the main, tbe machinery for conducting the public business is substantially tbe same in tbe United States, tbe British colonies, tbe Danubian principalities, Japan, and South America. Tbere is a pretty general consensus of opinion on the best way of working out tbe system of national self-government. But in cities, no progress bas been made since the century began.

The foundations of the present municipal government of Paris were laid at tbe close of tbe last century, under tbe consulate; hut tbe edifice reared upon tbem bas been modified from time to time by tbe successive governments which bave beld power in France. At the present time, legislative authority is vested in a municipal council of eigbty members cbosen by universal suffrage, and the executive power is oominally placed in the bands of a mayor; but tbe real executive power is wielded by tbe prefect of the Seine, and tbe preservation of order and tbe execution of tbe laws is in tbe bands of tbe prefect of police—botb of these officials being appointed by tbe general government of the nation. Tbe muoicipal council bas furtber divested itself of control over tbe water supply, tbe gas supply, tbe macbioery of street transportation, and tbe service of funerals and cemeteries by leasiog eacb one of them to a company, which pays so mucb to tbe city for its monopoly, and wbose charges are regulated by ordinances of the council. The bospitals and prisons are uoder the control of the prefect of police, so that, in fact, the only departments of the city admioistration wbicb are directly under tbe council's control are the scbools, tbe sewers, and the streets. Mucb complaint is beard in Paris of tbe quality of the citizeos who are chosen as municipal councilors. Some of them are said to be mere politicians, wbo get elected as a stepping-stone to tbe Cbamber of Deputies; others are obscure demagogues wbo represent labor uoions, and are wedded to Utopian tbeories. Atteotion is drawn to tbe superior method adopted in Germany, where members of tbe municipal governments are usually specialists, who are cbosen for tbeir familiarity witb municipal problems, and devote tbeir life to tbeir work. Sucb as tbey are, bowever, the Paris councilors receive and disburse about tbree bundred millions of francs a year, and it is not charged that there is aoy peculation.

Until 1888, the city of London was governed by vestries and local boards; the old "city" was chiefly in tbe bands of guilds. Certain brancbes of city administration, such as sewerage, were in the bands of a metropolitan board of works. In 1888, a local government bill was passed, by wbicb London was created a county, and its admioistration was confided to a county couocil coosisting of one hundred and tbirty-seven members, elected from the fifty-nine parliamentary districts included in the metropolis. An active agitation is now in progress to amend tbis act, and it would seem to need amendment. For, as it stands, the county council bas no authority over tbe street-railroads, or the water-works, or the gas-works, or the markets, or the docks, or the police. The latter is regulated by an appointee of the national ministry; the other four are in the hands of private speculators. It is even doubtful whetber the council can distribute taxation for municipal purposes without an act of Parliament. Its chief field of activity seems to be the regulation of tbe parks, the opening of play-grounds for children, and tbe supervision of tenement-houses. It is noted of the London municipal officials that none of them have ever been charged witb corruption.

New York is governed like San Francisco—by a common council and a mayor; but there, as here, the executive power of the latter has been reduced to a minimum by the division of authority between him and a number of boards who are appointed by the governor, and a number of executive officers who are elected by the people. There, as bere, the mayor

has no control over the city attorney, or the police magistrates, or the controller, or the police—the parks, streets, street railroads, docks, gas-works, and water-works are beyond his reach. Thus it is quite possible for the grossest mismanagement and the most corrupt administration to occur under the most upright mayor; and, as there is no way of getting rid of a corrupt or inefficient official except by the cumbrous process of impeachment, the people are without remedy when they have cast their ballots. What has been said of New York may be said with equal truth of San Francisco.

To take one branch of our own city government as an example—the street department. Within the past year or so, streets in the outskirts of the city have been paved under orders from the street department at the expense of the lot-owners on either side, in defiance of the written protests of every lot-owner. The object of the paving was to put money into the pockets of the asphalt paving companies, or the granite block companies, or the paviors for whom the superintendent of streets is expected to find employment, in consideration of votes on election day. The intention of the Vrooman Act was to give a majority of land-owners—measuring by feet—the right to determine whether they would pave or not. But the law has been overridden at the City Hall, and the life of a unanimous protest by all the land-owners in interest has been held to be limited to six months. It was the intention of the law to reserve to land-owners the right to refuse payment until the work had been done in a thorough and workman-like manner. This has become a mere formality. The street superintendent always certifies that the work is well done, when the contractor asks him. It was also the intention of the act to have no street paved until the water and gas-mains had been laid. No intention whatever is paid to this. And thus the observer will notice streets in the newer parts of the city which were paved a year ago, and are now full of holes and ruts; and other streets where the pavement has been ripped up in every direction to lay water and gas-pipes.

For all this there is no remedy at present, nor can there be until, as ex-Mayors Grace and Hewitt advise for New York, the street department is made a bureau of the mayor's office, and machinery is provided by which, on the application of responsible citizens, summary measures may be taken for the removal from office of city officials who are recreant to their duty. This would, of course, require a repeal of the Consolidation Act and a new charter.

Frenchmen having taken to dynamite, the thing grows serious. There is a flea-like quality about M. Crapaud that is wanting altogether in the German and Russian character. Hans, when bitten by socialistic or anarchistic theories, relieves himself with a street riot, and then cheers in an access of abject enthusiasm at the spectacle of the emperor riding scornfully by. The Russian explodes most of his bombs in foreign magazines. The nihilists are cowardly humbugs. In spite of the world-wide attention they have managed to attract to themselves, they have really done nothing deadly since the assassination of the Czar, a dozen years ago, except sneakingly to murder an unsuspecting police official or two. The exemplary hangings which followed the taking off of the Czar cooled the hot blood of the nihilists effectually. But these French anarchists are dangerous fellows. The air of France is not, like that of Russia and Germany, conducive to reverence for established government. The revolutionary germ is in every Frenchman's blood. He shook up and tumbled to pieces, a century ago, a system of society that was far more firmly founded than the present commercial régime. He is not practical. He will fight as desperately for a sentiment as an Englishman will for his goods and chattels. A whim will saddle and ride him to the deuce. He has none of our fear of being ridiculous, and is never so happy as when he stands the chief figure in a theatrical scene. He brags and struts unblushingly, but, if as boastful as a Roman, he is as brave as one. Witness the cool hardihood of the monster Ravachol, when arraigned in court the other day, and his thorough enjoyment of the opportunity to pose dramatically. He not only confessed, but gloried in his dynamite crimes, and, in addition, has owned to several murders, on the proceeds of one of which he has been living for a year or more. Louise Michel, herself a murderous hag, expresses the belief that Ravachol is no anarchist, moved by enthusiasm to wreck things, but a mere vulgar criminal. Possibly, but whatever the motives of such a man may be, he is as dangerous to a civilized community as a night-prowling, man-eating tiger is to a Bengal village. There are those who say the French anarchists have no organization, and that the explosions which have stricken Paris with terror are the sporadic acts of isolated ruffians. The facts do not warrant so cheerful a view of the situation. The dynamiters may not be compacted into an association, but there is certainly among them a tie sufficiently close to secure concert of action and helpful deeds of revengeful destruction. Ravachol informed the court that he had perpetrated the St. Germain and Rue Clichy explosions in reprisal for the conviction of the anarchists Levallois and Perret. In turn, the beginning of the trial of Ravachol and his fellow-prisoners was signalized by the blowing up of the restaurant, the keeper of which had given the police information which led to Ravachol's arrest. Nobody who has had a hand in the trial of this villain and his associates feels that his life is safe. The threats of the anonymous letters which have rained upon judge, prosecutor, and jurors are felt to be not empty.

Paris is in panic, and with reason. These anarchists are a breed of enemies to civilization against which the ordinary preventive and punitive resources of society are comparatively powerless. A dynamite bomb, capable of dealing death and ruin, is a little thing easily concealed, and when in the possession of a desperate scoundrel or a crank careless of his own life, the police, however vigilant, can not forestall its use, any more than Russell Sage could have anticipated the act of the madman who dynamited his office a few months ago. It is out of the question, of course, for France to attempt to abate the dynamiter by yielding to his demands, for he has no programme except the destruction of all government, the abolition of all laws, and the denial of the right to own property. The anarchist, in short, is a demented fanatic, set on a hair-trigger. When Paris calms her fears a little, she will be able to deal with this bloody brood. Chicago did it successfully. The anarchist is no fonder of the rope and the guillotine than other people when he is made to realize that he is in imminent peril of them. Nothing brings this peril before him more vividly than the execution of a few gentlemen in his own line of business. There were fearful breathings of blood and vengeance when the Chicago anarchists were hanged; but that sharp blow broke the back of anarchy in the United States. The strong hand of the Russian Government has cowed the nihilists. France, the country in which the danger from dynamite is greatest, by reason of national temperament and historical influences, is also the country from which most is to be expected in the way of corrective action, for the French are not afraid of innovation. The crime is new, and it should be confronted with new legal terrors. Train-wrecking has been made a capital offense in some of our States, among them California. Similarly, France ought to provide a strictly modern penalty for a strictly modern crime. To guillotine a dynamiter is to waste him. This is a scientific age, but venerable prejudices still hamper science. The anatomist who, in the interest of mankind, examines the organism of living animals for the purpose of study, is viewed yet with sentimental horror. But there are few, we think, even among those who shudder at the vivisection of dogs and cats and frogs, who would feel anything but a glow of satisfaction at the thought of a convicted anarchist being stretched on the operating-table and made to serve a useful purpose before life departs. No matter how much may be learned from observation of the interior workings of the lower animals, it is obvious that they can not yield anything like the amount of knowledge that could be derived from the investigation of a breathing human being, laid open by the scalpel down the whole front, like the codfish of commerce. Let the government of France decree that the crime of dynamiting shall be followed by the surrender of the malefactor to the vivisectionists, and the anarchist will follow the dodo into the innocuous oblivion of extinction. With vivisection confronting him, even the wildest, most revolutionary and blood-thirsty Parisian would feel too much respect for his viscera to have anything to do with high explosives, as they are related to social reform. Think, too, of the vast possibilities opened up to surgical science by this suggestion of ours. Alienists might investigate the obscure diseases of the brain, concerning which they now know so little. The brain lesions of the vivisected subjects would throw much light upon dark places. Fancy a living anarchist strapped to a surgical table, a portion of his skull sawn out with great care, so as not to cause death, and then the brain tenderly dissected by a lecturer before a class of eager students. The idea is one which must arouse enthusiasm in even a non-surgical mind.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Some of California's Millstones.

In a circular favoring the construction of the Nicaraguan Canal, issued by the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce a few weeks ago, the statement is made that since the completion of the first transcontinental railroad—the Central and Union Pacific—the wholesale business of San Francisco has decreased forty per cent. This assertion being made by the merchants themselves, it is, I take it, approximately, if not absolutely, correct.

Investigation establishes the fact that some classes of wholesale trade which were, fifteen years ago, represented by from twelve to fifteen houses in San Francisco, are now represented by from five to six houses. A number of wholesale dry-goods and clothing firms, with parent houses in New York, have closed out, and the orders of their commercial travelers are filled by the New York house.

The statement is made that there are, at this date, over four thousand unoccupied dwelling-houses in San Francisco; yet at no time within the past twenty years has this line of improvement been more active. This apparent anomaly is accounted for in this way: There are ninety millions of dollars of deposits in the San Francisco savings banks. The standing and almost invariable rule of most of these savings banks is to loan money on San Francisco securities only. A sand-lot anywhere between Lone Mountain and the Cliff House is deemed satisfactory collateral for savings-bank money in a sufficient sum to erect a house thereon; while the Solano County farmer, or any other valley farmer, with an unincumbered farm worth ten thousand dollars, can not borrow enough money of a San Francisco savings bank to build a cattle-shed.

Commercial travelers representing Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, and Kansas City houses sell goods along the lines of railroad from the Missouri River to Oakland. When the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Road formed a junction with the Southern Pacific at Deming, the Chicago drummer, with but little effort and at once, captured the trade of New Mexico, Arizona, and Southern California, coming as far north as Fresno and Stockton. When the Northern Pacific Railroad reached Puget Sound, San Francisco's Portland, Northern Oregon, Washington Territory, and British Columbia trade passed almost immediately to the hands of the Chicago drummer.

Very soon after the breaking of the rebellion, the moneyed interests of our State procured the enactment of a specific contract law by which the national greenback money lost its standing as a legal tender, except at a discount on its face value. The effect of this law was:

First. Merchants sold to the people, for gold, goods that were purchased with greenbacks when a gold dollar was worth two greenback dollars.

Second. The man who came into this State with ten thousand dollars in currency found that he did not have more than five or six thousand dollars in money, and he made haste to return East where his money was worth dollar for dollar.

Third. The Southern Pacific Railroad Company, which has tirelessly urged that one of its unadjusted, but adjustable, equities was the loss it sustained through being compelled to sell Central Pacific first-mortgage bonds, guaranteed by the government, at eighty cents and even as low as seventy-five cents on the dollar, collected through-freight charges in gold and paid the pro rata charges of roads east of Ogden in greenbacks. The passenger rates were manipulated in the same way. The people paid gold, while for all service rendered east of the Central Pacific the compensation was in greenbacks, which the company here purchased on ten to twenty-five cents discount. The vast sum, amounting to perhaps millions of dollars, thus pocketed by the Southern Pacific, came directly from the consumers living on the Pacific Coast

A superior court judge of San Francisco placed an injunction on a sugar refinery, and our consumers paid the Southern Pacific a million and a half of dollars for hauling crude sugar to New Orleans and returning it in a refined state.

These are a few of the millstones that have been hanged about the necks of the people of California, and it is to these handicaps we may easily trace the existing business depression and the prevailing dull times.

In an interview with an *Enquirer* reporter the other day, Mr. Huntington made the assertion that it was to the apathy of the people and not to the Southern Pacific that the general stagnation must be attributed. The situation presents just enough in support of his position to enable him to make the statement. A careful diagnosis of the case gives this result: The State is an orange which for forty years San Francisco has resistlessly and relentlessly sucked. San Francisco is a sponge which for twenty years the Southern Pacific Railroad Company has remorselessly and exhaustively squeezed. The policy of San Francisco's merchants and money-holders has been to take all and give nothing. The policy of the Southern Pacific is based on

> "The good old plan,
> That they shall get who have the power,
> And they shall keep who can."

The Southern Pacific owns every foot of the best and the cheapest-to-operate transcontinental line of transportation. Its steamers, plying between New York and New Orleans land freight on the Sunset cars at the latter place, whence it is moved to San Francisco over a shorter all-rail route than is operated by any other overland road. If the Southern Pacific was not so hampered by debt that it must charge shippers the highest possible rate, in order to stand off the receiver, it could cut loose from all Eastern pools and combinations and lay down overland freight here at nearly or quite one-half the existing rate of charges.

The San Francisco merchant holds the railroad responsible for the loss of forty per cent. of his trade. He puts it mildly as to the loss. The statement is an understatement as to the fact. Of the trade held by San Francisco's wholesale houses, when the last spike was driven at Promontory Point, at least seventy-five per cent. is lost, but the development on the coast, due mainly to the railroad, has so increased the volume of business that the total falling off does not, perhaps, exceed forty per cent.

The opinion of Mr. Huntington seems to be that the San Francisco merchant has not been equal to the occasion; that he has shown a sort of incapacity for expansion; that he has exhibited a lamentable ignorance of the combinations and complications of competition; that he has made no effort whatever to retain old customers or secure new ones; that, in short, he is a cross between a peanut-vender and a street-peddler.

The cross bill of the merchant sets forth that his business has been greatly impaired, not through lack of energy and activity on his part, but because of discrimination against him on the part of the railroad, and it charges that Mr. Huntington is attempting to substitute the word "competition" for the word "discrimination," and thus avoid, if possible, the exposure of the unfair and injurious policy which the railroad has pursued, and is still pursuing, toward San Francisco. I beg to remind both Mr. Huntington and the merchant that crimination and recrimination seldom lead to amity, and, also, that mere assertion rarely takes the place of argument.

Let us state a fact and then ascertain, as nearly as we can, who is responsible for its existence: *Within seven miles of Sansome and Battery Streets, the retailer is selling various articles below the best figures of the San Francisco jobber for these lines of goods!* Commercial travelers of Eastern houses take orders along the lines of railroad, from Omaha, Neb., to Oakland, Cal. In the fact that they do take these orders is found the reason why the San Francisco jobber can not do business with the Berkeley retailer. Does the responsibility rest with the San Francisco merchant or with the railroad?

The natural inference is that a railroad company which enjoys the extraordinary privilege of side-tracking an Eastern loaded car at Reno, or Sacramento, or Stockton, or Fresno, upon which it collects through freight rates to San Francisco and a withering local rate back to the point at which the car is set out, will not of itself do anything to interfere with so rare and profitable a bit of exclusive prerogative, and the inference is correctly drawn. But these Eastern loaded cars are moved over a number of roads with the management of which the Southern Pacific has not much to say. Eastern roads are, of course, partial to Eastern shippers, and hence it is that for some of the advantages held by the Chicago drummer over the San Francisco jobber the Southern Pacific is not wholly responsible. Yet while the local rate on a cooking-stove, or any other article of domestic use, from San Francisco to, say, Red Bluff, one hundred and ninety-nine miles in the interior, equals the cost of moving the same article from Troy or New York to San Francisco, three thousand five hundred miles, Mr. Huntington is not quite justified in maintaining that the railroad is in no way responsible for the decline in San Francisco's trade. I may further add that while the local rate on a carload of fruit from Fresno to Sacramento is so much in excess of that on a carload of fruit from Vacaville to Sacramento as to give the Vacaville shipper a decided advantage over the Fresno shipper in the Eastern market, Mr. Huntington can not fairly claim that his roads are doing everything possible for the development of our agricultural and other soil-tilling industries. While Mr. Huntington consented to the acceptance of a subsidy paid to his company for the maintenance of a sugar monopoly here; while the Southern Pacific, for a large annual stipend, aids and abets the Western Union in holding a telegraphic monopoly on this coast; and while the Southern Pacific taxes our people for money with which to subsidize the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, in order that rates and fares may be kept at a high figure, Mr. Huntington can not hope to be looked upon as a public benefactor. While the Southern Pacific owes the State nearly three million dollars taxes, and refuses to pay the same, and while it uses its money and influence to defeat or elect candidates for office, the people will hesitate before accepting it as an unmixed blessing. And lastly, while an odor of railroad influence pervades every department of the State government, and while so many municipal officials heed not the people, whose servants they should be, and do heed the commands of Mr. Huntington's lieutenants, whose servants they are, the claim that the Southern Pacific is more sinned against than sinning will hardly be allowed.

Mr. Huntington has stated that he can see no way in which the net earnings of the Southern Pacific can be increased, or even given an existence, except by reducing the wages and salaries of the employés. It is evident that from his standpoint this is about the only alternative left. The company's interest-account reaches such an enormous figure that, when added to the operating expenses, the total is so great that every pound of freight moved must be taxed to the last cent the business will bear, or the demands of creditors cannot be satisfied. This heavy load has grown from a mistake on the part of the five or six men who have practically owned the property from the outset. The creation of mammoth private fortunes out of the earnings of the system in place of using those earnings in liquidating the company's liabilities, is the source from which the present trouble flows. There is a better plan than the one Mr. Huntington suggests, which would leave the schedule of wages and salaries unchanged and yet reduce the fares and rates as well as largely increase the net earnings. Let Mr. Huntington, Mr. Stanford, the two Crocker estates, and the Hopkins-Searles estate, each return to the company's treasury twenty millions of dollars out of the vast sums they have drawn out of it and absorbed in their private fortunes. The payment of this one hundred millions of dollars on the company's debts would so reduce the interest-account that the net earnings would be doubled, even though fares and rates were reduced twenty-five to forty per cent.

We turn now to the San Francisco merchant. Mr. Huntington has nailed on the door of the wholesale house a long list of sins of commission and omission. Some of these charges can not be entirely set aside; others have an unmistakable flavor of the "you're another" style of argument. The San Francisco wholesale merchant is told that he is still doing business on the fall of '49 and spring of '50 price-list; that he continues to deal with his customers on the "take it or leave it" plan; that he is unlearned in the primary principles of mercantile business; that he is unable to meet and compete with competition; that he can not or will not get out of the pack-train and twice-a-month steamer rut; that he is unable to free himself from the old-time notion that everything must come to San Francisco; that he has always taken the turkey and given the country merchant the crow; that he seems unable to realize that the world moves; that he can not learn the art of progression; that as his name does not appear on the stock-books of the Central Pacific Railroad, it is fair to assume that his support of the Nicaragua Canal will begin and end in a set of windy resolutions; that he is an ancient number of an edition that was worked off on a hand-press, with dirty ink and a lumpy roller; that he is so far behind the times that he can not hear the whistle of the lightning train of progress, etc. These are a few of the counts in the indictments upon which each side arraigns the other. The people will pass upon the evidence and determine how much of each count is false and how much is true.

If it is true that San Francisco's population is not increasing; that her volume of trade is not expanding; and that the number of her unoccupied dwellings is not decreasing, we may conclude that the Southern Pacific is still squeezing its sponge. If it is true that the country is not prospering; that the price of farm produce is not much above the cost of production; that money is scarce and the rate of interest ruinous; and that the farmer complains of hard times and high local railroad tariff, we can not avoid the conclusion that San Francisco is still tugging away at her now pretty well-sucked orange.

J. M. BA.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 22, 1892.

A MAN'S HONOR.

Being a Story of Husbands and Wives.

Yes, he had seen distinctly! There, under the trees where they had believed themselves unseen, a moon-ray had suddenly glided, and as clearly as by day she had appeared—she, Mme. de Laugeolles, in the arms of that man whom he hated, their lips clinging together in an ardent kiss. It had lasted but a second, then clouds had passed across the moon, and once more the park was plunged in dense obscurity.

Pascal was a man of thirty years, of soldierly figure, solidly built, and carelessly at ease in his costume of a forest guard—a coat of well-worn velveteen, trousers of the same, tucked into top-boots, and a visorless round cap on the back of the head. Brave and honest, too, as he was handsome, more than one girl of the little village had openly declared that he would make an enviable husband. But Pascal Hubert had paid no heed to village surmise or gossip; son of the nurse of the young Comte de Laugeolles, he had been brought up with him, was his foster-brother, in fact, and dearly beloved by all at the château, where the widowed Comtesse de Laugeolles had remained to bring up her son.

Pascal Hubert and Edmond de Laugeolles, therefore, had grown up together. Edmond, delicate, puny, and always a little ailing, had in Pascal a firm and vigorous support. It was he who taught him to mount a horse, to hunt, and to walk with a resolute step; he who protected him, and in times of danger came to his assistance.

Edmond had gone to Paris to finish his studies, and it was very rarely now that they saw him at the Château Laugeolles. His mother, however, came often. It was the corner of the earth that she loved best. A proud, reticent soul, she had loved only her husband, and remained faithful to that love. At Laugeolles with him she had passed the happy moments of her life. Here the honeymoon had been spent; here she had become a mother; and here, later on, when M. de Laugeolles, as the result of an accident, had died, she had isolated herself in this forgotten retreat, far from every one, to be alone with her sorrow.

Her affection now was concentrated upon her child and upon him who had grown up with him. To her, Pascal and Edmond were really as two brothers. Bereft of father and mother before he was ten years of age, Pascal had lived at Laugeolles, loved by every one, incapable of a bad action, knowing not what a lie was, and, above all, devoted to his foster-brother, Edmond de Laugeolles.

Knowing not what a lie was, did I say? Yes; but, nevertheless, when the little gentleman had committed a fault, without actually announcing himself the culprit, Pascal so managed it that it was always himself upon whom the blame was laid. Honest, upright, tender, and affectionate, he would have given his life any time for his young master.

Toward his twenty-fifth year, they learned at Laugeolles that the young count had married—a woman very rich, of noble blood, and also very young. Then the newly married pair arrived at Laugeolles, the Dowager-Comtesse de Laugeolles preceding them a week to prepare and put in order the nest for the two children.

Pascal, meanwhile, had become the head gamekeeper of his benefactress. He, too, had married—the daughter of a peasant family who lived on the edge of the great Laugeolles forest. All the coquettes in the world were as nothing to Pascal Hubert; he loved Cenette, with her frank, engaging smile, and Cenette loved him—had always loved him, it seemed—for when he asked her hand in marriage, she was ready to say at once: "I am yours; take me."

They were a happy couple, and Mme. de Laugeolles, at sight of their joy, was as happy as they. Pascal's felicity completed for her the happiness of Edmond, for she loved and looked upon them still as two brothers, these children brought up side by side.

Edmond was the same frail, delicate, strengthless being that he had been as a boy; his young wife was one of those proud, patrician women, haughty and disdainful, who pass through life like queens and seem to find interest in nothing mundane.

Coming to Laugeolles for the honeymoon, things were very gay, both at the château and in the neighborhood, every one feasting and toasting them, M. de Livrey among others—M. Gaston de Livrey, more than half-ruined in fortune, they said, and who, for that reason, remained on his provincial estate the better part of the year. A dark, olive-skinned fellow, with fiery eyes, mustaches curled at the ends, approaching his fortieth year, and with a bold, insolent air, but little love was felt for him by his country neighbors. They believed him a man ready to do anything—save good. Nevertheless, he was often at Laugeolles, jolly and always agreeable, shooting with Edmond or amusing the young wife. Before long he passed pretty much all the time with his new friends.

The dowager-countess, already far advanced in years, was failing rapidly. They spoke, as winter approached, of taking her to a milder climate, perhaps to the shores of the Mediterranean. She refused to go. She knew that she was dying, and she desired to pass away in the place where she had known her happiness.

One morning, after a night of suffering, she called Pascal to her bedside.

"Do not weep, my lad," said she; "I do not complain, only—I leave behind me a son who needs my care. You, Pascal," she continued, in a lower tone, "are an honest and true man; listen to what I say. I have sent for you to open my heart to you. I am afraid—afraid for Edmond. I tremble for his happiness—it does not seem to me that the wife he has chosen has the love for him that I could have wished. Pascal, I beseech you, watch over him and her. If the peace of their lives is threatened, stand between them and that which menaces them, and defend them to the end."

Pascal would have spoken, but sobs choked the words in his throat. Mme. de Laugeolles smiled sadly.

"Go now, my boy," said she; "I know you—you have need to promise me nothing. You will be to Edmond as you have always been—an elder brother, generous, devoted, and unselfish."

But her voice failed her. That night she was dead.

Only a few months had gone, when that which she feared had come to pass. Edmond's wife—the proud Hélène de Laugeolles—was ensnared in the wiles of Gaston de Livrey.

Pascal had seen it coming day by day. But what could he do? Once he had sought to show De Livrey to Edmond in his true colors—to paint him as a man at once despicable and formidable, unworthy to be received in his house. But Edmond had grown angry, and refused his counsels. Then, troubled and hurt, he had held his peace; but, faithful to the will of Mme. de Laugeolles, he watched—to see De Livrey hour by hour gain ground with Hélène. She no longer spoke of returning to Paris, preferring, she said, while in mourning, the retirement of Laugeolles. As for Edmond, he passed his days as usual, hunting, steeping himself in the life-giving breath of the woods. And every day, too, Pascal knew it well, the moment drew nearer and nearer—Hélène would yield, forget her duty as a wife, and give up the struggle. The glance, the word spoken in a certain fashion, the lingering hand-clasp at parting—Pascal saw it all, saw that De Livrey was slowly but surely winning the young wife from her husband's side.

And now, to-night, she had promised herself to him. This very evening, with his own eyes, he had seen them in each other's arms. It was the first weakness, the first step. *It was time to act.*

Softly, with the step of a cat, Pascal glided toward the two lovers, who, with arms still interlaced, were talking in a low voice. M. de Livrey was urging, Hélène listening, if not yielding.

"But why to-morrow, Hélène?" cried De Livrey; "why always to-morrow? Why thrust from you till then the happiness now in your grasp?"

She shivered visibly, besitated, was lost!

"So he it; have it as you will, then!" she cried out, suddenly. "I know what it will cost me, but it shall be as you say. To-night, at twelve o'clock, at the window of my room; the château will be quiet, no one awake—come!"

It was nine o'clock, a night in autumn, a sharp breeze rising. Hélène returned to the salon where Edmond sat reading. She was pale, still shivering. "Storm was in the air," she declared; "she was weary, too, and thought of going to bed at once."

M. de Livrey arrived in his turn.

"Yes, the weather had certainly changed; it was going to rain, and rain in torrents. He must hurry to regain his hermitage."

Hélène, as she had said, went at once to her chamber. There, at her window, the minutes seemed to her to crawl by like years. A weight of anguish oppressed her heart. Again and again she listened with strained ear. Not a sound broke the stillness. Soon, her eyes accustomed to the darkness, she was able to distinguish dimly, through the night, the alleys, trees, and thickets of the park. All the château now was wrapped in sleep.

The hour of the rendezvous approached. At last it sounded—twelve solemn strokes. Then, suddenly, sharply, through the silence, a shot rang out. Hélène, her hand on her heart, listened and waited, her face glued to the glass, gazing out.

Below, at the edge of the wood, the little cottage nestled in the midst of the trees. Pascal Hubert strode toward it rapidly, his hand still clutching firmly the stock of his gun. He reached it; a light shone from the window. What did it mean? He had told Cenette that he was on the trail of a poacher and going to watch in the wood, perhaps, all night long. Why, then, was Cenette not asleep? Poor little one! She was afraid, doubtless, for the man she loved—poachers were often wicked, and avenged themselves on the keeper who trailed them.

All at once the sound of voices reached Pascal's ear. Cenette was not alone, then. Pascal listened.

"But, Cenette, Cenette, why resist me longer? Since Pascal is to pass the night outside, what are you afraid of? Your happiness, I tell you, depends solely upon yourself."

"And I tell you, M. Edmond," Cenette answered, firmly, "what I have told you again and again, that I love Pascal, and Pascal only. If I opened the door to you this evening, it was because I believed that it was be returning, while you profited by his absence and your knowledge of the necessities of his work to take me by surprise. Go, go, I beg of you, before Pascal returns."

"Reflect, Cenette; will you still refuse, when I say to you that, otherwise, I will dismiss him from my service?"

"And do you think, M. le Comte, that Pascal will not ask you why you send him away?"

"But, Cenette, be reasonable and gentle. Your resistance is senseless. I have loved you for a long time——"

"And I, M. le Comte, love Pascal, my husband——"

"Hush, be silent! I love you, I love you, I say, and you shall be mine——"

With a vigorous thrust of the shoulder, the door flew open and Pascal plunged in. Cenette with clasped hands flung herself before him. Pascal drew her tenderly to his arms.

"My precious little one!" murmured he, fondly; then, turning to Edmond, for Edmond it was, crouching now in a corner of the room, white, trembling, a picture of abject terror:

"Scoundrel!" said he, "what have I done to you that you should seek to take from me all that I hold dearest in the world? Because I am poor, do you think that I have not a heart like you? And because this poor girl here has neither fine dresses, wealth, nor jewels, do you believe that you could buy her with your miserable gold? M. de Laugeolles, your own mother would scorn you to-night did she know the deed that you have sought to do in this house!"

Edmond had thought for a moment that Pascal would throttle him instantly with his strong hand; but, seeing the danger past, he began to regain a little courage.

"And to think," resumed the gamekeeper, "that while you came to steal my happiness I was protecting yours! You sought to make of my wife an unwilling victim, and yours—gives herself! You do not believe it, yet it is truth I tell you—Mme. de Laugeolles has a lover!"

Edmond leaped as under the lash of a whip.

"You lie!" he cried.

"I lie, do I?" Pascal returned, between clenched teeth; "come, then—see for yourself!"

And seizing Edmond's arm, he dragged him outside, into the wood, and through the paths running among the trees and briars.

All at once, M. de Laugeolles—the clouds having passed under the freshening wind—saw in the clear moonlight a black mass stretched on the ground.

It was a body.

"A dead man—here?" cried he.

"Yes," said Pascal; "M. de Livrey, who had a rendezvous at twelve to-night with Mme. de Laugeolles. But I watched and waited for him; I had sworn to your mother to guard your happiness, and this"—touching the gun still in his hand—"is why M. de Livrey did not keep his appointment with madame, your wife."

Pascal's voice was hurried, panting, terrible. And just then, through the still night, came the sound of shouts, hails, and cries. The report of the gun had startled the château people; they were roused and searching the wood in all directions. In five minutes, perhaps, they would be at the spot where the two men stood.

Pascal stooped suddenly, rummaged the dead man's pockets, and drew out some papers. Edmond stood as one bewildered. The papers were letters—Mme. de Laugeolles's letters, as Pascal had believed and feared.

"See!" said he, thrusting them into Edmond's hands; "these will convince you if you still doubt!"

The steps of the searchers now were plainly distinguishable.

"Come, M. de Laugeolles," Pascal resumed; "rouse yourself and be a man! They are coming; you will have to explain, and you will say to your servants: 'My wife is false to me. I have killed her lover!'"

Edmond threw up his hands, with a gesture of terror.

"For God's sake, no, Pascal; no, not that! Kill me, if you will, but do not dishonor me! I am guilty; I have behaved like a scoundrel, I know it; but do not, I beseech you, condemn me to this shame!"

"Had you pity for me a while ago, sir?" Pascal coldly responded. "Had my wife been, like yours, a guilty spouse, would you not have dragged my honor in the mud? And is my honor less valuable than yours, M. le Comte?"

"I was a coward—a coward, Pascal; you ought to have killed me! But pardon, pardon and spare me—in the name of my mother!" Edmond added, appealingly.

In the name of his mother, pardon this unworthy son? Pascal was moved, in spite of himself. Again the voice of Mme. de Laugeolles, his benefactress, implored him from her death-bed: "Watch over Edmond, Pascal," she had said; "stand always between him and sorrow; be to him always, as you have ever been—an elder brother, generous, devoted, and unselfish!"

A wave of the old love swept resistlessly over him, a flood of pity for this man before him, who had striven to take from him all that was dearest to him in the world—he, a giant in strength and morals, who could have crushed with one hand this puny weakling, cowering before him.

"Go!" he said, suddenly; "go quickly!"

And while Edmond fled like a hare through the tangled undergrowth, Pascal began to call out, with his strong, robust lungs: "Hallo! Hallo-o! This way; hallo-o-o!"

He was surrounded in a moment. Pascal pointed to De Livrey's body, lying where it had fallen.

"We were watching for poachers," said he; "M. de Livrey and I. We surprised one. M. de Livrey tried to seize him; the poacher fired—M. de Livrey fell."—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Douzere by E. C. Waggener.*

A "constant reader, with bound volumes of the *Argonaut* from the first issue up to date," writes to us, expressing the hope that we will "take up and analyze that British communication (in the *Argonaut* of April 11th) relative to England's maritime strength compared to that of America." We printed the communication of the "Belligerent Briton" more as a curio than as anything else, and we deem it unnecessary to analyze it *in extenso*. But in the cablegrams of last Saturday's papers there were statements from Adjutant-General Wood, of the British army, from the Duke of Cambridge, field-marshal commanding-in-chief the British army, from Lord Wolseley, and from the Duke of Connaught, which show the roseate view—to say the least—that the "Belligerent Briton" takes of the situation. He says:

"Her military forces at home consist of the regular army of 106 000 men, with 68,000 in the reserve, a total of 174 000 regular troops; back of these are 160,000 militia and militia reserves, and 262,000 volunteers, a total force of about 600,000 men. . . . To-day she is prepared to embark at once the First Army Corps, to be followed, in less than thirty days, by the Second and Third."

Now let us look at the statements of those highest in authority in the British army, who are in the best possible position to judge of its strength. The cablegram says:

LONDON, April 15th.—Revelations made before the committee inquiring into the state of the British army have been the sensation of the week. Leading military chiefs concurred in the opinion that there is hardly a single infantry battalion at home that is not affected. Adjutant-General Wood declared that fifty per cent. of the men encamped at Aldershot were unfit for camp duty and for a day's service on account of youth and lack of stamina. The Duke of Cambridge, commander-in-chief, indorsed the startling statement, adding that if called upon to mobilize two army corps on short notice it would be impossible, and he did not think it possible to mobilize one corps, composed of twenty-five battalions of infantry. In response to a query as to battalions fit for home defense, Lord Wolseley replied: "If we were invaded to-morrow they would be little better than nothing." The Duke of Connaught said if his command were ordered to service not half of them would be allowed to go on account of unfitness. Lord Wolseley likened the forces to a squeezed lemon. The Duke of Connaught held that grown men would not join the service as wearers of the queen's uniform because socially ostracized, and because soldiers were wantonly burdened with excessive sentry duty.

THE MACKAY MANSION.

Our Correspondent Describes Mrs. Mackay's London Home.

No corner of aristocratic London is more dignified and exclusive than that limited area known as Carlton-House Terrace. Though within a stone's throw of Pall Mall and the great West End thoroughfares, it is as completely shut off from their disturbing noise and continuous traffic as if miles of country lanes and fields surrounded it—an illusion that is strengthened by the view from the wide balconies of the mansions across the trees, lawns, and ornamental water of St. James's Park, the "Birdcage Walk," where in by-gone days the gay court gallants hung up their cages of singing-birds, and The Mall of St. James, where the "Merry Monarch" loved to disport himself and gossip with the fair but frail Nell Gwynn, seated at her window hard by, with a glimpse of Westminster and historic Whitehall in the far distance.

Half a century ago, the row of Pæstum-Doric residences in Carlton-House Terrace disappeared, and in its place rose the once famous Carlton House, the home of the Regent Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth. The very name even of the locality recalls vividly the luxury and ostentation of the eighteenth century, when "the first gentleman in Europe" held his court here, after Windsor Castle, Buckingham House, and St. James's Palace were no longer open to him, and where he instituted those bacchanalian feasts of wit and beauty—the fame of which has descended to the present day—surrounded by such brilliant courtiers as Pitt, Fox, Burke, Walpole, Canning, Sheridan, "Beau" Brummel, Laureoce, Garrick, and Kemble, who united in the flattery of their princely master and the beautiful Mrs. Fitzherbert. It was here that the Prince Regent gave his famous supper-party to two thousand persons, the *pièce de résistance* being a stream of crystal water stocked with gold and silver fish that flowed through a marble canal down the length of the table; but although according to Walpole it was the most perfect palace in Europe, few existing relics of its grandeur remain, and those are scattered over London—the portico columns being built into the National Gallery, the marble mantel-shelf being now at Buckingham Palace, and the colonnade pillars supporting the orangeries at Kew Gardens.

The present Carlton House was originally built by the third Duke of Leinster for his town residence, and sold by the present duke to Mr. C. H. Sandford, a millionaire, who after only two years' tenancy was obliged to part with it, owing to losses in Argentine bonds; so some eighteen months ago Mr. John W. Mackay bought the property for his wife, and had removed to it all the furniture, pictures, and art treasures from their hôtel in Paris.

Nothing outside of Italy could be more beautiful, artistically speaking, than the interior of the mansion. The wide, oblong hall—a large room in itself—contains some of the finest specimens of decorative work in England. The ceiling is richly ornamented in high relief, picked out in blue and gold, with cross beams of polished oak, and upon the walls, which are divided into panels, hang a series of most exquisite Gobelin tapestries of the seventeenth century, executed by Cozette, and representing "Agriculture" and the "Four Seasons." On the left is a very fine projecting fifteenth-century mantel chimney-piece, elaborately sculptured, and a massive oak table fills the centre of the chamber, while tall palms and giant ferns are placed at intervals along the walls.

Opening from this hall, at the far end, is Mrs. Mackay's book-room, or boudoir, with its one large window, richly draped in sombre brocade and lace, looking out on St. James's Park. A large writing-table near the window is not for mere form's sake, as the immense amount of correspondence which Mrs. Mackay receives, and which she carefully goes through herself, makes it a very necessary item in the furniture. All round this pretty little den are book-cases, reaching nearly to the ceiling, with volumes in all languages, as the owner is an accomplished linguist.

To the left of this book-room, through a door which, like all others on this floor, is richly inlaid with intarsia-work, is the inner hall and marble vestibule—a charming prologue to the magnificent staircase and reception-rooms above, which appeal to the fancy more as picturesque Venice than prosaic London. The marble staircase, with its open balustrade richly sculptured in fifteenth-century design, of which rumor has had so much to say, is broken half-way up with a tiny projecting ledge, which, overhanging the entrance-hall, reminds one more of the early Tudor style as seen in many a country residence "in the west countrie." All the walls are paneled in pale green and silver brocade, divided at intervals by marble pilasters, and on this background hang a series of Beauvais tapestries depicting events in the life of Christopher Columbus. In the coffered ceiling, each "coffer" is tinted a soft rich blue, upon which, in relief, rests a star-shaped flower, the petals made of mother-of-pearl, which, with electric light playing upon them, produce a most fairy-like effect.

Opposite the staircase opens the lofty Henry the Second dining-room, with paneling of deep-hued mahogany. Its wide, deep fire-place reaches nearly to the roof, and its ceiling, displaying classic figures, is ivory tinted on a gold background. On the walls are valuable pictures of the early Dutch school, and the three large windows open out on a quiet and secluded balcony.

The drawing-room, which faces the terrace, is a long apartment with a dominant hue of pink throughout, and the walls are almost hidden by the Gobelin tapestry on one side and the numerous paintings on the other two. Among the art treasures hidden away in the various cabinets, and scattered about on the tables, are many priceless Sèvres ceramics, minatures, snuff-boxes, and other miscellaneous articles—indeed, this one room contains some of the choicest *objets d'art* in Europe; while an easel, with a piece of early Italian embroidery, stands at one end of the room holding a picture by Von Cuype, and opposite, side by side, hang Cabanel's striking portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Mackay.

Opening from the pink drawing-room is the hall-room, measuring over fifty feet in length and twenty-eight in width. On one side, a row of long French windows lead to a broad balcony, from which the clock-tower of Westminster is clearly visible. The highly polished floor is protected by a large velvet carpet, the ceiling is paneled with paintings in the Italian Paladian style of the sixteenth century, and on the walls are Cozette tapestries, with scenes from the life of Don Quixote, after Von Cuype's celebrated designs. A grand piano stands at one end of the room, flanked by a graceful arrangement of ferns, and the furniture, couches, sofas, chairs, ottomans, and fauteuils are all covered with antique needle-work and valuable Louis the Sixteenth embroideries, while among the many valuable pictures are masterpieces from the hands of Rubens, Wouvermanos, Gerard Dow, Teniers, Jan Steen, and Bonnat, with the now famous Meissonier portrait of Mrs. Mackay, who is depicted standing and wearing a black dress, cut square across the bust, with a large cavalier hat and feathers, and in the act of buttoning a long, tan-colored glove.

The guest-rooms and sleeping-rooms are marvels of luxury, and quite in keeping with the rest of this magnificent mansion. The "Diana" baths especially, with marble tubs set below the level of the marble floor, are very elegant, and called forth the expression of opinion from one well-known *dame mondaine* that Mrs. Mackay ought to introduce matinées "for ladies only," the *mise en scène* to be strictly confined to the bath-rooms. Looking out upon the trees of the park is a delightful little salon, which Mrs. Mackay looks upon as her sanctum, and here only the privileged few are allowed to congregate. At one end hangs an old French tapestry—St. Dominic—but in the place of honor is a delicate aquarelle representing a scene from "L'Abbé Constantin," for the heroines of which delightful novel Mrs. Mackay and her sister are said to have sat as types. Close to it hangs a portrait of Cabanel, the distinguished painter, who gave it almost as a death-bed souvenir, and a very fine line-engraving of George Washington, with an aquarelle of her Californian home, while a dainty little writing-table is covered with groups of royal photographs.

It is now nine years since Mrs. Mackay came to London, but before then her hôtel in Paris had long been famous for its hospitality and superb appointments. At first, from season to season, she rented Lord Sudley's house, in Buckingham Gate; but now that she has taken 6 Carlton-House Terrace, her determination is to make London her permanent abode, and she has already shown that the old traditions of magnificence and generosity in connection with her residence will lose nothing at her hands.

Mrs. Mackay is of medium height, most attractive, but dignified in manner, and very gentle and sweet-voiced. She is rather pale, with soft dark hair, and dark, strongly marked brows and lashes, but the beauty of her face lies in her eyes, which seem to have an endless variety of expression. Although born in New York, she is really of French and Creole extraction, her mother being a Miss Viscera, whose grandparents emigrated, like other Royalists, to Canada during the troublous times of the French Revolution. Miss Viscera married Colonel Hungerford, and became the mother of Mrs. Mackay and the Countess Telfner. Mrs. Mackay has three children—a daughter by her first marriage, Miss Bryant-Mackay, now the Princess Galatro-Colonna, and two sons. Among her many distinguished and valued friendships, she counted that of the late Pope Pius the Ninth among her most intimate. On his death-bed, he sent her his blessing and his portrait in miniature, and she was one of the special five persons, similarly distinguished, who received, at the hands of Pio Nono, the decoration of the Order of the Cross.

Mrs. Mackay's name is, perhaps, more widely known in England than that of any other American lady who resides among us. PICCADILLY.

LONDON, April 7, 1892.

The Sultan of Turkey was thrown into a fit of terror recently when he learned that two assassins had secreted themselves behind draperies, and their presence was detected by a small lap-dog. The Sultan did not, perhaps, run any real danger, for he never passed through the apartments where the men were found; but as to the murderous intentions of these worthies there is no doubt, and the Sultan would not be appeased until all the nooks and corners of his vast palace of Yildiz Kiosk had been explored. Next, all the men belonging to the Nubian and Albanian Guards who were on duty that day had been replaced by others, and put under arrest. They are to be sent into Asia Minor.

At Lord Dufferin's first afternoon reception, after taking charge of the British embassy in Paris, the visitors all wore either full uniforms or frock-coats and white cravats. Until very recently, the *Pall Mall Gazette* says, such assemblies have been attended by diplomatists as well as civilians in morning dress, much to the regret of the official introducer, the Comte d'Ormesson, who has sought to bring about a reform. A Paris journal observes that this is a great innovation for Englishmen, "who even marry in an overcoat and gray trousers!"

The Shanghai Debating Society have been considering why the young men of Shanghai do not marry. The impression is that the fault is in the "chit system," the local name for the credit system, by which things are charged at high prices, instead of being paid for at low prices. The majority of the young men were in favor of abolishing this system, but the young women were against it, and swamped the boys.

A facetious Western Republican, in a rather hilarious note on the Rhode Island election, says: "I have heard of an old Indiana Democrat who, when asked after a Republican victory in that State how he accounted for it, answered: 'Oh, d——n 'em, they bought us!' Doubtless about the same explanation will be made by our Rhode Island friends."

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Pierre Loti is accused of using the words *I*, *my*, and *me* two hundred and twelve times in his address before the French Academy.

George Augustus Sala, the veteran London journalist, says his market value is twenty-five dollars an hour. This, with an eight-hour day, would give him sixty-five thousand dollars annually.

Mr. Willie C. K. Wilde was much disturbed by the fact that the Pullman car which bore him and his distinguished consort through the South was named the "Idlewild." "It is a blasted piece of impertinence," he is reported to have said.

One of Tennyson's admirers recently sent him some verses containing an allusion to the poet's "wintry hair." In acknowledging the compliment, his lordship said: "If by 'wintry hair' you allude to a tree whose leaves are half-gone, you are right; but if you mean 'white,' you are wrong, for I never had a gray hair on my head."

Andrew Carnegie is said to look down on people who have inherited great wealth or had the advantage of a college education. He thinks that they have been hampered thereby for attaining real success in life. As for education, he holds that short-hand and telegraphy are worth all the scientific knowledge that could be obtained from a dozen colleges.

Sir Henry Isaacs, ex-lord mayor of London, has been committed for trial on a charge of swindling in a large amount. He has already resigned his seat as aldermao, as well as the other municipal offices and dignities which he held in connection therewith. By this means he has averted the decree of suspension and expulsion which awaited him in the hands of the city fathers.

Lord George Campbell, the fourth son of the Duke of Argyle, has opened an office in Victoria Street, London, as agent for the registration and leasing of shootings, fishings, moors, and deer forests. Lord George's elder brother Archie is a partner of the great banking firm of Coutts. Lord Walter, another brother, is a stock-broker and a partner of the firm of Lindo, King & Co.

The hereditary Grand Duke of Luxemburg, who is reported to be betrothed to Princess Victoria of Wales, is fat, very short, very easy-going, and very good-humored. He has a personal fortune of about eighteen millions of dollars. The prince is just about forty years of age, and is very popular in the Austrian army, in which he served his way up from subaltern to the rank of general.

Mr. Ward McAllister says that for ten consecutive years he has realized a net profit of seven hundred dollars a year on his forty-six-acre farm in Newport. He furnishes an explanation of this thriftiness by allowing that he purchased all the produce himself, paying fifty cents a quart for cream, twelve dollars each for spring lambs, thirty cents a pound for fall turkeys, two dollars and a half each for chickens, turkeys, and so on.

One of the reasons why the Grand Duke Sergius and his wife are so unpopular at Moscow, where the duke holds the rank of governor-general, is that they hold separate receptions for the nobility and for the mercantile class, parceling them off for different days of the week. The nobles, of course, have no objection to the division, but words fail to describe the emotions of the enriched commercials at being separated from the haughty aristocracy.

John Murray the Fourth has, for several years, been a partner in the great London publishing house of "John Murray," of which the head, John Murray the Third, died April 2d, at the age of eighty-four. An interesting reminiscence of the first John Murray is the little-known fact that his name was McMurray, and that he dropped the "Mc" when he went into business in London "in deference to English prejudices." John Murray the Second was Byron's and Washington Irving's publisher.

Harper's Weekly says: "On the twelfth of April, 1861, the first gun from Fort Sumter was fired in answer to the attack from the South Carolina troops. That gun was aimed by General Abner Doubleday, who was then a captain of artillery. Of the officers at Fort Sumter at that time only two survive—General Doubleday and General Crawford, who was the post-surgeon." *Harper's Weekly* is mistaken. Another officer who was at Fort Sumter survives—Colonel Edward Moale, now stationed at San Francisco, Cal.

Editor Cockerill, of the New York *Advertiser*, is apparently not scared by Mr. H. Vane Milbank, who threatens to return to this country and settle with certain editors. This is Colonel Cockerill's latest defi: "There is not a reputable newspaper in the United States which does not now regard Mr. Milbank as a blackguard. His appearance here as the 'heeler' of a dissolute young scoundrel, who had disgraced the family and broken up the home of a fellow-citizen, earned for him the contempt of every honest editor. He did not receive one-tenth the hostile criticism that his blackguardism invited."

Oliver Semmes, a son of the doughty Confederate admiral, has for twenty years been judge of the city court of Mobile. After the war, the admiral himself practiced law in Mobile, and one day it happened that he was arguing an important case in his son's court. The judge found it necessary to rule against his father on some point of law, when the old gentleman lost his temper and made some caustic references to his son's legal knowledge. After a sharp tilt of words between father and son, the judge said: "At home, sir, I respect you—but I want you to understand that this court has no more respect for you than the humblest citizen in the court. Take your seat, sir!"

LOVE OR MONEY?

How a Foxy Heiress Laid a Trap to Catch a Foxy Suitor.

Arthur Ferris was tall, hlonde, handsome, and twenty-eight. He was also the possessor of a long head, inherited from the maternal side of the house. He was likewise a dutiful son.

It was the two latter circumstances that had, on more than one occasion, saved him from making a triumphant ass of himself. Just fancy! If it had not heen for his loog head, it is more than likely that he would have fallen desperately in love with that hewitching governess of the Hastings, with whom he had spent several weeks in the mountains ooe summer five years ago. But he had given himself time to think, and had fled hetween two days, much to his later satisfaction.

Then there was that dear little Miss Dixon, whom he had met at the seaside. It had heen a glorious evening—that last. They were sitting on the veranda, where they might see and yet he unseen. The soft, dreamy straios of a Strauss waltz floated out from the hall-room. There was the pale, silver light of the moon, the murmuring ripple of the waves on the beach—and all that sort of thing, which you have read about so many times that you have learned to skip it in the novels.

Well! Elsie was going away—too, too soon. They had talked in sighs and murmurs for half an hour; Arthur's left hand clasped Elsie's dimpled right one, his right arm was ahout her waist; hoth hearts heat vigorously, as hearts will on such occasions, and Arthur had just opened his mouth to tell Elsie what she had heen waiting for for two weeks, when there was a step close at hand, a rustle of skirts, and the cooing voice of the maternal Ferris said:

"I heg your pardon, hut will you please excuse Arthur a few moments? There are those miserahle husiness affairs that must he attended to in time for the late mail."

And thus was he saved a second time, for Elsie had not a cent, and neither had he—at least, not many of them. There were several other occasions when his own long head, or his mamma's, had helped him out—for Arthur was somewhat susceptihle. But it is not of these I have to tell.

His time had come. The io-every-way-desirahle youog person had presented herself. True, she was not so young as she had heeo; hut, then, that was a mere trifle. She was just his own age, of as good a family as his own, aod an heiress of considerahle degree. She was not—well, not exactly handsome, and was *rather* inclined to what is politely called plumpness; hut Arthur's mamma and Arthur's long head gave their approval—and Arthur did not care who she might he, so long as she possessed the ahove qualifications, particularly the one involving a very neat fortune in her own right.

Besides, Arthur was getting a hit desperate. In fact, he had so far exceeded his own salary and the maternal allowaoce (which, hy the way, was as large as Mrs. Ferris could afford), that nothing short of a miracle, or a matrimonial alliance such as he had heen so long seekiog, could save him from getting into very deep water.

And thus it came to pass that this winter found him engaged to Miss Bernice Field, much to the satisfaction of his mother, who was visiting in New York, and to whom he had, like the dutiful son he was, sent the gratifying news at once.

He was disappointed, however, on one point. He had pleaded artfully for an early wedding, hut Miss Field had set her foot down with much firmness and said he must go through a long prohationary period—all of which Arthur failed to understand. He had always heen noted for his persuasive powers, and had flattered himself that Bernice, with her gentle, clinging, hud-like ways, would succumh at once.

Now, he it known that Miss Bernice Field had not arrived at years of discretion for nothing. Neither had she, a not unprepossessing youog persoo, with nearly a half-million in her own right, passed through the experiences of ten seasons without gathering uoto herself much knowledge of the ways and wiles of wicked man. She had had, as might have heen expected, offers to a high numher; hut, thus far, the gentlemen concerned had failed—hy reason of their unanimous desire to touch her purse—to touch, in the first place, the all-important key to it, which was hidden away in her plump hosom. And Miss Bernice Field was worldly-wise in her day and generatioo.

She was certainly in love with Ferris—there could he no douht of that. It is quite as certain that she was very seriously in love with him; hut with the wisdom horn of experience, she did not let him koow one-half of what she felt for him.

If any one had told Ferris that he was just now in a very shaky position, he would have scoffed. His chum, Ed Cross, who was spending the winter at the house during Mrs. Ferris's ahsence, had ooce suggested that "there's many a slip," hut Arthur merely shied a shoe at him, aod whistled serenely.

It was in this frame of mind that, one evening in February, he ran lightly up the steps of the Field mansion to call on her whom Cross unfeelingly referred to as his "little lady-love." It was warm, and the front-door stood ajar. The little footmao was not in his accustomed place, so Ferris, with the air of one who knew just where he was going, stepped inside. From the open door of Papa Field's study came the sound of voices in earnest discussion, and one of them spoke his own name.

He halted, irresolute, as would any one else under like circumstances. Papa Field was speaking:

"Of course, my dear, you are your owo mistress, and I cao only advise you. It seems to me, however, that you have done a very foolish thing to engage yourself to this youog Ferris. True, he seems an exemplary young fellow, and he comes of an excellent family; hut it is well known that he has only a small allowance from the estate io addition to a beggarly two thousand dollars' salary. How do you know it is you, and not your money that he wants? It is a brutal question, I know, hut it is one you have prohahly asked of yourself a half-dozen times, concerniog other young men."

Arthur, out in the hall, standing in much the same attitude a child assumes when speaking its first "piece" in school, winced, hut waited for the answer. It came, in serious, thoughtful tones, which indicated plainly that Miss Bernice, also, had considered this very matter.

"N-no, I am sure you misjudge him, papa. Of course I understand how he is situated fioancially, and—and all that. But I am sure he is honest and honorahle, and that he—he cares for me very much. There are a thousand ways hy which I can learn much that you can not, and——"

"Yes, yes; I understand. But suppose you should put him to the test; do you think he would come through—ah—er—uoscathed, as it were? Suppose you should tell him that I had lost all your money and mine in unfortunate speculation—that we were heggars, and had not a dollar we could call our own? Are you afraid to try him?"

There was a hrief silence. Then:

"I don't like to tell a falsehood, papa; hut it would he only a 'white lie,' and perhaps for the hest. Yes, I'll try him to-morrow night."

"That's my dutiful girl. Now run along and let me work."

There was the sound of a kiss, and the perspiriog young man in the hall hastened to get out of the house. He wanted time to think, hut the first thing that entered his head, as he reached the sidewalk, was a fanciful picture of the petite Miss Field, with her one huodred and sixty pounds of avoirdupois, "ruoning along," and he smiled hroadly. Then he walked rapidly over to the next street to catch a cah to his club, there to hold a pow-wow with Cross.

On the steps he hesitated a moment. "Had I hetter go hack now?" he thought. "No; she won't have her little tale of woe ready, and might he put out if I call to-night. I might give myself away, too. Better have time to get my speech prepared." And this astute young man went in aod proceeded to make himself comfortahle.

The next evening, with his usual light heart and good spirits, he rang the door-hell of the Field mansion. Yes, Miss Field was in, Peter said. Ferris went into the drawing-room and sat down, running rapidly over in his mind the various tender speeches he had prepared for the emergency. Bernice was a long time coming, he thought, for one who expected him.

Presently she entered—slowly—heavily. Her head hent low over her ample hosom, and her hreath came short and fast. Ferris went forward to meet her, his arms outstretched. He was something of an actor himself, and he knew it.

"Bernice! Darling! What is the trouhle with my little girl?" (Another good stroke. Miss Field liked to he called "little.")

"Oh, Arthur, Arthur! I don't know how to tell you. It is too dreadful! Papa——"

"What! Has your father heen——"

"Oh, no, not that, hut—hut worse! Arthur, we are—heggars!"

And Miss Field, delivering these last words with wonderful impressiveness, hung her head and sohhed hitterly hehind her lace handkerchief.

Then it was that Ferris, like the young man of action that he was, put his arm as far round his tearful *fiancée* as possihle, and, with some difficulty, led her to a seat and pulled her head down on his glossy shirt-front.

He was very, very sorry, as she must know. But it was nothing. Her father would recoup himself—he had many influential friends. As for her, had she not him—her Arthur? He would not, he once interrupted her to say, permit her, through a sense of false pride, to cast him off now, when she most needed him. No, never!

He had three thousand a year. It was not much, he knew, hut they could live on it. And did she suppose, for one instant, that he had expected to live on his wife's money? No! A thousand times, no!

"We will have a real quiet little wedding, dearest, and, after it is over, we will go quietly to our own little cottage in the suhurhs, which you and I will get ready in the meantime, and there we will he the happiest couple in the world. What! Bernice, am I to understand that you laugh at my cherished plans?"

For Bernice had leaped to her feet and was laughing heartily.

"Why, you foolish hoy, I was only teasing you a hit. Don't you think I'd make a good actress? Papa and I haven't lost a——"

Here was Mr. Ferris's opportunity. She had douhted him; oh, cruel hlow. If she could not trust him now, how could she have any faith in him when they were married? Perhaps, after all, it were hest——

And he strode haughtily to the door.

But this was not part of Miss Field's programme, and she did what any very-much-in-love female would do under like circumstances, so that, in a very few seconds, two people were sitting on a divan in a very lover-like attitude, indeed.

* * * * * * *

An hour or so later, a young man, walking hriskly down the street, was reflecting on the vagaries of chance and his own good luck.

If Peter had heen at the door—if he had heen teo minutes later—if he had sneezed in the hall—if——

"It was an awfully close shave," he reflected, and he stopped and shook hands with himself, much to the amazement of the policeman on the corner.

YANKTON, S. D., April, 1892. R. L. KETCHUM.

The great equinoctial tide, called the mascaret, which drives a solid wall of water up the Seine and which is one of the great seaside spectacles of France, was this year the greatest on record.

The visit to this country of Furniss, the clever caricaturist of *Punch*, has no connection with the rumor that the proprietors of *Punch* intend to transform it into a comic paper.

THE LATEST VERSE.

Books and Seasons.

Because the sky is blue; hecause blithe May
  Masks in the wren's song and the lilac's hue;
  Because—in fine, because the sky is blue
I will read none but piteous tales to-day.
Keep happy laughter till the skies be gray,
  And the sad season cypress wears, and rue;
  Then, when the wind is moaning in the flue,
And ways are dark, bid Chaucer make us gay.
But now a little sadness! All too sweet
  This spring-tide riot, this most poignant air,
  This sensuous sphere of color and perfume!
So listen, love, while I the woes repeat
  Of Hamlet and Ophelia, and that pair
  Whose bridal bed was huilded in a tomb.

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich in May Century.*

The Wind of March.

Up from the sea the wild north wind is hlowing
  Under the sky's gray arch;
Smiling, I watch the shaken elm-boughs, knowing
  It is the wind of March.

The stormy farewell of a passing season
  Leaving, however rude
Or sad in painful recollection, reason
  For reverent gratitude.

Welcome to weary hearts its harsh forewarning
  Of light and warmth to come,
The longed-for joy of Nature's Easter morning,
  The earth arisen in hloom!

In the loud tumult winter's strength is hreaking;
  I listen to the sound,
As to a voice of resurrection, waking
  To life the dead, cold ground.

Between these gusts, to the soft lapse I hearken
  Of rivulets on their way;
I see these tossed and naked tree-tops darken
  With the fresh leaves of May.

This roar of storm, this sky so gray and lowering
  Invite the airs of Spring,
A warmer sunshine over fields of flowering,
  The hluebird's song and wing.

Closely hehind, the Gulf's warm hreezes follow
  This northern hurricane,
And, 'horne thereon, the bobolink and swallow
  Shall visit us again.

And in green wood-paths, in the kine-fed pasture,
  And by the whispering rills
Shall flowers repeat the lesson of the Master,
  Taught on his Syrian hills.

Blow, then, wild wind! thy roar shall end in singing,
  Thy chill in blossoming;
Come, like Bethesda's troubling angel, hringing
  The healing of the spring.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier in the Independent.*

In Egypt.

Egypt, my dream! Low in the burning noon
  Beside the River, while the lotos lolls,
  And sheds her torpor on the flood that rolls
The mystery from the Mountains of the Moon,
  I lay me where at last I choose to lie—
  Where men first said, "Build for eternity!"

Remains—remains! What is it that shall last,
  Since these are wasting that were set so sure?
"We crumble; but thy fancies shall endure!"
They mock me from deep vistas of the past:
"Words vain as deeds! Fresh cohorts in the van
  Shall turn the Stagirite as the Corsican."

Not less, I dream: dream of a higher light,
  And larger framing of the picture here,
  Wherein these waters to their fountains veer
Through pastures strange, and valleys out of sight—
  Dream of a purpose, and a something done,
  A record kept, a goal that shall he won.

There is a Flower that hlooms from all Decay;
  There is a proverb from all lessons learned
  Of self-same currents evermore returned,
And morrows ever but as yesterday;
  And years shall hreathe an effluence of our theme
  Through all thy haunted dust, Egypt, my dream!

—*Benj. Paul Blood in May Scribner's.*

An Attic Poet.

He lived in what we call the golden time,
When Athens, violet-crowned, was in her prime;
When her slim war-ships slit the sky-hued seas,
And wallowing in their wakes huge argosies
Brought in the grain and stuffs of all the East
To where the marhled city made her feast.
The echoes of hronze Marathon yet rang,
And to their tune great-hearted lives still sang.
Around him men were horn and lived and throve
Whose words and gestures Sophokles enwove
For the live flesh wherein his hand arrayed
The gods and heroes whom his soul had made.
He brushed against veiled women in the streets
Whose secret speech of smothered grief yet greets
The world's great souls whenever any lend
A hearkening ear to him who was the friend
Of those same smileless widows overseas,
Great-hearted, mirthless, cowed Euripides.
He ate and drank and slept through the same days
That saw his city's one still-gleaming blaze;
And he wrote ditties of his own dry heart,
Of its small pettiness and hloodless smart.
With Aristophanes he laughed at all
The great, hut in his laughter thought them small.
The days were gone, he said, when heroes reft
Undying fame from fate: not much was left
For latter generations to achieve.
What by-gone peoples had seen fit to leave
Undone might still be done; hut was it worth
The effort, was there true reward on earth?
All the great poets long were dead and gone:
It was hroad day now, and the fresh, cool dawn
Of human feeling had been left behind
Long since; a paler laurel-leaf entwined
Still on some favored hrows, but thin and sere;
Poetry had all heen written, and its year
Turned, after harvest, to its wintry chime.
And thus he wrote and talked. In after time
We do not speak of him to praise or hlame.
He is forgotten, even to his name.

—*Edward Lucas White in May Atlantic.*

A VERY ROMANTIC WIDOW.

"Van Gryse" on Mme. de Barrios and her Second Wedding.

As it is said to be unlucky to be married in May, all the spring weddings are being crowded into April, and every florist throughout the city is overwhelmed with orders for violets, tulips, and forced white-lilacs, firstlings of the season and rather sickly blooms compared to the superb, bushy bunches that deck the lilac-trees later in the spring.

The wedding that is causing the greatest talk is that of Mme. de Barrios and Señor de Roda, set for Wednesday evening.

Mme. de Barrios is, by all odds, the most picturesque person who has been in New York for many a day. Rich people in big cities are rarely picturesque. They have no opportunities. Much as they may desire to be romantic and original, they have no means of being either. Moreover, it is rather difficult for women to be at once respectable and to have wildly romantic histories. Ladies who rejoice in the possession of remarkable careers are not, as a rule, of the caste of Vere de Vere. Belles of good society are like successful nations—they have no history. It was in angry resentment against this indisputable fact that Mme. Ratazzi made her famous remark that "respectability was only a varnish for dullness," and Mme. Ratazzi was sadly in need of some of the varnish.

But with the coming of Mme. de Barrios to New York, Gothamites beheld a new type—a woman who had lived novels instead of reading them, and who was a close adherent of Mrs. Grundy, who was entirely original, wonderfully handsome, immensely rich, and whose strange, adventurous life was quite unlike anything they had ever heard of outside the pages of a thrilling romance. Everything about this lovely creature was startling—she was entirely unlike the usual heroine. When she first made her appearance at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, there was a little flurry of talk about her, as the unfortunate widow of Barrios, the dictator, a lady one would suppose some distance past her youth and decidedly past her beauty, for she was the mother of eight small Barrioses.

That she was rich, everybody knew. She had a regular retinue with her. Beside the eight small Barrioses and herself, there were nine servants—nurses, maids, companions, governesses. They filled a long suite of apartments on the second floor. When the lady herself appeared, astonishment passed into awed wonder. She was, perhaps, twenty-six or seven, singularly youthful in face and figure, beautiful beyond a doubt, almost girlish in her simplicity and brightness of manner, not having the faintest intention of being shelved as the *passée* and mournful widow of a great man cut off in his prime, and quite prepared to cheer up, spend money royally, and think that the sun still shone and the sky was still blue, though Barrios, the dictator, had met his death at the Battle of Chalchuapa.

New York is a nice place in which to spend money and live splendidly. Mme. de Barrios liked it so much that she took a house on Fifth Avenue and moved there with her train of children, and servants, and relatives. Her romantic story ran from mouth to mouth. At fifteen, she had met General de Barrios. They were married and lived happily for eleven years, when the general was killed at Chalchuapa.

His widow, with her eight children and her eight millions of dollars, luxuriously settled in New York, proceeded, as soon as her period of mourning was over, to entertain sumptuously. Her taste was original and gorgeous. Her fancy ball was second only to the Vanderbilt affair, and she herself startled the beholders by appearing as Cleopatra, covered with such jewels as never were seen before. This year she gave part of an opera in her drawing-room, hiring artists from the Metropolitan, and having a stage built. At the last moment one of her children was taken ill and the performance was postponed. All the artists were paid, however, and the entertainment given later at a cost of some ten thousand dollars.

This romantic lady is now somewhere about thirty-two or three years of age. She looks younger, however, partly because of her exceedingly graceful and slender figure, partly because of her manner, which is girlishly gay and unaffected. Her beauty is of the true Spanish type—dark, picturesque, and drowsy. She has the golden-brown tinting of skin, the thick, dusky hair, and the full lips and eyelids of the women who come from the lands of sun and summer. In her rich, deep coloring and lazy grace, she is a true daughter of the South—a good-humored, softly smiling, dreamy-eyed, exotic creature, as unusual among the trim, alert, nervous, well-groomed, tight-waisted, clear-brained women of New York as an orange-tree would be blooming in Madison Square Park.

Being a widow, the bridal-dress must be colored, and here the Central American has shown herself of true Spanish blood. She has a sentiment about green, and so the wedding-dress will be green. Imagine a New York bride letting sentiments interfere with her choice of a color for her wedding-gown! The sentiment is quite a pretty one. A year ago, in Madrid, at the ball at the Austrian embassy, Mme. de Barrios met Señor de Roda. On this eventful occasion she wore a dress of pale-green brocade. Hence green will be adhered to as the color for the bridal-dress. It is going to be particularly gorgeous—all pale-green brocade, with a long train. Round the skirt goes a band of silver-and-crystal embroidery, and over this a festooned green ribbon, each bow held in place by a small huckle of emeralds. It is low-necked, and round the edge of the neck goes the same trimming, with more emerald buckles set in the centre of each bow of ribbon. There will be some splendid emeralds worn round the bride's throat and in her loosely dressed, dusky hair. The wedding will take place just at the hour in the evening exactly a year from the day on which Señor de Roda and Mme. de Barrios first met. This is another sentiment. The bride's sponsor—a Spanish custom—is to be Queen Christina of Spain. This is not a sentiment, but an unusual favor on the part of royalty.

Some of the writers in the English papers have been doing a good deal of talking on the subject of the amount of intoxicating fluids consumed by Englishwomen of good standing. We read occasionally that the British matron of the gayer sort has been known to take too much champagne at dinner, and that her rubicund complexion is mainly due to a steady consumption of what the French call "pell ell." This seems very shocking, and we have congratulated ourselves quite a good deal on our freedom from any such desecrating weaknesses on the part of our pure-blooded American matrons. But, like our bragging on the scandalless purity of the Four Hundred—which was immediately followed by two *esclandres* of the most devastating sort—we have no sooner proclaimed the entire absence of a nibulous tendency in good society than the air is filled with horrible stories of how Mrs. This came to So-and-So's hall in a state of exceeding great merriment, and how Miss That took so much champagne at Mrs. Thingumbob's dinner that she fell asleep on the sofa afterward and had to be violently shaken before she could be waked to go home.

Whether this is so or not is something not necessary to prove. That what the shop-girls call "real, elegant ladies" do sometimes indulge quite freely in the cup that cheers and does inebriate is a painful fact. Society recognizes it and makes round eyes and unfortunately talks till mountains miles high are made of the smallest of mole-holes. When the world of society and the newspapers take it into their heads to talk up the iniquities of this bad world, they would leave it black as Erebus—black, without one shade of light to redeem it. It was the newspapers who got up the wild stories of the very weird bathing-suits worn at Narragansett Pier—stories without any foundation. Now society goes about telling little tales of how some of its members carry smelling-bottles filled with brandy, and how Russian tea is really a cup of rum, with a dash of tea and a *soupçon* of lemon added, just for style.

All this to preface a rather singular scene which took place some days ago on one of the streets just off Fifth Avenue—streets filled with high-priced modistes' places that one must be a millionaire to patronize. An extremely fine carriage stood at the kerb in front of one of the very swellest of these millinery establishments. A coachman, red and grizzled, was on the box, a footman at the door. Two ladies had gone up the steps, and one, having left the other to enter, came down and got back again into the carriage. One could not but notice her as she came down the stairs and bent her head to enter the carriage-door. She was so tall, so slender, so beautifully dressed, so entirely aristocratic and lovely. Her wide hat sheltered the most charming, coldly haughty face in the world. Her hair was crimped all round her head and brushed till it shone like skeins of floss silk.

She sat in the carriage, looking out of the window at her companion standing on the steps, and, following her eyes, one saw a fine-looking woman of middle age, superbly dressed, possibly an elder sister, or it might have been a singularly young-looking mother. And as you looked, this lady proceeded to fall, suddenly and heavily, on the landing at the top of the steps. She fell, and made no attempt to rise, but remained there, half-sitting, her face quite flushed, an expression of anger in her eyes.

The instinct of the passer-by was to fly to her assistance. This, however, the footman did with remarkable celerity, skipping up the stairs and trying to pull her up. Then the coachman unwound himself from numerous rugs and alighted and also went to her assistance. They took her by the arms and lifted her up, while she appeared to give them no assistance, but remained limp, like an ill-tempered child when it refuses to walk. And during this, the beautiful princess in the carriage sat looking out of the window, with her eyebrows raised in an expression of vexed worry, very much as if she had been looking on at the antics of just such an ill-tempered child.

Presently, with some reluctance, she alighted, ascended the steps, and addressed her companion with low-toned inquiries. She, in turn, between her two manly supporters, answered with decided vigor. Whatever was the matter with her, she had not lost the power of speech. Volubly talking, in tones which denoted high-keyed anger, they vanished into the milliner's, and the two servitors, leaving them at the door, descended the steps to the carriage in the reserved silence of well-bred domestics.

The passer-by wandered on, lost in meditation. A censorious world would undoubtedly have said that that lady, so suddenly overcome, had looked upon the wine when it was red. She had not fainted, that was positive. But she might have been attacked with vertigo; she might, indeed, have turned her ankle in falling and been unable to rise again. The possibility of her having had a stroke of any kind was removed by the command of language which she had still retained in the face of her upbraiding companion. It looked more like an attack of vertigo than anything else, and, if it was that, the beautiful lady, with the crimped hair, had acted in a very unfeeling manner. But it would be better for her to be unfeeling than for her companion to be inebriated. Of two evils, always choose the less. Better a heart of stone than an inclination to look upon the wine when it is red.

NEW YORK, April 19, 1892. VAN GRYSE.

In his "London letters," Mr. Smalley relates the anecdote of a butler's interruption in a dinner-table conversation, as follows: A lady of the guests remarking that she would dine, if she could, like Nero, on nightingales' tongues, the butler interrupts with: "Beg pardon, my lady, but Cicero says it was Vitellius." Mr. Smalley finds the extraordinary feature of this supposititious incident to be, not the butler's knowledge of what Cicero said, but his audacity in interrupting a guest. As a matter of fact, Mr. Andrew Lang reminds Mr. Smalley that Cicero died some before Vitellius ate nightingales' tongues or anything else for dinner, so that the butler's interruption was not only impertinent, but incorrect, and the strangest thing in the whole affair was unquestionably his presuming to think he knew what he did not know.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Tariff on Carpets and Clothing.

The opponents of the McKinley tariff in the United States—English antagonism to it is expected—have made the prices of carpeting and clothing the staple of their argument. They have contended for free wool in order that the different wools grown abroad and essential to the manufacture should be free of duty, so as to cheapen each in the home market. The fact is that carpets and woolen clothing are now cheaper than either has ever been in the United States. From high authorities on the distinctive subjects—trade publications of established reputation—it is ascertained that in every quality of carpets there is a material reduction, under the McKinley tariff, from that which ruled before—a reduction in price of from three per cent. to thirty per cent. per yard. It is the same with woolen clothing and woolen fabrics. Woolen clothing is sold at less price in this country than in any other country of the world—the clothing mostly worn by the people. The increased duty on the finest imported woolens, valued at above eighty cents per pound, affects only the rich, who are not hampered in the cost of whatever they desire. But the duties on other woolens are to the protection of the home manufacturer and the cheapening of the goods to the people. There is no country in which a dollar will go so far in the purchase of clothing as in the United States, and in no other country is the dollar so easily earned or labor so well paid. Protection protects labor the same as it protects products and manufactures. Party skirmishing and tariff tinkering can not affect the actual facts.

Free Wool and Free Silver.

With the result of the State election in Rhode Island and the changed expression of sentiment by the Democratic State Conventions so far held, the indications are that at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago there will be material modification from the views uttered in Congress and by the local leaders and organs of the party on the two principal issues of the campaign—the tariff and free coinage of silver. The Springer Bill, to repeal the duty on raw wool, which has passed the popular branch of Congress, but will not prevail in the Senate, was intended to influence the manufacturers of New England and secure their vote to the Democratic ticket. As Rhode Island is of much importance in a scheme of the kind, and was the earliest to vote of any of the States, the move was hastened in Congress to pass the bill before the State election, but it failed to succeed. Extraordinary efforts were made, however, to carry the State for the Democrats. Ex-President Cleveland, ex-Governor Campbell, and other distinguished leaders of the party, canvassed the State in championship of free wool. The very unexpected result—the clear majority for the Republican State ticket and the election by the Republicans of a working majority in both houses of the legislature—astounded and disheartened the Democrats. But it convinced them that free wool would not serve as practical bait to catch the manufacturers of New England on Democratic lines. Accordingly, the party managers in most of the States have since either abandoned it or materially modified their expressions in regard to it. In the wool-growing States, their State conventions have been driven to wary and sophistical or ambiguous verbiage in the platform-trimming on tariff; but even this device or concealment does not satisfy the wool-growers of the party, who will generally do as they did in 1888—withdraw from Democratic affiliation and vote for the Republican nominees and protection. The Democrats of Oregon are in this sort of quandary. The State election will be held early in June. In their State platform they face both ways on tariff and free-silver coinage. They "condemn the McKinley Bill as the blighting iniquity of the age," and declare for tariff reform, but take good care not to mention free wool. Likewise they assert adherence to "gold and silver coinage of the constitution," with the demand that "all money coined or issued by the United States should be of equal monetary value and of equal purchasing power"—which is covertly a repudiation of the silver dollar of 412½ grains. To accentuate the real spirit of the platform declaration, the convention chose as the leader of the delegation to Chicago a banker who is open in his antagonism to free coinage of silver. In the desperate hope of winning, the Democratic managers suppress from the platform free wool and free-silver coinage, as they are well aware that to declare in favor of either would hopelessly divide the party in that State. The Republican platform is clear and explicit on both issues—against free wool and free coinage of silver, and for protection and honest dollars. Oregon is a sound Republican State. This year, under the new apportionment, two representatives in Congress will be elected instead of one, as formerly. It is as certain as events of the future can be that the Republicans will carry the State, and deal another telling blow to the delusive tariff reform of the Democrats, to free wool, and to the craze of free silver.

Increase of Aliens in New England.

It is noteworthy that in the New England States, Vermont alone excepted, the population of foreign nativity is increasing beyond the ratio of the native born, and, as things are going, it will be only a few years until the larger proportion of the population will be of foreign birth and direct descent, with the foreign element predominant as voters. In Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, each bordering upon the Canadian Dominion, the greater number of foreign born are Canadians. Of the foreigners, the Irish come next in number, and are most numerous in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. The more recent immigration—from Norway and Sweden and from Southern Europe—has mainly avoided New England. That of French-Canadians has increased. Formerly the immigrants from Canada and New Brunswick were of British nativity—Irish or English—but those of French descent, from Quebec, have been coming in of later years, and many of them, it now appears, were imported for election uses as much as for labor—as colonizers and voters; and it is charged that Democrats are responsible for this, especially in the State elections in Rhode Island, through laxity of the changed law as to the qualifications of voters and the negligence of the officers of elections. The elections of 1890 and 1891, it is alleged, were carried by the Democrats through these means. If only partly true, or however much exaggerated, charges of the kind are significant of the evil and danger to result from such source, and measures should be adopted against possible recurrence. It is, however, a fraud upon the ballot, for many years a notorious practice in New York and other large cities, with the change simply of nationality. Beyond question the victories of Tammany in New York have been achieved through similar frauds, with loose, vicious, and hurried processes of naturalization to accomplish the villainy, and courts are yearly used to complete the machine-turning-out of voters densely ignorant, unable to understand or speak the language of the country, whose only use at the polls is to deposit the ballots that make the required success of the party which directs, and trains, and employs them for the special purpose.

It is a new form of the danger that is also being wrought in the lumbering and manufacturing portions of New England. As the young men of native birth grow up to manhood, they emigrate to other parts of the Union to seek homes and fortune. The alien immigrants take their places in every field of industry. The consequence is every year becoming more apparent. The section of the republic most noted for its thorough Americanism, with smaller ratio of foreign element than any other, save in a few of the States of the South, is gradually changing into different condition. Since 1860 the native population of the six New England States has increased less than three hundred thousand; the alien population about five hundred thousand. In Maine and New Hampshire the native population has decreased in the thirty years, while the aliens have increased over thirty thousand in Maine, nearly fifty thousand in New Hampshire. The alien increase has been greater than the native, also, in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. This immigration, is, however, of sturdier, better stock than that which now predominates in numbers—the vicious immigration that is pouring in from Southern Europe, of foreign tongue, depraved quality, and dangerous character, and which mostly infests the large cities and populous districts of the seaboard and Western States. The condition is having its effect in New England. It is impressing upon the representatives of the people in the State legislatures and in Congress the urgency of [illegible] radical amendment of the laws governing immigration and [illegible] tion.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The new volume of the *Century* will begin in May with a number of unusual interest. Three important serial features will be commenced in this number, namely, Señor Castelar's "Life of Christopher Columbus"; "The Chosen Valley," a novel of Western life by Mary Hallock Foote; and the series of articles describing the architectural features of the World's Fair, which a well-known architect is to contribute.

The diary left by the late Grand Duke Constantine covers the period from 1840 to 1889; but it is not likely that it will see the light—at least, in the Russian tongue.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for May contains the following list of articles:

"Herbert Spencer and the Synthetic Philosophy," by William H. Hudson; "Science and Fine Art"—II., by Professor Emil DuBois-Reymond; "Cave-Dwellings of Men," by W. H. Larrabee; "Evolution in Folk Lore—An Old Story in a New Form," by David D. Wells; "Anthropological Work in Europe," by Professor F. Starr; "Why We Should Teach Geology," by Professor A. S. Packard; "The Limitations of the Healing Art," by Dr. H. Nothnagel; "Dendrites," by M. Stanislas Meunier; "Energy as a Factor in Agriculture," by Dr. Manly Miles; "Bad Air and Bad Health"—II., by H. Wager and A. Herbert; "A Desert Fruit," by Grant Allen; "Sketch of Alessandro Volta" (with portrait); and the usual interesting notes in the departments.

The story by Wolcott Balestier, "Captain, my Captain!" printed in the *Century* for May, is said to be the last short story he wrote.

"The Foresters," in book-form, has had a notable success in England. It is said that the sale has been greater than the sale in the same time of any of Tennyson's previous plays.

Roswell Smith, president of the Century Company, died of Bright's disease, a few days ago, at his home in New York. Of him, the *Sun* says:

"Roswell Smith was born at Lebanon, Conn., March 30, 1829. His father was Asher L. Smith, and his uncle, Roswell C. Smith, was the author of 'Smith's Grammar' and 'Smith's Arithmetic.' Roswell Smith spent much time in his uncle's home, and, at fourteen, he was employed by Paine & Burgess, in New York city, the publishers of his uncle's books. Three years later, he entered Brown University for the English and scientific course, and afterward he studied and practiced law. He grew rich, and, in 1868, retired from the law and visited Europe with his family. In Europe, Dr. J. G. Holland suggested to him the project of starting a new monthly magazine, and in November, 1870, they associated themselves with Charles Scribner & Co., under the title of Scribner & Co., and put forth the first number of *Scribner's Monthly*. *St. Nicholas* was established, at Mr. Smith's suggestion, in 1875. In 1881, Mr. Smith bought out Dr. Holland and the Scribners, and changed the name of the magazine to the *Century*. Mr. Smith's last great project was the 'Century Dictionary,' which he lived to complete after ten years' work."

In a new edition of her biography of Laurence Oliphant, Mrs. Oliphant has made reply to the criticisms evoked from the friends of Thomas Lake Harris, but she retracts nothing which she said in the original edition.

The May *Century*, in addition to the serials now running, will contain complete stories by Thomas Nelson Page and Wolcott Balestier, and a humorous skit by Harry Stillwell Edwards, author of "Two Runaways."

A recent death in the literary world is thus recorded:

Augustus Allen Hayes died on Monday, April 18th, at his residence in the Avenue de l'Alma, Paris. He was a well-known magazine writer a few years ago. He was born in Boston, and spent a number of years of his early life in China, and, upon his return, lived for a while in the Far West. He is best known by his short stories, which appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, the *Argonaut*, and other periodicals, and dealt chiefly with Chinese and Western scenes. Some of them were: "Grub Stakes and Millions," "Last of the Chang-Maos," "The Denver Express," "The Ranch of the Holy Cross," "The Romance of Easthampton," and "The Sante Fé Trail." He also published a novel, "The Jesuits' Ring," which attracted attention. He married the daughter of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, and leaves one daughter. He has lived in Paris for several years.

A fourth edition of Henry B. Fuller's remarkably successful story, "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani," has just been issued by the Century Company. The text has been carefully revised, and a new chapter has been incorporated.

Arsène Houssaye, among other French writers, has succumbed to the practical though prosaic benefits of the type-writer, and keeps two operators busy when he is composing. But the commonplace has not yet affected his attire, which is simply gorgeous when he is reducing inspiration to the form of words. His ordinary costume includes blue-velvet trousers, a velvet coat, a crimson-silk handkerchief around his neck, and splendid Persian slippers.

New Publications.

"Run is Right," by Frank Freelance, has been published by the Pollard Publishing Company, New York; price, 25 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Lida Campbell; or, Drama of a Life," by Jean Kate Ludlum, has been issued in the Choice Series published by Robert Bonner's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Bell's Popular Shorthand," a pamphlet describing an easily learned and effective system of phonography, has been issued by Edgar S. Werner, New York; price, 15 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Gesture and Attitude," by Edward B. Warman, contains a brief sketch of Delsarte, some consideration of his study of the art of expression, and one hundred and fifty-four wretched pictures illustrative of various poses—also described by text—which convey various emotions. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, $3.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"A Pair of Originals," by E. Ward, is the story of two children, aged, respectively, five and seven years, who are "tired of everything," but manage to get some fun out of life. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, $1.25; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"The German Emperor," by Poultney Bigelow, begins with the author's recollections of William the Second's boyhood, when they were school-fellows together, and then goes on to consider the events and measures of his reign, finding much to commend in his career and much to extenuate his faults. Published in the Fiction, Fact, and Fancy Series by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Back from the Dead," by Saqui Smith, is the story of a man who was insufficiently hanged for the murder of a man whom he subsequently meets, so that both supposedly dead men come back to make things interesting for the scheming villain who is responsible for their predicament. The tale is wildly improbable, but that fact is not unpleasantly apparent while one is reading it. In the same collection, the Unknown Library, appears "In Tent and Bungalow," by An Idle Exile, who has invaded Kipling's field and caught something of his charm. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; price, 50 cents each; for sale by Johnson & Emigh.

The Evolution Series, consisting of papers read before the Brooklyn Ethical Association, has recently attacked the subject of "Man and the State," and has already got out some very interesting studies in applied sociology. The latest issues of the series are: "The Duty of a Public Spirit," by E. Benjamin Andrews; "The Study of Applied Sociology," by Robert G. Eccles; "Representative Government," by Edwin D. Mead; "Suffrage and the Ballot," by Daniel S. Remsen; "The Land Problem," by Otis T. Mason; and "The Problem of City Government," by Lewis G. Janes. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 10 cents each; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Statesman's Year-Book," edited by J. Scott Keltie, reaches its twenty-ninth issue in the volume for 1892. In addition to the usual political and statistical matter, brought up to date, which makes it the standard work of its kind, it contains two new introductory tables of the world's money and the forest area of Europe, and four new colored maps, showing the comparative density of population of the globe, the distribution of the British Empire, Africa as it is now partitioned, and the Russian and English frontier in the Pamirs as revised by the highest authorities. "The Statesman's Year-Book" contains information that no other book of its kind affords, and it is an invaluable reference work. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, $3.00; for sale by the booksellers.

A new book of sketches by F. Hopkinson Smith is sure to be bought by every one who has read "Colonel Carter of Cartersville"—and that includes almost every one—and so "A Day at Laguerre's and Other Days" is being sold almost as rapidly as it comes from the press. Laguerre's is a delightful little inn in a by-way of France, and Mr. Smith hears an interesting story there, which he retails with a fine conception of the nice points of the *raconteur's* art. The eight other sketches in the book are similar bits of life in foreign scenes—Venice, Cordova, Constantinople, the Canal de la Viza, Bulgaria, and so on. The book in which they are printed is as dainty and pretty a little volume as one could wish to see. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, $1.25; for sale by the booksellers.

A series of "Studies of American Architecture," by Montgomery Schuyler, have been collected from the magazines in which they have appeared and are now issued in a very handsome volume, clearly printed, copiously illustrated, and artistically bound in brown leather. The articles are: "Concerning Queen Anne," "The Vanderbilt Houses," "The Brooklyn Bridge as a Monument," "An American Cathedral," and "Glimpses of Western Architecture—Chicago and St. Paul and Minneapolis." The articles record an immense advance since it could be said, as Mr. Schuyler quotes in his introduction, "that American humor has never found full expression except in architecture," and "that American architecture was the art of covering one thing with another thing to imitate a third thing which, if genuine, would not be desirable." Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, $2.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The hero of Marion Crawford's new novel, "The Three Fates," is a young man whom we first see reviewing books for a living and chafing under the restraints his editor imposes. Then he writes a novel that brings both fame and fortune, and follows it with many other equally good books, and finally succeeds to an immense estate left him by an uncle. All this, if not exactly autobiographical, is at least the record of personal experience, and as such is, perhaps, even more interesting than Mr. Crawford's art has made his other stories. But "The Three Fates" is not merely a picture of the journalist's and the novelist's career. It is a profound study of a strange and interesting character, the man to whom his creations are more real than the material beings around him; and so the hero is continually falling in love—while we see him, with three women, the "three fates," whose influences shape his career. The story is strongly and directly told, and is full of sprightly dialogue and clever analysis; and it is so unlike Mr. Crawford's previous works that it furnishes a new proof of his astonishing versatility. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, $1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

Mr. Elbridge A. Brooks, the popular historical writer, has assumed the editorship of *Wide Awake*, the well-known juvenile.

Fame, a monthly journal for advertisers, has made its first bow to the public. Artemas Ward, the editor and publisher, brought out the English journal of the same name last year, and hopes to find on this side of the Atlantic an opening for a paper devoted to the interests of American advertisers and publishers.

The *Kawkab America*, announced to appear last Friday in New York, is claimed to be the only paper printed in Arabic in North or South America or Europe. N. J. Arbeely, an interpreter of the Bureau of Immigration, is the proprietor and editor-in-chief, his brother, A. J. Arbeely, being the managing-editor. The paper will have a constituency of about seven thousand in New York city.

The journalism of Japan has grown within the brief period of constitutional government, as the following shows:

Last year there were as many as five hundred and fifty Japanese newspapers and other periodicals, and in the city of Tokio alone there were seventeen political dailies, with a weekly circulation of over one million copies, besides weekly and monthly publications devoted to progress, science, literature, the fine arts, and social affairs. Japan, which is at once very ancient and ever youthful, has become one of the great newspaper-reading countries of the world.

A complete *catalogue raisonné* of Parisian journals and periodicals, with date of establishment, name of publisher, price, etc., has been issued. It is the first full list of such works, analytically and systematically arranged, that has ever been printed. During the year 1891, there were started in Paris eight hundred and twenty-one newspapers and reviews, of which, however, the greater part died of inanition before the end of the year.

The remarkable success of the Paris *Petit Journal*, which, sold at a halfpenny, distributes through France and Belgium 1,080,000 copies daily, has at last caused the production of a London daily paper, conceived on the same lines and sold at the same price. The *St. James's Gazette* says:

"The new venture is now in active and advanced preparation, and it is expected that the first number will appear within the next six weeks. The title of the paper will be the *Morning*, and it is being projected by a limited company, with a considerable number of shareholders. Among those interested are the Duke of Newcastle, his brother, Lord Francis Pelham-Clinton-Hope, Mr. Joseph C. Haslam, Mr. Norman Forbes Robertson, Mr. Quintin Twiss, and Mr. Arthur Quintin Twiss. Mr. Haslam is the chairman of the board, and Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mr. Quintin Twiss are the other directors. The editor of the paper is Mr. A. C. Ives, who, after an American experience, was for some time proprietor and editor of the Paris *Morning News*, and was long connected with the European representation of the New York *Herald*. The 'note' of the paper is to be lightness of touch. There will be only one leading article, followed by a series of 'Notes,' which will treat the topics of the day in an attractive way. The *Morning* will be politically independent. Parliament will be reported descriptively, and the French fashion of a daily installment of a novel will be followed. The paper will consist of four pages of seven columns each."

The following account of the strange way in which American news is served up to English readers is from Harold Frederic's cablegram to the New York *Times*:

"Ever since Dalziell's Agency obtained a foothold here, largely by its success in serving the London *Times* with reports of the Birdball trial in Canada, the London papers have been printing, daily, long dispatches from America, giving details of some wildly sensational crime or freak from the West or South. This reached the climax of absurdity the other day in a third-of-a-column dispatch about a negro woman cooking her child as veal for a party, and then leading a cotillion-party afterward—a story which the *Times* printed, and the other papers, which were not able to afford the cable service, indignantly commented upon. Happening to meet Mr. Dalziell, I referred to this as a sort of libel on American news. He made the interesting defense that his efforts to induce the English papers to take serious matter from America had, with the exception of the *Times*, been a failure. They wanted that kind of story and nothing else. For example, he said: 'We have what we call a Sunday crime, which is sent each week *in extenso* to certain papers, they not caring to have more than one in a week; but we have, also, what is known in the office as a daily crime, which the English editors desire to receive six times a week from America.' Dalziell's project, sad to relate, is likely to be defeated from its own success. Reuter's Telegram Company, which controls the cable service absolutely on the other side, has been whipped into line by the Associated Press at this end, who have threatened to cut them out of this country unless they declined to serve all papers using Dalziell's matter."

— THE EIGHTH ISSUE OF BATES'S ADVERTISER'S HANDY GUIDE is now out, in an enlarged and improved form. It is emphatically the "Advertiser's Handy Guide," as it presents in compact form all information essential to advertisers in selecting the mediums which they may desire to use. Morning, evening, Sunday, and weekly papers and monthly publications, with their real or supposed circulations, and political or other characteristics, are stated, all in a sufficiently comprehensive way. The circulation of this volume will prove of great value to the publications listed, and almost invaluable to those enterprising houses who dispense advertising patronage, the busy heads of which have no time to examine with needed care more extensive publications of this nature. It will be mailed to any address, on receipt of $2.00, by the publisher, J. H. Bates, 38 Park Row, New York.

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VANITY FAIR.

The foreigners at Washington, when they are presentable, are truly in great demand. They are the objects of profound admiration on the part of young girls; of assiduous attention from older women who are ambitious of keeping alive their knowledge of French by exercising it on those who speak it officially; of people who want to get into society, or, failing that, are willing to run some risk to catch a bit of first-class aroma. The British minister, as a rule, is the leading personage among the foreign colony, and the entertainments at the big house which his government provides for him are regarded with reverence and awe. He may be dull, or even foolish, or his young men may be like him, but he is always respectable, and much sought after. It is nice to be asked to the little affairs at the legation, to drink tea with the young women, and to play tennis on the diplomatic court. It is nice, too, but not so distinguishing, perhaps, to go to the balls. Most of the diplomats have a passion for going about (Henry Loomis Nelson declares in *Harper's Weekly*). A few very young natives of this country like to tramp about of afternoons, drinking an enormous quantity of tea, and saying a good many very foolish things in exceedingly hurried tones. Diplomats who are gray-headed do this sort of thing, and their seemingly abnormal energy is a source of wonder to sedate Americans, who find the easy-chairs at the club and the gossip in the bow-windows very much more agreeable than three-minute discussions, presumed to be intellectual, and six-minute flirtations, subject to interruptions both by other men and other women. Of course there are older Americans who do this sort of thing. There are some older Americans who continue to look upon their social obligations as of importance, and as demanding attention.

Do young women in this country (the same writer continues) like diplomats for the uniforms they wear, for the foreign tongue in which they speak, for their nearness to royalty, or for the possible chance that they will take them to court some day? In the first place, many American young women do not care anything at all for diplomats, but there are others who like the social charms and acquirements of adepts. Really, not many American young women lose their heads over a young person simply because he is in the diplomatic service. One point of resemblance between an alien and a native American is that each is likely to be taken at his true value. It may be that a title adds to the market value, but not many titles come over here, and most of those that do need regilding. There is a good deal of fun in a young foreign attaché, and the young women who like fun—and that is what youthful society is for—like the fun of the attaché. It is a kind of fun that represents the accumulated experience of centuries of young and old men who devote themselves to the business of making themselves agreeable to the people to whom they are accredited. There are American youth in Washington who object because the foreigners receive, in their opinion, altogether too much social attention. They regard their own social unimportance as an evidence of the decline of patriotism among American women. Possibly it is true that American women do not carry their patriotism into their pleasures; but then not many of them marry foreigners, and of those who do, a few have made excellent matches. Perhaps if the complaining American youth would mend their manners, and attend to their social duties as assiduously as the foreigners, they would not have so much occasion for grumbling. The truth is that the world does not and will not waste much sympathy on an American youth who can not make his way with an American girl against a rival whose sole claim to consideration is that he is a foreigner.

Given a sleeping-car on a long route and ten women in the various compartments, who have been notified by the porter, promptly, at seven o'clock that the train will stop at Charleston, or Chicago, or Denver at eight o'clock for breakfast (says the New York *Sun*). Each immediately rouses herself, rescues her different belongings from the gulfs and creases into which they have fallen, fastens them with difficulty at levels which are strange to them, seizes her dressing-bag, and goes to the dressing-room, to find eight other women gathered outside and the door locked, barred, bolted between them and the tenth one—the woman who forgot others. Five minutes is the limit allowed by just division and law of equity to each of these women in which to wash, brush, and put up her back-hair. They wait patiently for five minutes, grumblingly for ten, impatiently for fifteen, indignantly for twenty, and furiously for twenty-five. Then there is an eye-conference, then a series of knocks which take on the character of violent remonstrance. Thirty minutes—forty—forty-five!—the bolt is heard to slide back, and some one emerges—combed, curled, brushed, powdered, and buttoned—a self-satisfied creature who smiles innocently in the cindery faces which confront her. Then is heard a long-drawn sigh of wondering contempt from the group; the one nearest the door bows deprecatingly to the others, slips into the dressing-room, spends her shrunken minutes as best she may, and emerges with wetted sponge and open bag, to stand in a corner of the passage and finish the process of making herself unnoticeable.

On behalf of the men who rejoice in large noses and large mouths (says a writer in the New York *Tribune*), I wish to enter a solemn protest against the present fashion of afternoon teacups and souvenir spoons. In the matter of nose and mouth I myself am copiously equipped, and in addition am one of those unfortunate beings to whom the socially unpleasant is always happening. If some one at a party or evening reception breaks a bit of bric-à-brac or puts his foot through a dress, I am the some one; if there is any salad spilled or ice-cream dripped, I am to be mixed up discreditably in the scandal. The other day I called upon a friend whose parlor, like that of most other fashionable houses, is equipped with a tea-table. Left to myself, instinct and sad experience would have taught me to crowd on all sail and escape from even the vicinity of that tea-table, but there were others calling at the time, including three ladies, and they turned up the cups, looked at the trade-marks, and went into raptures. "Isn't this beautiful!" exclaimed one of them to me. "Oh, Mr. Teetles, don't you love this exquisite china?" "I do, indeed," I rejoined, earnestly, while my whole being protested against such a falsehood. At this juncture the tea-kettle began to sing, and the hostess asked me whether I would have tea or chocolate. Properly I should have looked sad, and replied that I was dyspeptic and could drink neither. Instead, I made the first mistake by saying "Chocolate, please," with a confident smile, which I trust looked better than it felt. A moment later I was served, and looked with interest and trepidation upon what I had received. The china, misnamed a cup, was a small and fragile affair, yellow, and in shape a bulgy triangle. It rejoiced in two handles and a perfectly flat saucer. With it came the souvenir spoon—one of the most vicious-looking spoons of the whole ill-favored tribe. It was a Mexican dollar bowed out, with a handle of silver wire that looked like a hat-pin. Upon this extraordinary combination I looked with a feeling little less than horror. It would never do, however, merely to stand still and helplessly hold it. Everybody else was stirring his. I must stir also. But the difficulty of stirring a scant ounce of hot chocolate, in a triangular two-handled yellow cup, with a Mexican dollar, was gloomy for the most skillful, but appalling to me.

It occurred to me to gain time by carelessly finding a seat, and I might then be able to set down the cup unnoticed and leave it. Accordingly I found a chair and sat down. That was my second mistake. The chair was one of those gilt affairs, with spider-like legs, calculated to hold a thin child. When not laboring under great excitement, I avoid such furniture. "Is your chocolate all right, Mr. Teetles?" inquired the hostess sweetly. "Delicious," I murmured, realizing that I must now see the whole matter through. A glance showed me that the others of the party were doing finely. The fair young woman next to me handled a goddess of liberty, attached to a silver heart, as if it had been a real spoon. Somewhat reassured, I inserted the Mexican dollar and managed to stir fairly successfully. Greatly encouraged, I placed the spoon and saucer on my rather narrow lap and began to wonder how to absorb the chocolate successfully. At the risk of losing my claim to be a man of the world, I admit that I never drank out of a triangle before. I was completely in doubt whether to apply suction and extract the chocolate from one of the angles, or to expand my ample mouth and cover a whole side of the cup. Suddenly it occurred to me that the triangle was a geometrical figure. I had been a careful student at college—there was surely some theorem to fit this. "Have you been to the circus yet?" inquired my neighbor, pleasantly. "The square of the hypothenuse is equal to the sum of the square of the other two sides," I muttered. "What?" she asked, in surprise. "I said 'Not this season,'" I answered. That seemed conclusive. I would try the hypothenuse. Accordingly I selected the largest side of the cup and took it broadside, inserting my nose in the upper angle. The theory was a good one, doubtless, but the business end of a triangular chocolate-cup is the angle. "I think you are spilling your chocolate, Mr. Teetles," said my neighbor. I was. Half of the contents of the cup escaped my spacious mouth, arranged along the hypothenuse, and fell out of an angle on my shirt-bosom. My agitation affected the saucer and spoon on my attenuated lap. The saucer fell to the floor and the chocolate-covered-Mexican-dollar spoon found refuge on the gilt chair. To recount what I further did and said would humiliate me and serve no good purpose. But to these horrors every man with a large mouth and nose is subjected. Will not the press take up the good cause? Whether it does or not, there is one lone man in this great city who proposes to wage unremitting warfare on the afternoon tea-cup absurdity and its wretched confière, the souvenir spoon, until the mouths of the human race are scalloped or cut on the bias.

Our young women (writes Colonel Cockerill, in a recent new York letter,) seem to have lost something of the old-time maidenly modesty. Our fast life is increasing their taste for display and oddity. A girl to be able to attract attention now must affect fads and quaint conceits in dress. She must be "doggy," or "horsey," or masculine, or ultra in some particular. A walk on Broadway any of these fine afternoons reveals the fluffy soubrette and the hobbledehoy very much in evidence. Our girls seem to be running to mannishness and flashiness in dress. There was a time when the burlesque actress, the chorus-girl, and the soubrette were easily distinguishable on Broadway. Now the display of fluffy hair, masculine hats, standing collars, gaudy neckties, "spats," and all that seems to be general, and it is difficult to tell where the girl of the theatre leaves off and the girl of society begins. I saw a young woman on Broadway yesterday dragging her dress on the sidewalk and carrying a dog in her arms. Her get-up was loud and unmistakable. I remarked to a companion: "That young woman certainly belongs to Barnum's Show." "Oh, no," was the reply; "that's Miss ——, a very swell girl."

Physicians, who are generally married and realize the futility of discussion, rarely protest against women's clothing. But recently so conservative a medical journal as the *Lancet* has something to say against the immaculate fit given to women's riding-habits, and to the airy, crownless structures which women call bonnets. Women's riding-habits now so closely follow the configuration of the form that they increase danger by lessening the freedom of movement in case of accident. The tightly fitting skirt is held to be more dangerous than the loosely flowing skirt, and the snug-fitting body allows for too little clothing to be in any sense healthful. As to bonnets, the *Lancet* announces in advance of the fashion journals that next fall and winter large beaver bonnets, the models of which have been submitted to the editor, are to be worn.

A woman writes to the *Evening Sun* to protest against being assigned to a gourmand at dinner. On him (she says) all the charm of wit and flow of spirit is wasted. He laughs, but in a perfunctory fashion. He experiences a toad-like joy at having a partner pretty and well dressed, but his immediate concern is as to the soup and what particular cuts he gets. As he appears to listen his attention is shared by other people's plates, and in mental calculation as to his portion. His spirits rise and fall with the courses; if the champagne is not cold enough or the duck is too dry, he grows morose. Too much talking makes him nervous, lest some succulent titbit tumble down unawares. She quotes one man who exclaimed: "Too much talking; can't tell what we're eating. I've just swallowed two pieces of green fat without knowing it."

The latest thing is a mirror in the glove. Without being vain, a woman often finds it necessary to take a peep at herself. Perhaps she is in the street, at a ball, or at a theatre, or in a shop, and some disarrangement of her toilet may occur, so that a looking-glass is not only a convenience, but a necessity. The want has long been felt, but it is only recently that it has been supplied. A beautiful little flap is fitted neatly in the palm of the hand, so that it fits over a small oval mirror. When required, the flap can be lifted up, and there is the mirror.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow will leave in a few weeks to make an Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Miss Beth Sperry, Mr. W. Oothout, and Mr. Hammond occupied a beautiful floral float at the Carnival of Flowers in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. David Bixler left on April 24th for Europe, and will be away several months. She will join Miss Helen Hyde in Munich.

Mrs. Louis B. Parrott and family have been passing the week at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels and Miss Emma Spreckels left on April 24th for the East en route to Europe, and will be away about six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Marks and Mrs. William H. Smith left New York for Europe a week ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Janin will pass the summer traveling in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon are making a tour of Europe.

Mrs. Leland Stanford, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Captain and Mrs. William Kohl, and Miss Mamie Kohl will leave for the East on Monday evening.

Mrs. Isaac Trumbo is visiting friends in Salt Lake City. Colonel Trumbo has returned from his Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Buckingham have left for Europe, and will be away eighteen months. Mr. M. E. Rumwell will accompany them on their tour.

Rev. W. W. Davis, rector of St. Luke's Church, left last Monday for Europe, accompanied by his wife and Miss Florence Davis, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Davis. Rev. and Mrs. Davis will be away five months, and Miss Davis will remain abroad a year longer, passing the time traveling with friends.

Mrs. C. L. Ashe has been entertaining Mrs. Harmony, wife of Admiral Harmony, U. S. N., at her residence on Sacramento Street. Mrs. Harmony left for Japan last Thursday to meet her husband.

Mrs. Peter Donahue and Mrs. Eleanor Martin will soon leave for an Eastern trip, and will be away a couple of months.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones will leave the city on Monday to reside at the Hotel Rafael during the summer.

Mrs. John H. Jewett has returned to Glen Ellen after a brief visit here.

Hon. and Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco are visiting New York city and Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wayne Belvin have left England and are now in Paris.

Mrs. Livingston Gilson is enjoying a visit to the Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. George Law Smith, Mrs. M. S. Perkins, and Miss Maude A. Smith have arrived in Paris.

Mrs. William V. Garvey and her daughter, Mrs. Bessie Wilcox, will leave New York in May to make a tour of Europe.

Mrs. John W. Coleman and Miss Jessie Coleman have returned from an enjoyable visit to Santa Barbara, where they witnessed the flower fête.

Mrs. John D. Yost and Miss Jennie Sanderson left Tuesday for New York. Mrs. Yost will visit her son at Cambridge and pay other visits to friends in the East. About June 1st Mrs. Yost and Miss Sanderson will leave for Paris where the latter will meet her mother and sister.

Miss Nellie Chabot and Miss Josie Eastland, of Oakland, are passing a couple of weeks in Santa Barbara.

Miss Louise Moulder will soon leave for the East and on May 28th will go to Europe in company with some friends.

Mr. W. S. Hobart and the Misses Alice and Ella Hobart have returned from their southern trip, owing to the severe illness of Mr. Hobart.

The Misses Ella, Aileen, and Genevieve Goad have been at Monterey during the past two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Girvin will leave in a few days to pass the summer in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy, *née* Pope, left for the East last Thursday and will remain in New York until Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, *née* Taylor, arrive there. Early in June they will leave for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas have closed their residence here, and have gone to their villa near Mountain View, where they will remain about a month, when they will leave to make a tour of the East and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Spearman will pass the summer at Belvedere.

Judge and Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet, of Sacramento, have returned from a visit to Santa Barbara.

Dr. and Mrs. Franklin Pancoast have taken a cottage at Belvedere for the summer.

Mrs. Clark W. Crocker and Miss Fanny Crocker have returned from a pleasant visit to Southern California.

Mrs. E. B. Coleman and Miss Lena Blanding are passing a couple of weeks at Monterey.

Mr. Thomas Magee, Mr. E. S. Magee, Mr. Edwin Magee, and Mr. W. D. Mansfield, of this city, are at the Hotel del Coronado.

Miss Alice Decker has gone to Monterey for a couple of weeks.

Mr. Walter S. Newhall returned from Santa Barbara early in the week.

General and Mrs. John H. Dickinson are occupying their villa, "Craig Hazel," in Sausalito, and will remain there for the next six months.

Mrs. A. H. Vail has been enjoying a visit to friends in Fresno.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Miss Mamie Holbrook, and Mr. Harry M. Holbrook are occupying their villa at Menlo Park.

Senator Leland Stanford arrived in Washington, D. C., on Thursday.

Mr. D. W. Hitchcock is at the Coleman House in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Dick, Mrs. E. J. Bowen, and Miss Mary Bowen left New York a week ago on the steamer *Etruria* for England.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Raum have returned from Europe, and are at the Hotel Imperial in New York city.

Mr. C. G. Bonner and the Misses Bonner recently passed several days in Philadelphia.

Mrs. W. H. Keith and Miss Eliza D. Keith are passing a few days in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller will pass the next three months in their cottage at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Bowers will leave in a few days to occupy apartments at the Hotel Rafael during the season.

Mr. Edward G. Schmiedell has returned from a prolonged visit to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker and Miss Stone will leave in a few days to occupy their cottage in Sausalito.

The Misses Tompkins, of San Leandro, have been at Santa Cruz during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Easton will pass the summer in Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. John Landers and Miss Landers will pass the season in Santa Barbara.

Mr. James V. Coleman has been enjoying a week's rest at Monterey, preparatory to a fishing and hunting trip in the vicinity of Cazadero. In June he will go East, and, later on, proceed to Europe.

Consul F. A. Bee, Mrs. S. L. Bee, Mr. Frank Bee, Miss Mary Taylor, Miss Stella Mills, and Miss Mamie Riordan have returned from the flower fête at Santa Barbara.

Mr. J. B. Stetson has returned from a tour of the southern part of the State.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Jules Goodman left New York a week ago for Paris.

Mrs. S. C. Irving and her son are at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. James Phelan and Miss Phelan will return from Honolulu next Wednesday.

Miss Gamble and Miss Fanny Gamble, of Piedmont, have returned from a delightful trip to the Hawaiian Islands.

The Misses Amy and Nellie McKee, of Oakland, are paying a visit to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Charles Nelson and Miss Georgia Emerson left for the East and Europe last Monday.

Mr. Hermann Shainwald is enjoying a visit to New York and other Eastern cities. Early in June he will leave for Europe to travel there for about four months. In all probability Mr. Joseph Livingston will accompany him on his European tour.

Miss Julia Peyton, of Santa Cruz, has been paying a visit to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. H. M. Newhall and Mr. George A. Newhall will return from Japan in about ten days.

Mr. Edgar Mills, Jr., and Miss Addie Mills will be at Monterey during June.

Mrs. L. S. Pease and Miss Pease left on Tuesday evening for New York, en route to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Moody and Miss Moody left last Thursday on a trip to Japan for the benefit of Mr. Moody's health.

Mrs. Monroe Salisbury will pass the summer at Monterey.

Colonel and Mrs. John P. Jackson will be at the Napa Soda Springs during the summer months.

Theodore Wores's entire collection of pictures and sketches of life and scenes in Japan, China, England, and the Eastern States will be placed on exhibition at the rooms of the San Francisco Art Association next week, where they will be sold at auction on Thursday evening, May 5th. This is the first time Mr. Wores has offered his pictures at auction, and it is an occasion for picture-buyers to take advantage of, as another opportunity to secure examples of this artist's work will not present itself for a long time. The pictures will be on public exhibition Tuesday and Wednesday, day and evening, and Thursday up to hour of sale. Mr. Wores leaves for Japan and China next month, where he will devote several years to painting a collection of pictures for exhibition in London.

— THE "TUXEDO," OR SHORT FULL-DRESS coat, has become a necessity for well-dressed boys of from seven to twelve years, and the little gentlemen certainly do look well in them. The best, if not the only, place in the city to buy them is The Maze, at the corner of Market and Taylor Streets, where they may be had in the finest English cork-screw cloth, handsomely silk-lined and elaborately finished. The same popular emporium has some very "swell" little "reefers" and other fashionable top-coats, and it also has an endless profusion of reefer suits, to be had nowhere else in town; natty little middy suits, with long pants, trimmed with white braid; light-colored woolen suits to wear with blouse shirts; and, in fact, as complete a wardrobe for little boys as the best-dressed men could desire.

The King of Siam is having an armed steam-yacht built which will be the largest of its kind in the world. It is to be of steel, and will carry fourteen pieces of ordnance, including Nordenfeldts and other machine-guns. The builders have the yacht already in frame, and they expect to launch it about the middle of the summer.

The Pacific Yacht Club will give its opening hop of the season next Saturday at the club-house in Sausalito.

Touching appeals to dynamiters in Paris are posted upon the walls of some of the hotels. This is the formula: "No magistrates lodged here!"

— KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS character from handwriting in ink, *unruled* paper. Send 50 cents; stamps or postal notes.

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SOCIETY.

The Pope-Taylor Wedding.

Particularly prominent among the affairs of the post-Lenten season was the wedding of Miss Edith Taylor and Mr. George A. Pope, which took place at noon last Tuesday in Trinity Church. The bride is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. William H. Taylor. The groom is the son of Mrs. A. J. Pope, and is a member of the firm of Pope & Talbot.

About five hundred invitations had been issued for the wedding, and before noon the church was crowded with guests listening to the organ voluntaries and admiring the decorations. The chancel was a picture in pink and white, daintily shaded with green. Strands of smilax were interwoven with roses and snow-balls, pink and white hawthorne was used in masses, while tropical plants carried out the artistic effect.

Promptly at the noon hour, the organist played the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin" and the choir of forty female voices caught up the refrain and filled the edifice with melody. The bridal party appeared and marched down the centre aisle. Leading the way were the ushers: Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, Mr. Oscar T. Sewall, Mr. Augustus Taylor, Mr. William R. Sherwood, and Mr. Walter S. Newhall. They wore black frock coats, light-gray trousers, boutonnières of lilies of the valley, and carried silk hats. Following them were the four bridesmaids: Miss Clara Taylor, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Miss Jennie Cheesman, and Miss Daisy Casserly. Then came the bride, escorted by her father. In the chancel they were met by the groom and his best man, Mr. Samuel G. Buckbee. When they took their positions, amid the array of plants and fair blossoms, a charming scene was witnessed as the midday sunlight filtered through the stained-glass windows, brightening the picturesque chancel. The dresses worn by the young ladies were greatly admired, a description of them being as follows:

The bride's wedding-robe was of lustrous white satin brocade in which lover's knots and floral designs were displayed. The front of the skirt was adorned with deep flounces of point Duchesse lace, caught up with sprays of orange-blossoms. The corsage was cut square and filled in with Duchesse lace, and the long, puffed sleeves ended with a fall of point lace. The veil of white silk moleine was confined to the coiffure by a cluster of orange-blossoms and fell gracefully to the end of the very long court train. Her gloves and slippers were of white suède, and her hand-bouquet was composed of white orchids and lilies of the valley, encompassed by ribbons of white silk.

The four bridesmaids were attired alike in Princesse gowns of white silk, relieved by perpendicular hair stripes of pink and blue. The square corsages were filled in with Irish point lace and trimmed with narrow bands of pink velvet. They wore broad-brimmed summer hats, trimmed with point lace and American Beauty roses, and gloves and slippers of white suède. The sleeves were high at the shoulders and made bouffant to the elbows. They carried shower bouquets of Catherine Mermet roses, and their souvenirs were heart-shaped pearl pins.

Bishop Wingfield, of Benicia, performed the Episcopal marriage service most impressively, and then the party left the chancel to the accompaniment of the "Bridal Chorus" by the organ and choir, under the direction of Mr. H. J. Stewart. Then the guests departed as Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" was played. The bridal-party was driven to the residence of Captain and Mrs. Taylor, 2128 California Street, and was soon followed by the hundred and eighty guests who had been bidden to the reception and breakfast.

At the residence the decorations were almost entirely of white. In front of the bay-window in the front-parlor an immense ring of snow-balls was suspended from a bower of snow-balls and La Marque roses, sustained by bluish tinged boughs, which were adorned at either side with large Colonial bow-knots of wide silk ribbons in opalescent hues. From the crimson velvet lambrequin on the mantel arose tall shoots of columbine that rested in elegant vases and beds of ferns. White Cherokee roses were garlanded over the pictures and folding-doors, and this same effect was reproduced in the back-parlor. The mural decoration of the hall was of white roses and their foliage, and they also formed a robe over the bannister rail from the top to the newel-post. The dining-room, where the bride's table was set, had also been prettily decorated by Miss Bates with pink roses of the Duchesse de Brabant and Catherine Mermet varieties.

Mrs. William H. Taylor, Mrs. A. J. Pope, Mrs. F. A. Frank, and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy, *née* Pope, assisted in receiving the arriving guests, who hastened to extend their congratulations to the newly married couple. Mrs. Taylor wore pearl gray faille Française, en train, with a capote to match; Mrs. Pope was attired in black gros grain, en train, trimmed with point lace; Mrs. Frank appeared in white satin, brocaded and adorned with clusters of daisies; and Mrs. Murphy was dressed in white satin, brocaded in buttercups. At half-past one o'clock, tête-à-tête tables were distributed in all of the rooms and a delicious breakfast was served, while at intervals a string orchestra played concert selections. The wedding gifts were numerous and very valuable. The bride received from the groom a necklace of diamonds, from Mrs. A. J. Pope a crescent pin of diamonds, from her father a chest of silverware, and from her mother a collection of rare point lace. The bride and groom left later in the afternoon for St. Helena, to remain for awhile at the country residence of the groom's mother. They will return soon, and will go East and to Europe for a six months' tour.

The Bull-Crowell Wedding.

A charming wedding took place at the residence of Mrs. E. A. Crowell, 1603 Larkin Street, last Wednesday evening, when her daughter, Miss Irene Crowell, was united in marriage to Mr. Alpheus Bull, Jr. The residence was ornate with a beautiful array of flowers. In the front-parlor there was an airy bridal canopy of Paris daisies, sustained by interlaced silk ribbons of pale-blue and yellow. Paris daisies graced the mantel in generous array, while white Cherokee roses were garlanded over the pictures and walls. They also formed a pretty arch at the folding-doors leading to the back-parlor, where La Marque and Perle du Jardin roses were harmoniously blended in clusters. An immense Colonial bow-knot of silk and clusters of white roses marked the entrance to the dining-room. The piano was placed there for the nonce, and its lid was entirely concealed by long-stemmed La France roses and fern sprays. Roses of varied colors adorned this room in profusion, making it very attractive, and the hallway was embellished tastefully with foliage and snow-balls.

There were about one hundred and fifty guests present at nine o'clock to witness the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Horatio Stebbins, who had also officiated at the wedding of the bride's mother. Miss May Crowell, sister of the bride, acted as maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Blanche Castle and Miss Mary C. Dunham, of Oakland. Mr. Harry D. Hawks and Mr. T. M. Pennell acted as ushers, and Mr. M. A. Newell gave the bride into the keeping of the groom. The dresses of the ladies in the bridal party are described as follows:

The bride appeared in a costume of white-brocaded satin, trimmed with point Duchesse lace. The bodice and sleeves were ornate with the point lace and the veil of white tulle fell from the coiffure to the end of the court train. She carried a bouquet of white orchids and orange-blossoms.

Miss May Crowell, the maid of honor, wore a gown of pure-white chiffon, gracefully draped, with a girdle of marguerites. She carried a bouquet of white blossoms.

Miss Blanche Castle appeared in a toilet of yellow brocade combined with crêpe of the same shade. The corsage was cut square, with elbow-sleeves, and the train was à la Princesse.

Miss Mary C. Dunham wore a gown of mauve-colored silk, made with a demi-train and having an overdress of lace. It was cut square, with elbow sleeves.

Mrs. E. A. Crowell, mother of the bride, wore an elegant robe of pearl gray brocade, en train, trimmed with point applique. Her ornaments were diamonds.

After the ceremony an hour was passed pleasantly in congratulating the happy couple and in inspecting the presents, which were elegant and costly. Music and dancing concluded the festivities. Mr. and Mrs. Bull left on Thursday to make a southern trip for a couple of weeks, and when they return will occupy their new residence, 3022 Clay Street.

The Wilson Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson gave an elaborate dinner-party, last Monday evening, at their residence on Pine Street, in honor of Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, prior to her departure for Europe. The dining-room was tastefully decorated with flowers, and a sumptuous menu was enjoyed. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. John Scott Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. George Loomis, Dr. and Mrs. Leonard Wood, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mrs. A. M. Easton, and Colonel C. F. Crocker.

The Mills Lunch-Party.

An elegant lunch-party was given recently in honor of Mrs. C. P. Huntington by Mrs. William H. Mills at her residence on Octavia Street. The dining-table was handsomely decorated with flowers, and a delicious menu was served. Those present were:

Mrs. William H. Mills, Mrs. C. P. Huntington, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. T. B. McFarland, Mrs. J. D. Fry, Mrs. P. B. Cornwall, Mrs. J. F. Finn, Mrs. S. W. Holladay, Mrs. John Hunt, Mrs. James Denman, Mrs. Homer S. King, Mrs. Albert Gallatin, Mrs. George H. Sanderson, Mrs. J. M. Pierce, Mrs. W. C. Campbell, Mrs. A. S. Hallidie, Mrs. Horace Wilson, Mrs. A. A. Coben, Mrs. Thomas Denigan, Mrs. M. R. Lansing, Mrs. Henry Gibson, and Miss Nora Connell.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. William L. Merry have issued invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Angelina Merry, to Rev. Charles J. Mason, which will take place on Tuesday evening, May 10th, at half-past eight o'clock, at St. Luke's Church.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Florence Gertrude Currier, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Currier, to Mr. Arthur F. Barnard. The wedding will take place in October.

The wedding of Miss Lillian Thomas, of New York city, and Mr. Herbert C. Wyman, son of the late Judge Wyman, of Humboldt, and brother-in-law of Colonel George A. Knight, will be celebrated at St. Stephen's Church on Wednesday evening, May 4th, at eight o'clock. Miss Emily Thomas, sister of the bride, will be the maid of honor, while Mr. R. Lloyd Eaton will act as best man. Miss Anna Whitley and Mr. Charles E. Knight will divide the honors as bridesmaid and groomsman, respectively. The ushers will be Mr. W. H. Wyman, Mr. W. T. Adams, Mr. Fred S. Knight, Mr. I. Ward Eaton, and Mr. Noble H. Eaton. After the ceremony a reception will be held at the residence of the bride, 635 Haight Street.

The Misses Mae and Eleanor Dimond gave a charming lunch-party last Wednesday at their residence on Washington Street, in honor of Miss Agnes Huntington.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford was given a delightful lunch-party in Sacramento last Tuesday by Mrs. Edgar B. Carroll. Covers were laid for fourteen ladies at a table that was beautifully decorated in pink, and a delicious menu was enjoyed to the accompaniment of music by a string orchestra.

Mrs. Edgar B. Carroll, of Sacramento, gave a very pretty pink dinner-party recently in honor of Miss Leila Carroll. The others present were: Miss Laura Clarke, Miss Etta Birdsall, Mr. E. B. Carroll, Mr. W. Douglas, Mr. L. Hanchett, and Mr. Robert McCreary. After dinner drive-whist was played, and the two handsome prizes were won by Miss Clarke and Mr. McCreary.

The officers and ladies at the Presidio gave a delightful hop there on Friday evening. The ball-room was beautifully decorated with flowers, the regimental band was in attendance, and the evening was made very pleasureable.

The fête champêtre, which has been arranged by the Woman's Exchange to take place next Saturday at Angel Island, promises to be a great success. Colonel W. R. Shafter, U. S. A., through Mrs. Shafter, who is a member of the board of managers of the Exchange, has kindly offered the use of the island to the ladies and also the use of the military band, the ball-room, and the tennis-grounds. Colonel Chandler has placed the steamer *McDowell* at the service of the Exchange, and Mrs. Alexander Center and Mrs. John D. Spreckels have kindly donated the use of tug-boats from the Pacific Mail and Oceanic Steamship Companies' service. These boats will leave Washington Street wharf at half-past one, two, and half-past two o'clock for the island. Officers from the Austrian and French men-of-war will be among the guests, as well as army and navy officers stationed here. Refreshments will be served by a professional caterer, and in the refreshment tent will be Mrs. John Currey, Mrs. M. Castle, Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Mrs. W. M. Bunker, Mrs. Spotts, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. S. W. Forman, Mrs. Louis Sloss, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Mrs. W. L. Brown, Mrs. J. S. Wethered, and Miss Birdsall, to welcome all guests. Tickets may be obtained from any of the lady managers or at the Exchange, 26 Post Street.

A rose-tea and musicale will be given at the residence of Mrs. Charles Goodall, corner of Pierce and McAllister Streets, on Saturday, May 14th, from three until ten o'clock, for the benefit of the Conservatory of Music of the University of the Pacific. An excellent programme will be presented, and the price of admission will be one dollar, including refreshments. There will be nothing for sale.

A dramatic and musical entertainment for the benefit of the Nursery for Homeless Children, 328 Bryant Street, will be given on Friday evening, May 13th, under the auspices of the San Francisco Players' Club.

For the coming flower show to be held at the Mechanics' Pavilion, the committee of arrangements have secured the services of the glee club of the State University for the evenings of May 11th and 13th. The club has been in existence two years, and has achieved an excellent reputation. Connected with this club, as honorary members, are such well-known singers as Thomas Rickard and Harry Melvin. This year the glee club has prepared a repertoire containing many bright and popular selections. Although making college songs a prominent feature in its concerts, it does not by any means confine itself to them, and is particularly happy in its interpretation of more classic productions. The University Glee Club, with their jolly student songs, should prove a most popular feature of the flower show.

The week of opera at the Grand Opera House is the predominant topic among theatre-goers, and there is every indication that the brief season will be a fashionable one. The company is headed by Emma Juch, and her support contains a number of well-known singers. The repertoire for the week is as follows: Monday, "Tannhauser"; Tuesday, "Carmen"; Wednesday, "Cavalleria Rusticana"; Thursday, "La Traviata"; Friday, "Fidelio"; and Saturday evening, "Lohengrin." The programme for Saturday afternoon has not yet been determined.

Mr. Albert Smith, the United States representative of Goupil & Co., of Paris, the fine-art publishers, is visiting here for a few days. He has brought with him a collection of French, Dutch, English, and Canadian water-colors, which he has placed in Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s new art gallery, at 741-5 Market Street. The exhibition will be opened to the public to-day (Saturday) and will remain on view Monday and Tuesday of next week.

Manager John F. Bragg has engaged the well-known poet, Will Carleton, to give two lectures and readings at Metropolitan Temple on the evenings of Monday, May 9th and Thursday, May 12th. The subjects chosen are "The Drama of Life" and "The Chain of Success." Each will be brightened with select readings from his most popular poems. Seats will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Benoni Irwin has painted a portrait of Miss Morgan, the harpist, of New York city, which was sent out here to Manager Marcus M. Henry, and will be exhibited in the city during the Morgans' concert engagement next month.

A New Art.

A new art of divination that is infinitely simpler and surer than reading character by hand-writing has lately come into vogue in fashionable circles in this city. It is reading the writer's social position by examining the writing materials that are used—the paper, the envelopes, the ink, the sealing-wax, and all that. It is not an easy matter to get all these things right unless one goes to the proper place for them, and the proper place is Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s store, on Market Street, just opposite Grant Avenue.

There one can be sure of getting the very latest styles of note-paper, etc., while their supply of the celebrated Mabie, Todd & Co.'s gold pens comprises all shapes and kinds. Their engraving department, too, is patronized by all the best people in San Francisco—and, indeed, on the Pacific Coast, for they are constantly filling orders by mail from coast cities from Portland to San Diego—and, as for card-case, purses, memorandum-books, and all sorts of leather goods, they have the cream of the trade because they keep the handsomest and best articles.

The success that Sanborn, Vail & Co. have had with these articles is surprising when one considers how short a time they have been handling them. But they have spared neither trouble nor money to get only the best, and the public has discovered that fact, and accordingly goes to them in preference to buying at other places.

— A PORTION OF THE FAMOUS GOVERNOR Haight Homestead, situated in the best part of Alameda, is to be sold at auction next Saturday afternoon, May 7th, by William J. Dingee. The property is subdivided into fifty choice building lots, and the sale will take place at two P. M. on the grounds, corner of West End and Haight Avenues. Further particulars are given in the advertisement in another column.

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A COWBOY ON COWBOYS.

By Julian Ralph.

The first cowboys I ever saw greatly disappointed me by their appearance. These first cowboys I saw in Montana were a very ordinary-looking lot of young depot-loungers, peculiar only because they wore big, flat-brimmed hats, and because they had a long line of broncos fettered to a bitching-rail near by.

This same band of plainsmen had long noticed a course of behavior on the part of a Northern Pacific train-conductor which they determined not to tolerate. The conductor did the worst thing, in a cowboy's opinion, that any man could do—he acted like a dude; he "put on style." He actually went so far as to swing himself off the cars before they stopped, and, with one arm extended and head offensively erect, would shout: "Dingleville! All out for Dingleville!" His whole manner was artificial, affected, and unbearable. This being noticed—and no one is quicker to notice the hollow trickery of an Eastern man than cowboys are—the boys decided to "take him down." So one day they assembled on the station platform in a semicircular line, into the curve of which he must run as he leaped from the moving cars. The conductor did as he was expected to, the cowboys surrounded him, and he was bidden to dance.

"Dance, ——— you!" they shouted; "dance, or we'll shoot the toes off you!"

At the words each cowboy pulled his pistol, and began shooting down into the platform planks, not exactly at the conductor's feet, but so as to narrowly miss them. They blazed away and he danced, until, after he was all but exhausted and they had no more shots to fire, they bade him go on with the train, and never "show up" at Dingleville until he could behave like a man.

I heard other stories about cowboys on that trip. One of the best of them was told by a globe-trotting Englishman.

"They are a very rum sort of beggars," said he—"a very rum sort. But they're not half-bad as a lot, d'you know. The first cowboy town I got into there was a poor clark standing up over his books at a desk in a shop on the main street, and there was a drunken cowboy riding up and down the street. Well, the cowboy saw the clark, and his sense of humor was aroused by the idea of shooting at him, d'you know. Those cowboys have a very remarkable sense of humor. So the cowboy ups with his pistol, d'you know, and he shoots the poor clark right through the head, killing him instantly. Well, now, that sort of thing is very distinctly frowned upon by cowboys, as a rule, and in this case the cowboys held a meeting, and resolved that the fellow with the lively but dangerous sense of humor should be hanged at once. They put a rope around his neck, and, there being no tree anywhere in sight, they hung him to the side of a Pullman as the train came rolling in. I've seen a number of occurrences of that sort, which makes me quite positive in stating that though they are a very rum sort of beggars, they are really not a bad lot."

I greatly enjoyed a morning spent with a cowboy of great fame in his business, of twelve years' experience.

"Folks in the East think that cowboys are savages and eat grass," said he; "but I find 'em about the best men I ever knew; by that I mean that they are the manliest and squarest men I ever saw. There's one thing I will say, you put 'em in the best hotel there is, and they'll order ham and eggs three times a day, the reason being that you can't make 'em believe there's any better food than that a-going. They work hard, and they live hard, and when they smash, they go all to pieces. I know one, as smart a cowboy as ever roped a steer, smart at every part of the business—one of your true cowboys, he was, that's too proud to cut hay, and the kind that says, as I heard one say once, when a big cattle-man came on from the East, and asked him to saddle his horse: 'Saddle him yourself,' says he; 'if you don't know how, you ain't got no business out on a range. Anyhow, I don't have to saddle no man's horse as long as I can ride the way I can now.' This fellow that I speak of was one of the regular sort like that, and yet he is sunk so low that a painted woman is keeping him. I saw him to-day, and he borrowed money of me, which, when I gave it to him, I knew I was flinging it into the gutter. Do you know why I gave it to him? It was because I know hundreds who would do the same for me. They would whack their last dollar with me, for standing by your friends is the cowboy's religion.

"Rum, cards, and women are the epitaphs in the cowboy's grave-yard. Some bunches all three, and some cuts one out of the herd, and rides after it till he drops; but however they take 'em, those are the things that rounds up most of 'em. It's curious, but if they quit horseback, and go into business, those are the three businesses they choose from, or the two, I should say, for cards and liquor go together.

"How do I dress when I'm with an outfit? Well, mostly in rags. Truth is, I don't care how I dress so long as I've got a good hat and boots and saddle. I've got shoes on now, because I've quit my horse, and am hoofing it. You can't walk in a cowboy's shoes; they fit too much. You see, we wear high-heeled boots, and get 'em as small as we can. When a cowboy goes into a shoe-store, if two men can get a pair of new boots on him without a good deal of trouble, he won't buy 'em; he'll say he doesn't want a whole hide to slosh around in, he just wants shoes to fit his feet. Cowboys are very particular about the look of their feet, and have a right to be, because they pay fifteen dollars for a pair of boots. A good broad-brimmed hat'll cost up to twenty dollars, and a plain Cheyenne saddle and trimmings is worth forty dollars; but the boys like to get their saddles all stamped up with patterns, and will pay fifty-five dollars for one like that.

"Folks East think the Indians are such fine riders. We cowboys may be conceited, but we don't think an Indian can ride for sour milk. It is true they are on horseback all the time, but their horses are little played-out old racks that you could mostly put in your pocket. An Indian can ride a horse that I've rode down and quit, but I always say the horse goes to git out of misery. You see an Indian ride once. You often have? Well, then, there's no need o' my tellin' you that he keeps his heels humping into the horse's ribs the whole time he's riding him, or that he has a quirt, with which he keeps a-whipping and lashing the horse the whole time.

"Indians can't ride. Do you know what they do when they get a horse that's got some spirit? They put a stake in the ground, and tether the horse to it with a long halter. Then all the squaws, and children, and old men in the camp get around with whips, and sticks, and stones, and they holler, and chase, and beat the horse around and around that stake till he's well-nigh dead. When they've broke his heart and got him nearly dead, some buck will get on him and ride him, whipping him and digging him with his heels. The horse will go to get out of misery. That shows what the Indians know about horses.

"Cavalrymen are fairly good riders—on a road. They can move along a road, if it's in good condition, quite fairly. But, great Scott! what we call riding is to take your horse across country wherever a horse can go—down gullies, up bluffs, and just as it happens. A good cowboy rider is unconscious that he is riding. A man who is conscious that he is on horseback ain't a good rider. You want to get on your horse and let your legs flop around loose from the knees down; and you must let your body sit loose, except where it joins the horse and is part of him.

"A cowboy is drunk twenty minutes after he strikes a town. We used to 'shoot up' the towns, but now they disarm us. Was I ever in a fuss? Well, little ones, once in a while. When a man raises a gun on me, I'm going to do whatever he wants just as quick as I can. I've heard men in towns say they wasn't afraid of a gun. Well, I am; and so would they be if they had ridden from Texas to Montana as often as I have. I've also heard men say they'd like to see the Indian they'd be afraid of. Well, I've seen a good many I've been afraid of, no matter what bluff I made to show that I wasn't scared. As I say, I like to oblige a man that drops a gun on me, because the man is apt to be drunk, and when he is drunk he is apt to be a little mite nervous.

"But there was a time lately when a man pulled a gun on me, and I didn't like to do what he wanted. You see, I don't drink liquor, and I'd refuse five hundred dollars sooner than corral a spoonful of it. I was in a bar-room, and a man came in and asked me to drink. He was a stranger or be'd 'a' known better than to ask me, and he was steaming drunk, too. I thanked him, and told him I didn't care to drink. I was unarmed, but he was 'fixed,' and he whips out his gun—a 45-calibre six-shooter—and he says, 'Pour out a glass of rum and chuck it in yourself, or I'll make windows in your skull.' He had me, and I want to tell you that a man doesn't feel first-rate looking along a gun-barrel when he knows the weapon's cocked and the man is drunk, and has only got to press hard enough to move two ounces when the thing'll go off. A man doesn't get absent-minded under the circumstances; he 'tends to whatever business is asked of him. I replied that certainly I would drink, and that I didn't know he was so pressing. I grabbed the bottle, poured out the poison, and was just raising the glass, with a 'Here's looking at you, pard,' when a friend of mine came in the door. He saw the lay of the land, and he walked up and stuffed the muzzle of his six-shooter right in the drunken man's ear, and he says, 'Drop it!' Up to that time, it had been a tableau and not a word spoken, but when my friend said 'Drop it!' the feller let his gun fall as you would have done with a mouthful of scalding hot coffee."—*Harper's Weekly.*

A Legislative Indorsement.

A law was passed last winter in Minnesota affecting the sale of alum baking powders. The interest excited by the bill when proposed led to a long and thorough investigation by a legislative committee of the qualities of all the baking powders sold in that State, with the result that the Royal was shown by very positive evidence from the State Chemist, Dr. Drew, and others, to be the purest, strongest, and in all respects the best baking powder in the market.

— WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, CRESTS, AND monograms; latest ideas in social stationery. Harbourne Stationery Co., 5 Montgomery Street, S. F.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

A box of **BEECHAM'S PILLS** constitutes a family medicine chest. *Sick Headache, Weak Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Giddiness, Fullness, Swelling after meals, Dizziness, Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, and all nervous and trembling sensations are relieved by using these Pills.* Covered with a Tasteless and Soluble Coating. Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box. New York Depot, 365 Canal St.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital	$3,000,000 00
Surplus	1,000,000 00
Undivided Profits	3,317,485 11

September 30, 1891.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.
IRVING F. MOULTON.....2d Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents at all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available to all parts of the world. Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

WELLS FARGO & CO.

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$6,000,000

Directors:

LLOYD TEVIS, President; JNO. J. VALENTINE, Vice-Pres't; Leland Stanford, Charles F. Crocker, J. C. Fargo, Oliver Eldridge, Geo. E. Gray, W. F. Goad, Wm. Norris, H. WADSWORTH, Cashier.

Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.

Cash capital	$1,000,000
Assets	2,632,228
Surplus to policy-holders	1,550,589

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager, San Francisco.

CITY OFFICE: 501 Montgomery Street. GENERAL OFFICE: 401 Montgomery Street.

28th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1892

Home Mutual Insurance Co.

N.E. cor. California and Sansome Streets.

Capital (Paid up in Gold)	$300,000 00
Assets, January 1, 1892	878,137 01

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON
VICE-PRESIDENT.....H. L. DODGE
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY
GENERAL AGENT.....ROBERT H. MAGILL

London Assurance Company

Of London. Established by Royal Charter, 1720.

Northern Assurance Company

Of London. Established 1836.

GEORGE F. GRANT, Manager,

N. W. cor. Sacramento and Montgomery, San Francisco.

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A DELICIOUS **REMEDY** FOR ALL FORMS OF **INDIGESTION.**

1-3 of an ounce of Pure Pepsin mailed on receipt of 25c.

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MY WIFE SAYS SHE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT FOR THE MONEY. **$12** Buys a $65.00 Improved Oxford Singer Sewing Machine; perfect working, reliable, finely finished, adapted to light and heavy work, with a complete set of the latest improved attachments free. Each machine guaranteed for 5 years. Buy direct from our factory, and save dealers and agents profit. Send for "WE'S CATALOGUE. OXFORD MFG. COMPANY, DEPT X37 CHICAGO.

MT. VERNON COMPANY, BALTIMORE

The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;
DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK,

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28½-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A bill was lately introduced into one of our State legislatures granting permission that the bishop of the diocese might be buried in the crypt of his cathedral. One of the members who did not admire the bishop greatly, moved an amendment to the bill that it take effect immediately on its passage.

An English bishop, who had suffered somewhat from the rough language of the historian, Dr. Freeman, but who had occasion to introduce him as a speaker at a certain meeting, improved the opportunity to pay up some old scores by introducing him as the "distinguished scholar who has so admirably illustrated the savage character of our ancestors."

An attaché of the British legation, in addressing a Washington girl whose name, unfortunately, does not go with the story, said: "I am sorry that the Behring Sea trouble is looking so serious, because, with her splendid naval equipment, Great Britain would wipe you off the face of the earth." The young lady retorred: "What, again?" And then came a flash of silence.

In a breach-of-promise case the other day, the lady on the stand said that when a friend suggested that she would make him a good wife, he answered, "Hem!" "Did he really say 'Hem'?" inquires the counsel for the defense. "He did," she averred, "or something of that kind." This reminds one of the accurate witness who swore that some one had called over the banisters, "Tom, Tom," or *words to that effect.*

There is a girl in town (says the Washington *Post*) who tells this story on herself. She is a zealous member of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Seeing in the street, one day, a cab-driver cruelly maltreating his horse, she went up to him, and, showing her badge, demanded his number. "Lord, miss," said the man, with a commiserating smile, "ef I wuz ter tell yer, it would go out of that pretty head afore yer got to the next corner." Then he drove on, leaving the girl torn between conflicting emotions, anger and the desire to laugh.

"Bill" W——, a Ventura attorney, had a jury case in a justice's court, where his jurymen were all Germans. In his invocation, he felicitated them and himself on their being natives of "the glorious land of Goethe and of Schiller, fellow-countrymen of the magnificent Bismarck," etc., in the most fulsome strain of slop-over. The jury went solid against "Bill's" client, and, immediately after their discharge, the disgusted attorney passed out, saying, patently for their hearing: "Just what you might have expected from a lot of —— —— sauer-kraut-eating Dutchmen!"

"'Squire Dick" Reese, just after the war, a red-headed lawyer of Leavenworth, Kan., was almost a pigmy in stature, but as plucky as any other bantam. One day, his dignity took affront at some speech of a Missouri legal light, of unusual tallness, and, springing upon the big fellow like a cat, Dick began to claw, kick, and belabor him. The giant looked down at the assailant clinging to his arm, and said, with good-humored affectation: "Why, Dick! What are you doing there?" "Doing!" cried Dick, wrathfully, "doing! Why, I'm fighting you, sir, and that like hell!"

In an action for payment of a tailor's bill, a witness swore that a certain dress-coat was badly made, one of the sleeves being longer than the other. "You will," said Erskine, slowly, having risen to cross-examine, "swear—that one of the sleeves was—longer—than the other?" *Witness*—"I do swear it." *Erskine* (quickly, and with a flash of indignation)—"Then, sir, I am to understand that you positively deny that one of the sleeves was *shorter* than the other?" Startled into a self-contradiction by the suddenness and impetuosity of this thrust, the witness said: "I do deny it." *Erskine* (raising his voice as the tumultuous laughter died away)—"Thank you, sir; I don't want to trouble you with another question."

The husband of Mrs. Sarah T. Rorer, the lecturer (says the New York *Times*), is a mild-mannered gentleman, who is contented to sink his personality, mind his own affairs, and let his wife travel about and gather fame unhindered. He broke over the traces with a vengeance the other day, when he burst into her presence with his arms filled high with a fresh delivery from the laundry. "This thing must stop right here," was his angry greeting. "Why, what is the trouble, dear?" asked his spouse. "Trouble! Trouble enough!" he retorted, his voice shaking. "I have stood by quietly and let you have your own way with the public. That is all right. I make no objection now. But when my shirts come back from the laundry marked 'Sarah T. Rorer,' I draw the line."

It is related that at the bar of one of the Australian colonies, a barrister concluded his speech thus: "At great length, gentlemen of the jury, I have stated the reasons which cause me to believe in the prisoner's innocence and to regard him as a personal friend. Gentlemen, the prisoner in the dock is my very dear personal friend, and if he falls by your hands I will avenge his honor and my loss. As a gentleman of an ould Irish family, who can snuff candles with a revolver at twelve paces, I call upon you to place my friend right in the eyes of society. I leave the case in your hands, feeling satisfied that you will not accuse me of employing the language of menace when I have done no more than hint at some of the natural consequences of a verdict adverse to my conscientious opinion."

I was in the office of a friend of mine (says a Philadelphia *Record* writer), the other morning, when a rather seedy-looking young chap came in, and, nodding to him in a jaunty way, said: "Billy, o'd man, I want to borrow a dollar." "H-m-m-m," replied Billy slowly; "well, if I remember rightly, I loaned you a dollar last week." "So you did," said the visitor; "but I am dead strapped and must have a dollar now." Billy pondered a moment and replied: "Well, you're no good; I am convinced of that, and so I'll not lend you a dollar, but I'll give you one; how'll that do?" "First rate," responded the shameless striker; and then, after a moment or so, as the cash was not forthcoming, he added: "Well, where's the dollar you are going to give me?" "Oh," replied Billy, smilingly, "I'll give you the dollar you borrowed last week."

An English bishop, returning from "a tour of the States," occupied a large double cabin with his wife, who was somewhat querulous and exacting. One night, during a hard storm, the lady complained of close air, and her spouse dutifully arose and opened a port-hole, whereupon a big wooden ball bobbed in, and kept on bobbing. The bishop knotted up its string and bung it on the wall of the cabin; it bumped as the vessel rocked, and annoyed the lady further. So the patient bishop let out the loops and put the ball under his pillow, after which peace and slumber. The next day at dinner, the bishop recounted his adventures of the night, and bridled with intense delight at the roars of laughter which greeted the story. The captain recovered sufficiently to gasp: "Why, man!—ah—that is, my lord! that ball you slept on hangs at the end of the ship's lightning-conductor!"

Piles can be Cured.

Richard Bennett, Westfield, N. Y., writes:
"For thirty-two years I suffered from piles, both internal and external, with all their attendant agonies, and like many others suffered from hemorrhoids. All those thirty-two years I had to cramp myself to pay doctors and druggists for stuff that was doing me little or no good. Finally I was urged by one who had had the same complaint, but had been cured by BRANDRETH'S PILLS, to try his cure. I did so, and began to improve, and for the past two years I have had no inconvenience from that terrible ailment."

Who Shall be My Executor?

A good man desires absolute safety in the provision which he makes, by will or gift, for the objects of his love and care. There are few trusts more sacred than the management of property upon which a widow, a minor child, or an unfortunate relative or friend, is dependent.

If in making these provisions our thoughts turn to any individual person, we can not forget the dangers which surround his selection. The chief element of danger in selecting a natural person as trustee is the uncertainty of human life and the delicacy of human health. Our choice is often defeated by unforeseen events over which we have no control. History tells us, too, of the many lapses of individual trustees into habits of speculation, and sometimes of dissipation, whose antecedent lives gave no reason to fear such results.

The advantages which a properly organized trust company offers to the public in *the execution of wills the care of estates, the investment of trust funds the care of minors property, and the management of the affairs of the unfortunate*, can not be overestimated. Parties desiring information on the subject will please confer with the CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST CO., corner of Montgomery and California Streets, San Francisco. *No charge* made for such information.

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POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1.2.3.
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When you ask your grocer for Java, he does not offer you Maracaibo and say it is "just as good."

When you ask your druggist for Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil, if he is honest, he will not try to sell you something "just as good."

Why do you want it? The answer is in a book on CAREFUL LIVING; we send it free.

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COMFORT ASSURED,
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"Bicycling for Girls," free.
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Sanford's Perfect Heel Protector
is the only device that prevents lop-sided Boot-Heels. Guaranteed to add 50 per cent. to the wearing quality of any pair of shoes. Made of Silver Steel, chilled, very durable. Easily applied by any one. We mail a sample pair, with nails, for 10c., or a box containing six pairs protectors, with nails, a steel chisel, tin gauge, and full instructions for applying, for 50 cts. *Agents wanted.* Address, Goodman Co., Box 2877, Boston.

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FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.
NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong. 1892.
Gaelic ..... Saturday, April 16
Belgic ..... Tuesday, May 10
Oceanic ..... Thursday, June 2
Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.
For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.
Through Line to New York, via Panama.
Steamers will sail at noon on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.
Through line sailings—May 5th, SS. San Blas; May 14th, SS. Acapulco; May 25th, SS. San José.
Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.
Steamer sails at noon 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas.
Way line sailing—Monday, May 18th, SS Colima.
Where the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the preceding Saturday
Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.:
China ...(via Honolulu).....Thursday, April 28, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking. .....Saturday, May 21, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio de Janeiro .....Tuesday, June 14, at 3 P. M.
Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.
ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.
Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports to Alaska, 9 A. M., April 9, 24, May 9, 24.
For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., April and May 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29. June and July 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, the 1st of each month. Ticket office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents,
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
PACIFIC SYSTEM.
Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From April 9, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7.00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	* 12.15 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga	6.15 P.
* 8.00 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa	* 6.15 P.
8.00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	Second-class Ogden and East, and first-class locally	10.45 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	4 45 P.
9.00 A.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P
12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore	7.15 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	* 9.00 P
3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, & Stockton	9.45 A
4.00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 A
4.30 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10 45 A
4.30 P.	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 A
* 4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8 45 A
5 00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	12 15 P
5 00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 P
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	7.45 A.
.....	Niles and San José	‡ 6.15 P.
6 00 P.	Ogden Route Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	11.45 A
‡ 7.00 P.	Vallejo	† 8.45 P.
7 00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	8.15 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡ 7 45 A.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees, and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P
8 15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	6.20 P
* 2.15 P.	Centreville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	* 10.50 A
4.45 P.	Centreville, San José, and Los Gatos	9.50 A

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7.00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations	2.30 P
8.30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations	6 10 P
10.37 A.	San José and Way Stations	5.10 P
12.15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations	4.00 P.
* 2 30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way stations	* 10 48 A
* 3 30 P.	Menlo Park San José, and principal Way Stations	* 10.03 A
* 4 15 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.06 A
5.15 P.	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A
† 11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	7 30 P

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY
THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.
Commencing Sunday, April 24, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:
From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7.40, 9.20, 11.20 A. M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.05 6.20 P. M.
Sundays—8, 9.30, 11 A. M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5, 6.15 P. M.
From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6.25, 7.55, 9.30, 11.30 A. M.; 1.40, 3.40, 5.05 P. M.
Saturday only—An extra trip at 6.30 P. M.
Sundays 8.10, 9.40, 11.10 A. M.; 1.40, 3.40, 5, 6.25 P. M.
From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6.50, 8.20, 9.55, 11.55 A. M.; 2.05, 4.05, 5.35 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.55 P. M.
Sundays—8.35, 10.05, 11.35 A. M.; 2.05, 4.05, 5.30, 6.50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. Week Days.	Leave San Francisco. Sundays.	Destination.	Arrive San Francisco Sundays.	Arrive San Francisco Week Days.
7 40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.40 A. M.	8.50 A M
4 30 P. M.	9.30 A. M.		6.05 P. M	10 30 A M
5.05 M	5 00 P. M		7.25 P M	6 10 P M
7 40 A. M.		Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A M
4 30 P. M.	8 00 A. M.			6.10 P. M
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7.25 P. M.	6 10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M.
3.30 P. M.				6.10 P. M.
7 40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10.40 A. M.	8.50 A. M.
5.05 P M	5.00 P. M.		6.05 P. M.	6.10 P. M
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10.40 A. M.	10.30 A. M.
3.30 P M.	5.00 P. M.		6.05 P. M.	6.10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakepon and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hopland and Eureka.
EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays, to Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa, $2.25; to Healdsburg, $3.40; to Cloverdale, $4.50; to Hopland, $5.70; to Ukiah, $6.75; to Sebastopol, $2.70; to Guerneville, $3.75; to Sonoma, $1.50; to Glen Ellen, $1.80.
EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, $1; to Santa Rosa, $1.50; to Healdsburg, $2.25; to Cloverdale, $3; to Ukiah, $4.50; to Hopland, $3.80; to Sebastopol, $1.80; to Guerneville $2.50; to Sonoma, $1; to Glen Ellen, $1.20.
H. C. WHITING, General Manager,
PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt
Ticket Offices at Ferry, 26 Montgomery Street, and 2 New Montgomery Street.

Bound Volumes of the Argonaut for sale at the Business Office, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.

Down io Mission Street, far away from the haunts of men and women of taste and culture, on the site of the old mule-path from the Yerba Buena landing-place to the Mission Dolores, there is a draughty barn which, with bitter irony, is called the Grand Opera House. It is a monstrous structure, and is said to seat two thousaod two hundred people. For a production of "King Lear" or "The Tempest" it is excellently adapted. The stage is large, and the biting air, like a pendulum, now flows in great waves from the boards to the auditorium, and then rushes back from the foyer to the footlights, strikiog the spectator, first, on the chest, and theo on the nape of the oeck, and impelliog him to groan: "Poor Tom's a-cold!" The chandelier is cracked, and so are the seats. When Patti sang there, she had to keep her mind constantly dwelling on four thousand dollars a night, or she would have fled howling; the members of the Metropolitan Company consoled themselves hy reflecting that there was a fit congruity hetweeo the dismal spot and the weird, unearthly chords of Wagner. In such an abode of gloom, Edgar might well chant:

> "Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;
> He met the nightmare, and her ninefold,
> Bid her alight,
> And her troth plight,
> And aroint thee, witch, arnint thee!"

It is in this uncongenial scene that Miss Agnes Huntington has been presenting the light operas of Planquette. Every one has heard the "Cloches de Corneville," and though Planquette has never raised himself to the first rank among composers of opera bouffe, his pieces being io reality nothing more than vaudevilles—*comédies légères mêlées de chant*—though he is as far below Cellier and Jaborowski as Hoyt is helow Sheridan, still he is worth hearing hy way of a change. "Captain Therese" is not the best thiog he has done. The choruses are monotonous and the solos are not fetchiog. If he were younger, they would create an impression that he was a man who might some day write a "Pioafore" or a "Perichole." But he has been composing a long while, and he never rises above the same dead level of mediocrity. The pamphlet which is sold at the opera-house uoder the name of a libretto—and which is no more a libretto than a chapter from the Bible—does not contain one air which a vocalist would care to sing twice.

Miss Huntington is an old acquaintance, though better known in England than here. She is just the woman to suit the Eoglish—divinely fair and most divinely tall, with the opulent proportions which exasperated Hawthorne, and which, in male attire, are certain to throw the galleries into convulsions of delight. She has an honest face and a kindly smile, which suggests that, in private life, she must be good company wherever flowers of wit crown the bowl. She can sing, too. She is a contralto—not such a contralto as Alboni, the deep roll of whose lower notes thrilled her hearers with a thrill that was almost painful, nor even the peer of Scalchi, from whose lips melody trickled like a dulcet stream; but still a vocalist, who can accurately seize and firmly hold the notes which it is given to so few women to render. Her best effects are produced with her middle register; the lower notes are given, but they are not always pleasing, and incline to flatness; whereas the notes which are most frequently used by female singers are round, and rich, and sympathetic. The contralto, like the tenor, will sooo be a thing of the past, like the buffalo and the greenhacker. Alboni, in her ripe old age, seated on a chair, because she was too infirm to stand, lately electrified a private audience with a song which showed that the noble voice still lived. When she dies, she will leave no successor. Future generations will have to conteot themselves with sopranos, for the female parts, and, for the male parts, with baritones in the place of tenors; unless, indeed, a taste should spriog up for roaring bulls, like Tamagno, who can not only take the high C, hut who seems to shout it in preference to any other note, and with ladies who sing as if they had never got over an attack of hoarseness produced hy grippe in early life.

The plot of Captain Therese is so bewildering that assiduous study of it is likely to lead to softeniog of the brain. The scene is laid in the time of the religious wars in France, when cold Calvinist was to be found on the sideboard in every well-ordered Catholic household, and the question in high Huguenot families was whether a Catholic tasted better wheo done as a salmi or cooked *à la matelotte*. M. Planquette did not bring religion into his piece, which is a pity, as fioe dramatic situations might have been evolved out of the pitch which sectarian fury had reached. He was content with the usual vicissitudes of a love which does not run smooth. He neglects, also, to iotroduce to his audience the gallant Mayeone and the other memhers of the Guise family, who are always picturesque—glorious fellows, a little too fond of cutting throats; but, this little blemish apart, as gallant men as ever murdered Protestant or betrayed a woman. Mercedes, too—the divine Mercedes, at whose lovely feet Mayenne knelt when he had sent her husband, like Uriah, to the wars, and who, from all accouots, must have been the loveliest of Bathshebas—why is she not in the play? Her part would have suited Miss Huntingtoo hetter than the insipid part of Therese. But then, of course, Mercedes never wore trunk and hose; and if Miss Huotington had never played any other part, the world would have gone to their graves in igoorance of heauties which even infidels might adore.

When Miss Huntington, dressed in skirts as Therese, discovers that her papa will not consent to her union with the man of her heart—Philippe de Bellegarde—hecause he had heard that Philippe had lingered too long at the knees of the divine Mercedes; and when she further learns that Philippe runs some risk of beiog incontinently shot for loving not wisely but too well—they did not stand on the order of shooting, in those days, but popped a man off first, and tried him afterward—she dons male clothes, enters the army, and proposes to rescue her imperiled swain. How she is to do it, the play does not satisfactorily explain. If Therese, in the flesh, had been anything like Miss Huntington, her tactics would have heen very simple. Her plan would have beeo that which Napoleon followed so successfully two hundred and odd years afterward—to divide her eoemies, the Duke of Mayenne, the Viscount Tancrede, and Colonel Sombrero, to fall upon each separately, overpower him, and while he was still in the paralysis of defeat, to gather her Philippe under her wing and carry him off to her eyrie. It does not appear that Captain Therese had any such far-reachiog plans. She merely poses in gray trunks.

Fancy what Planquette might have done with a surrender of the doughty colonel of the Spanish contingent to this intoxicating she-warrior! How his old red nose would have bobhed, and his fierce old head wagged as he thought how he was getting even with the divine Mercedes! And what excellent fooling Captain Therese might have evoked out of her conquest, as she espied how

> "Alcides was upset
> By her trim ankle!"

Poor Philippe, in his fetters, distracted between apprehensions that his love might go too far with her wheezy inamorato and fears that she would not succeed in effecting his liberation, would also have a capital chance for acting, while Captain Therese could still have kept the first part.

But we can not have everything in this world. A thing of heauty, like Miss Huntington, has heen pronounced to be a joy forever. There are many divas on the stage whom one dares not look at with a powerful opera-glass, lest under the paiot and the powder the grim wrinkles of age and the hollow cheeks which follow a life of toil should dispel illusioos, and reveal the awful fact that the tenor is making love to one who might be his grandmother; when we do find a leading lady who can not only sing but can look the part of a charmer, it becomes us to welcome her thankfully, and not to depreciate a star hecause it is not the moon.

For one novelty the ladies are grateful to Miss Huntington. She has restored to the stage that long-forgotten personage—a male dancer. In the old days of Fanny Elssler and Taglioni, a *pas de deux*, hy a male and a female dancer, was seen as ofteo as a *pas seul*. Audiences grew tired of the appearance, in a naturally feminine field, of long-legged men, who looked like iotoxicated grasshoppers; the last male dancer of renown was a one-legged man, who skipped on his one foot as nimbly as most men can on two. Miss Huntington's dancer has two legs, and their shape is so commendable that he fairly divides the honors of the dance with the nymph io the red skirt who reclines on his arm, with her left toe poioted to the upper boxes.

At the theatres during the week commencing May 2d: The Emma Juch Opera Company in grand opera; the Tivoli Company io "Trial hy Jury" and "Cavalleria Rusticana"; Richard Mansfield in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"; the Grismer-Davies Company in "The Two Orphans"; James H. Wallick in "The Bandit King"; the Alfred Wilkie Company in opcretta; and "The Power of the Press."

The best alterative, diuretic, and tonic properties are contained in Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

— THIRTY-SEVEN GOOD-SIZED LOTS, CONSTITUTing the most beautiful building sites in the most desirable residence quarter of the city, are to be sold at auction hy McAfee, Baldwin & Hammond at the San Francisco Real Estate Exchange, 16 Post Street, next Thursday, May 5th. They are situated on Vallejo, Scott, Devisadero, Green, and Union Streets, having each a thirty-four-foot frontage, and, hesides commanding a magnificent view of the Golden Gate, the Presidio, and the bay generally, are in a quarter where desirable neighbors are crowding in so fast that prices are constantly increasing. The sale affords o splendid opportunity for investment, either for a home or as a speculation.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Steinway Hall Concert.

The second concert of the fourth series, given under the auspices of Mr. John Parrott and Mr. F. W. Ludovici, was held in Steinway Hall last Wednesday evening. The concert was well atteoded and the presentation of the following programnie was highly enjoyed:

Trio, piano and strings, G minor, op. 63, No. 3, *(1)* bewegt doch nicht zu rasch, *(2)* ziemlich langsam, *(3)* rasch, *(4)* kraeftig, mit humor, Schumann, Miss Alice Bacon and Messrs. Hermann Brandt and Louis Heine; songs, *(a)* "In questa Tomba," Beethoven, *(b)* "I Love Thee," *(c)* "Morning Dew," Grieg, Miss Anna Miller Wood; string quartet, B flat major, op. 18, No. 6, *(1)* allegro con hrio, *(2)* adagio ma non troppo, *(3)* scherzo, *(4)* la malinconia, adagio—allegretto, Beethoven, Hermann Brandt Quartet—Messrs. Hermann Brandt, John Josephs, Louis Schmidt, and Louis Heine; accompaniste, Miss Ada E. Weigel.

The next concert of this series will take place on Wednesday evening, May 25th.

The Loring Club.

The memhers of the Loring Club gave their fourth concert of the fifteenth season last Wednesday eveniog uoder the direction of Mr. David W. Loring. A large audience enjoyed the following programme, which was of special interest:

"March of the Monks of Bangor," Whiting, with orchestral accompaniment, tenor solo by Salo Blum; "The Fisher Boy," McDowell; serenade, "Dearest, Awake!" Storch, with string accompaniment; "Morning," Rubinstein, with orchestral accompaniment; "Prisoners' Chorus," Beethoven, with orchestral accompaniment, tenor solo, C. Howland, hass solo, C. Dickman; waltz, Vogel; "The Boy and the Owl," Chadwick; "Roland's Horn," Markull, with orchestral accompaniment, tenor solo, F. M. Coffin, hass solo, C. A. Blish.

Musin's first concert, last Sunday night, was a decided success, financially and artistically, for the house was well filled and the programme was so well rendered that encores were demanded—and granted most prodigally—after every number. As the music for the "Rondo Capriccioso" had not arrived in time for orchestral rehearsals, M. Musin played a caprice of his own in its stead. The rondo will be given, however, at the second concert, which takes place to-morrow (Sunday) eveoing at the Baldwin. An admirable programme will be presented, io which M. Musin will have the assistance of Mme. Anoie Louise Tanner-Musin, Miss Inez Parmater, M. Eduard Scharf, M. Emil Senger, and an orchestra of thirty-five players under the baton of Mr. August Hinrichs.

The Polyphonic Cluh will give a concert on Friday evening, May 6th, under the direction of Professor R. A. Lucchesi.

The second extra Musical Sunday Afternoon will be held in Steinway Hall on May 8th.

Doctors? Pshaw! Take BEECHAM'S PILLS.

DCLXIV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Suoday, May 1, 1892.

Consommé à l'Anglaise.
Fried Clams. Cucumhers.
Broiled Chickens. Saratoga Potatoes.
Squash. Green Peas.
Roast Beef. Yorkshire Pudding.
Asparagus Salad.
Strawberries. Whipped Cream.
Chocolate Cake.

CONSOMME A L'ANGLAISE.—Take one quart of good consommé, add half a cupful of minced cooked chicken and three table-spoonfuls of cooked chopped cauliflower, and serve.

— KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made; makes delicious desserts. Indorsed and used hy our most prominent teachers of cookery.

Where are You Going this Summer?

If you wish to he "in the swim" you will go to Belvedere. Half the nice people one koows or reads about in the society columns of the papers are going to have cottages there this summer, and will probably stay well on into the autumn.

The reasons for Belvedere's great popularity are easily seen. In the first place, it is so near town that a man can come to his business and return every night, while the ladies and children of the family are enjoying as perfect country life as they could find a hundred miles away. Belvedere, while it has the hoating, bathing, and fishing, and the sea air of a seaside resort, is absolutely free from fogs and cold winds, and at the same time its pretty hills afford the pleasantest drives and rambles that one could wish to enjoy.

Then, in point of human company, it is indisputably the Tuxedo of the Pacific. There will be plenty of delightful people there, without any of the doubtful or objectionable persons that seem to swarm in every country or seaside resort, for such persons do not, as a rule, purchase homes for themselves, and the Belvedere people all own their own places. Some are already crowned with picturesque cottages, while a great many others are now in process of construction. The few choice lots still io the hands of the land company are being sold by Messrs. Tevis & Fisher, at 14 Post Street, who are selling them so judiciously that Belvedere property is bound to become more valuable each year.

— H. C. MASSIE,
Dentist. Painless filling.
114 Geary Street, San Francisco.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.
KREILING BROS.....PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS
GREAT DOUBLE BILL!
Offenbach's One-Act Operetta,
The Rose of Auvergne!
To he followed by Mascagni's Work of Art,
Cavalleria Rusticana!
Popular Prices.....25 and 50 cents.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
MONDAY.....MAY 2
GRAND ENGLISH OPERA FESTIVAL.
The Emma Juch Grand Opera Company
(Incorporated.)
The strength of the list of principal singers and artistic arrangements will he seen from the following announcement: *Sopranos*—Emma Juch, Kate Maddox, Sofia Romani, Eva Cummings. *Contraltos*—Gertrude May Stein, Angelina Casati. *Tenors*—Fernando Michelina, Martin Pache, William Stephens, George Gould, John E. Belton. *Baritones*—William Mertens, S. W. Dudley, Herman Kaminski. *Bassos*—Signor Rubo, William Romero, C. W. Colby, Joseph Witt.
REPERTOIRE.—Seven complete Grand Operas.
May 2..... ....Tannhauser May 5.....Traviata
May 3..... ....Carmen May 6..... Fidelio
May 4. Cavalleria Rusticana May 7.....Lohengrin
The Matinée Opera to he announced.
The Emma Juch Grand Orchestra, 50 selected instrumentalists. The Emma Juch Grand Chorus, 100 trained voices. Correct Costumes. Special Scenery.
Prices.—Orchestra and front rows of Orchestra Circle and Dress Circle, $1.50; other rows, Orchestra Circle and Dress Circle, $1.00; Family Circle, 50 cts.; Gallery, 25 cts.
The advance sale will he opened at 20 A. M., Monday, April 25th, at the musical warerooms of Messrs. Sherman, Clay & Co., corner of Kearny and Sutter Streets.

BALDWIN THEATRE--SPECIAL.
Sunday evening, May 1st, Grand Farewell Sacred Orchestral Concert, before his departure for Australia, by
OVIDE MUSIN
THE FAMOUS VIOLINIST, supported hy a magnificent company of solo artists and a selected orchestra of thirty-five musicians, under the direction of Mr. August Hinrichs, IN A GREAT PROGRAMME.
Seats now on sale at the Box-office of the Baldwin Theatre.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.
MONDAY and THURSDAY EVENINGS, MAY 9th and 12th,
WILL CARLETON
THE POET OF AMERICA.
Reserved Seats, $1.00; General Admission, 50 cents; on sale at Sherman & Clay's, Saturday, May 7th.
JOHN F. BRAGG, Manager.

ODD FELLOWS' HALL.
One Night Only—Monday, May 2d,
Alfred Wilkie's Operetta Company
— PRESENTING THE CHARMING OPERETTAS —
THE SLEEPING QUEEN, by Balfe, and
WIDOWS BEWITCHED, by Gabriel.
Brilliant Music, Gorgeous Costumes, etc.
Seats on sale to-day and Monday at Sherman & Clay's. Prices, 50 cts. and $1.00.

TWENTY-NINTH EXHIBITION
Comprising 150 Examples of OIL PAINTINGS, WATER COLORS, and STATUARY by Resident Artists, is now open at the rooms of the
ART ASSOCIATION, 430 PINE ST.
Daily and Tuesday and Thursday Evenings.

COMFORT and ADORNMENT
Are the principal objects in furnishing a home. We all appreciate comfortable things, and know when appearances please us. To obtain the best results is, however, not so simple a matter; it requires not only native good taste, but also that command of materials and knowledge of details which long experience alone can give.
We have all the requisite materials—in Carpets, Furniture, and Upholstery—for any style of furnishing, and are prepared to carry out aoy ideas or plans desired, or to assume entire charge and responsibility.
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Theo. Wores' Art Sale!

We are instructed by MR. THEO. WORES, Artist, to sell his Entire Collection of

OIL PAINTINGS

— COMPRISING —

Scenes in Japan,
Scenes in China,
Scenes in England

Scenes in the Eastern States, Etc.

MR. THEO. WORES leaves in a short time for Japan and China, to be gone several years, and for the first time presents his works to the lovers of and connoisseurs in art

AT AUCTION

SALE TAKES PLACE IN THE ROOMS OF THE

San Francisco Art Association

430 PINE STREET,

Bet. Montgomery and Kearny,

THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1892

At 7:45 o'clock, Evening.

Pictures on free exhibition commencing Tuesday, May 3d, and continuing day and evening until evening of Auction Sale, Thursday, at 7:45 o'clock.

EASTON, ELDRIDGE & CO.,
Auctioneers, 638 Market Street.

S. W. DIXON,
Importer and Manufacturer of
FINE HATS

429 KEARNY ST., near California, S. F.

A Select Assortment of Latest Styles and at Popular Prices.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"How does Maude like life in the country?" "First rate; she's trimming grape-vines this week." "Really? What with—ribbon?"—*Ex.*

Mr. Pugh—"Never saw such a crowd at our church before." *Mrs. Pugh*—"New minister?" *Mr. Pugh*—"No; it was burned down last night." *Puck.*

Mrs. Brown—"How does she keep other women from looking at her husband?" *Mrs. Cobwigger*—"She makes him wear home-made neck-ties.'—*New York Sun.*

She—"You don't think poor Mr. Simpson was lost—you don't think he was an atheist, do you?" *He*—"Oh, no. You ought to have heard him swear."—*Judge.*

A Chicago verb: *Charley Bleecker*—"By Jove! She's a stunner!" *Jack Lakefront*—"Great, isn't she?" *Charley Bleecker*—"Unmarried?" *Jack Lakefront*—"Twice, I believe."—*Puck.*

City-editor—"We ought to get a new heading for the weather column. 'Local Forecasts' is about played out." *Assistant*—"How would 'The Unexpected Always Happens' do?"—*Life.*

Sympathetic mother—"I can't understand why you should have so much trouble with your wife. Perhaps she only married you to please her parents." *Son*—"Not much. She ain't that kind."—*New York Weekly.*

Waggs (to young matron with the perambulator)—"Good-morning, Mrs. Fullbloom. Are you taking the son out for an airing, or the heir out for a sunning?" *Mrs. Fullbloom*—"Neither, Mr. Waggs. Baby is a girl."—*Life.*

Scene, Louisville residence; time, 10:30 P. M.: *Masculine voice* (from head of stairs)—"Young man, I reckon you don't know the saloons in this neighborhood close at eleven." *Kentucky lover*—"Good-night, my own. I must hurry."—*New York Weekly.*

Briggs—"That was a narrow escape Bildergate had, wasn't it? You know how he was just about to marry a girl, when he found that she spent fifteen hundred dollars a year on her dresses." *Griggs*—"Yes; but he's married all the same." *Briggs*—"True; but he didn't marry that girl." *Griggs*—"He didn't? Who did he marry, then?" *Briggs*—"Her dressmaker."—*Cloak Review.*

Mrs. Splicer—"It is so strange to me that men can change so. During courtship you think a woman perfect, but after marriage her charms suddenly vanish." *Mr. Splicer*—"Why do you say 'you men'? You go shopping and go wild over a piece of dress-goods. When you get it home, you find it is not the thing, after all. Things look so much more attractive before purchase, you know, than they do after you get them home."—*Boston Transcript.*

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
MAKES AN INVIGORATING DRINK
With water and sugar only. Delicious.

A novel and, doubtless, very pleasing little entertainment will be given by Alfred Wilkie's Operetta Company at Odd Fellows' Hall on Monday evening, May 2d. It will consist of two operettas, Balfe's "The Sleeping Queen," and "Widows Bewitched," a piquant little comedietta set to music by Virginia Gabriel. The company consists of Miss Carrie N. Roma, soprano; Miss Loleta Levet, contralto; Mr. Alfred Wilkie, tenor; and Mr. A. M. Thornton, basso. Tickets, including reserved seats, are for sale at the music-stores at one dollar each, and seats may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

For dyspepsia or stomach derangements, no other remedy can be found so pleasant, prompt, and effective as Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

The Tivoli will revive Sir Arthur Sullivan's early musical extravaganza, "Trial by Jury," on Monday night, following it with "Cavalleria Rusticana," which seems to suit the popular fancy.

"I have been afflicted with an affection of the Throat from childhood, caused by diphtheria, and have used various remedies, but have never found anything equal to BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES."—*Rev. G. M. F. Hampton, Piketon, Ky.* Sold only in boxes.

Republican League Banquet

Will be held at the Palace Hotel on the evening of May 5th, at 8:30 o'clock. The invitations and tickets are now ready at J. J. Evans, 406 California Street, Chairman Reception Committee. Any Republican not having received an invitation is now invited to procure one.

LADIES, CALL AT THE WONDER HAT, FLOWER, and Feather Store, 1024-26-28 Market St., and see our new line of novelties in hats, flowers, laces, ribbons, etc. Large stock. Low prices.

— WANTED—AN AGENT (MAN OR WOMAN) TO represent "Literary Northwest"; salary and commission. Address, at once, Hall's Library Co., St. Paul, Minn.

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Is practiced by many people who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Surely infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

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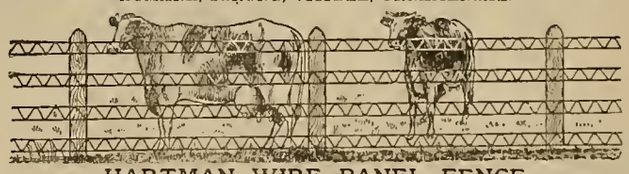

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supplying; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

For seven years the body of General Grant has been lying in a wretched little open vault in Riverside Park. The coffin rests amid a rank growth of dank plants and weeds, dripping with moisture. The sacred remains, half-forgotten and wholly neglected, have lain thus year after year. There are hundreds of finer tombs in the cemeteries of San Francisco, and even in those of every city in the Union of fifty thousand inhabitants. The Riverside vault has stood, still stands, and probably will continue to stand for years to come, a monument to the sordid meanness of New York. It is true that on the twenty-seventh ultimo the corner-stone of a more fitting mausoleum was laid; but the history of the efforts which culminated in that tardy act warrants the belief that this generation will not see the work completed. It is a history which is infinitely disgraceful to the metropolis, and which puts the United States to shame before the world.

In 1885, when the great soldier lay in his last sleep, the voice of the nation favored Washington as the place of sepulture, the people instinctively recognizing the appropriateness of the national capital as the place of rest for him who did so much to save the Union, and whose name is linked forever with the grand story of its preservation. But New York rushed forward with indecent village clamor, and demanded the honor of giving Grant a grave. Its press and men of mark and wealth were generous with promises. A million dollars was to be raised at once by popular subscription in the city for a tomb that would be worthy of him who slept and the metropolis whose grateful free-will offerings should rear it. New York prevailed. Grant's dust was pushed into the little temporary concrete cell at Riverside, and that was practically the end of the city's liberality. Year dragged after year, the New York press appealed vainly to the citizens, the country from one ocean's shore to the other uttered its scorn, and Congress, in response to outraged public feeling, considered a joint resolution calling for the removal of the warrior's ashes to the capital. New York roused herself again, in strictly New York fashion. Promises flowed once more like water. But the danger of being deprived of a park attraction having passed, the metropolitan pocket was rebuttoned. At the end of seven years, the total contributions, wrung from those who felt in some faint degree the humiliation of the situation, amounted to just $155,000.

Congress now being again in session, and the country's demand for the removal of the body to Washington having been revived, New York reawakened. She thriftily resolved that instead of a million-dollar monument she would erect one at half that cost. Two months ago, General Horace Porter was commissioned by the committee to show the world what New York could do when she set out to be munificent. He divided the city into districts, with branch subscription bureaus, and issued moving, patriotic appeals to the two million inhabitants. At the laying of the corner-stone the other day, he stated the result—which was received with self-applauding enthusiasm by the multitude present. The two months of fervid effort, backed by the whole begging power of the metropolitan press, had brought up the grand total to $202,800. That is, the two months of strenuous endeavor had drawn $47,800 from the clutches of one of the largest and richest cities in the world, which numbers among its population hundreds of millionaires, and some citizens who count their wealth by the fifty and hundred millions.

Congress should hesitate no longer. The ashes of the leader of the Union armies ought to be rescued from the possession of a city which has so flagrantly proved its unworthiness to be their custodian. The people of the United States, in whom, outside of New York, the name of Grant awakens pride, gratitude, and reverence, have a right to insist upon this, and they will do so, if not at once, then assuredly when the rains and snows of successive summers and winters have beaten upon the uncovered corner-stone; for that, doubtless, is as far as New York's grudging heart will permit the monument to grow.

The behavior of the metropolis in this instance is not exceptional, but typical. Three years ago, it was resolved to commemorate the centenary of the adoption of the Federal Constitution and Washington's inauguration as President in New York by the erection of a magnificent arch at Washington Square. It is unnecessary to say that the arch is not paid for yet. The shameful indifference of the city to the noble gift of the French artist, Bartholdi, will never be forgotten so long as the colossal figure of Liberty Enlightening the World sheds the rays of its uplifted lamp over the waters of the bay. But for the prayers of a newspaper, which appealed successfully to the country for dimes and nickels wherewith to construct a pedestal, the statue would still be lying dismembered in a warehouse.

The truth is that New York is not an American city. During a century she has been the catch-basin for the offal of the world. She is more Irish than Dublin, more priest-ridden and priest-robbed than Rome, more Jewish than Jerusalem, nearly as Hungarian as Hungary, and as Italian and Sicilian as Italy and Sicily. The best of all the foreigners who enter her port depart for the West, and the dregs remain. There is no city on earth that is cursed with such a festering mass of ignorance, penury, viciousness, and crime. She is a political and social sore on the body of the republic. The American residents are corrupted by their surroundings. The plutocracy are so near Europe that they ape the manners, customs, and modes of thought of its aristocracy. The middle classes, environed by hordes of debased Europeans living in loathsome squalor, feel like members of an American colony in a foreign land, and they are naturally devoid of sympathy with or understanding of these repulsive fellow-creatures. So it comes that there is no community of sentiment to bind the population together. The struggle for existence is fierce, and begets a selfishness that is brutal and savage. It is impossible that there should be public spirit in such a city, or that it should be American in its instincts. Chicago is American to the core. Yet her foreign population is probably as great proportionately as that of New York. But Chicago is environed by American territory and people, not open on one side to the influence of England and the torrent of barbarous immigration direct from the bogs of Ireland. Moreover, her foreigners are of a better grade than those who, on being dumped on the Atlantic seaboard, have neither the energy nor ambition to get away from the tenements into which they have been chuted from the steerage. Chicago Americanizes her foreigners; New York's immigrants have foreignized New York. Chicago has patriotism, local pride, self-respect, and capacity to act with unity. Witness her capture of the World's Fair from between the eager and undeserving paws of New York, and the splendid subscription of $5,000,000 made by her citizens. Chicago has the vitality of youth; the fire of the West is in her blood. New York is old and rotten, petty and jealous. Her contribution to the World's Fair—a splendid national enterprise—has consisted chiefly of sneers. Governor Flower, when he said "Rats!" to a delegation who waited on him with a request that he recommend a legislative appropriation of half a million, accurately expressed the feeling with which New York regards the superior brains and patriotism of Chicago. When, a few weeks ago, Mayor Grant went down on his knees at a mass-meeting and kissed the hand of Archbishop Corrigan, when that tremendous Brooklyn Irishman stalked majestically into the hall, New York was not shocked. The majority of her citizens give their first duty to the Pope, holding their loyalty to the United States Government secondary to their allegiance to a foreign potentate.

Ulysses Grant should sleep his long sleep in American soil. Let his sacred clay be borne to the nation's capital.

The public at large would take more interest in the pending contest between the Traffic Association and the Railroad Commission if the opinion were not becoming general that the controversy will presently be settled by the disappearance of the real party in interest in the case. Within twelve months, the oldest of the Pacific Railroad subsidy bonds will begin to mature, and from that time on they will continue to mature at intervals till 1898. The United States can not afford to pay six per cent. for money, and the bonds will be called in. Between 1893 and 1898, fifty-five millions of dollars of the public money will have to be used in paying them off, and references to the operation will be made in each successive Presidential message and each report of the Treasury Department. These references will keep the subject before the public mind, and will prevent people forgetting that two of the wealthiest railroad corporations of the coun[illegible] people of the United States fifty-five millions of [illegible]

interest amounting to as much more, which they profess to be unable to pay.

The only question which Congress will be called upon to decide will be as to the form which foreclosure of the mortgage of 1862 and 1864 will take. Plans have been devised for the extension of the debt at a low rate of interest, and there was a time when it looked as though some such *modus vivendi* might be accepted by both parties in interest. But that time has passed away. The companies have managed to accumulate such a load of unpopularity that it would be as much as any congressman's political life is worth to propose to donate to them a dollar of the public money. They will have to pay; if they can not, the people will be satisfied with nothing short of a transfer of the property pledged. This must be borne in mind, if an intelligent conception of the practical bearings of the case is to be found. On some set day between 1893 and 1898, the line of railroad between Ogden and San José—eight hundred and sixty miles in length—will have to pass out of the hands of its present owners into those of the United States, or into those of some corporation which will buy it at foreclosure, subject to twenty-six million dollars of first-mortgage bonds.

Seven years ago, the Central Pacific Company executed a perpetual lease of its property to the Southern Pacific Company; the lease was signed February 17, 1885. But this lease could not alter the existing relations between the Central Pacific and the government. It was out of the power of the former to impair the rights of the latter by making a dicker, real or pretended, with a third party. If on the maturity of the subsidy bonds, the Southern Pacific of Kentucky is able to pay them, the government will accept the money as tendered on behalf of the Central Pacific; if it is not able to pay, it will have no standing in the case.

Seven years before the lease to the Kentucky corporation, Congress modified the Acts of 1862 and 1864 by passing the Thurman Act. This created a new sinking fund, and authorized the United States to retain in their hands all moneys due to the Pacific railroads for transportation as an offset against the interest the government was paying out on the subsidy bonds. But the Thurman Act did not—any more than the lease to the Kentucky corporation—alter the original bargain between the United States and the companies, by which the aided line was mortgaged by its owners to secure the payment of the subsidy bonds and the interest thereon; though it may be a question whether a correct construction of its provisions, studied in the light of its acceptance by the companies, did not extend the government mortgage over the non-aided lines, subject to any incumbrance then existing thereon. There is nothing, therefore, in the way of ordinary proceedings in foreclosure, when the bonds mature, and no administration would dare to take the responsibility of refusing to set the Attorney-General to work on the job.

Here is where the subject begins to possess practical actuality for California. Next year, when the bonds begin to mature, the actual indebtedness of the Central Pacific to the government will be, in round figures, sixty-two millions of dollars, and this will come after a first-mortgage indebtedness of twenty-six millions of dollars. The buyer of the property under foreclosure would thus have to pay eighty-eight millions of dollars for eight hundred and sixty miles of road, two-thirds of which barely earn operating expenses and which is paralleled at intervals by five competing lines. This is more than one hundred thousand dollars per mile. It is entirely unlikely that any one would give such a sum of money for such a piece of property, and as public opinion would not justify the government in sacrificing any part of its investment, the prospect is that the United States would have to take the road. What would it do with it?

There are precedents for every possible plan of dealing with railroads in government ownership. In British India and Australia, the railroads are owned and operated by the governments. That is the case in Russia, also. In Germany, France, and Belgium, the roads are partly owned and operated by the governments, and partly by companies which are under the supervision of the engineer departments of the governments. In Italy, the roads are owned by the government, but are operated by lessees, the experiment of government operation having proved a failure. In Austria, the roads are chiefly owned by private corporations, whose charges are regulated by the government of the day. As a general rule, railroads operated by governments are run at a loss; though the government railroads of Germany and Belgium yield a small annual profit. Under the zone system, which prevails in Austro-Hungary, it has been found possible to reduce freights and fares materially, and yet to pay interest on the cost of the roads. In Italy, the lessees of the roads make a small profit where the government made a loss.

As a matter of principle, strong objections would be made in this country to the embarkation of the general government in the business of transportation. No warrant for such a departure from the normal purpose of a government can be found in the constitution. Either the government would run the roads at a loss, as it runs the post-office, in which case portions of the country not supplied with government railroads would be entitled to complain of unjust discrimination, or they would be run at a profit, in which case shippers would constantly complain that the government of the country at large was in part supported at their expense. It is possible that if the government is compelled to assume the ownership of the roads, a scheme may be devised by which ownership and operation shall be separated—the government to own the road-bed, and other parties, to whom it grants franchises, to own the rolling-stock and conduct the business of transportation. This plan would relieve the government from embarking in business as a carrier, and it would insure a thorough and equitable supervision of transportation charges.

The following comment on recent editorial utterances of this journal has reached us through the mail. It is written by a woman, who signs her name, but the name we omit:

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have read with much interest your denunciatory articles on wives who stray from virtue's path and the severe punishment to be visited upon them. According to your reasoning, a faithless wife will be a neglectful mother, and you say "in every such case the children belong to the husband." There you stop, and give no reason why a faithless husband is a better parent than an untrue wife. Marriage is a contract between a man and woman to live for each other *alone*. If, then, a man severs this obligation by breaking the Seventh Commandment, why should a woman rigidly adhere to her vows? The contract is broken, and she is free to do as she pleases, if her self-respect permits such a step. Out of every one hundred men, ninety-five are untrue to their marriage vows: that is to say, they commit adultery some time during their married lives. Why, then, are they so much better fitted to care for and bring up children? Does contact with sin leave a man more pure than a woman in a like case? I ask this not in an argumentative spirit, but simply to hear your opinion on a subject which will be of interest to all my sex.

APRIL 27, 1892.

This is making once again the old contention that an identical moral code should govern both sexes. Abstractly, the contention is right, of course, but the world, in every age of which we have any knowledge, has decided otherwise. Custom holds that to be venial in man which in woman places her outside the pale of pardon. Women themselves are the sternest enforcers of custom's decree against their own sex. An unchaste woman, knowing that discovery would make her an outcast and forever infamous, becomes wholly depraved in heart and mind.

Further, an unfaithful wife sins not alone against her husband, but against her offspring and society. Upon the wife's honor rests the legitimacy of the children. If an adultress, she may bring forth a bastard as an heir to a name and property to which his blood gives him no rightful claim, and foist upon a betrayed husband the burden of the bastard's support and education. As a mother, the adultress is a traitress, a wanton, and her life is one long lie. So is her progeny, begotten by a paramour, a lie and a foul fraud.

It is not possible for an unfaithful husband to commit any such crime as this. He may be false to his marriage vows, and for that no one should attempt to excuse him; but he can not mongrelize his own family through his infidelity. It is only the adulterous wife who can implant a false graft in the family tree. Hence it is, we repeat, that there can be no "equality of the sexes" in the marital relation. It is physiologically impossible.

Husbands should be faithful, yes; and wives have a right to exact fidelity from their mates. The law recognizes the moral equality of the sexes, though custom does not, and divorce for adultery may, in the United States, as readily be obtained by the woman as the man. (In England, the husband's adultery is not cause for divorce.) Nevertheless, mankind—and the word includes womankind—has always maintained different ideals for the sexes. The point of honor is not the same in reality, whatever should be the case. Courage and honor are required from man, chastity and fidelity from woman. Without these she is abhorrent to the clean of both sexes, and is unfit to be intrusted with the rearing of children. The wife is the guardian of the family line. When she plays the wanton, ostracism and infamy are rightfully her portion.

State after State, through its convention, has indorsed the administration of President Harrison. That it has been in all respects wise and successful is shown most conclusively by the utter failure of the organs of the Democratic party to assail it. All that has been said against the administration has been a feeble and ineffectual criticism by one New York Democratic journal on the renewal of the Behring Sea *modus vivendi*, and that was so soon answered by the presentation of the facts in the case that the critic was convicted of ignorance out of his own mouth.

When the time comes to write the history of the Harrison administration, it will take its place high on the roll of honor as having been devoted to the protection of the national safety and dignity and to the conservation of the best interests of the people of the United States. The two years just elapsed have seen incidents and occurrences which, with a weak administration, would have plunged this country into war, but which, under the firm and skillful guidance of the President and his Cabinet, have maintained peace with honor, have shown that the United States will not be hurried or bullied, and that we are a peaceful nation because we love peace, not because we fear war. From the New Orleans affair, which threatened to involve us with Italy, down to the justifiably peremptory demand of the President on Lord Salisbury in the Behring Sea question, the administration has carried on the foreign affairs of the nation with a calmness, a dignity, and a respect for American national feeling and sentiment which have never been surpassed in the history of the country.

Nor is diplomacy of this sort the only thing on which the present administration is to be congratulated. In matters commercial, as well, the President has had an eye single to the best interests of the United States. The proclamations regarding the enforcement of the suspensive clause of the McKinley Bill have been issued in proper time, not in any undue haste, nor with any attempt to force the issue, but with a plainness and directness of speech which admitted of no misunderstanding, and the result has been that France has consented to a reduction of duty on our cereals, Germany has opened her ports to American pork products, and the South American Republics and the Spanish West Indies have opened their gates so wide to American products that Great Britain is in despair at the loss of those foreign markets on which she has relied so long and which she fancied could not be taken from her. Our exports of surplus products have increased in a ratio unparalleled in the history of commerce, while our imports have decreased, on account of the products of home industry superseding those of foreign manufacture.

The finances of the country have been carefully guarded and ably handled. There has been an abundance of money in circulation for the needs of the country, and the President has steadily set his face against the visionary ideas and notions of those who believe, or pretend to believe, that unlimited silver coinage would be good for the country.

Such being, in brief, the record of the administration of President Harrison, it was eminently just and proper that the Republican convention of California should indorse it and give it the hearty and unqualified approval of the party in this State. It would have been not only singular, but extremely unfair, if the attachment of the Republicans of California to James G. Blaine had been allowed to interfere with the indorsement of an administration of which he is such a distinguished member, and the platform contains no better or stronger plank than the one which declares that the record of the past three years stamps the administration of President Harrison as wise, patriotic, and useful. The convention did not assume to instruct its delegates to Minneapolis, but it followed the review of the work of President Harrison and his administration with the declaration that the Republican party needs no better leader in the battle of 1892 than the man who led it to victory in 1888.

The State convention closed its labors on Wednesday. It was not a deliberative body of which the Republican party can be proud. As is usual, San Francisco had a nasty squabble, growing out of the attempts of two sets of bosses to dominate the reputable element of the party, and the delegates from the country had to settle it. This city generally manages to throw away the influence which belongs to it by some such piece of business as the recent primary election, and then has to fall back on the country to settle the rows which have grown too big to be settled here at home.

In one plank of its platform, the State convention manifested weakness. Its indorsement of the Harrison administration was strong, as we have said; it was outspoken on the subject of the resumption of hydraulic mining; it showed excellent reasons for the improvement of the water-ways of the State; it stood up squarely on the subject of Chinese exclusion; and it set forth the arguments in favor of protection with a terseness and clearness deserving commendation; but when it came to the vexed question of silver, it straddled the fence. It resolved in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of the silver product of the mines of the United States "as soon as the same can be done without injury to the business interests of the nation." This means nothing, and for that reason it has the advantage of not pledging California to a policy which the National Republican Convention certainly will not indorse. The country does not want the free and unlimited coinage of silver, outside the State of Colorado. The country wants silver coinage according to its needs, but not unlimited silver coinage, any more than unlimited nickel coinage. It is poor policy for the Republicans of California to support an issue which no Republican convention of any Eastern State has advocated, and which has so nearly wrecked the large Democratic majority in the House that it has scared even the Democratic silver-shouters into silence.

It is noticeable that the convention insisted on reaffirming the loyalty and devotion of California Republicans to Blaine, though not mentioning his name in connection with the

Presidency. The feeling of Californians toward Blaine knows no shadow of turning, nor will it so long as he retains that spirit of genuine Americanism which has endeared him to the people of this State.

It is to be regretted that the convention maintained such a remarkable silence on the subject of transportation. If the Republican party in this State is wise, it will cease to attempt to carry corporations on its back.

It is also unfortunate that all of the delegates-at-large are millionaires. We were under the impression that it was only in the United States Senate that poor men were debarred. But it seems that this property disqualification is extending to lesser offices.

California has been graduated from the class of doubtful States into the solid Republican column, and there is not the slightest possibility that this year will make any change whatever in her rank. It is a foregone conclusion, unless the entirely unforeseen shall occur, that President Harrison will be renominated at Minneapolis by acclamation, and he may count on the electoral vote of California with as much certainty as his Democratic opponent, whoever he may be, may reckon on the vote of Texas.

It is unnecessary to "instruct" the California delegation to the national convention to vote for Harrison. When they reach Minneapolis, they will find that there is but one candidate.

Eastern papers announce the birth of a new Presidential boom—this time for Whitelaw Reid, ex-minister to Paris. There is ample precedent for the promotion of a successful minister plenipotentiary to the White House. Mr. Monroe set the fashion; it was the public services he rendered at Paris which drew attention to his availability, and ultimately led to his nomination and election. Mr. Buchanan followed; it was in the embassy to St. James's that he was groomed for the Presidential race. When he left for England, a confidential friend inquired whether he considered it wise to absent himself from the country for so long a period before the convention met; to which he replied that public men looked ever so much bigger when viewed through the medium of ocean distance. What he really meant was that exile rescued them from the danger of becoming involved in controversies at home.

What distinguishes Mr. Reid's boom from others is that it appears to rest on a social basis. Its chief authors are said to be ladies, and their weapons are social and financial. Mr. Reid has never taken a leading part in public affairs, except as editor of a party newspaper. He never served in either House of Congress, nor did he ever hold office. His first appointment was that of Minister to Paris. His services to the party had been so conspicuous that he was in a position to demand his appointment as a right; when Harrison was elected, he got it, as he would have done four years before if Blaine had succeeded. He showed that he had the correct conception of his duty when he spent the whole of his official income on the rent of a house. This was notice to the world that, in his opinion, the duties of the Paris embassy were rather to set an example of splendid hospitality than to wander in the tortuous paths of diplomacy. It was an admission that he proposed to follow the example of his predecessor, Levi P. Morton, who, by giving the best dinners and the grandest balls in Paris, made himself a power, and made his salon a centre where men of all parties met on neutral ground and adjusted their controversies in the sunshine of feminine smiles. Mr. Reid did, in effect, better his example. He spent money lavishly, and, having the good fortune to be surrounded by ladies of fine tact, he made the embassy a second Hôtel Rambouillet.

The same ladies now want to make him President, and to establish a salon in the White House which shall strike the keynote of contemporary politics. Two requisites for the task they possess—money and tact. Mr. Reid's wife is the only daughter of Mr. D. O. Mills, formerly of this city; it would not inconvenience him to place a million at his daughter's disposal to carry out a cherished object. All reports credit Mrs. Reid with the fine discernment and subtle sympathy which convert an enemy into a friend and inspire the friend with absorbing devotion. Mrs. Reid is already said to be taking up positions in Eastern society from which it will be difficult to dislodge her. When a man becomes a habitué of a salon where tactful beauty seems to appreciate him at the appraisement he puts on himself, it is difficult for that man to assert his independence when the salon has a party and a platform.

We have rarely had in this country a Mme. Roland, a Mme. du Coyla, or a Primrose League. Mrs. Eaton elbowed herself into history, but rather as a heroine of a back-stairs squabble than as a *grande intriguante*. There was a time when Mme. Catacazy bade fair to sit for her picture as a political leader; but her chief capital was a spotted reputation, and that soon wears out in the friction of combat. Mrs. Logan had some vogue in her day; her humble origin, her devotion to her husband's fortunes, her acute perception of the potential use of the soldier vote, marked her as one who had political possibilities; had the senator-general lived, she might have become a personage. But we have never had a lady who, by sheer tact and wit, aimed at being even as powerful as Mme. Adam has been in Paris, to say nothing of the Empress Eugénie, who dragged France into a war, in defiance of the warnings of the best Frenchmen, her husband included. The question which Mr. Reid's candidacy will raise will be: Are American women potential in politics?

Those who believe in the absolute equality of the sexes and sign petitions for female suffrage, will, of course, expect much from the appearance of ladies on the highest level of the political stage. There is no reason why they should be disappointed. Whether society would or would not be bettered by the extension of the suffrage to the sex, all must admit that cultured and educated women are as capable of forming intelligent opinions on public affairs as men. They are not trained to the use of the ballot, and in consequence they frequently blunder when they tackle questions of practical politics; but they are quite as capable of grasping problems of political science as men. And as divine Providence, for the better protection of the sex against the wiles of unprincipled men, has endowed them with an insight into character which men only acquire after a long observation of mankind, stateswomen would be likely to avoid the blunders which wreck so many statesmen, and would not bestow their confidence where it would be abused. In the last eight years, the two Presidents who have distributed diplomatic patronage have made errors which are now patent to their friends and to themselves; it is odds that not one of these errors would have been committed by a bright woman who had learned to judge men by intercourse with the controlling personages in political society.

Since last week, the United States Senate has turned a somersault. This feat was on the Chinese question. That august body was impressed by the ominous sounds which came from the Pacific Coast. Senator Hiscock, of New York, ran up to Albany and experienced a sudden change of heart. Senator Dolph, of Oregon, heard from his State, and the Oregonian remarks were couched in no uncertain tones. The result has been that the Conference Bill was passed in the Senate by a vote of 30 to 15, and in the House by 185 to 28. It is not quite so strong as the Geary Bill, but under its provisions no unregistered Chinese laborer has a right to be here at all.

Among the senators who changed their minds and votes, let all honor be given to Senator Morgan, of Alabama. He went into the conference prejudiced against the Geary Bill, but was convinced of the undesirability of Chinese immigration. He spoke feelingly of the race troubles in the South, and remarked: "I do not want to see another section of this country afflicted with another race problem."

Senator Morgan is right. We do not want another race problem. It is certainly not contributory to the good of the country, nor conducive to the morals of the American people, that the Chinese, or other Asiatics, should be brought here or allowed to swarm in our communities. Their presence is deleterious, their habits and mode of living pernicious, their abuse of opium an intolerable nuisance to decent dwellers and a pest and danger to the young of either sex of all conditions, their toil is hurtful to free labor and fair wages, and, in every respect, their occupation of quarters a depreciation to real property and menacing to the general health. For every claimed or alleged Chinese convert there are a score of ruffianly and murderous highbinders, many harlots of unutterable depravity, and thousands of the race who are obdurate in their resistance to the persuasion of the missionaries. They are not welcome or wanted in the land, and it would be better for the country if exclusion could be enforced against all of the race. The restriction of the Scott law has proved inadequate to the purpose. With Mexico on the south and British Columbia on the north, to each of which they come by every vessel from China, it is comparatively easy for them to make their way across either line, and under the Scott law, stringent as it is in provision, it is grievous fallacy to think they can be kept from entering the territory of the United States. This has been demonstrated by time and experience. It is folly to hope for remedy so long as only restrictive laws shall be applied and depended upon to abate the evil. Absolute exclusion and the power to enforce it against every Chinese in the country, unless in the service of their government, is the necessary remedy.

However, if we have not absolute exclusion yet, we have advanced. Absolute exclusion will come.

Mr. Gaylor, of Burlington, N. J., has been taught, in a way that he is not likely to forget on this side of the grave, the perils of defying the authority of the clergy of the Holy Roman Catholic Church. Mr. Gaylor has a daughter who saw fit to engage herself in marriage to a young man of the heretical Protestant faith. Although Mr. Gaylor is a Roman Catholic, he has been sufficiently enlightened by residence in America to think that a youth, otherwise desirable as a son-in-law, should not be rejected because of his theological views. But Father Patrick A. Treacy, pastor of the church attended by the Gaylor family, thought otherwise, and, by virtue of the power in him vested by his priesthood, thundered from the pulpit on the good old text, "Be ye not yoked unequally with the ungodly," announcing to the congregation that he would "call down the curse of God on the heads of parents who permitted their daughters to associate with Protestants." His reverence then wrote to the Gaylors, expelling them from the church. On the Sabbath following, the temerarious Gaylor attended service, despite the priest's prohibition. When the eye of the man of God lighted on the kneeling figure, the sacred orb is said to have "flashed fire." At all events, the priest ordered the praying Gaylor out of the edifice, and when, with incredible hardihood, the man refused to budge, the exemplary clergyman called a policeman. The officer refused to act without a warrant, whereupon the outraged padre pulled a pistol, and, at its muzzle, compelled Gaylor to depart. The daughter screamed and fainted, and her spiritual guide woke the echoes of the dim cathedral aisles with his yells to the policeman to "turn her out, too!" The first impulse of the normal American mind, on perusing these facts, will be to decide that Father Treacy, of Burlington, is a savage, fresh from some wild back district of Ireland; that he is a violent-tempered blackguard, a coward, and a bully, who would be spiritually and morally benefited by a horsewhipping. But reflection will show that he is simply a Roman Catholic priest too simple to understand the uses of duplicity, and possessed of sufficient courage to speak out and stand by the spirit of his intolerant and anachronistic church. That church holds that the Protestant, being a heretic, is doomed to hell-fire, and it would abate him with fire in this world, if it dared to do now what it was wont to do when it ruled the world. It does not recognize any marriage as valid which it does not itself perform. Those who are united by the State or clergymen of other communions—as the vast majority of men and women in the United States have been and will be—it regards as living in concubinage and their children as illegitimate. Coarse, choleric, frantically arrogant, and murderous as was this Father Paddy Treacy, of Burlington, N. J., he took sound Roman Catholic ground in his attitude toward the latitudinarian Gaylors, as Archbishop Riordan himself would affirm, if asked, unless a worldly discretion should move his grace to dodge the question in the interest of the church, which, as everybody knows, is cruelly persecuted in this heretical republic, where it is surrounded on all sides by implacable foes, educated in the public schools, who are not in such a state of grace as to enable them to understand the essential holiness of the faith of which Father Treacy is so bold a defender.

In Great Britain, children of tender years are forced to manual labor at exhausting employments, as in the tin-mines and manufactories of Cornwall and of Wales. In the iron-manufacturing districts of England, boys and girls below ten years of age are compelled to toil at making chains. In the United States are not found the parallels to this condition of labor and laborers that is common in England. In no country in the world is the general condition of the working-classes comparable, whether in the rates of wages, the hours of toil, the quality of food, in the entertainments of life, or in the accumulation of savings. This is due to the American system of tariff, with reciprocity, under which the standard of comfort among the working-classes is maintained by protection, which insures higher rates of wages, and the diffusion of benefits and of wealth is secured to all in legitimate proportion. The millions of England do not progress in wealth. Very few have homes of their own. The comfortable homes owned by American working-men, and the immense total deposits of the savings banks in the United States, are gratifying demonstrations of the great superiority of the American tariff system over British free trade.

Our pious Eastern brethren who are laboring to convert the Chinese through the medium of good-looking young women of American birth, are meeting with continual discouragements. The way in which the Chinese look upon these maiden missionaries is shown by the following occurrence, which took place in New York city on April 20th: Miss Mary Wilson, a comely young woman, went to the laundry of Hop Sing, 218 Seventh Avenue, to get her laundered linen. Hop Sing attempted to take improper liberties with her. She screamed, a policeman came to her assistance, and arrested the Chinese. In the Jefferson Market Police Court, the next morning, when interrogated by the magistrate, Hope Sing's defense was a novel one—he said, with an injured air, that he thought the young woman was a Sunday-school teacher, and had come to convert him.

A WHOLE MAN.

A sensitive man has no business on the desert. He will get prodded everywhere. If he take offense at rough banter, Lord help him when he gets into a mining-camp. If he wear his heart upon his sleeve, let him steer clear of the Mexican towns and their pretty señoritas. If he would know any peace, let him keep away from the cattle-range, for the cowboys' jests are as keen and cutting as the spurs at their heels.

Frank Robbins was beginning to find out some of these things. But if you gave him a whole decade, he would not find them all out.

"What the boy wants is toughening," said Mart Selby.

Mart was big and tough, and he saw no good reason why anybody but a child or a woman should be tender.

"He's a young colt that wants a Mexican bit shoved into his mouth, and then to be ridden through the cactus."

At Lucin's ranch the boys joked and irritated Robbins, but it did not seem to toughen him. They cared nothing for whisky that didn't scratch as it went down, and when he put water in his, they called him a perfect lady and laughed loudly.

"Stand their joshing," said Mart to Robbins, "and you'll get along better. They'll always make it hot for a man that don't josh back."

"Oh, I don't mind it," replied Robbins, badly overdoing his effort to look unconcerned.

It had been the same everywhere he had been in the West. He was one of those men who are never anything but tenderfeet. He simply would not take men as he found them, though they were perfectly willing to take him so. And the absurd ideas that had lodgment in his head! Chief among these were that he must have a friend—a chum—who should be a man after his own heart. He had been looking for such a man for two years. He picked him out occasionally, but he never found him to suit. This one was not truthful, that one was not temperate, and the other was not nice in his speech. There was something lacking in each one.

"What I want is a whole man," he sighed; "I never could take up with these half-made fellows. But it is not so easy. Even when I find a man that is temperate and intellectual, he turns out to be selfish. What would I not give for a whole man for a friend and companion—a whole man."

He would not take up with Mart Selby, though Mart saw "the young fellow" sorely needed a friend and helper, particularly one who would toughen him. He kept on looking for his made-to-order man, but he never seemed to hit upon him. Few such men as he was looking for are to be found within a thousand miles of Lucin's. In fact, at Lucin's you would be at a loss to discover a single man who did not like to take observations of Old Ashby's cloth-and-paper ceiling through the bottom of a whisky-glass, and if you heard a voice, I will give you my word of honor it was no cherub's.

One day, the boys outdid all their other little meannesses to Robbins by getting him hopelessly drunk. Of course, it was no killing matter; but he had never been drunk before, and he took it very seriously and resolved to leave camp next day.

Mart did not like this. His heart had warmed toward "the young fellow," and he hated to see him leave the place. Finally, he resolved to go with him.

They agreed between them that they would not go on the range again. They would go prospecting for gold.

And thus it was that they came to make the journey over the desert toward Dead Horse Gulch. Now, as everybody in that country knows, the wealth of Dead Horse Gulch is great, but it is very hard to reach. Miners, who have lived out the awful heat of the alkali plain that lies all around the buttes wherein the gulch makes its gash, have come back with full belts, but none of them have ever gone a second time.

In suggesting this journey, Mart Selby had a double object. First, he wanted to toughen "the young fellow," and next, he wanted to enrich them both. Mart knew that Robbins had come out West to make enough money to marry a nice girl who lived in Delaware, and he knew, too, that "the young fellow" had found money-making very slow work.

From Lucin's to the great alkali plain that lay before the buttes in which the gold was hidden, was a long and toilsome journey. But the real work only began with the crossing of the alkali desert.

White and naked lay the dead land before their aching eyes. The eye of heaven shone down with most unrelenting fierceness. No breath of air was stirring, and the whole world was to them as dumb as death.

Mart had counted on the journey being a hard one, but not so hard as this. He had not dreamed that the water would give out so soon, nor that the horses would sink down and die as they did.

Still they staggered on, their forms, bent under their heavy burdens, standing out sharp and raw above the white earth, on which their clearly defined shadows fell with inky blackness.

In that cloudless, mistless air distance seemed set at naught, for they traveled on and on toward the buttes, and yet they seemed to grow no nearer.

It was toward evening that they reached a rocky islet in the sea of alkali, and there, after a very bad meal of hard tack, they fell asleep, Robbins dreaming of clear, cold water, drawn from marble fountains in crystal goblets. The young man was the first to awake. The sun was beginning to shoot his fiery needles over the mountain. Robbins lifted his hand to rub his eyes.

"R-r-z-z-z!"

Then a tongue of flame darted toward him and struck him on the palm of the hand.

"My God," he groaned, "it's a rattlesnake, and he's bitten me!"

His voice seemed to awaken a hundred echoes, and to these responded a hundred rattles.

Selby sat up in his blanket and stared at him stupidly. As he made the movement, a rattlesnake struck him in the face, and another, at his side, would have done the same had he not thrown himself out of reach of his deadly fangs.

The rattles resounded on every side. The two men ran back to a stretch of sand beyond the rocks and gazed at each other wildly.

"Hold still," demanded Mart. "Let me look at your bite."

He grasped the boy's hand.

"Thank God, it's not in the vein!"

He seized his knife and quickly hollowed out a piece of the flesh.

"There, hold your hand down and let the blood run free, while I tie this cord around your arm."

He twisted the stout cord until it cut into the arm.

"Now, the whisky," he gasped.

"No," said Robbins, "let me cut the poison out of your wound."

Mart held still a moment while this was done.

"Now, the whisky—quick!" cried Robbins.

But Selby did not look for the bringing forth of the flask with any light of hope in his eyes.

"It is yours," he said, quietly. "There is only enough for one, and barely that."

"Then it is yours, Mart."

"No—yours."

"But you are the worse bitten. Your face is already beginning to swell. Drink it."

There was anguish in the tone, as there was heroism in the words; but it was heroism of the weakly sort. He held out the bottle at arm's length, while he turned his face away.

"No, by God! It's yours, boy!" came in firmer and more commanding tone from Mart Selby. "You have a mother and a sweetheart back in the States. And I—I have nobody. There was some one once, but there ain't nobody now—nobody at all."

In the face of this fearful temptation, Robbins felt himself weakening. He grew less strong of resolution with each tick of the watch in his pocket, heard so plainly in the desert stillness. What a coward he felt himself; but—how sweet was life.

Was there not help to be had from some other source? He could not take this. The drinking of that liquid was the drinking of Selby's life, and that life meant much to him now. Here was the whole man!

His eye swept the hopeless plain. He looked for the "dust" of a traveler, but he saw none. The heat of the day was growing. He thought he felt the poison pulsing through his veins.

"No—no," he said, sinking down upon the sand. And there was a pitiable weakness in his tone.

Selby took the bottle from his hand. As he did so, a shade of fear arose to Robbins's face. Selby saw it and smiled. The swollen face made the smile grotesque; but, none the less, it was the smile of a god. He came forward and knelt beside the crouching form of Robbins, who, lying on his face, with his eyes shut, begged him not to think of him, but of himself. But the tone was growing weaker.

The other said no word, but, lifting his friend's head, he uncorked the bottle and held it to his lips. A look of remonstrance came to Robbins's face, and he raised his hand to push away the bottle. Just then he glanced upward. A buzzard was circling about in the clear, blue air. He shivered, and, as the neck of the bottle was forced between his teeth, and Selby was holding back his head, how could he help swallowing? The look of remonstrance faded slowly away as the liquor gurgled from the bottle. Soon it was all drained. The boy's head sunk to the ground, and a heavy sleep laid hold upon him.

When he awoke, there lay by his side the body of a man, with a pistol-bullet in his head. FRANK B. MILLARD.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1892.

Several faded old letters, written by Lincoln, have been discovered in Chicago. In one of them, addressed to Mrs. Browning, the wife of O. H. Browning, of Quincy, afterward Secretary of the Interior, the future President writes concerning his rejection by a young woman to whom he had paid court:

"My vanity was deeply wounded by the reflection that I had so long been too stupid to discover her intentions, and, at the same time, never doubting that I understood them perfectly, and also that she whom I had taught myself to believe nobody else would have had actually rejected me with all my fancied greatness; and to cap the whole, I then, for the first time, began to suspect that I was really a little in love with her. But let it all go. I'll try and outlive it. Others have been made fools of by the girls, but this can never be, with truth, said of me. I most emphatically, in this instance, made a fool of myself. I have now come to the conclusion never again to think of marrying, and for this reason: I can never be satisfied with any one who would be blockheaded enough to have me."

It has been a mystery to some people how Italy, a country without gold-mines, could obtain the gold with which to pay the fifty millions of dollars or so a year due to foreign holders of her bonds. The mystery is explained by Mr. Dering, Secretary of the British Embassy in Rome, who declares that American travelers alone spend thirty-five millions of dollars a year in gold in Italy, while other foreign travelers expend fully double that amount. This is irrespective of the money brought into the country in the form of donations to the Holy See by the fifty thousand religious pilgrims who annually visit the Eternal City.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, who are in the South of France, are literally unable to stir out of their hotel without being pursued by well-dressed men and women, armed with cameras, and regular picnic-parties come over, equipped with lunch-baskets, to establish themselves in and around the hotel gardens for the purpose of catching a glimpse of the still grief-stricken royalties.

Senator Cantor's bill to protect the sanctity of the home provides that the paramour shall be punished by passing a year in jail and paying a fine of five hundred dollars.

OLD FAVORITES.

On an Intaglio Head of Minerva.

Beneath the warrior's helm, behold
The flowing tresses of the woman!
Minerva, Pallas, what you will—
A winsome creature, Greek or Roman.

Minerva? No! 'tis some sly minx
In cousin's helmet masquerading;
If not—then Wisdom was a dame
For sonnets and for serenading!

I thought the goddess cold, austere,
Not made for love's despairs and blisses:
Did Pallas wear her hair like that?
Was Wisdom's mouth so shaped for kisses?

The Nightingale should be her bird,
And not the Owl, big-eyed and solemn:
How very fresh she looks, and yet
She's older far than Trajan's Column!

The magic hand that carved this face,
And set this vine-work round it running,
Perhaps ere mighty Phidias wrought
Had lost its subtle skill and cunning.

Who was he? Was he glad or sad,
Who knew to carve in such a fashion?
Perchance he graved the dainty head
For some brown girl that scorned his passion.

Perchance, in some still garden-place,
Where neither fount nor tree to-day is,
He flung the jewel at the feet
Of Phryne, or perhaps 'twas Laïs.

But he is dust; we may not know
His happy or unhappy story:
Nameless, and dead these centuries,
His work outlives him—there's his glory!

Both man and jewel lay in earth
Beneath a lava-buried city;
The countless summers came and went
With neither haste, nor hate, nor pity.

Years blotted out the man, but left
The jewel fresh as any blossom,
Till some Visconti dug it up—
To rise and fall on Mabel's bosom!

O nameless brother! see how Time
Your gracious handiwork has guarded:
See how your loving, patient art
Has come, at last, to be rewarded.

Who would not suffer slights of men,
And pangs of hopeless passion, also,
To have his carven agate-stone
On such a bosom rise and fall so!

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

To a Pair of Egyptian Slippers.

Tiny slippers of gold and green,
Tied with a moldering golden cord!
What pretty feet they must have been
When Cæsar Augustus was Egypt's lord!
Somebody graceful and fair you were!
Not many girls could dance in these!
When did your shoemaker make you, dear,
Such a nice pair of Egyptian "threes"?

Where were you measured? In Saïs, or On,
Memphis, or Thebes, or Pelusium?
Fitting them featly your brown toes upon,
Lacing them deftly with finger and thumb
I seem to see you—so long ago,
Twenty-one centuries, less or more!
And here are your sandals: yet none of us know
What name, or fortune, or face you bore.

Your lips would have laughed, with a rosy scorn,
If the merchant, or slave-girl, had mockingly said,
"The feet will pass, but the shoes they have worn
Two thousand years onward Time's road shall tread,
And still be footgear as good as new!"
To think that calf-skin, gilded and stitched,
Should Rome and the Pharaohs outlive—and you
Be gone, like a dream, from the world you bewitched!

Not that we mourn you! 'Twere too absurd!
You have been such a very long while away!
Your dry spiced dust would not value one word
Of the soft regrets that my verse could say.
Sorrow and Pleasure, and Love and Hate,
If you ever felt them, have vaporized hence
To this odor—so subtle and delicate—
Of myrrh, and cassia, and frankincense.

Of course they embalmed you! Yet not so sweet
Were aloes and nard, as the youthful glow
Which Amenti stole when the small dark feet
Wearied of treading our world below.
Look! it was flood-time in valley of Nile,
Or a very wet day in the Delta, dear!
When your slippers tripped lightly their latest mile—
The mud on the soles renders that fact clear.

You knew Cleopatra, no doubt! You saw
Antony's galleys from Actium come.
But there! it questions could answers draw
From lips so many a long age dumb,
I would not tease you with history,
Nor vex your heart for the men which were;
The one point to learn that would fascinate me
Is, where and what are you to-day, my dear!

You died, believing in Horus and Pasht,
Isis, Osiris, and priestly lore;
And found, of course, such theories smashed
By actual fact on the heavenly shore.
What next did you do? Did you transmigrate?
Have we seen you since, all modern and fresh?
Your charming soul—so I calculate—
Mislaid its mummy, and sought new flesh.

Were you she whom I met at dinner last week,
With eyes and hair of the Ptolemy black,
Who still of this find in the Fayoum would speak,
And to Pharaohs and scarabs still carry us back?
A scent of lotus about her hung,
And she had such a far-away wistful air
As of somebody born when the Earth was young;
And she wore of gilt slippers a lovely pair.

Perchance you were married? These might have been
Part of your trousseau—the wedding-shoes;
And you laid them aside with the garments green,
And painted clay Gods which a bride would use:
And, maybe, to-day, by Nile's bright waters
Damsels of Egypt in gowns of blue—
Great- great- great- —very- great- —granddaughters
Owe their shapely insteps to you!

But vainly I beat at the bars of the Past,
Little green slippers, with golden strings!
For all you can tell is that leather will last
When loves, and delightings, and beautiful things
Have vanished, forgotten—No! not quite that!
I catch some gleam of the grace you wore
When you finished with Life's daily pit-a-pat,
And left your shoes at Death's bedroom-door.

You were born in the Egypt which did not doubt;
You were never sad with our new-fashioned sorrows;
You were sure, when your play-days on Earth ran out,
Of play-times to come, as we of our morrows!
Oh, wise little Maid of the Delta! I lay
Your shoes in your mummy-chest back again,
And wish that one game we might merrily play
At "Hunt the Slipper"—to see it all plain!

—*Edwin Arnold.*

AMERICAN DINERS-OUT.

"Van Gryse" discusses the English Plan of Amusing Them.

A writer in the *National Review* has voiced a plaint on the subject of modern British dullness—in society, that is—and stated that the fashion for a dinner to be followed by an entertainment is due to the inability of the diners to entertain themselves.

The modern English *gommeux* and *gommeuses* are—this is still quotation—incapable of sustaining any form of conversation but the tête-à-tête. They are either too shy or too afraid of being conspicuous to indulge in any of that brilliant and general conversation which has power to make talk about a dinner-table as sparkling as the champagne in the guests' glasses. They suffer from a fear of being "odd," also from the straight-lacing of custom, which has somehow or other ordained that the diner shall confine his conversation to the people on his right and left, and not cut into the talk of anybody else.

Imagine, then, to a persistent diner-out the horrible monotony of society. Imagine going out to dinner night after night, being wedged in between two good-looking, well-dressed, moderately intelligent women, and starting off with the oysters on the weather, and fetching up with the dessert on the latest play or the last engagement. When people know each other well and are *en rapport*, there may be pleasure in this enforced dining cheek by jowl. There may be all sorts of amusing stories of mutual friends to murmur and laugh over. But one is not thoroughly *en rapport* with a great many people. Sometimes, too, the stranger on the right may be a clever woman—interesting, piquant, and attractive. Two hours in her society, eating through a lengthy menu, may be two hours that one does not regret. But clever and entertaining women do not grow on every bush.

The average woman, not known before, met at a dinner for the first time, placed on one's right, is an educated, agreeable, fairly good-looking, well-dressed female, who will talk steadily during the two hours on the topics that she has been accustomed to talk on—the opera, the theatre, the new novel, the popular clergyman, the spring exhibition of paintings, the latest engagement. Having talked these over in just the same manner almost every evening during the past week, she is tired of them and so are you, who, being a diner-out, have been doing just the same thing. Neither passes out of the beaten track, neither reveals to the other any particular originality, or, outside the consideration that politeness demands, any particular interest in the other.

If this were to continue later in the drawing-room, the evening would appear as dead a waste as the Desert of Sahara. One may change partners, but, among the average run of men and women, one will find pretty much the same as what one left. The fear of being "odd" runs rampant in the English bosom, and the usual person "of society" endeavors to be as like his correct and impassive neighbors as may be. Extreme originality may lurk under a classically cold exterior, but it rarely dares to show itself in ordinary after-dinner talk.

Hence, according to one writer, the prevalence of the drawing-room entertainment. Having conversed conscientiously and steadily for two hours, having partaken of a sumptuous and heavy meal, the social guest feels himself exhausted, and, like the little boy at the evening-party, wants "to be amoused." This his hosts endeavor to do. Professionals come and sing for him, humorists recite, conjurors do sleight-of-hand tricks, palmists read his character and his future from his palm. The custom, it appears, of providing some such form of entertainment after a large dinner grows apace, and the great army of clever people who can do something wherewith to amuse the great army of lazy people has grown with it.

If this is indeed the case, we can only say that the anglomaniacs had better give up, and either go outright to England or become simply commonplace, unfortunate Americans. Nothing, in a small way, could be more unlike the spirit of modern American society. A modern American hates an after-dinner entertainment as he hates a woman with a mission. When he goes into society, he wants to talk. Maybe he does not talk well; maybe he is, in many cases, a good deal of an ass, putting on silly airs of being a "dead-game sport" when he is not much over twenty; but, whatever his faults may be, an inability to converse is not one of them. Society exists for the purpose of allowing him to talk to any number of pretty girls and blooming matrons, who are, in their turn, just as anxious to talk as he is.

There have been a good many charges brought against our dear aristocracy lately. They have said it was parvenu, and moral, and slow. They have said that its members were badly educated. How often one has heard the unprejudiced Briton remark, with careful politeness, that, while the American girl was absolutely charming, it appeared that her education was not quite so thorough as the English girl's. And there is a good deal of truth in this assertion. American women are rarely thoroughly educated. They are superficial. They have quick perceptions and a ready grasp, and, seizing an idea with lightning-like rapidity, fall into the way of thinking that their superficial knowledge on many subjects is a good equivalent for thorough knowledge on a few.

A foreigner is constantly dazzled by the brilliancy of an American woman of society. She flashes from subject to subject with the light, firm touch of one who is a master of the point under discussion. Her comments are keen and sparkling. If there are only a few of them, those few are remarkably apt. Engaging her deeper in conversation, passing from the gay froth of general talk in society, one finds that her knowledge is scraped very thin over a large area. She knows a little about everything, not very much about anything. But her native wit, her singularly sharp understanding, her razor-like keenness, enable her to use her little store of learning with marvelous success. Her wit and her knowledge of human nature give her comments and ideas their brilliant shrewdness. She may not know books, but she knows men, and she knows how to make them think she has more learning than she possesses and less cleverness.

It may be the pleasure which comes from exercising a talent in which the possessor knows himself successful that makes Americans "in society" so averse to the form of drawing-room entertainment which puts an end to conversation. For, granting that they are superficial, no one can deny that the average belle and beau of the Empire City are good talkers. It is a great card among people who lead quiet, or studious, or laborious lives to look upon the *cigales* of the gay world as foolish creatures who know only enough to curl their hair, and powder their faces, and design pretty dresses, and to hold that the accomplishments of the males of the species are confined to waltzing dexterously, tying their white cravats in immaculately straight bows, and being able to wear white and striped flannel summer-suits without having the air of mountebanks. But let the scoffer listen to a fully fledged pair of these talk for a time, and, though he may despise the subjects of the conversation, he can not but admire the manner of it. They are so well trained, so deft in their manipulation of the art of saying foolish things charmingly, so harmlessly amusing, at times so delightfully witty!

It is a saying in New York society that a girl is good to look at in her first season, good to dance with in her second, good to talk to in her third. Clever men never waste their golden hours in conversation with the débutantes. Like epicures, who leave the wine to mellow in the wood, they let the blushing bud pass through three or four preparatory seasons, let society mellow her, till she evolves from the shy crudeness of twenty to the accomplished smoothness of twenty-five. Then she has learned the art of murmuring platitudes gracefully, has learned the supple possibilities of nineteenth-century Americans, has learned that verbs and nouns and adjectives may be as flexible and elastic as a good suède glove, has learned the value of saying some things and the wisdom of leaving others unsaid, has learned how to be amusing without being sharp, how to be witty without being cruel—has learned all this, if she ever is going to.

To such a girl, not having lost a particle of her early vivacity, and a fairly bright and cultivated man, to have to maintain silence throughout a whole evening, would be a calamity. They want to talk. So do the young matrons, and so do the lambent-eyed buds. So do the tall, thin men, with immaculately setting dress-suits and hair parted down the middle. So do the young men of twenty-four and five, with smooth-shaven, fresh-tinted faces and board-like shirt-bosoms and collars. So does every one. Mayhap, as will sometimes happen, the smooth-chinned senior of Harvard, who has been sitting during dinner next to the pink and white bud of a first family, is pining for an hour's talk with the stunning-looking girl in red, who sat on the opposite side of the table.

The bud of the first family may, on the other hand, be smothering rage under her pink and white bodice, because she can not get a chance for a moment's conversation with the man who sits on the left of the girl in red. They look at each other across the walnuts and the wine, and try to put their mutual disappointment into glances. Now, if after dinner, a celebrated professional is to play on the piano, and another is to sing, and a third is to give some selections on the 'cello, what a blow it will be to these four fond hearts! How they will execrate that custom which provides entertainment after dinner.

Indeed, so far is the drawing-room entertainment out of vogue here, that, be it said to our sorrow, it is somewhat difficult when such things do take place to keep the audience still. The young man and the young maiden will murmur together under the shade of a palm or the maiden's fan. The older members of the audience try to look as if they appreciated the singer's song, or the elocutionist's rhapsody, and in their hearts long for the happy moment when it is all over, and they can break out, like water through a broken dam, into a fierce cataract of conversation. Not only do they not want to be amused, but they feel that it is a pity their hostess has such a singular desire always to have some reciting woman or piano-playing man to come in and absorb those pleasant after-dinner hours, when one drinks black coffee from a tiny Moorish cup, and then sits on the divan and talks about everything. Not much in the matter of the talk, perhaps, but a charm in the manner of it, if the talkers are worthy of their breed.

So, everywhere that members of our nation congregate, we hear the cold stricture that Americans talk too much and too loud. Maybe we do, but we can not help it. And, after all, it gives us the capacity to amuse ourselves rather than have hired professionals in to amuse us. Society then, as it used to be understood—the gathering together of rich and fashionable people to amuse and entertain each other with feasting, dancing, and conversation—is in a more flourishing condition with us than with our English cousins. We are not yet up to the French standard, where conversation is an art and the hostess is able, by subtle use of words, to draw from all the guests their brightest sallies, their keenest comments. We are as yet in the selfish stage. With us it is every man for himself and the devil take the hindermost. We are young as conversationalists, and have the bubbling vivacity of youth—all the thoughts crowding up for utterance at once. We have not yet learned the art of each playing for the other's best. But where the art is loved for itself, then success is certain. And some day American women will talk as well as Mme. du Deffand and listen as well as Mme. Récamier. As for the men, they are always bound to spend their surplus brains on their business. They will study to listen sympathetically and encourage by judicious comment.

NEW YORK, April 26, 1892. VAN GRYSE.

Judge Teft, one of the recently appointed Federal Circuit Court Justices, has directed that all witnesses undergoing examination in his presence shall stand, and not sit, and attorneys are required to do so likewise. The rule has provoked much comment. His reason for having witnesses stand is that a hearing is thus expedited.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mr. E. C. Stedman has gone on a sea-voyage, his first vacation in many years, to recruit his strength and to get beyond reach of the mail.

The nearest living relative of Shakespeare is probably Thomas Hart, a resident of Australia, who is eighth in descent from Shakespeare's sister Joan.

Richard Cadbury, member of the famous English firm of cocoa manufacturers, has just handed over to the city of Birmingham his sumptuous country residence near that city as a home for convalescent children.

The friends of the late Harry Edwards subscribed ten thousand dollars and the American Museum of Natural History five thousand dollars toward the purchase for the museum of the Edwards Entomological Collection.

The professors of Yale College are greatly pleased that the prophet Totten has been relieved from duty there; but there are lamentations among the students, who found a daily stock of fun in Totten's wailings and warnings.

Editor Godkio, of New York, says that General Ben Butler is "an old disgruntled liar"; that General W. F. Smith is writing a reply to Butler's book; and that Butler's next visit to New York may be enlivened by an arrest for criminal libel.

The Dukes of Richmond, Hamilton, Athole, Sutherland, and Fife; the Marquises of Bute, Alisa, Breadalbane; the Earls of Rosebery, Aberdeen, Moray, Zetland, Haddington, Elgin, Wemyss, Stair, and Galloway are all interested in the liquor traffic in England.

Mr. James Whitcomb Riley is much in demand nowadays as an after-dinner speaker. His prose halts a little, but his listeners always forgive these defects when the poet concludes his speech, as he almost invariably does, by the recitation of some of his famous stanzas.

One of the delegates from Colorado to the Minneapolis convention is a full-blooded Indian, a descendant of the great Tecumseh whom President Harrison's grandfather defeated in battle. One of the North Carolina delegates, Mr. William Butner, is a son of Chang, one of the Siamese Twins.

Emile Ollivier, minister of Napoleon the Third, has so long disappeared from public life that, in many quarters, he was assumed to be dead. However, he has once more come into prominence as a man of sixty-seven. He is this year to award the Prize of Virtue, which is annually bestowed by the French Academy.

Joseph Medill, ex-mayor of Chicago and editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, has purchased a California home. It is located at Pasadena, in a delightful spot, with a superb view of sierra, valley, plain, city, and sea. The health of Mr. Medill and wife, who have spent the winter at East Pasadena, has greatly improved.

Within a year General Schofield will have reached the age of retirement from active military service, for he is now sixty-three; and a few months later General O. O Howard will be eligible for the retired list. Nelson A. Miles, the other of the major-generals commanding Uncle Sam's army, has still some years of service before him; but with the retirement of Schofield and Howard there will not be left in the army an officer who commanded a corps during the Civil War.

The restaurant-waiter Lherot, who brought about the capture of Ravachol, was at once paid the reward of two hundred dollars for the apprehension of the anarchist, and he has, in addition, been the recipient of many gifts, ranging from five-hundred-franc notes to napoleons. As for the modest little restaurant itself, fashionable ladies lunch there now in throngs, and, at noontime, there is a long line of public and private carriages before the door. But Lherot himself has been forced to leave Paris by the threats against his life.

Robert Louis Stevenson went to the South Seas in search of the picturesque. It is, therefore, hard to credit the report from Samoa that the novelist is trying to induce the natives to put on the clothes of civilization. Consul-General Harold Sewall told his friends, when he returned from Samoa a couple of years ago, that it would hardly be possible to find anything more idyllic or sweetly Arcadian in the matter of simplicity than a native Samoan girl clad only in her girdle of grass and cocoanut-leaves. And this primeval prettiness Mr. Stevenson would do away with!

Among the most familiar figures in public life at Washington just now to be seen in the saddle are Vice-President Morton, Senator Gibson, Henry Cabot Lodge, Theodore Roosevelt, and Mr. Spofford, the librarian of Congress. Presidents Garfield and Arthur were both fond of riding, and Messrs. Blaine and Bayard used to be seen on horseback, though the former rode for health rather than pleasure. Ex-Senator Edmunds also was fond of this form of exercise; and the Washington *Star* recalls how during the session of the Chicago Republican Convention of 1884, when Mr. Edmunds was a prominent candidate for the Presidential nomination, he coolly went off to Fairfax court-house in Virginia, to look at a saddle-horse he contemplated purchasing.

Senator Blackburn is commonly credited with being the readiest of congressional speakers. He carries at his tongue's end a vocabulary that is remarkable for its range and copiousness, and his most forcible speeches have been delivered on the spur of the moment. A notable instance of this was his famous reply to Senator Ingalls two years ago. Immediately after the conclusion of Mr. Ingalls's speech, Mr. Blackburn rose in his seat, and, without a moment's hesitation or the use of any notes, answered the Kansas senator in an oration that, from its unpremeditated vigor and fluency, astonished even those most familiar with his gift of extemporaneous speaking. In the House, Mr. Rayner, of Maryland, is said to be preëminent for fluency of speech.

A BACKSLIDING BENEDICT.

How a Wary Wife discovered that Husbands Wander.

Yes, Raoul had certainly married for love, and he had thrown himself with such enthusiasm into his new life that, in a day, all his relations with the outer world were shattered —like glass. He shut himself in his sanctuary, turned the key on the inside, and tasted his happiness drop hy drop. When hy chance you encountered him, he hardly gave you a word; he seemed to he afraid of his past, and took care to avoid all those who could possihly recall it to mind.

Raoul was thus for some eight months. Toward the middle of the ninth, he had a relapse into former hahits. One met him more frequently. He had resumed his cigars, walked more leisurely, and did not disdain to cast an occasional glance at a pretty woman.

This was not hecause he was less happy in his home or loved less his pretty little wife. Oh, no, not at all; for whenever I met him, he assured me earnestly "that bis wife was a treasure."

When a husband says this so positively, there is no room to douht that be is still a lover. Yon do not agree with me? A man, you say, who announces thus that his wife is a treasure, is a man who hlows upon tea or ashes already cold. Ah, well, perhaps you are right; when the fire flames, one warms himself and generally says nothing.

To tell the truth, Raoul had hegun to hlow upon his fire. The sweetness that had intoxicated him nine months ago appeared to him now a little insipid, the warm temperature ahout him a little heavy; and when his wife came softly hehind him and kissed him on the hrow, he hegan to notice what he had never noticed hefore—that she ruffled his hair. He said nothing, hut he was irritated, annoyed; all the more so as the tender little woman, seeing nothing herself, after her kiss, would close his eyes with her little hands and laugh like a gleeful child.

"Come, come, Louise," said be one morning, finding it impossihle to be silent longer, "do you not see that I am reading?"

"Tben say, 'My dear little wife, I adore you!' and I'll let you go," Louise returned, with the pout of an angel.

"But I have said it five hundred and one times already, and, to be frank, Louise, I decline to be forced to repeat it every quarter of an hour." And be stooped for his book, which had fallen to the floor, and closing as it fell, obliged him to lose five minutes more seeking the place where be had left off; which so mucb increased his bad bumor tbat, ten minutes later, wben they sat down to luncb, be found the soup decidedly too salt, and said so.

"Why, no, Raoul; I do not find it so," Louise returned, innocently.

"Bot I do; and tbat settles it," Raoul declared peremptorily, ponring water in his bouillon with a determined air. "The fact is, my dear, your cook knows no more of seasoning than sbe knows of finance. This food is uneatable. It is only at a restaurant that a presentable filet can he had." And he breathed a sort of sigb that resembled a stifled regret.

"But a montb ago sbe pleased you," urged Louise, who, in spite of her love and gentleness, did not lack spirit; "I do not understand it."

"You do not understand! Now, why do you say tbat? And sucb a tone! The very minute, it seems to me, tbat I object to anytbing, you jump to the conclusion that I am content with nothing."

"I did not say tbat."

"You leave it to be supposed, nevertheless."

Silence fell between them, but meanwhile, Raoul, still fuming, thought how, presently, they would go to install themselves in the sitting-room, having neither theatre nor hall to attend tbis evening; that be would open his paper, and, while reading, he would see over its edge the regular movement of his wife's needle, plying back and fortb in that eternal embroidery; and that, after the paper, he would resume his book, yawn three times, look at the clock, and then, to keep him from going to sleep entirely, his wife would appeal to him with the usual question: "Blue, black, or red in this corner, Raoul? What do you say, pet?"

"Pet!" An expression that bad once brought tears of tenderness to his eyes and that now seemed absurd.

All these thoughts came one by one, and gradually he felt his bad humor increase, till, suddenly, he resumed, sharply: "I do not see what there is so extraordinary in wishing to have a prooerly cooked filet."

"Well, I was wrong; I'll see to tbe next," Louise answered, with manner a little prim.

Raoul laid down knife and fork resignedly.

"My dear child," said he, "have I said that you were wrong? You have a very singular mania for posing as an injured person."

At heart, he felt himself unjust; but anger was stronger than he, and mounted to his hrain.

"If only you would be calm, Raoul——" Louise began, gently.

"Be calm—be calm, you say? As if I were the one who has lost his temper! But, Louise, this is perfectly childish. What else have you for dinner besides this filet?"

"I really do not know."

The meal came to an end in the profoundest silence. Immediately afterward, Raoul took his hat.

"You are going out, Raoul?" hazarded Louise, softly.

"If you will kindly permit me?"

And out he went, hut not with an assured step. On the staircase he stopped to listen.

"She did not ask me, even," thought he, wonderingly, "if I were going to he late. How strange! But it proves what I believed—that I have been too weak with her in the first months of our marriage."

Once in the street, he paused again, irresolutely, not knowing where to go; but finally strolled on at random, huttoning his gloves and still uneasily reflecting. His wife was the hest little woman in the world, hut—he had been too weak with her, there was no douht of it.

At the tobacconist's on the corner, he stopped to light his cigar. On the houlevards, all the cafés were open, a crowd filling the chairs. Ah, how good it was! To stroll at one's ease in Paris, one must always stroll alone.

He passed hefore his old cluh, hlazing with light and astir with men, hut he dared not enter, though he had a great desire to do so; he dreaded the smiles that would greet his appearance, and crossed to the opposite side.

Then, too, how irritating it was, when he gave his arm to his wife, to have her make those long stops hefore the jewelers' and milliners' that always made him so furious. Yes, he was right—to stroll agreeahly in Paris, one must he alone.

Nevertheless, two hours later, filled with remorse, he turned his steps homeward, to find his wife with red eyes.

"Crying!" thought he; "actually crying, as if I couldn't leave the house a moment without her behaving as if I had really deserted her!" And, instead of embracing her, as he really wished to do, he calmly mooted the stairs, with an icy little: "Good night, my dear!"

Louise, on her side, was far from stupid; her husband was hored when with her—she felt it; she felt, too, that even the rustle of her skirts irritated Raoul. What should she do? The best she could, at all events; and hy a thousand and one little wifely efforts and attentions, she sought to reëstahlish the tender little chats and jokes and joyous laughter in the corner hy the fire. But the very restraint that she imposed upon herself made the effort ahortive. Time and again she opened a talk with him in the old, light-hearted fashion, only to he thrown hack upon herself hy a cold or nonchalant "yes" or "no" from Raoul, accorded without even raising his eyes. More than all, too, she was wounded in her self-respect, when trying on a dress or hat hefore him, on the effect of which she had counted, to receive only an indifferent: "No, it isn't had, that dress—or hat—hut, had I been you, I'd have taken yellow in place of that blue."

Proud little Louise! Only a woman and a wife would know bow she suffered!

This state of things bad lasted perhaps a month, wben one evening, Raoul, who was still at tahle, received a note, all sealed and white and daintily perfumed.

"Allow me," said be, addressing bis wife; and he tore open the note, whicb ran:

> My Dear Raoul: Who knows if it would not be agreeable to you to find yourself again in that little restaurant of the Bois de Vincennes, which is in the middle of the water.
>
> It is Room No. 3, is it not, whose windows open upon the lake? I have an idea that Tuesday P. M. (to-morrow), that room will be free. What do you think? At all events it will be well to see.
>
> Toward seven o'clock the sun will have gone behind the trees; it will be fresh and cool in that little *chalet*, and the *filets chateaubriand* there are simply delicious. Thine, Amanda.

"Amanda, Amanda," said Raoul to himself; "wbere the devil have I known an Amanda?" and be remained a moment pondering.

"Is it had news?" asked Louise, quietly.

Then he remembered his wife's presence, and answered like a man interrupted by an importunate chatterer: "No, no—only from my tailor." And, as be burriedly began to sugar his coffee to escape looking bis wife in the face, it seemed to him, from the corner of his eye, that she was observing him fixedly. Thrown off his balance, he did not tear up the note, as one usually does with tailor's effusions, but replaced it carefully in tbe envelope and slipped it into his pocket. Stranger still, and a still more difficult tbing to explain, be was charming all the rest of that evening.

That letter and Amanda—whom be could not recall the least in the world—roused in him, apparently, the gayest fancies. He was flattered, thougb he would never have admitted it, that tbere were some who did not believe tbe old spirit entirely dead in him.

"I shall certainly go to that rendezvous," he told himself, "and it is well for me that I am not like some men. Very few, indeed, could resist a moment of madness, which, for me, will be only a moment of frolic. To go on as I am, is to rust out like iron. Ah, bow lucky it is for me, too, that my wife is an angel! She does not suspect, poor darling; not the least in the world." He turned to look at ber bending tranquilly over ber embroidery, and murmured again: "No, not the least in the world!" And with swaggering air he began to pace the salon, humming to himself with satisfaction, like one who is armed to the teeth and who tells himself: "I kill no one; it is only because I am good—how good, they do not know." And really, feeling bimself at that moment of a superior essence, he was happy as a king.

Next morning, while breakfasting, Raoul could not resist the temptation to explain what a *filet chateaubriand* was, and bow to cook it.

"If you would like one this evening," said the young wife, "suppose I try it."

"No, thanks; I spoke of it, but do not want it. Moreover, it would not be possihle this evening," and he tbrilled with pleasure at putting his foot on the slippery incline, persuaded that he, at least, would not fall.

"But why not this evening?" Louise persisted.

"Have I not told you, then? I met Paul Varennes today, and promised to dine with him to-night. His brother, he says, has just returned from Mexico. I tried to excuse myself, but he insisted so much that I couldn't get out of it, you know."

"Indeed!" said Louise.

Presently Raoul rose, kissed his wife and started out, turning carelessly at the door to call back that may be he would not go, after all; he really could not tell.

Nevertheless, toward five o'clock the model husband returned.

"I'm going," said he; "Paul would be seriously vexed if I failed to dine with him. And you, my little Louise, you are not to worry. Besides, I've thought of somethiog—go to your aunt's to dinner. Jean will hring you home, and I'll take you there myself before I start. How does that suit you?"

"Perfectly; but it is needless to trouble yourself to escort me there; I can easily go alone."

Half an hour later, Raoul, fresh shaven, perfumed, smiling, carefully dressed, jumped into a coupé, and set out for the Bois de Vincennes.

He was fifty pounds lighter, it seemed to him, as he mounted the restaurant steps. But then, what if, after all, she did not come? No matter; he would not think of it, hut continued on, greeting again with pleasure that varied odor peculiar to restaurants, that rattle of plates and glasses clinked up and down the stairs hy hurrying waiters, towel on arm, and knives and forks sticking like quills from their jacket-pockets.

"Monsieur is alone?" asked one of them, affahly, advancing to meet him.

"Yes; hut I expect some one. No. 3 is free, is it not?"

"Yes, monsieur." He threw open the door, and Raoul entered joyously.

"And monsieur will not order now?" demanded the man, depositing the menu with a flourish.

"Not now; I'll wait," and he threw down his hat and looked about him.

The same eternal cahinet that he had seen a hundred times —red paper, leafed with gold, a sofa with three cushions, none too soft, a clock in gilt hronze, two flower-pots without flowers, an upright piano, out of tune, a carpet where all the boots of Paris had a right to leave their traces, and a tahle in the centre, laid with covers for two. The forks were twisted and tarnished from service to hundreds of mouths, the crystal heavy, warranted not to "nick," and on the edges of the plates and the rest of the "indestructihle" china the name of the restaurant scrolled in gilt.

Something in the surroundings recalled to Raoul the disgust that he had once felt, hut certainly would feel no more; nevertheless he got up and opened wide the window to freshen the atmosphere, which was indisputahly a trifle close.

"How curious!" he murmured; "hut I had forgotten all this!"

And be began to whistle softly to chase away fancies, not so pleasant, that were coming to mind. Somehow or other, his gayety, too, seemed leaving him. He drew out his watcb to see the time—a quarter past seven, and he was distinctly hungry. What if that letter, after all, was a joke? A joke! He had not thought of it that way, hut mayhe, after all, it was better it should be so.

Quiet as it was now—not to say sad—in No. 3, it was very gay, indeed, in tbe adjoining cahinet, the loud clatter of plates and clinking glasses mingling at times with gay bursts of laughter.

At last a rustle of skirts approached in the corridor. At tbe same moment, the door flew back, a lady entered precipitately, and fell, evidently a prey to fear or embarrassment, breathlessly upon the sofa.

A lady?—undoubtedly. Uneasy and puzzled—why, he knew not—Raoul advanced to meet her. She raised ber hand, the veil was off, and—Louise was hefore him!

Louise, serene, smiling, unruffled as ever and sweetly murmuring:

"I was dying, you see, Raoul, to taste a *filet chateaubriand* properly prepared."

How they settled it and what explanations were made, I bave not an idea. But one tbing is certain, Raoul no longer "kicks over the traces," is as happy and content as the day is long, and Louise, as generous as she was wise, has never once, since that little dinner in a restaurant, so much as whispered "filets cbateaubriand" in her hushand's presence.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Gustave Droz by E. C. Waggener.*

At the celebration of Edward Everett Hale's seventietb birthday, held in Boston, April 13tb, there was read the following poem, "The Living Dynamo," by Oliver Wendell Holmes:

Night after night the incandescent arc
Has fought its dazzing battle with the dark,
Our doubtful paths with purest ray illumed,
Untired, undimmed, unswerving, unconsumed.
A slender wire the living light conveys
That startles midnight with its nnonday blaze.
Through that same channel streams the giant force
That whirls the wheels along their clanking course.
When, like a mail-clad monster, o'er the plain,
With clash and clamor sweeps the broomstick train.

Whence gains the wondrous wire its two-fold dower?
Its double heritage of light and power?
Ask of the motorman—he ought to know—
And he will tell you "From the dynamo."
And what, again, the dynamo inspires?
"A mighty engine, urged by quickening fires."
When I behold that large, unturing brain,
Which seventy winters have assailed in vain,
Toiling, still toiling at its endless task,
With patience such as Sisyphus might ask,
To flood the paths of ignorance with light,
To speed the progress of the struggling right,
Its burning pulses borrowed from a heart
That claims in every grief a brother's part,
My lips repeat, with reverence, "Even so—
This is in truth a living Dynamo!"

Be ours to heed its lessons while we may,
Look up for light to guide our devious way—
Look forward bravely, look not weakly back,
The past is done with, mind the coming track;
Look in with searching eye and courage stout,
But when temptatinn comes, look out! look out!
Heaven grant all blessings time and earth can give
To him whose life has taught us how to live,
Till on the golden dial of the spheres
The twentieth century counts its gathering years,
While many a birthday tells its cheerful tale,
And the round hundredth shouts, All hail! All hail!

April 18, 1892. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The duel between Fox and Borrowe recalls the story of Napoleon the Third sending his cousin "Plon-Plon" to the Crimea. When asked if he was not afraid of exposing a possihle emperor to danger, he answered: "There is no danger. If a hullet is ever found in 'Plon-Plon's' body, it will he one which he has swallowed."

THE MEMOIRS OF MARBOT.

Some Anecdotes of Famous Men and Women of Napoleon's Time.

Not long ago we printed a very striking sketch of an escape from death on the battle-field of Eylau. It was translated from the French of General de Marbot, whose memoirs have just appeared in Paris, although he has been dead for a number of years. Since our translation appeared, an English edition has been issued in London and New York. From this we extract a number of interesting anecdotes.

Marbot was the son of a soldier who had served as a general of division under Napoleon, in Italy, to which country the son went with him. Young Marbot remained near Bonaparte during the Italian campaign, and, as an orderly, accompanied him to the field of Marengo. Thenceforth, throughout the wars of Napoleon, he rose step by step to lieutenant, captain, major, colonel, and general, and was many times intrusted with important dispatches. He not only performed the arduous duties of messenger, but shared with common soldiers the dangers of the field, being wounded thirteen times.

On the field of Austerlitz, Marbot was attached to the emperor's staff. He gives a clear and vivid account of the battle, one terrible incident being related as follows:

"The Austrians and Russians finding themselves between two fires, sought to escape over the ice. It was very thick, and five or six thousand men, keeping some kind of order, had reached the middle of the Satschan Lake, when Napoleon, calling up the artillery of his guard, gave the order to fire on the ice. It broke at countless points, and a mighty cracking was heard. The water, oozing through the fissures, soon covered the floes, and we saw thousands of Russians, with their horses, guns, and wagons, slowly settle down into the depths. It was a horribly majestic spectacle which I shall never forget. In an instant the surface of the lake was covered with everything that could swim. Men and horses struggled in the water among the floes. Some—a very small number—succeeded in saving themselves by the help of poles and ropes, which our soldiers reached to them from the shore, but the greater part were drowned."

On the day after the battle, the emperor was surveying the battle-field, and reaching the shore of the Satschan Lake, he dismounted, and was chatting with several marshals round a camp-fire, when he saw, floating about a hundred yards from the bank, a large isolated cake of ice, on which was stretched a wounded Russian non-commissioned officer, who begged for mercy and rescue. Napoleon was touched by the appeal, and ordered General Bertrand, his aide-de-camp, to do what he could to save the poor man. Some abortive attempts were made, but the rescuers were nearly drowned themselves. Marbot continues:

"I bethought me then of saying that the swimmers ought to have stripped; in the first place, to preserve their freedom of movement, and, secondly, to avoid having to pass the night in wet clothes. But it seemed to me that I should be open to ridicule if I gave advice, and did not dare to carry it into execution. So I leaped from my horse, and stripped myself naked and dashed into the water. I had gone fast in the course of the day and got hot, so that the chill struck me keenly; but I was young, and vigorous, and a good swimmer; the emperor's presence encouraged me, and I struck out toward the Russian sergeant. At the same time, my example, and probably the praise given me by the emperor, determined a lieutenant of artillery, by name Ronmestain, to imitate me.

"While he was undressing I was advancing, but with a good deal more difficulty than I had foreseen. The older and stronger ice, which had been smashed to pieces the day before, had almost entirely disappeared, but a new skin had formed some lines in thickness, the sharp edges of which scratched the skin of my arms, breast, and neck in a very unpleasant fashion. The artillery officer, who had caught me up half-way, had not perceived it at all, having profited by the path which I had opened in the new ice. He called my attention to this fact, and generously demanded to be allowed to take his turn at leading, to which I agreed, for I was cruelly cut up. At last we reached the huge floe of old ice on which the poor Russian was lying, and thought that the most laborious part of our enterprise was achieved. There we were quite wrong, for so soon as we began to push the floe forward, the layer of new ice which covered the surface of the water, being broken by contact with it, piled itself up in front, so as in a short time to form a mass which not only resisted our efforts, but began to break the edges of the big floe. The bulk of this got smaller every moment, and we began to fear that the poor man whom we were trying to save would be drowned before our eyes. The edges, moreover, of the floe were remarkably sharp, so that we had to choose spots on which to rest our hands and our chests as we pushed. We were at our last gasp. Finally, by way of a crowning stroke, as we got near the bank the ice split in several places, and the portion on which the Russian lay was reduced to a slab only a few feet in breadth, quite insufficient to bear his weight. He was on the point of sinking when my comrade and I, feeling bottom at length, slipped our shoulders under the ice slab, and bore it to the shore. They threw us ropes, which we fastened round the Russian, and he was at last hoisted on to the beach. We had to use the same means to get out of the water, for we were wearied, torn, bruised, and bleeding, and could hardly stand."

Marbot was in Tilsit with Marshal Lannes during the conferences in that town between Napoleon and Queen Louisa of Prussia, mother of the late Emperor William.

"The queen could resign herself to the loss of several provinces, but she could not make up her mind to part with the strong place of Magdeburg, the retaining of which would be Prussia's safeguard. On his side, Napoleon, who proposed to make his brother Jerome King of Westphalia, wished to add Magdeburg to the new state. Marbot was told that, in order to retain this important town, she used all the methods of friendliness until Napoleon, to change the conversation, praised a superb rose that the queen was wearing. The story goes that she said: 'Will your majesty have this rose in exchange for Magdeburg?' Napoleon was too practical a man to let himself be caught by such an offer, and it is averred that while praising the beauty of the rose and of the hand which tendered it, he did not take the flower. The queen's eyes filled with tears, but the emperor affected not to perceive it. He kept Magdeburg and escorted the queen politely to the boat which was to take her across the Niemen."

At Wagram fell General Lasalle, acknowledged to be the best-liked cavalry officer in the French army. Marbot recalls a notable incident of Napoleon's generosity to this officer:

"It seems that Lasalle had intimate relations with a French lady in high society, and while he was in Egypt their correspondence was seized by the English and published by order of the government—an order which even in England was blamed. A divorce followed, and on his return to Europe, Lasalle married the lady. Just as the wedding was on the point of taking place, Napoleon gave him two hundred thousand francs out of his privy purse. A week later, meeting him at the Tuileries, the emperor asked, 'When is the wedding?' 'As soon as I have got some money to furnish with, sire.' 'Why, I gave you two hundred thousand francs last week. What have you done with them?' 'Paid my debts with half, and lost the other half at cards.' Such an admission would have ruined any other general. The emperor laughed, and merely giving a sharp tug to Lasalle's mustache, ordered Duroc to give him another two hundred thousand."

A curious incident occurred while a portion of Napoleon's army remained on the isle of Lobau, in the interval between the battles of Aspern-Essling and Wagram:

"It was of the utmost moment to prevent the Austrians from learning where the French intended to attack; but the archduke had contrived to introduce a spy among them, and Napoleon was made acquainted with the fact by an anonymous letter written in Hungarian, which was brought by a little girl to the emperor's mameluke, with the warning that it was important and urgent. The interpreter soon translated it. Napoleon at once ordered every soul on the island—troops, staff, commissaries, butchers, bakers, canteen-men, even officers' servants—to be drawn up on parade. As soon as every one was in the ranks, the emperor announced that a spy had found his way into the island, hoping to escape notice among thirty thousand men, and, now that they were all in their places, he ordered every man to look at his neighbor to right and left. The success of this plan was instantaneous. In the midst of the dead silence, two soldiers were heard to cry: 'Here is a man we don't know.' He was arrested and examined, and admitted that he had disguised himself in a French uniform taken from a man killed at Essling. The man was born at Paris, and appeared very well educated. He was brought before a court-martial and shot."

Marbot's next move was to Spain, where he served on Massena's staff, and here he had a narrow escape:

"The whole country, save that immediately occupied by the French, was up in insurrection. The roads and mountains swarmed with guerillas. Small detachments were cut off. Supply trains were attacked. There was no safety in traveling, save with a strong escort. At this time, Marbot, now on the staff of Lannes, was ordered to carry dispatches announcing the victory of Tudela to the emperor, at Aranda. The most direct route was over the mountains, and this Marbot was directed to take. He had but two orderlies with him the first part of the journey, and only one later. They had not gone far, when they were fired at from the road-side. A little further on they found the bodies of two French soldiers, recently killed, in the road. Still proceeding, they came upon a horrible sight. A young French officer, still wearing his uniform, was nailed by his hands and feet, head downward, to a barn-door. A small fire had been lighted under his head. He was recently dead, for his blood was still flowing."

The painter, Gérard, in his picture of the Battle of Austerlitz, has taken for his subject the moment when General Rapp, coming wounded out of the fight, is presenting to the emperor the flags just captured. Marbot says:

"All the heads are portraits, even that of the brave chasseur, who, making no complaint, though he had been shot through the body, had the courage to come up to the emperor, and fell stone dead as he presented the standard which he had just taken. It was Napoleon, who, wishing to honor his memory, ordered the painter to find a place for him in his composition. In the picture, also, may be seen a mameluke who is carrying in one hand an enemy's flag and holds in the other the bridle of his dying horse. This man was named Mustapha, and was well known in the Guard for his courage and ferocity. During the charge, he had pursued the Grand Duke Constantin, who only got rid of him by a pistol-shot, which severely wounded the mameluke's horse. Mustapha, grieved at having only a standard to offer the emperor, said, in his broken French, as he presented it: 'Ah, if me catch Prince Constantine, me cut him head off and bring it to emperor.' Napoleon disgusted, replied: 'Will you hold your tongue, you savage!'"

Among the distinguished officers of the French Imperial Guard who fell at Austerlitz, was General Morland. The fate of his body was a strange one:

"Napoleon, always on the lookout for anything that might kindle the spirit of emulation among the troops, decided that General Morland's body should be placed in the memorial building which he proposed to erect on the Esplanade des Invalides at Paris. The surgeons having neither the time nor the materials necessary to embalm the general's body on the battle-field, put it into a barrel of rum, which was transported to the French capital. But subsequent events having delayed the construction of the monument destined for General Morland, the barrel in which he had been placed was still standing in one of the rooms of the School of Medicine when Napoleon lost the empire in 1814. Not long afterward the barrel broke, through decay, and people were much surprised to find that the rum had made the general's mustaches grow to such an extraordinary extent that they fell below his waist. The corpse was in perfect preservation, but in order to get possession of it, his family was obliged to bring an action against some scientific man who had made a curiosity of it."

After his elevation to the Consulate, Bonaparte had formed a numerous guard, the infantry of which be placed under the command of General Lannes.

"Lannes, though a distinguished soldier, had no idea of administration; so, instead of keeping to the established rate for the purchase of cloth, linen, and such materials, he thought that nothing could be good enough for his men. So he ordered such luxurious uniforms that, when it came to paying the bills, they were found to be three hundred thousand francs in excess of the sum allowed by the regulations. The First Consul, who had resolved to bring the finances into order, and to compel the commanders of regiments not to exceed the credits sanctioned, was determined to make an example. Fond as he was of Lannes, and though convinced that not a centime had gone into his pocket, he declared him responsible for the deficit of three hundred thousand francs, and allowed him only eight days to pay this sum into the regimental chest, under penalty of being brought before a court-martial. This rigorous decision produced an excellent effect, putting a stop to the waste which had been going on in regimental expenditures. But Lannes, although recently married to the daughter of a rich senator, found it impossible to pay. Then Augereau, learning of his friend's perilous position, hurried to his solicitor, got three hundred thousand francs, and told his secretary to pay them in the name of General Lannes into the regimental chest of the Guard. The First Consul, when he heard of this, was most grateful to Augereau, and, in order to put Lannes in a position to be able to discharge his debt, he gave him the very well-paid embassy to Lisbon."

After the peace of Tilsit, Marbot became, much against his will, a smuggler:

"The emperor had confided to him a letter which he was personally to hand to the Empress Josephine. As Duroc had let him have eight thousand francs for posting expenses, the young officer went off in high spirits, which continued until he came to Frankfort-on-the-Main. There the colonel in command gave him a breakfast, and insisted upon seeing Marbot back to his carriage; but as he got in he pounced a large package which formed no part of his dispatches. The colonel stopped him, and said in a whisper that the packet contained dresses of Berlin wool and other stuffs contraband in France, and that they were intended for the Empress Josephine, who would be very grateful to him for bringing them. Marbot protests that he would have been very glad to oblige the empress, but he knew how inflexibly severe Napoleon was toward all smuggling, and, having shed so much blood in fighting, he did not wish to lose the credit obtained in the emperor's eyes by transgressing his laws to obtain a smile of thanks from Josephine. Accordingly, he flatly refused to render the service desired of him. Nevertheless, half-way between Frankfort and Mainz, he found that the colonel had managed to tuck into the carriage a second package of contraband goods, which Marbot succeeded in passing through the customs safely in this way:

"When he reached the bridge of the Rhine at Mainz his carriage was stopped, and at the door appeared a custom-house officer to make a search. Marbot at once said: 'The emperor is behind me.' Nor was Marbot telling an untruth; the emperor was behind him, but at two days' distance. All the by-standers overhearing his words were thrown into a great flutter, the guard stood to its arms, the custom-house officers sought to draw themselves up in the most military fashion possible, and as Marbot's carriage was in their way, they told the postilion to drive on. He learned afterward that the authorities of the town were on their legs all night, and could not understand how it happened that the emperor did not arrive until two days later."

ENGLISH SOCIETY.

The Chivalric Way in which the Men look upon the Women.

Apart from the editorial notice and condemnatory comment which the Deacon and Hetherington shooting affairs have received at the hands of the English press, both cases have been subjects of much adverse criticism in English society. What is commonly called public opinion in England is not, by any means, the opinion of society. Of course, in all matters of general interest, the press reflects the mental tone of the community. In England, as in every other country where a free press exists, the newspapers not only express the opinions of the people at large, but actually mold them. This is most frequently the case in politics. Not one out of a hundred men in England really thinks for himself on political questions. He merely thinks as the newspapers tell him. And this is so whether the ninety-nine are Conservatives or Liberals. If Conservatives, they are controlled by the leaders in the *Morning Post* and *Standard*, with a dip into the cumbrous verbosity of the *Times;* if Liberals, they form no opinion until they have read the *Daily News*.

In respect, however, to matters that affect society itself, and as to which those in it regard themselves as competent judges, society takes no telling from the papers. In short, so far as society is concerned, there is no power either of dictation or criticism outside of it. It does not follow, therefore, that what the newspapers say is at all an index of what society says. Very often much the reverse. The generally snobbish and vulgar items published in the *World*, *Truth*, *Vanity Fair*, *Modern Society*, and other seeming exponents of English society ideas, are, by no means, the oracles or exemplifiers they claim to be. Much that appears in the columns of these weekly journals is news to society itself, and news that not only startles from its audacity, but amuses from its absurdity. Such being the case, it is a matter worthy of note when the opinions of society and the press agree on any subject directly affecting society.

It so happens that English society and the English press hold toward each other, at the present time, amicable relations on the subject of the Deacon-Abeille and the Hetherington-Robinson summary-vengeance cases. And it is because a single sentiment prevails in the British male breast, from highest to lowest, in regard to woman. Be the man a duke or a dock-laborer, a prince or a pauper, the same principle controls his thoughts when he thinks of her. She is his inferior. In this sense she is the weaker vessel, but in no other. As a human being entitled to his protection, she fills no place. She should not require protection. She should take care of herself, and not bore her lord and master with any such nonsense as the vindication of her wrongs. She should have no wrongs to vindicate. If she have, it is all through her own fault, and she should be left to suffer the punishment which wrong-doing ever entails upon the head of the offender. Just so soon as she places herself, or allows herself to be placed, in a position calling for man's sympathy and assistance, her mission terminates; she becomes a nuisance and a bore, and her superior—man—simply lets her slide.

"Fancy any man getting himself into a scrape like that—for a woman!" I heard a young English gentleman exclaim, with an upward toss of his head; "fancy me doing it! Can you, by any stretch of imagination, picture to yourself me making such a blooming idiot of myself as that?"

"But, suppose she was your wife?" I asked.

He squinted up his eyes and looked at me as though I possessed a dozen heads.

"My wife?" he growled. "What difference would that make, I should like to know? If she behaved like that, she might go to pot, for all I cared. Now, just look here. Let me ask you this: Is any woman worth it?"

"Worth what?"

"Getting yourself stuck into a prison, and all that."

"If you look at it in that way, perhaps not. But if you care for your wife's honor and your own, you won't think about consequences."

"Honor? Rubbish! Much honor there is in shooting a man and getting fifteen years penal servitude, if you don't get hung."

"Then you think only of the consequences to yourself?"

He looked at me again: "What the deuce else should I think of?"

"I thought, perhaps, you considered it wrong to shoot a man," I said.

"Oh, I'm not talking of that," he answered, with an impatient gesture.

"If so, I agree with you," I went on. "But I hold that men infuriated, like Deacon and Hetherington, never stop to weigh the right and wrong of anything. Now I think it is wrong to shoot a fellow-man. Wrong for anybody. But the fact is, a husband, with his wife's seducer brazenly staring him in the face, is not likely to care what is right and what is wrong."

"By Jove! He'll wish he had cared when it becomes a matter of hard labor in a beastly prison."

"No doubt. But at the time, both of these men thought only of the great injury done them."

"Bosh!"

"Ah, my dear fellow, so would you, if you loved your wife."

"Loved my wife?" and he hurst out laughing. "Whoever loves his wife in these days?" There was a general chorus of guffaws—it was in the smoking-room at a country-house.

"Nobody, of course. I can quite believe it," I answered.

"You can keep all that sort of rubbish for the theatres, drawing-room ballads, *et cætera*," he continued. "Love, indeed! You talk like a penny-dreadful."

The conversation did not end there, but I have repeated enough of it to show the sentiment on this subject that obtains among Englishmen in high society. COCKAI

LONDON, April 16, 1892.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

In a recent conversation with Mr. Hardy (says the *Bookman*), the novelist was asked why he gave "Tess" so sad an ending. He replied:

"For the simple reason that I could not help myself. I hate the optimistic grin which ends a story happily merely to suit conventional ideas. It raises a far greater horror in me than the honest sadness that comes after tragedy. Many people wrote to me begging me to end it well. One old gentleman of eighty implored me to reconcile Tess and Angel. But I could not. They would never have lived happily. Angel was far too fastidious and particular. He would inevitably have thrown her fall in her face. But, indeed, I had little or nothing to do with it. When I got to the middle of the story, the characters took their fates into their own hands, and I literally had no power."

This reminds one of the story of Thackeray when he was asked why he married Esmood to Lady Castlewood. "I dido't," he replied; "they did it themselves."

A New York house announces the following books as nearly ready for publicatioo: "The Letters of Samuel Johnson," edited by G. Birkbeck Hill; "A Voyage of Discovery," a novel of American society, by Hamilton Aïdé; "The Technique of Rest," by Anna C. Brackett; "The Heresy of Mehetabel Clark," by Annie Trumbull Slosson; and "Flying Hill Farm," a story for young people, by Sophie Swett.

D. Appleton & Co. will publish immediately Joseph Pennell's careful study of "The Jew at Home," a subject of timely interest in view of the present discussion of Jewish immigration to this country.

The table of contents of the May *Century* is as follows:

Portrait of Christopher Columbus, engraved by T. Johnson, frontispiece; "Thomas Couture," by George P. A. Healy; "Coast and Inland Yachting," by Frederic W. Pangborn; "A Gray Jacket," by Thomas Nelson Page; "Characteristics"—VI., by S. Weir Mitchell, M. D.; "Ol' Pap's Flaxen" (conclusion), by Hamlin Garland; "Luni" (Italian Old Masters), by W. J. Stillman; "Homesteads of the Blue-Grass," by James Lane Allen; "An After-Dinner Nap," painted by J. H. Dolph; "'Captain, my Captain!'" by Wolcott Balestier; "Architecture at the World's Columbian Exposition," by Henry Van Brunt; "The Flagellants," painted by Carl Marr; "Carl Marr, J. H. Dolph, and Herbert Adams," by W. Lewis Fraser; "The Chosen Valley"—I., by Mary Hallock Foote; Portrait Bust, modeled by Herbert Adams; "Christopher Columbus"—I., the Age in which he Lived, by Emilio Castelar; "The Naulahka," a story of West and East, by Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier; "The Nature and Elements of Poetry"—III., Creation and Self-Expression, by Edmund Clarence Stedman; and Verses by George E. Woodberry, Louise Chandler Moulton, Edith M. Thomas, Maurice Thompson, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Richard Watson Gilder, Julian Hawthorne, Herman Melville, William Prescott Foster, Frank Dempster Sherman, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and James Herbert Morse.

The new novel upon which Mrs. Lynn Linton has been for some time engaged is to be entitled "In Haste and at Leisure." It is a study of the modern woman at school and college.

A new "monthly review of scieotific progress," called *Natural Science*, was launched last month.

A new book by Edgar Saltus, entitled "Imperial Purple"—an analysis of the Cæsars, from the conqueror of Gaul and invader of Britain down to Heliogabalus, "child of the sun"—has been issued by a Chicago firm.

Señor Castelar's "Life of Christopher Columbus" is begun in the May number of the *Century*.

J. A. Froude has been appointed to be Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, in the room of the late Professor Freeman.

The new volume of De Goncourt's "Journal" is full of Daudet and of Daudet's family. As witness:

"'I am entirely subjective,' says Daudet, one day; 'I can invent nothing. . . . I have already put all my family in my books. . . . I can not go any more to the South.' It is quite true that Daudet is not a creator; he takes all his types from life; he has used, in his books, Gambetta, Morny, and a number of others; all know in Paris who the Nabab was, and can put the names on all the characters of his novels."

The Loodon *Times* has thrown tradition to the winds by printing a signed article by Rudyard Kipling, entitled "In Sight of Monadoock."

Mrs. Oliver Bell Bunce, the widow of the author of "Don't," has written a little volume entitled "What to Do," which tells the reader how to entertain and how to be entertained, and it sets forth the etiquette of engagements and marriages, introductions and calls. The little book is published by D. Appleton & Co. in a style uniform with the Boudoir edition of "Don't." The same firm announce for immediate publication "Amethyst, the Story of a Beauty," by Christabel R. Coleridge.

Mr. Swinburne has dedicated his new play, "The Sisters," to a lady of title, and dedicated it in a poem which is said to be bright and tuneful.

A portrait of the late Roswell Smith will be the frontispiece of the June number of the *Century*.

An interesting passage of Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie's reminiscences is Browning's statement in regard to two poets' methods of composition:

"It may seem to you strange that such a thing as poetry should be written with regularity at the same hour in every day. But, nevertheless, I do assure you it is a fact that my wife and I sit down every morning after breakfast to our separate work; she writes in the drawing-room and I write in a little back-room, with a window over a court. And then I never read a word she writes until I see it all finished and ready for publication."

The death is announced of Henri de Kock, the French playwright and novelist. He was born in Paris in 1821 and was a son of Paul de Kock.

Six thousand copies of Lord Tennyson's "The Foresters, Robin Hood, and Maid Marian," have already been sold in England, and there is no sign of any abatement in the demand.

New Publications.

"Anglo-Israel," by Rev. Thomas R. Howlett, identifying the ten lost tribes of Israel in the Anglo-Saxon race, has beeo published by the author at Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers.

"A Princess of Thule" is the latest volume of the new and revised edition of William Black's novels published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 90 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Compaoy.

"Felix Lanzberg's Expiation," translated from the German of Ossip Schubin by Elise L. Lathrop, has been issued in paper covers by the Worthington Company, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

A "New Elementary Algebra," by Charles Davies, LL. D., edited by J. H. Van Amringe, Ph. D., embracing the first principles of the science and concluding with a brief chapter on logarithms, has been published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 90 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

The little "Handbook of School Gymnastics," prepared by Baron Nils Posse, contains an explanation of the Swedish system, a hundred tables of exercises, and lists from which teachers may devise many more. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"A Guide to Electric Lightiog," by S. R. Bottone, contains an explanation of the arc and incandescent lights and descriptions of the machinery used in their generation, expressed in language suited to the amateur and householder and fully illustrated. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"That Stick," by Charlotte M. Yonge, is the story of a plodding lawyer's clerk, who wins a young woman's love, but is too poor to marry. Then a nobleman dies, and "that stick" comes into his titles and his fabulous wealth. He marries the girl of his heart, but the story does not stop there. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, $1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The House Comfortable," by Agnes Bailey Omsbee, is a book for youog housekeepers, describing the various parts of the household and telling how they may best be administered. It is a thoroughly practical little treatise, and contains many useful hints that experienced housewives will receive with gratitude. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, $1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"On the Plantation," by Joel Chandler Harris, is a story of a Georgia boy's adventures during the war, and is conceded to be more than half-autobiographical. It is full of interesting incidents, and has the same charm that distinguishes all the writiogs of the biographer of Uncle Remus. The story is illustrated from twenty-three designs by E. W. Kemble. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, $1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Jonah of Lucky Valley and Other Stories," by Howard Seely, contains half a dozen tales of life among the cowboys of Texas and Montana. Mr. Seely might be called the Bret Harte of cowboy life, as those who read his "Lone Star Bo-Peep" in the *Argonaut* some years ago, will agree, and these stories are io his best vein. The first story is illustrated by Remington. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Baocroft Company.

"San Salvador," by Mary Agnes Tincker, is an account of another Utopia. In the opening pages we are introduced into Venice, where a young man is in love with his old tutor's daughter, a state of affairs to which his haughty and masterful mother vigorously objects. Thence the scene shifts to some indefioite place where Miss Tincker's conception of heaven on earth is to be found. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, $1.25; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Legal and Mercantile Handbook of Mexico," written and edited by A. K. Coney, Consul-General of Mexico at San Francisco, and the vice-consul, José F. Godoy, contains much valuable information regarding customs and tariffs, mining laws, extradition, naturalization, public lands, the sanitary code, steamship, railway, and telegraph lines, etc. It fills more than five hundred large pages, and is carefully indexed. Published and for sale by Coney & Godoy, San Francisco.

"Writers and Readers," by George Birbeck Hill, contains six lectures read before the Teachers' University Association at Oxford, in 1891, concerning revolutions in literary taste and the study of literature as a part of education. They are suggestive lectures, well thought out and clearly expressed, and this collection and publication in book-form are a welcome service to the many who write and read. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, $1.75; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Abroad and At Home," by Morris Phillips, editor of the New Yotk *Home Journal*, is a modern instance of the journalistic methods that prevailed when Willis was editor of that once famous journal, when all manner of goods were given the editor in exchange for a "notice," and which still survives in the "Farmer Jones laid on our table last Monday a magnificent pumpkin" of the country editor. It is a series of letters on the hotels, boardiog-houses, and restaurants of London, Paris, and the resorts of Georgia, Florida, and California, and reads, not like paid advertisemeots but as if the writer had taken his "keep" out io trade. Published at Brentano's, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

W. D. Howells's new novel, "The Quality of Mercy," is analytical again, the chief subject of analysis being a defaulter. He had been a wealthy man and the trusted official of a rich corporation; but he used the corporation's funds for private speculation, returned them, "borrowed" again, could not return them, and, being discovered, is given three days of grace—which time he employs to run away to Canada. He leaves behind two daughters, who resolutely refuse to believe their father's guilt, until he has written a letter of confession to a Boston paper. Two other prominent characters in the tale are two reporters—one, a brassy, unscrupulous man who would do anything to have a "scoop" for his paper, and the other, a man who is a failure with literary aspirations. The story is such a one as happens in real life, and Mr. Howells has set it down with all his marvelous fidelity. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, $1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The career of "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani," by Henry B. Fuller, is curious. The author is a resident of Chicago, and his book went the full round of the publishers before it was finally published by J. G. Cupples, of Boston, in 1890. It appeared unheralded, but it leaped into instant fame, which has grown with its age. James Russell Lowell said of it: "A precious book . . . delicate Sternian quality. . . . It tastes of genius." Then the Century Company secured a serial from Mr. Fuller for the *Century Magazine*, and, purchasing the copyright from the original publishers, have issued a handsome new edition from new plates, in which the text has been revised and a new chapter incorporated. The scene is laid in Italy and the hero is an Italian Don Quixote, and the whole is a series of droll, quaint yarns in which the humors of Laurence Sterne, Cervantes, and the Americao spirit are combined. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, $1.25; for sale by the booksellers.

"Van Bibber and Others" is the title of Richard Harding Davis's second book of short stories—or third, rather, since he has written a book of tales for boys. In it are several of the early Van Bibber tales—how his man-servant ate the big dinner he had ordered for his master at Delmonico's; how he made the tramp eat his fill and tip the waiter; how he fared at the races; how he practiced economy; and, finally, how he found Miss Arnett's dog. His little friend Travers figures in "Mr. Travers's First Hunt," and "Hefty" Burke is the hero of "A Leander of the East River" and "How Hefty Burke Got Even," the latter telliog of that burly young man's appearance at a "tough" ball in a suit of armor taken from an artist's studio. Several of these tales are familiar to the readers of the *Argonaut*, in which they were reprinted as fast as they came out in the New York *Evening Sun*. In addition to these, and two or three clever little sketches like them, the book contains three somewhat longer stories that are models of their kind: "Her First Appearance," in which Van Bibber rescues a little girl from the temptations of stage life and compels her father to take her in; "Eleanore Cuyler," in which Van Bibber protects a young woman—who, having put away the man she loves, is working at a College Settlement in the slums—from a ruffian, and thereby brings about the happiness of the lovers; and "An Unfinished Story," in which young Gordon, just returoed from an African exnedition, relates at a London dinner-table the story of a man's love and a woman's lightness. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, $1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

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For sale by booksellers and newsdealers generally. Single copies, 35 cents; a year's subscription, $4.00. Among the summer attractions of "The Century" will be a novel by the author of "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani"; Miss Alice C. Fletcher's Indian papers, and a host of timely articles and entertaining stories for vacation reading. Intending subscribers should begin with the May number.

THE CENTURY CO., 33 East 17th Street, New York.

VANITY FAIR.

Who is it, at the gayest ball,
Sits grimly up against the wall,
Quite bored to death by one and all?
My chaperon.

Who is it, when I linger there,
Upon the softly shadowed stair,
Recalls me with an icy glare?
My chaperon.

Who is it, when the moon is bright,
And I, with Jack, beneath its light
Would drive, says, "No, it isn't right?"
My chaperon.

Who is it, when an arm is placed
About my trimly slender waist,
Appears with such uncalled-for haste?
My chaperon.

Who steals, in short, our joys away?
Who is it we must all obey?
Who rules us with a tyrant's sway?
My chaperon.—*Ex.*

It would seem that every one in growing older must naturally grow more democratic, from the accumulating instances of social ups and downs, with which every one's memory becomes charged (writes T. W. Higginson in the *Bazar*). As I read the society page of my Sunday paper, there is a perpetual interest inspired, not so much by the young people themselves, whose "very pretty weddings" or "gorgeous festivals" are concerned, as by the memory of their deceased parents or grandparents who made it easy for them to be pretty or gorgeous. As one of old memories traces them back to the modest workshop or express wagon of some grandfather, or to the respectable boarding-house kept by some great-grandmother, there is a certain pleasure in contemplating the rapid evolution of American society. In any fashionable street there is often some shaking of the head over the last family that moved in; but the shaking of the head usually proceeds from the last family but one. Yet it is really the new arrival which is to be regarded with most interest, as a new opening for the future; no one knows what special talents, what vast civic virtues, it may develop. In older countries, and even in our own, wealth is in a certain way an education; it gives a career for what is best in man, as well as for what is worst. Hamerton, speaking of older countries, says that "a family which has been for generations in the habit of spending four thousand pounds a year will usually be found to have a more cultivated tone than one which has only spent four hundred pounds." Even among us there is a visible element of truth in this; but it has its obvious limitations. Suppose, for instance, that the four hundred pounds has been spent on books and the four thousand pounds on keeping up a kennel of remarkably fine dogs, is it so sure that the cultivated tone of the family will be represented by the difference in the figures?

Moreover, it is extremely difficult to say what constitutes a family. In England, where all laws and practices still recognize this as the social unit and the important element, it is notoriously hard to keep a family together. Half the peerages in England have been maintained only by bringing some seventh cousin from the remotest regions—a Chicago carpenter's shop, for instance—to keep the name from disappearing or the title from lapsing. The heir of the house of De Courcy was discovered years ago in a Newport, R. I., sailor, and his descendant now holds the title. The lineal representative of Simon de Montfort was a saddler in Tooley Street, London; and the representative of the Earldom of Mar was hunted up in a coal-pit. Hugh Miller had a fellow-apprentice in a stonemason's yard, who came so near being the heir to an earldom that he was often addressed by his mates: "John, Yerl Crawford, bring us another hod." In this country, with no such elaborate mechanism to preserve the succession, it is even easier for a family to run down. The first President Adams, who, as a self-made man, had a great distrust of aristocracy, joined with a marked leaning toward it, declared that the foundations for a permanent order of nobility of the English type had been laid in Boston; and he triumphantly mentioned four family names as convincing proofs of his assertion. Not one of these four names has now any marked local prominence, and some of them are not to be found in the "Blue Books" and "Social Registers" of that city, at the present day. As a matter of fact, all families begin in the same way, and end in the same way; it is only a question of time. The rustic proverb allows but three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves; though with modern means and appliances the course is longer. "Every pedigree," says Gibbon, "however deep and lofty, must ultimately rise from a plebeian root"; or, as Lord Murray puts it more tersely in Scott's "Monastery," "All families have sprung from one mean man." On the whole, the best form of family pedigree is found in a republic; for it is not buttressed by demoralizing conventionalisms; it stands by itself; it silently disappears when the representatives of the family have become unworthy or incapable, and so does not remain extant as a public nuisance after all its usefulness is gone.

A sympathetic jury of New York city has made an official appraisement of the value of a marriage promise, and has assessed the damages to be awarded for the breach of such a promise at the round sum of twenty-five thousand dollars. Such a verdict admirably illustrates the high estimation in which the average man, and especially the average juryman, holds the tender affections of woman, and refutes at once the cynical doctrine that sentiment as a controlling influence on human action has wholly disappeared from the closing years of the century. This testimony to the superior value of woman's affection is (says the *World*) all the more convincing when contrasted with the prevailing conviction that a man's affections have no pecuniary value whatever. There is abundant evidence to prove that the affections of hundreds and thousands of young men are ruthlessly trifled with every year, especially during the summer season, and that heartless young women not only engage systematically in this nefarious business, but actually boast of their success. Yet no jury would, under any circumstances, be persuaded to award to any of these male victims a tithe of the damages with which it is proposed to soothe the wounded feelings of one unhappy female victim.

There has been for some seasons a good deal of complaint on the part of ladies possessing a superabundance of flesh, that all of the fashion-plates were designed and arranged for thin people, and that by no process of evolution could a stout woman make herself look stylish by following these models. Nor could she get patterns or estimates which would in any way answer her purpose. Some Paris designers, seeing a field for profitable investment, have taken up the subject of dress for stout women. Some advance designs show close-fitting bodices, snug and smooth, but not in the least suggestive of undue compression, with slightly trained bell-skirts, two-thirds length jacket bodices, the new polonaise idea, than which nothing was ever more becoming to a plump woman, and almost endless variations in long-pointed basques, drooping trimmings, and slender V-shaped gores. The basque, with back-forms running to the shoulders, is one of the revivals, and is a style which will be found particularly suited to this class of wearers. Among the specialties of the French importations for stout women are models for comfort corsets. These are made to fit the figure, not designed to compress it into any given shape or proportion. Few ladies realize what ease and comfort they could find in a perfectly fitted corset of the right sort. They need not be squeezed within an inch of their lives—indeed, this is the very thing which they should avoid. They do not appear to understand that the flesh that is pressed out of one place is bound to protrude in some other, and not only destroys any symmetrical proportion that may exist, but ruins the health, comfort, and complexion at the same time, for nothing is so ruinous to the complexion as tight-lacing. There is a new corset which is made on the comfort principle, and merely equalizes the figure, but does not compress it at any point. It is very long, and simply incases the wearer, furnishing a support and preventing the seams of the dress from drawing.

Indeed, this is, to a great extent, the mission of the average corset. Thin women require them for no other purpose, and stout ones should never have any other object in view. The difference in ease and comfort, when one wears these later models, it is impossible to convey by mere description. Only those who have been tortured, and compressed, and literally crushed out of shape by the average article which passes under the name of corset, can imagine the luxury of one of these new styles. As an additional point in the dress of those well supplied with flesh, there are combination garments and glove-fitting corset-covers, which are the height of luxury. The silken petticoat, which is attached to the lower edge of the corset by a narrow band and tiny buttons, is a still further advance in what might be called the emancipation of stout women. There are delightfully becoming dresses, with just sufficient curve at the waist to make them look comfortable, and with rather loose puffed vest-fronts which fall over the skirt in a fashion somewhat like the old Fedora front. The wraps used in these designs are either very long and close-fitting at the back, with half-loose fronts and pointed sleeves, or are three-quarter length, with long straight seams down the back, each seam finished with some stylish garniture, or outlined at the seams with narrow bands of handsome trimming. Millinery should be chosen with the utmost care. A close-fitting cottage-bonnet, not too small, is one of the most appropriate bits of head-gear for plump women. Striking hats or extreme styles in bonnets should be carefully avoided, and every garment should bear the stamp of the utmost conservatism.

"According to a far-away story, it was Patti who carried the name of Worth into high places. This was in the sixties, when the empire was at its height. Patti was invited to the Tuileries, and Worth made for her a frock of white and pale-green tulle, and fringed with lilies of the valley. The empress was so enchanted with the frock that she commanded it to be copied for her. A procession of imperial beauties—the Princesse de Metternich, Anna Murat, Mme. de Pourtales—headed for his door. But Worth's great service has been to the world at large. He banished crinoline, and cut off the trains of street dresses. His first short dress was made for the Empress Eugénie, and she wore it on a visit to the Empress of Austria at Vienna. As she stepped from the carriage the Emperor of Austria caught sight of her pretty feet, and turning to his wife, who was on the arm of Napoleon the Third, murmured, 'Elizabeth, for pity sake, don't show your feet.'" For the sake of the truth of history, it may be well to give the correct version of this anecdote. The preceding variant implies that the Austrian emperor confidentially requested his wife not to show her feet—presumably because they were large, voluptuous, German feet, and not comparing well with Eugénie's. As a matter of fact, when Eugénie frisked out of the carriage, with her tilting crinoline and short skirt, she displayed not only her dainty feet but a most liberal view of blue silk stockings and *lingerie*. The Austrian emperor was shocked. Turning to his wife, he said: "Be careful in descending, my dear; you may show your feet." Thus was Eugénie rebuked.

"I had rather a unique experience the first year I was in society," said a San Francisco girl to a writer in the New York *Tribune*, "for I 'came out' in New York, Berlin, and afterward in London; and I am obliged to say that I found more kindliness and real courtesy in Germany than anywhere else, although many of the customs struck me as very curious. A stranger in either London or New York has a hard time of it in society, unless she is exceptionally gifted with beauty or money; but in Germany every one is at least welcomed with cordiality, and the habit of universal introductions puts one at one's ease at once. Coming straight from New York, where, I must confess, I had been received, if not with rudeness, at least with the most uncomplimentary indifference, the contrast was most striking. The evening after my arrival, I attended a little gathering, where there was some dancing and more conversation, and, to my surprise and gratification, every man in the room asked to be presented to me. This was, indeed, a pleasant change from New York, where I have felt myself forlorn and an alien, and I was none the less pleased with the kindly young officers to learn that these marks of civility were not personal at all, being merely the usual way of welcoming a stranger. Some of the German ways, however, struck me, as I have said, as being very queer indeed. I never quite became reconciled to the habit of hand-kissing. At first it gave me quite a shock when, after a dinner-party, the man who took me in to dinner escorted me to the door, and, with a low bow and a 'Gesegnete Mahlzeit, Gnadigste' ('A blessed meal, most gracious one'), kissed my hand. I am told that this formality is generally omitted now, but several years ago it was quite universal; but the hand-kissing still continues, I believe, for partings, and greetings, and so on, *ad libitum*. In Germany, by the way, no girl ever gets 'stuck' (horrid word); a girl being returned to her chaperon directly after a dance as a matter of course. The said dance belongs to the man who has engaged it, and any one who begs for an 'extra tour' must ask the gentleman, not the lady, which always seemed to me rather odd."

Steam's Up! The Moorings Cast Off.

Majestically the great ocean greyhound leaves the dock and steams down the river outward bound. But are you, my dear sir, prepared for the sea-sickness almost always incident to a trans-Atlantic trip, with the infallible stomachic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters? If not, expect to suffer without aid. The Bitters is the stanch friend of all who travel by sea or land, emigrants, tourists, commercial travelers, mariners. It completely remedies nausea, biliousness, dyspepsia, rheumatic twinges, and inactivity of the kidneys.

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ABOUT THE WOMEN.

"I am a business woman through and through, with no time for love," said Lillian Russell, the other day.

Adelina Patti says that when she has left off singing she will take to acting. The theatre-goers of the twentieth century will have a charming soubrette to admire.

The wife of John Delane, of the London *Times*, suggested the obituary column, of which her husband playfully allowed her the income that finally grew to an imposing sum.

The Duchesse de Valmy, whose death recently occurred at Paris at the advanced age of eighty-six, was the mother-in-law of Adelina Patti. Her first husband was the Marquis de Caux, father of the nobleman of that name who married the great prima donna.

The German Empress has already a family of six little sons; but the royal head nurse is telling the little princes, round the fireside evenings, the German legend that baby storks are hovering around the palace, and that in June they will leave at the royal house another prince, mayhap, or a princess.

Lady Watkin, the eighty-year-old bride of Sir Edward Watkin, the famous engineer, was dressed at her wedding in a black silk dress with a long train, with a heavy beaver-bordered cloak and a bonnet with a light-purple ostrich tip upon it. She was blushing during the ceremony like a girl of sixteen.

Miss Malvina M. Bennett has been appointed instructor in elocution in the Leland Stanford Junior University. Miss Bennett held this place for ten years at Knox College, Illinois. During her incumbency, Knox College carried off more prizes in State and interstate contests than any other college in the country.

Queen Victoria's digestion is so good that her appetite is the envy and despair of the court. When lords and ladies play with their *entrées*, and satisfy hunger with boiled milk in their private apartments, the queen makes her way unhesitatingly through any bill of fare. Neither grief of mind nor fatigue of body affects her appetite for food.

Mlle. Henriette de la Barre, who paraded on Mi-Câreme as queen of the Paris laundresses, is flooded with letters from men begging her to take them "for aye and for aye." Mme. de la Barre is greatly disturbed by the attentions which are being showered upon her daughter, and is guarding her carefully from the Parisian Don Juans.

A special copy of Marie Corelli's new novel, "The Soul of Lilith," has been prepared for Queen Victoria, bound in pale-blue morocco, decorated with the imperial arms. The queen is a great admirer of the authoress, whose vigorous, incisive style was most noticeable in that wonderful little book she wrote about the woman who would smoke and what became of her.

Mrs. Langtry was the cynosure of all eyes at the carnival ball at the Covent Garden, London. She personated a white cat. The costume consisted of soft white bengaline, tied with an enormous sash, with the tail of a cat hanging in the centre; over her head was drawn a fluffy hood of white fur, beneath which was worn a mask in the shape of a cat's face, with pink eyes. Her hands were encased in white kid gloves, each finger finished with a black claw.

The suit in the probate court relating to the property—over one hundred and forty thousand pounds sterling—left by the late Mrs. Wood, of Eltham, disputed between Mrs. Parnell, formerly Mrs. O'Shea, and her brothers, General Sir Evelyn Wood and Mr. Charles Page Wood, was terminated on March 24th by a compromise, on the basis of an equal division of the money. By the resettlement of Mrs. Parnell's property after the O'Shea divorce suit, half her share will go to Captain O'Shea.

A novel—not to say amusing—phase of theosophy is thus made manifest in the famous Litta trial now in progress at Florence and at Rome:

The Duke of Litta, on his return home from a prolonged visit to this country last summer, found that the duchess was just about to give birth to a child, which she endeavored, in vain, to persuade the duke was his. Inasmuch as the duke had been absent from Italy and from his wife for a period of close upon two years, it was obviously out of the question to suppose that he would admit the paternity of the infant, which is now a few months old. The duchess, however, is now trying to convince the law courts that the boy is her husband's son, and, being a follower of the cult inaugurated by Mme. Blavatsky, has accounted for what she is pleased to call the "phenomenon" by references to astral bodies and spiritual unions, which are sorely puzzling her judges.

The King of Dahomey's Amazons, who are now executing a ghost-dance, as it were, against the French, are made up of three classes of women—stout maidens who are selected by the king, unfaithful wives who are sent into service instead of being executed, and wives who are so vixenish that their husbands can not endure them. There are two thousand five hundred of these female soldiers, and everything possible is done to inspire them with cruelty. The strictest celibacy is enjoined upon them, and any departure from it is punishable by death.

The following notes about the Duchesse d'Uzès, who is shortly going to bring out another novel under her *nom de guerre* of "Manuela," are of interest:

Notwithstanding her connection with the Boulangist party and her well-known Legitimist views, she is one of the most popular women in France. *Née* de Mortemart, the duchess inherited the immense Clicquot champagne fortune, and her kindness of heart and many of her brilliant business qualities are inherited from her grandmother, the redoubtable Veuve Clicquot herself. Although author and sculptor, she yet finds time to be the only lady M. F. H. in Europe, for hunting is with both Mme. d'Uzès and her four children the one thing in life worth living for during at least three months of the year. Since the downfall of Boulanger, she has abandoned all interest in political life, and her relations with the Comte de Paris and his family have become strained, owing, it is said, to the part she and her son-in-law, the Prince de Ligne, took in the Duke of Orleans' foolish escapade.

Horace sang the praises of a "daughter more beautiful than her beautiful mother"; but there is a more remarkable instance than that of inherited beauty in the family of Lady Londonderry. Lady Londonderry's own loveliness of person is famous, and her mother, Lady Shrewsbury, is still one of the finest-looking women in Great Britain, while her daughter, Lady Helen Stewart, is a surpassingly pretty girl. Lady Helen, who is only sixteen, is expected to make a sensation when she is presented at court next year. These three women stood together at a recent reception in Londonderry House, and formed a trio of loveliness such as the guests had probably never looked upon.

The death of Miss Anne Brewster at Rome seems almost to close one phase of a literary era. Says a recent chronicler:

"Miss Brewster was the sister of Attorney-General Brewster, a Philadelphian, but more identified with Rome than with her native city. When Miss Brewster went to Rome, over thirty years ago, her salon was the arena of the literary society of that day, as the literary society of to-day tends to London. Of this society Miss Brewster was the arbiter. To drink Miss Brewster's tea amid fifteenth-century draperies, old furniture, and once-buried bronzes, was an end to be gained and the passport to the most refined dilettanteism of the epoch. At length, a later, more vigorous type of writer invaded Rome. Against it and its kind Miss Brewster's door was closed. It set up a rival salon. The controversy grew. All Rome took sides. The climax was reached in a novel by Miss Mary Agnes Tincker, the chief of the younger clan and the author of 'Signor Monaldini's Niece.' In this novel Miss Tincker was alleged to make known the machinations of the older literary set, and which included so melodramatic a device as spirling away the heroine into an insane asylum. The novel raised the feelings of the rival factions to greater heat, and for a time it seemed that it might be a question for the courts."

American women are doing their share toward the relief of the famine-sufferers in Russia, as the following paragraph shows:

Two ships loaded with breadstuffs have arrived in Russian ports—the *Indiana* and the *Missouri*—and two other ships are taking their cargoes—the *Conemaugh* and the *Tynehead*. The fourth ship stands for American women. Not only have women been the collectors of the cargo, but they go with it to the famished provinces up and down the Volga, and are to remain to nurse the sick and teach the hungry peasants how to prepare and cook palatable and nutritious dishes made from American grains and their products. Governor Boies, of Iowa, appointed a commission of eleven women, one for each congressional district in Iowa, and two at large. One of the members at large, Mrs. William Larrabee, was chosen president. No woman in that State has a larger acquaintance, as she was socially the first lady in Iowa during the two terms of Governor Larrabee, which ended in January, 1889. The secretary was Miss Alice French, the 'Octave Thanet' of periodical story and sketch. Miss French left her pen and study, visiting the chief cities of the State, and organizing bands of the Women's Auxiliary to the Red Cross. A month was devoted to this self-sacrificing work, the results of which were subscriptions amounting to more than twenty thousand dollars. Where money was not available and in the rural districts, the anxious women solicited corn, and they received it in quantities of from a single bushel up to a carload of five hundred and fifty bushels from individual donors. In corn and cash, a value of more than forty thousand dollars was realized in Iowa. In the larger towns, collections were taken in the churches, receptions were held, operas and concerts given, and the public-school children sent in hundreds of dollars in pennies, three-cent pieces, and nickels. Almost innumerable plans were devised for getting money and diffusing information about Russia and the famine. Iowa's grain offerings, all of them, have been consigned in car lots to Miss Clara Barton, president of the American National Red Cross Society, care of the Russian Consul-General Hon. A. E. Olarovsky, New York. A considerable sum of money, now in the hands of the State Treasurer of Iowa, is to be remitted to Miss Barton without condition. It is understood that with these funds hospital stores and provisions will be bought. Mrs. M. Louise Thomas, ex-president of the Women's Centenary Association, of 135 East Fifty-Sixth Street, New York, will sail just in advance of Iowa's cargo, and formally and officially convey the gift to the Russian Red Cross. Mrs. Theophila Kraemer, of Long Island, has closed her home, and accompanies Mrs. Thomas. Both women will stay as long as they are imperatively needed. Mrs. Kraemer's mission is to teach the practical art of cookery, and establish kitchens in the famine districts. She has lived in Russia, and is familiar with the language. Mrs. Mary Weeks Burnett, of Chicago, a widely known physician and the author of standard medical works, joins the others, her object being to make a close study of typhus-fever conditions, and to give the suffering the benefit of her skill. The expense of the ship's voyage is to be borne by the city of Washington, the people of the capital having placed the requisite funds in Miss Barton's hands.

Good News for China Decorators.

The great difficulty that china-painters have had heretofore in San Francisco has been the practical impossibility of having their work properly "fired." They may have decorated the china in the most beautiful manner, and yet had all their labor lost by poor firing—either the pieces were not properly packed in the kilns, or, the heat being improperly controlled, the colors came out too high or too low, the gilding blistered, or even the china was cracked or broken.

They need have no fear on that score now. Sanborn, Vail & Co. have added a china-firing room to their vast establishment on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue, and have put it in charge of men who have nothing to learn in that branch of business. They already have two kilns in operation, and, in two or three days, will have another and still larger one put in, and then they will have perfect facilities for bring more china at one time than any other establishment this side of New York. This, too, will enable china-painters to avoid needless delay in having their work finished, for the capacity of Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s kilns is so great that no more time will be consumed than is required for the actual firing.

This new department makes Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s the head-quarters for Pacific Coast china-painters—as it is for all other artistic workers—for they keep the best stock of the finest colors, brushes, burnishers, etc., and, in fact, everything but the undecorated china.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Ovide Musin's engagement in this city came to an end this week with the two extra concerts, which were given before large audiences though they were announced only two days before the first concert. The slight diminution of Musin's fire and *verve* that some people had noticed when he was here a year ago, had disappeared after his summer rest, and his constant practice preparatory to the Australian tour had brought him up to the highest pitch of brilliance that he has yet attained. And so his second concert was crowded, and everybody was glad to take advantage of the two extra ones, even on such short notice. From here Mr. Musin has already gone to Portland. He will return shortly to embark for Australia, making a stopping-place en route at Honolulu. Mr. Robert E. Johnston, Musin's manager, who has been confined to his room at the hotel for three weeks by a severe attack of pneumonia, is once more on his feet, his friends will be glad to learn, and he and Mrs. Johnston will return to New York next Saturday. Mr. Johnston had intended preceding Mr. Musin to Australia a week ago, but his illness made it necessary for him to send the treasurer of the company, Mr. Fabius Feraud in his place.

George W. Morgan, the celebrated organist of New York, and his daughter, Miss Morgan, who has a wide fame as a harpist, will give two recitals in town under the management of Marcus M. Henry. They will be given on Tuesday evening, May 17th, and Friday afternoon, May 20th, at the First Congregational Church, to which Mrs. Alexander, *née* Crocker, gave a ten-thousand-dollar organ last year. Each of the two programmes will consist of two organ and two harp numbers and a duo for two instruments, and the composers drawn upon will include Handel, Mendelssohn, Rossini, Verdi, and others, including several of Mr. Morgan's own compositions.

The second extra Musical Sunday Afternoon will be held in Steinway Hall on May 8th. Dvorak's string sextet in A major and Mendelssohn's string quartet in A minor will be the instrumental features. Mr. Alfred J. Kelleher will be heard in three vocal selections and Mrs. Anna Werner Doyal will play two piano solos. This will be the last Musical Sunday afternoon of the season.

Mr. A. Harold Kayton, the violinist, will give a concert next Thursday evening. He will be assisted by Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, a soprano, of New York; Mr. W. G. Wood, tenor; Mr. W. C. Campbell, basso; Dr. A. T. Regensburger, 'celloist; and Signor S. Martinez, pianist.

The Abby Cheney Amateurs will give a recital next Wednesday evening at the residence of Mrs. Cheney, 900 O'Farrell Street.

The pupils of Mr. Henry Heyman will give a violin recital in Odd Fellows' Hall on Monday evening, May 16th.

On Tuesday afternoon, May 3d, Mrs. Horace Davis, 1800 Broadway, entertained the members of the Century Club and a few invited guests. The "feast of reason" was furnished by Mrs. Davis's guest, the Rev. Henry G. Spaulding, of Boston, who read a paper on "Browning's Ideal of Womanhood." These particulars concerning him are of interest:

Mr. Spaulding is one of the executive officers of the famous Boston Browning Club. This club makes a study of the philosophy as well as the poetry of Browning. Mr. Spaulding is tall, gray, with a fine, scholarly face; he has a most delightful delivery, and presented his paper to an audience fully appreciating its classic thought and graceful diction.

The closest attention was given to the speaker, who charmed his hearers and whose deliberate utterance and distinct enunciation allowed no sentence to be lost.

Mr. Spaulding is making himself agreeably known in our city and vicinity. Here, in San Francisco, he has spoken to an assembly of Sunday-school teachers upon "The Ideal of Teaching." On Friday, May 6th, Mr. Spaulding gave, in Oakland, his popular and instructive illustrated lecture on "Pompeii: How it was Destroyed, with Glimpses of its Ancient Splendors." Mr. Spaulding was a pioneer in the East in the field of illustrated lectures, and his work on the platform has received the cordial indorsement of many of the leading divines, educators, and literary men of the country.

This illustrated lecture is to be repeated in San Francisco for the benefit of the Children's Hospital and Training School for Nurses. It will be given in Metropolitan Temple, Saturday evening, May 14th. Tickets may be obtained of the lady managers and also at Sherman & Clay's music store.

— A LADY JUST BACK FROM NEW YORK SAYS that the most notable feature of the famous Easter parade on Fifth Avenue was the artistic quality and originality of the new styles in bonnets and gowns. The bonnets are invariably the new high-crowned, hair-lace straws, in a bewildering variety of odd shapes, while the swell gowns are all made up in Nacre silk, which is so woven that different lights show different colors. A prettily figured Nacre silk, made up into a modish gown, has the most striking and beautiful effect imaginable. The only place in town where these goods may be obtained is The Maze, at Market and Taylor Streets, for that far-sighted firm gave the manufacturers large orders, and stipulated that it should have the exclusive sale of them in San Francisco.

— KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS character from handwriting in ink, *unruled* paper. Send 50 cents; stamps or postal notes.

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"THE PROPER THING"

An advertisement needs to be big enough and prominent enough to catch the reader's casual glance. In a general way that is *all* you can get from size or conspicuousness. The cost beyond that, while perhaps not entirely money wasted, is not far from it, in many instances.

If a new firm or a new article is struggling to the front, it is wise occasionally to paralyze the public, as it were, by an overwhelming spread — something that will make talk from the very size of it. It is good for *any* business to do the same thing once in a while. But who shall say with a certainty how often it will pay? The shrewdest advertiser can only guess.

But mark this, *the Napoleons of business, when they err in this respect, err on the side of enterprise and audacity.* In other words, it is always best to give the big advertisements the benefit of the doubt.—*M. M. Gillam, advertising manager for John Wanamaker.*

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— OF —
CARRIAGE HORSES

The Souther Farm has every facility for taking good care of carriage or road animals that may need a rest from city pavements. Rates reasonable, and the best of care and attention given. Send for circulars and references.
GILBERT TOMPKINS,
Souther Farm, San Leandro, Cal.

SOCIETY.

The Wyman-Thomas Wedding.

St. Stephen's Church was handsomely decorated last Wednesday evening, and contained a large attendance who were invited to witness the wedding of Miss Lillian Thomas, of New York, and Mr. Herbert C. Wyman, son of the late Judge Wyman, of Humboldt, and brother-in-law of Colonel George A. Knight, of this city. The ceremony was performed at eight o'clock by Rev. E. J. Lion. Miss Emily Thomas, sister of the bride, was the maid of honor, Miss Anna Whitley was the bridesmaid, Mr. R. Lloyd Eaton was best man, Mr. Charles E. Knight was the groomsman, and the ushers were Mr. W. H. Wyman, Mr. W. T. Adams, Mr. Fred S. Knight, Mr. I. Ward Eaton, and Mr. Noble H. Eaton. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. S. G. Hall, 635 Haight Street. It was attended by about forty relatives and intimate friends. After the congratulations an elaborate supper was served, and the evening was passed very pleasantly. The young couple received many beautiful presents. They left on Thursday on a trip to Santa Cruz, and when they return will reside at 638 Haight Street, and will receive on Wednesdays.

The Meyer-Prat Wedding.

At the residence of Mlle. de Lahaye, 1825 California Street, a pretty wedding took place Wednesday evening, April 27th, when Miss Estelle Prat was married to Mr. Henry Meyer, Jr., son of Mr. Henry Meyer and nephew of Mr. Daniel Meyer, the bankers of this city. The ceremony was performed in the handsomely decorated parlors by Rev. Jacob Voorsanger. The bride looked lovely in a toilet of white satin and tulle, trimmed with orange-blossoms. The few guests present passed the evening very pleasantly. Mr. and Mrs. Meyer will go to Europe on their wedding trip and will be away six months.

The Love Musicale.

Miss Mabel Love gave a delightful musicale last Tuesday evening at the residence of her mother, Mrs. K. Love, 1724 Clay Street. A large number of her friends were present, and they were entertained in a most agreeable manner. The young hostess sang several selections in English, French, and Spanish, with piano, violin, and guitar accompaniment. Miss H. Rey, Miss B. Behlow, Dr. A. T. Regensburger, and Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan also sang, and Mr. Walter Behrens, of New York, played several violin solos in a finished manner, while Miss Treat and Mr. Treat gave a couple of duets on the guitar and mandolin. Mr. C. Bell read a story entitled "Please," very effectively, and Miss Irene C. Everett delivered a recitation charmingly. A delicious supper was served at midnight, and the pleasant affair ended about one o'clock. The guests included:

Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. William Hulbert Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Zook, Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Bryan, Mr. and Mrs. W. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. C. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Wienan, Mr. and Mrs. A. Blow, Mr. and Mrs. W. Keeley, Mr. and Mrs. H. Zadig, Mr. and Mrs. M. Blum, Dr. and Mrs. De Witt, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Preston, Mr. and Mrs. C. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Laing, Mr. and Mrs. George Smart, Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Willey, Mr. and Mrs. A. Wigmore, Mr. and Mrs. P. Finnigan, Mrs. Sanders, Mrs. Treat, Mrs. Wolf, Mr. F. A. Arnold, Miss Cluness, of Sacramento, Miss Helen Walker, Miss Irene C. Everett, Miss Jessie Rohson, Misses Rey, Misses Dean, Miss Maud Morrow, Miss Treat, Miss Minnie Nightingale, Miss Georgie Nightingale, Miss Ella Le Count, Miss Susie Le Count, Miss Gertrude Goewey, Miss Adah Richards, Miss J. Bowman, Miss Ella Hirsch, of Portland, Miss L. May, Miss B. Behlow, Miss Kinne, Miss Dresbach, Miss Kate Splivalo, Miss A. Searles, Mr. George S. Mearns, Mr. George A. Cragin, Mr. George E. P. Hall, Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan, Dr. A. T. Regenshurger, Mr. Leslie Martin, Mr. T. H. Dowling, Mr. Walter Hinkle, Mr. F. R. Webster, Mr. Archibald Treat, Mr. Arthur E. Shattuck, Mr. DeWitt Treat, Mr. Charles Goewey, Mr. P. J. Sanchez, Mr. C. Wendell, Mr. J. H. Newkirk, Mr. B. D. Dean, Mr. George Brewer, Mr. H. Vida, Mr. W. K. Ball, Mr. W. Cameron, Mr. Leland Gamble, Mr. W. Landers, Mr. E. Tauzsky, Mr. Walter Behrens, and others.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Angelina Merry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William L. Merry, and Rev. Charles J. Mason will take place at half-past eight o'clock next Tuesday evening in St. Luke's Church.

Angel Island will be a scene of pleasure and gayety this (Saturday) afternoon when the fête champêtre of the Woman's Exchange will take place. Tugboats will leave Washington Street wharf at half-past one, two, and half-past two o'clock. Music, dancing, tennis, and refreshments will be the attractions that the ladies have provided and there is every indication that there will be a large and fashionable attendance. Tickets may be obtained from any of the lady managers or at the Exchange, 26 Post Street.

A literary tea will be given at 711 Jones Street, from two until five o'clock, next Wednesday afternoon for the benefit of the literary exhibit for the World's Fair. There will be recitations and vocal and instrumental selections. Russian tea will be served, and the cups and saucers will be given away as souvenirs. One dollar will be the price of admission. Tickets may be obtained from the entertainment committee: Mrs. R. F. Bunker, Mrs. A. D. Sharon, Mrs. F. L. Whitney, Mrs. A. W. Scott, and Mrs. Ariel Lathrop.

The Pacific Yacht Club will give its opening hop of this season this (Saturday) afternoon at the clubhouse in Sausalito.

Miss Theodora Edith Lowndes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Lowndes, formerly of this city, and Captain F. Findlay, of the Royal Irish Rifles, were married on Tuesday, April 19th, in St. Mary-le-Bow Church in London. The bridesmaid was Miss Gertrude Lowndes and the best man was Major Hanson, of the Royal Artillery. After the ceremony a brilliant reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, Granville Place, Portman Square, at which there was a very fashionable attendance.

A delightful matinée tea was given by the Misses Beaver on Saturday, April 30th, at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Beaver, on Taylor Street. The residence was tastefully decorated with flowers, and about one hundred and fifty friends were hospitably entertained. The affair was given in honor of Miss Eleanor Briggs, who has been studying pianoforte music in Europe during the past four years. Miss Briggs played several numbers by Saint-Saëns, Chopin, and Moszkowski, and some vocal selections were given by Mr. Osgood Putnam. The executants created a most favorable impression.

Mr. and Mrs Henry Williams gave a very enjoyable dancing party last Thursday evening at their residence, 1925 Octavia Street. The parlors and dining-hall were prettily decorated with flowers and foliage, and were used for the dancing. A delicious supper was served at midnight, and the festivities were continued afterward for a couple of hours.

Mrs. William H. Wallace and her daughter, Miss Cora Wallace, gave a delightful dinner-party at their residence, 2220 Broadway, recently, and entertained ten of their friends.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

General and Mrs. Anson McCook and family, of Pittsburg, Pa., who have been visiting the Hotel del Coronado and other southern resorts, left Raymond last Wednesday to visit the Yosemite Valley for a fortnight. Accompanying them were Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, *née* Crocker, of New York, and Mr. Alexander's mother.

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford are occupying their residence in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Phœbe A. Hearst arrived in Washington, D. C., on Friday, and will remain there until May 25th, before departing for Europe. Her niece, Miss Annie Apperson, will leave here soon to meet her and accompany her to Europe.

Mrs. Frank McLaughlin and her daughter, Miss Agnes McLaughlin, of Oroville, will go to Santa Cruz next Tuesday to occupy their new villa there, which they term Golden Gate Cottage. Miss Annie Waldeyer, of Oroville, will be their guest during the season. Major McLaughlin will go to Santa Cruz later in the season.

Mrs. M. L. Barreda and Miss Rose Barreda accompanied Mrs. Phœbe Hearst to Washington, D. C., and will remain there a couple of weeks before going to New York to visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Dick have arrived at their home in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy, *née* Pope, arrived in New York city on Friday.

Mrs. William M. Gwin, Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, and Miss Gwin will leave in a couple of weeks to pass the season at Monterey.

Mrs. Hall McAllister has been paying a visit to her sister, Mrs. B. Peyton, at her home near Santa Cruz.

Mrs. A. M. Easton and the children of Colonel C. F. Crocker have been visiting Santa Barbara.

Hon. and Mrs. Lansing B. Mizner returned last Tuesday from a pleasure trip to Honolulu.

Mrs. W. P. Harrington and Miss Harrington have returned from a delightful visit to the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Reed and the Misses Florence and Lillian Reed have removed to their new residence, 1624 Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gerstle are occupying their cottage in San Rafael.

Hon. and Mrs. A. P. Williams are stopping at the Fifth Avenue in New York city.

Mr. Bert R. Hecht is visiting in Philadelphia.

Mr. Irving M. Scott is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs were visiting friends in Boston recently.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson came up from Redwood City last Monday and paid a short visit here.

Mrs. Charles Webb Howard has taken the Nelson cottage at Olema for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, *née* Taylor, have left for New York, where they will meet Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy and proceed to Europe with them.

Mrs. R. Beverly Cole has gone to her ranch near Calistoga to remain there until next October.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Balfour will pass the season at their Menlo Park villa.

Miss Mamie Harrington will pass the summer with relatives in the East.

Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan will soon leave for Florence, Italy, to continue his musical studies.

Mrs. Louis H. Thibault and her son have arrived in New York from Europe, and are en route here to reside with her mother, Mrs. R. H. Elam.

Mrs. James Phelan and Miss Phelan returned last Tuesday after a two months' visit to the Hawaiian Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Wooster will pass most of the summer at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Sloane, *née* Vanderbilt, of New York city, who are making a tour of this coast, left on Monday to visit the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. J. C. Palmer, Miss Eastland, and Miss Chabot have been visiting the Hotel del Coronado.

Misses Irene and Hattie Tay will pass the season at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor, of Newport, Ky., are here on a visit, and are stopping at the Palace Hotel. Mrs. Taylor was Miss Bettie Washington, and is a collateral descendant of General George Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Captain and Mrs. William Kohl, and Miss Mamie Kohl have arrived in New York city.

Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke, Lieutenant and Mrs. Charles G. Lyman, U. S. A., and Miss Lottie Clarke are occupying their cottage in Sausalito.

Mr. R. H. Sprague has taken a cottage in San Rafael for the season.

Hon. and Mrs. George C. Perkins returned from Honolulu last Tuesday.

Judge J. H. Boalt has been in the city during the week on a visit from his country-place near Cloverdale.

Mrs. Charlemagne Tower, *née* Smith, arrived here from Philadelphia last Tuesday on a visit to relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy, *née* Wagner, have returned from their visit to Monterey and the Hotel Vendome, in San José, and are at Sausalito, where they will pass the summer.

Mr. James Brett Stokes has returned from Southern California, and is now in San Rafael, where he will pass the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Walter and family left for the East last Tuesday en route to Europe. They will be away about three months.

Colonel C. F. Crocker visited Castle Crag during the past week.

Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie and Miss Jessie Bowie are now occupying their home on Jackson Street, where Mrs. E. J. de Santa Marina has been residing.

Mr. and Mrs. John O'Neil Reis will soon go to Berkeley to pass the summer. The Misses Brooks will accompany them.

Mr. James Phelan returned last Monday from a three weeks' visit to San Diego and the Hotel del Coronado.

Miss Helen Severance, daughter of the American Consul at Honolulu, arrived here last Tuesday on the steamer *Australia* to visit relatives for a couple of months.

Mrs. Austin Sperry, Miss Beda Sperry, Mrs. E. B. Yanneve, and Mr. H. B. Sperry, of this city, and Mrs. A. W. Simpson and Miss Simpson, of Stockton, returned from Honolulu last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Baldwin, Miss M. Baldwin, and Mr. J. Baldwin were in Paris when last heard from.

Mr. J. C. Reis has been enjoying a visit to the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith, of Santa Cruz, visited friends here during the early part of the week.

Mrs. S. F. Thorn is occupying her country villa, "Cragthorn," in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Miss Cora Caduc has returned from a pleasant visit to Mrs. J. Naglee Burke at her home in San José.

Miss Kate Jarboe will soon go East, and intends to remain away over a year.

Miss Carrie Le Conte is visiting friends at Mare Island.

Miss Eva Withrow will leave early in June for Munich to continue her art studies under her former instructor. Her sister, Miss Marie Withrow, will accompany her, and will resume her study of music.

Mr. and Mrs. George Loomis and Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., will pass the summer at Menlo Park.

The Misses Elliott will pass the summer months in Redwood City.

Mrs. A. M. Parrott and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr., have been passing the week at Monterey.

Mrs. W. H. L. Barnes will pass the summer in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. E. J. de Santa Marina has taken apartments at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. William H. Stinson is occupying a cottage in Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Boyd, *née* Kittle, will pass the season in San Rafael.

Mrs. R. C. Woolworth and Miss Woolworth will pass the month of June at Monterey.

Mrs. G. W. Prescott has left for her home in Cloverdale, accompanied by Mrs. H. J. Booth.

Mr. Solomon Gump arrived in Rome on May 4th.

Mrs. John D. Yost and Miss Jennie Sanderson are in New York city. They will remain East about one month before sailing for Europe.

Mrs. E. J. Bowen and Miss Mary Bowen are in London.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones have gone to San Rafael for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Wightman, *née* Ferrer, will pass the summer at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. C. C. Thoro will go to Chicago soon to reside there permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels and Miss Emma Spreckels, who are now in New York, will soon depart for Europe.

Miss Jessie Rohson will pass the summer at her country-home near Napa.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Meade will pass the season at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mrs. David Bixler arrived in New York city a week ago and will soon leave for Europe.

Mrs. Henry McLean Martin will leave in June to make a tour of Europe.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Colonel William R. Shafter, U. S. A., entertained the members of the Century Club at Angel Island, on Saturday, April 30th.

Lieutenant-Colonel Francis L. Town, U. S. A., has gone to Fort Gaston on official business.

Lieutenant William M. Crofton, U. S. A., has gone to Fort Gaston to join his company.

Commander A. H. McCormick, U. S. N., will soon arrive here from the East, and will leave on May 21st for the Asiatic Station to take command of the *Lancaster*.

Captain William R. Hall, U. S. A., has been ordered to duty at the Yosemite National Park.

Mrs. Edward M. Eherle and Master Eherle sailed for Yokohama, Japan, last week to join Lieutenant Eherle, U. S. N., who is attached to the United States flag-ship *Lancaster*.

General John H. Gihhon, U. S. A (retired), and family are at the Elsmere in Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Alvarado M. Fuller, U. S. A., have been visiting friends in Boston and Providence during the past month. They will return to Fort Bowie, A. T., on May 10th.

Lieutenant William H. Bean, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., has been ordered to appear before the examining board at the War Department in Washington, D. C., for promotion.

Lieutenant Garland N. Whistler, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted an extension of six months on his leave of absence.

Mrs. C. A. Clark, wife of Lieutenant Clark, U. S. N., of the *Pensacola*, returned from Honolulu last Tuesday.

Mrs. E. F. Qualtrough, of Mare Island, has been visiting friends here during the past week.

The last survivor of the Battle of Trafalgar, Louis Cartigny, has died at Hyeres, aged one hundred and one. He was a powder-monkey on the *Rédoubtable*, and died the doyen of the Order of the Legion of Honor.

The inclemency of the weather necessitated the postponement of Theodore Worst's sale until Monday night, May 9th, at the rooms of the San Francisco Art Association.

The third Steinway Hall concert of the fourth series will take place on Wednesday evening, May 25th.

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CERTIFICATE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City and County of San Francisco. } ss.

We, the undersigned, GEORGE IRISH BAILEY and HERBERT BIRD WELLER, both residing in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, do hereby certify that we are partners transacting business in this State at the City and County of San Francisco, under the firm name and style of BAILEY & WELLER, and that the names in full of all the members of such partnership, and their respective places of residence, are hereinabove set forth.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands, this twenty-eighth day of March, A. D. 1892.

GEORGE I. BAILEY,
H. B. WELLER.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City and County of San Francisco. } ss.

On the twenty-eighth day of March, A. D. One Thousand Eight Hundred and Ninety-Two, before me, JAMES L. KING, a Notary Public in and for said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared GEORGE IRISH BAILEY and HERBERT BIRD WELLER, known to me to be the individuals described in, whose names are subscribed to, and who executed the foregoing instrument, and they severally duly acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, the day and year last above written.

JAMES L. KING,
SEAL. NOTARY PUBLIC,
308 California St., San Francisco.

(Indorsed.)
Filed April 23, 1892.
WM. J. BLATTNER, Clerk,
By W. E. BLANCHARD, Deputy-Clerk.

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From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28½-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.
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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

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A MODERN INSTANCE.

That virtue will, in time, get all its arrears of pay is a fact too generally admitted to need confirmation; but it has always given me great pleasure to chronicle such specific instances as have come to my notice.

There lived not long since, in a verdant village in Pennsylvania, a young doctor; he was not unversed in that interesting art of guessing, known as the Science of Medicine; but certain eccentricities had retarded the rapid increase of his practice. Foremost among these eccentricities was a whimsical way he had of repairing, ever and anon, with a boon comrade or two, to some adjacent town for the purpose of securing what is technically known as "an edge."

In pursuance of this custom, he secured, one bitter February day, two congenial spirits and a suitable conveyance, and the three visited a neighboring town where they did themselves unusual justice.

Having brought the community to a bright glow, they started late at night on their homeward journey. In the vicinity of two A. M., they were passing a lone farm-house. The place was surrounded by a large batch of silence, and the thermometer sat twenty-seven degrees below zero. At this juncture a merry thought struck the joyous young physician.

Stopping the horses, and taking the more capable of his companions, the two plunged cheerfully through the drifts, and were soon knocking at the farmer's door. In due time the click of withdrawing bolts was heard, and the worthy husbandman, opening the door on a chink, modestly asked what in a materially warmer place was up.

There is where he made his mistake; for, seizing his unsuspecting arm, they dragged him forth; and putting him on their strong shoulders, as did Æneas old Anchises bear, they bore him to the waiting vehicle. The farmer was arrayed only in a nocturnal tunic of exceptional brevity, and the keen night-wind permeated his pores with great freedom.

Throwing him in the bottom of the sleigh, they wrapped him snugly in the robes and started the willing steeds. After a brisk spin of three-quarters of a mile, during which they regaled their guest with appropriate melodies, they removed the robes and put him gently by the road-side. Then the three drove home, where, in due time, each, with the assistance of the other two, was put to bed. The farmer, with a desperation horn of despair, got home the best he could.

The next day the young doctor received an urgent summons to the bed-side of a rural patient, who was sorely stricken with rheumatism.

"I fear this is a very bad case," said the wise practitioner; "how did you get it?"

"Doctor," replied the agonized invalid, "I would not have this get out for a thousand dollars; but last night, at midnight, three drunken and murderous wretches dragged me out of my bed and carried me unclad a mile away from home."

The young physician, who had not received eighteen dollars for professional services in thirteen months, visited the afflicted farmer every day for seventeen weeks at six dollars a visit, and so great became his fame that he was soon obliged to turn away many wealthy patients who, while still in excellent health, wished to pay him large retainers, in order to secure his services in case of need.—*Puck.*

The Type-Writer was Interested.

In a letter to the editor the following incident is related of a playwright dictating one of his ambitious efforts to a pretty type-writer:

"If you speak during that period," the author began, "I will——"

"A period after 'that'?" the type-writer interrupted.

"No, no—the word 'period.' I will kill you."

"I always get so interested. Is this a comedy?"

"Yes—'Maud, spare me, spare me——'"

"You must not call me Maud."

"No, no; the character speaks. Maud is the girl in the play, you know. Where was I?"

"You were at 'spare me.'"

"Goes down on his knees in brackets."

"On his knees?"

"I am writing this comedy, miss. Knees in brackets."

"Yes. What's he got his knees in brackets for? Broken, I suppose."

"What are you doing? Let me see. No, no, no. Put that sentence in brackets. Enter servant. Servant—'Never have I seen nothing like that he——'"

"Anything, of course."

"I am writing this piece."

"That's bad grammar, you know."

"Yes, I know. Put down just what I say. 'Maud, look at——'"

"Sir! Oh, I forgot. Yes. 'Look at——'"

"In brackets, 'George looks at servant and shakes——'"

"Period?"

"No. 'And shakes his head——'"

"Who shakes his head—George or the servant?"

"George—I said George."

"Oh! He shakes the servant's head, doesn't he?"

Author dies.—*Washington Star.*

Eczema, or salt rheum, yields surely to a persevering use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

In Three Tones.

In Boston, when they osculate,
It's just a sacchic hush,
No louder than the mingling of
Four dainty bits of plush.

In Hartford, when the labials meet,
A gentle whish is heard
Like sound that pulses from the grain
When by a zephyr stirred.

But when in Bangor they collide
In lip caress, you hear
A sound quite like a clapboard dropped
Upon an iron pier.—*Boston Courier.*

Reflections of a Gnat.

How doth the busy little girl,
Improve each passing hour,
By chewing slabs of tulu-gum,
With all her jawful power.

How cunningly she wads it up,
How quickly turns it o'er;
Shifts it from port to starboard, then
She chews it more and more.

Who taught the little girl the way
To work her busy chin?
Who showed her how to twist her jaws,
Such weird grimaces in?

Who taught her deft prehensile tongue
The lasso's work to do?
To corral the elusive gum,
And chew, and chew, and chew?

Ah me, she learned the art at school,
Matriculation day,
And hadn't learned a great deal more,
What time she came away.

Then let us all, with heart and will,
Keep gum on hand to chew,
And find some occupation still
For idle jaws to do.
—*Burdette in Elmira Echoes.*

Three Maidens.

Three maidens went shopping out in the West—
West Twenty-Third—when the sun went down:
Each thought of the color that suited her best
For a new Spring hat or a dancing-gown,
And had it sent home on the morrow.
And each for the man she loved did buy
A wild and terrible-patterned tie
That each man wore in sorrow.
For women must buy and men must wear,
Though the style is enough to curl one's hair,
Or trouble dire to borrow!—*New York Herald.*

Alphabetic Amenities.

Spake the callow young American to Miss Cholmondely Byng de Gall,
"I have noticed, though quite English, you don't drop the 'h' at all."
The maiden rose in British pride and grandly stalked away,
For though she never dropped an "h," she yet could drop a jay.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

The Goods are Pure.

St. Louis Journal of Agriculture.

The business of the Royal Baking Powder Company comes to us in the regular way, and is not, therefore, entitled to any special mention on that account. But the fact that other baking powder companies have been making war on this company and using all manner of unfair means to injure its business is itself an appeal to the love of fair play which is a part of the character of every good American citizen.

The fact that the Royal Baking Powder Company has succeeded far beyond any of its competitors is no doubt reason enough for some of them to say anything against the Royal Baking Powder that they can get newspapers to publish. We do not know whether that sort of thing has injured the Royal's business or not. We don't suppose it has, but of one thing we are sure, when the goods of any company have been on the market, as the Royal Baking Powder has, for a whole generation, and been consumed by almost the entire population to a greater or less extent, with perfect satisfaction to all, and without having injured the health of a single person, then it will take more than spite or jealousy to injure its business. The baking powders made by this Company have been tested a thousand times by the most eminent chemists and always pronounced pure and wholesome. This, added to the experience of the millions who have used them, will stamp as absurd the attacks of other manufacturers who are prompted by jealousy of their great success to publish false statements about the Royal Company's goods.

The Crystal Baths.

Physicians recommend the Crystal hot sea-water tub and swimming baths, foot of Mason Street, terminus of all North Beach car lines.

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COVERED WITH A TASTELESS AND SOLUBLE COATING.
For SICK HEADACHE,
Dizziness, or Swimming in the Head, Wind, Pain, and Spasms at the Stomach, Pains in the Back, Gravel, and flying Pains in the Body, Rheumatism, etc.
Take four, five or even six of Beecham's Pills, and *in nine cases out of ten, they will give relief in twenty minutes;* for the pill will go direct to and remove the cause, *the cause* being no more nor less than wind, together with poisonous and noxious vapours, and sometimes unwholesome food.
Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box.
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A young English traveler in Valencia recently became enamored of a gypsy girl, but told the mother that he was not rich enough to marry her. The mother laughed and said: "What! not rich enough in the land of guineas? Why, with so accomplished a thief as my daughter, you will be a millionaire in a twelvemonth!"

The Duc de Richelieu was very independent in character; he once had a conversation with the Comte d'Artois, and reminded him that when he took power the count had given him his word that he would support his cabinet. The count answered: "But ——" The Duc de Richelieu did not let him finish his phrase; he bowed, retired, and slammed the door.

Joseph Frothingham, of Exeter, N. H., who is ninety years of age, relates that he was at church in Salem, Mass., on the Sunday when the United States ship *Old Ironsides* was chased into Marblehead Bay by three British frigates. Old Dr. Bentley, who was preaching when the news came, dismissed the congregation with these words: "We have served God in the forenoon, and now we will serve our country in the afternoon."

A little Washington boy, named Harry, is apparently never so happy as when listening to his mother's fund of Bible stories. One Sunday, after the little fellow had been an attentive listener to the story of Samuel, he left the room, and his mother, wishing him suddenly for something, called "Harry!" Knowing he was in the next room and could not fail to have heard her, she twice repeated his name and then, in an annoyed tone, going to the door, spoke quite sharply. "Harry, I have called you three times; why did you not answer?" "Well," came the response, "the Lord called Samuel three times, and He didn't get mad about it."

The Countess de Castiglione appeared at a fancy-dress ball, at the court of Napoleon the Third, in a costume which consisted of but little else than gauze, which was of a sea-green color and spangled with silver to represent the foam of the waves. It was trimmed with various kinds of seaweed, and what there was of the dress was cut exceedingly low. Meeting Prosper Merimée at the ball, she asked how he liked her dress. "Very much," he replied; "but what is it intended to represent?" "Why, the ocean, of course," exclaimed the beautiful countess. "At low tide, I presume," murmured the old wit, as she took the arm of the emperor and passed on.

The money-lender D, feeling his end draw nigh, adjured his three partners, A, B, and C (whom he had made his heirs), to put five hundred dollars apiece into his coffin. "Though I can't take it all with me, at least let me have that much of it." They carried out his wishes to the letter, but, as it turned out on discussing the matter, in a slightly different way. A bad put in a five-hundred-dollar bill. B, who was more sympathetic, and knew how his dear friend D loved hullion, had put in five hundred dollars in gold. C was silent on the point, but, on being pressed, admitted that he had put in a check for fifteen hundred dollars payable to D's *order*, and had taken the other thousand dollars *out*.

A black princess in Mashonaland snubbed the bishop of that district in a very quiet but effective manner a while ago. She, as well as her people, had acquired an intense prejudice against the whites, through the misconduct of a few of them. The bishop asked her for permission to erect a teachers' hut in her village, but she replied that the white men beat her people. Her visitor explained that there are two kinds of white men. "Oh, I understand that," she said. The bishop then asked her if she would not like to hear some Christian teaching. She looked at him for a minute and then said, gently: "If you do not start soon, you will not reach the next village before dark." This terminated the interview.

At one time before the Franco-Prussian War, when Napoleon the Third was a visitor at London, amateur theatricals were arranged for his entertainment. A Mr. Brown, who took a principal part in the entertainment, prided himself on his knowledge of French. During the evening, he was one of the cast in a French comedietta, and immediately after that played the part of an Englishman who spoke broken French. During this latter sketch, Napoleon the Third laughed frequently, and when Mr. Brown was presented to the emperor, at the close of the evening, he was complimented in this ambiguous manner: "Your had French was as good as your good French; allow me to congratulate you." Naturally, Mr. Brown retired a little mystified.

Like all primitive peoples, the Maories are very inquisitive, and, in the manner of children, are inclined to bring everything to their mouths to test its qualities. In the early days a party of Maories came across some bars of soap, which had been washed ashore from a wreck. Finding that the stuff was too sticky to be eaten raw, they resolved to cook it. Accordingly they cut it up into small pieces and sprinkled these pieces over the sweet potatoes and fish which formed their evening meal. Finally they covered the whole mass over with fern-leaves and mats, and, putting earth on the top, left everything to bake quietly in the ovens till the evening. The scene at that evening meal must have been very funny. Not only did the tribe have to go supperless to bed, but the whole set of ovens was spoiled, and new ones had to be constructed before any further cooking could be done.

The venerable Dr. Slop, of Blanktown, was a doctor of the experimental and eclectic school of medicine years ago. It was a rule of the doctor's never to have anything wasted; and, therefore, when any prescription remained untaken after the patient had died or recovered, he would empty it in a bottle kept for the purpose, which became the receptacle of a heterogeneous compound that science could not analyze. A younger member of the faculty noted this as a very singular fact, and asked of him the reason for it. The doctor hesitated a little, and then replied that, though in ordinary cases he knew well what to do, there were instances when all his medical skill failed, and he was floored with doubt. At such times, it was his custom to resort to the big bottle, and leave nature and accident to accomplish the cure. "And will you believe it," said he, "some of my most brilliant successes have resulted from it?"

"A friend, whom I call a brave man," said a New York man to a *Tribune* reporter, "was once in a gathering of women, when a dog, showing marked signs of rabies, came running at them. If you have never seen a mad dog, you can have no idea of its terrible aspect and of the dread which it inspires. But this man caught the mad dog around the neck, jammed its head down to the ground, and placed his foot on the animal's throat, holding it there firmly and coolly until some one brought him a revolver. He shot the dog as he held it pinned to the ground, and his hand did not shake in the slightest. This same man was once crossing a crowded street in New York, when he saw a child fall directly in front of the feet of two car-horses. With one hand upraised, he caught the bit of a horse, and with the other, he brushed the boy aside. When he extricated himself from between the horses, he dived into the crowd and hurried away to avoid the cheers. I saw this man at a summer-resort one year. He was lying on the grass smoking, as calm and contented a man as ever was seen. Some one cried to him that an ant had run up his arm under his sleeve. He jumped to his feet, as white as chalk, looked around him helplessly, and—fainted."

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Belgic	Tuesday, May 10
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PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From May 2, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7.00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	* 12.15 P.
7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
8.00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	1st & 2d class Ogden and East, and first-class locally	9.45 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	4.45 P.
9.00 A.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.
12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore	7.15 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	* 9.00 P.
3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
4 00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, & Stockton	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10.45 A.
4.30 P.	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
5 00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	12.15 P.
5 00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 P.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	7.45 A.
.....	Niles and San José	‡ 6.15 P.
6 00 P.	Ogden Route Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	9 15 A.
‡ 7.00 P.	Vallejo	† 8.45 P.
7 00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	8.15 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡ 7.45 A.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees, and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
8.15 A	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	6.20 P
* 2.15 P	Centreville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	* 10.50 A.
4.45 P	Centreville, San José, and Los Gatos	9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7.00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations	6.10 P.
10.37 A.	San José and Way Stations	5.10 P.
12.15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations	4.00 P.
* 2.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way stations	* 10.48 A.
* 3.30 P.	Menlo Park San José, and principal Way Stations	* 10.03 A.
* 4.15 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.06 A.
5.15 P.	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
† 11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	† 7.30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 24, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7.40, 9.20, 11.20 A. M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.05 6.20 P. M.

Sundays—8, 9.30, 11 A. M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5, 6.15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6.25, 7.55, 9.30, 11.30 A. M.; 1.40, 3.40, 5.05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.30 P. M.

Sundays—8.10, 9.40, 11.10 A. M.; 1.40, 3.40, 5, 6.25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6.50, 8.20, 9.55, 11.55 A. M.; 2.05, 4.05, 5.35 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.55 P. M.

Sundays—8.35, 10.05, 11.35 A. M.; 2.05, 4.05, 5.30, 6.50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. Week Days.	Leave San Francisco. Sundays.	DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco. Sundays.	Arrive San Francisco. Week Days.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M. 5.05 M.	8.00 A. M. 9.30 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M. 7.25 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7.25 P. M.	6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7 40 A. M. 5.05 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3 30 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hedesville and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays, to Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa, $2.25; to Healdsburg, $3.40; to Cloverdale, $4.50; to Hopland, $5.70; to Ukiah, $6.75; to Sebastopol, $2.70; to Guerneville, $3.75; to Sonoma, $1.50; to Glen Ellen, $1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, $1; to Santa Rosa, $1.50; to Healdsburg, $2.25; to Cloverdale, $3; to Ukiah, $4.50; to Hopland, $3.80; to Sebastopol, $1.80; to Guerneville, $2.50; to Sonoma, $1; to Glen Ellen, $1.20.

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The Emma Juch Grand Opera Company (incorporated), which has this week given San Francisco a week of opera, comprises a delightful prima donna, a fair tenor, a commendable basso, and a well-trained chorus.

Mme. Juch, who may be presumed to be the presiding genius of the enterprise, treated us to a remarkable selection of operas. In order to enable the student to measure the progress which the art of music has made in the past three-quarters of a century, she gave "Fidelio," which, at the time it was written, was the most perfect adaptation of music to the delineation of pathos and passion that the world had seen. Skipping, then, a period of forty years, she introduced us to the Italian school at the height of its glory, by producing "Traviata"—perhaps on the whole the most popular opera that is given at the present time, and the one in which Verdi displayed the fullness of his genius before his mind became influenced by Wagner. Wagner came next, with the two operas which were written before he had developed his theory of the musical drama; "Tannhauser," which was a failure when it was first produced, and to the thorough enjoyment of which the author of the trilogy had to educate an audience; and "Lohengrin," ever delightful, the ideal of the sensitive musician and the joy of tender maidenhood. The history of modern music was finely rounded up with an act of Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," a pleasant trifle by Mascagni, whose intermezzo always takes with the audience, and, best of all, one of the masterpieces of modern French opera, Bizet's "Carmen."

Mme. Juch must have felt very confident of her power to essay so many widely different rôles. Patti has always considered Violetta her best part. She has studied it so profoundly that she has identified herself with the pale, passionate, pulmonary Parisienne. When her voice was in its prime, she sang the "Gran Dio" so pathetically that stony-hearted girls hid their faces in their handkerchiefs, and even reporters were observed to blow their noses. Mme. Juch is not a Patti, but she is a very satisfactory Violetta. She is rather robust for a consumptive, but she is not so stout as Mme. Donatelli, who created the part, and happening to tip the beam at two hundred and fifty, convulsed the audience when she informed them that she had but a few days to live.

Juch is, perhaps, more at home in Elizabeth and Elsa. But in both plays Wagner sacrificed his women to his men; the great parts are Tannhauser himself and Lohengrin. Neither play appeals to uncultured taste. One must be educated to enjoy them. He who hears them for the first time comes away with a confused memory of having heard something strange, of the charm of which it is hard to form an opinion; but he who hears either of them for the tenth time declares that he never heard opera before.

Mme. Juch's greatest triumph was in "Carmen," which, take it all in all, is the most delightful of modern French operas. It is as rich in melody as the most tuneful of the operas of the Italian school, and yet, especially in the later acts, it is suggestive of the oneness of purpose and the high dramatic strain which permeates the Wagnerian operas from the overture to the last wave of the conductor's baton. It is hard to say where, in the whole range of modern opera, three more delicious airs can be found than Carmen's Spanish ballad to love, Michaela's "No, I do not say it," or the toreador song; and all through the piece the music has a rhythmic roll like the sea-waves breaking on a beach on a summer day.

Bizet, like Mozart, died at thirty-six. But, unlike Mozart, he died just as his fame and glory were dawning. Cradled in music, he had begun to compose in childhood, and learned the high science of counterpoint from his father-in-law, Halévy. He won the prize of Rome when he was nineteen, and high hopes were cherished that he would be a worthy rival to Meyerbeer and Rossini. But he did not fulfill his promise. For eighteen years he wrote operas, overtures, cantatas, interludes; but nothing succeeded. It was not till he was thirty-six that he composed the piece which has placed him at the head of the kings of the modern lyric stage; and, three months after he composed it, he died of heart disease.

The story was borrowed from one of Prosper Merimée's prettiest Spanish romances. Given a cigar-girl, lovely as a dream and light as a bird's feather, floating through life on the foam of one intrigue after another, with no more sense of responsibility than a thrush or a rose; a virtuous and tender maiden, bound by bonds of love and prospective matrimony to an impressionable officer; a crowd of gypsies, quick with the knife; a platoon of hot-blooded soldiers; and a bevy of street girls, both ready to laugh or to cry, to love or to stab, as the occasion suggests—there is raw material for a capital play. The French librettists handled it skillfully; the interest is sustained throughout, and, though the assassination of Carmen by the lover she has jilted is in accordance with the laws of art, it is none the less a surprise to the spectator.

In the play as performed by Patti's troupe, there were three great parts. Nordica sang Carmen, but the artists who represented Michaela and Escamillo had their share of triumph. Nordica had all the life, and verve, and voice to do justice to the vivacious cigar-maker. So has Mme. Juch. She is full of *espièglerie*, a finished coquette, and, in the love-scenes, it is evident that her veins do not run with milk and water. She was the piece, for, to tell the truth, Miss Stein is just a little tame as Michaela, and Rubo's toreador song roused painful recollections of Tagliapietra and others. His voice lacks the resonant tone which bravura requires. But all the music is fine, and, even when it is rendered by one who might be improved upon, it is very fetching. Bizet had taught himself the lesson that an average audience will always give the preference to familiar chords over those which are new and strange. His melodies linger, fade away with a dying fall, then revive again on some new key, or in some new shape, and vanish at last just when the audience was wishing they would go on. The toreador song is foreshadowed in the overture, and bursts out reminiscently in every act. That, perhaps, is why people love it so well.

The opera has been welcome, because at the other theatres there have been no irresistible attractions. Mr. Mansfield has been playing that dreadful piece, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." The idea of the writer who adapted this play was that because Stevenson's book had made a sensation, a play based on it might make a hit. But he ignored the fundamental principle that material for a drama must itself be dramatic. There must be a plot, in which there are contending passions and interests, with fluctuating fortunes, ending finally in a denouement in which one or another triumphs. A play which does not contain such a conflict may be well written, with bright lines and clean-cut characters, but it will not hold an audience. Now, Robert Louis Stevenson's book was a metaphysical conceit, like "Zanoni" and "Frankenstein." It supposed that a man could separate the good constituent elements of his nature from the bad constituent elements, and undouble himself into two distinct creatures. That was a queer paradox, and "caught on" to the public fancy. But it afforded no more room for dramatic handling than a cookery-book.

That must have been manifest to Mr. Mansfield when he tried the play at rehearsal. In the first acts, Dr. Jekyll is very virtuous, and all that sort of thing; but he is a bore, and we can not imagine why he is introduced to our notice. In the last act, where he goes round deploring—as many men do—that his better half can not control his worser half, we take no interest in his weeps, and we wish he would get them over behind the scenes. As to the human demon, Hyde, people do not understand him at all. Why does he commit that murder in the first act? Why does he go round curled into the shape of a marine monster, with his long fingers clawing at the air, and uttering unearthly cries, like David Copperfield's buyer of second-hand articles: "Oh! gorroo! gorroo!" What is his purpose in life, anyway? Everybody understands a murderer—a fellow who digs a knife into the back of his enemy, or pots him from the shelter of a wall; but one who kills for the pleasure of killing, and then acts so as to attract general attention, is so incongruous an animal that people can not fathom him at all, except on the theory that he is a madman. Critics commend Mr. Mansfield's acting of the dual part. The only attempt at acting was at the last, when he endeavors to portray remorse by bodily contortions and facial writhings. That is a very rudimentary branch of the Thespian art. It reminds one of Bottom's dream, as to which that honest Athenian observed that "the eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was."

It may, perhaps, be suggested, without impertinence, to comedians of Mr. Mansfield's eminence that it might be well to stay on earth. Visits to the undiscovered country, the border-land between mind and matter, are alluring when presented in book-form by a master of the realms of mystery. But they are worthless on the stage. When we go to the theatre, we want to see men and women of flesh and blood, like ourselves, moved by the same passions, terrified by the same fears, comforted by the same hopes, reveling in the same joys as we are. We want to see men who dare and women who love. We do not want monsters, whose purposes we can not understand, and whose nature presents nothing in common with ours. It may be instructive, it certainly is curious, to watch the play of a lively fancy in conceiving wild metaphysical visions, and endeavoring to adjust them to the laws of the universe in which we live. But we would not have them on the stage. If we sup too late on welsh-rarebits and ale, we generally do something in the vision line in the course of our early slumber; but we hardly enjoy going to the theatre in search of a nightmare.

STAGE GOSSIP.

At the theatres during the week commencing May 9th: Mansfield in his repertoire; "The Power of the Press"; James H. Wallick in "The Cattle King"; the Tivoli Opera Company in "Amorita"; and the Grismer-Davies Company in "The Octoroon."

Charles Frohman's company of comedians will commence an engagement here on Monday, May 16th, with "Jane," their success of last winter in New York. The titular rôle will be taken by Miss Johnstone Bennett.

Agnes Huntington has contracted for a new opera, the music to be by H. J. Stewart and the book by Clay M. Greene. The only stipulation she made was that it should afford her an opportunity to appear in male costume.

During his farewell week in town, Richard Mansfield will play, on Monday night, "Nero"; Tuesday and Friday "Beau Brummel"; Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, "A Parisian Romance"; Thursday, "Prince Karl"; and Saturday night, single scenes from five plays, this last performance being Mr. Mansfield's benefit.

Czibulka's light and tuneful opera, "Amorita," will be given at the Tivoli throughout the week, with the following cast:

Rita, Gracie Plaisted; Angelo Malanotti, Tillie Salinger; Perpetua, Grace Vernon; Fra Bombardo, Warwick Ganor; Castrucci, Ferris Hartman; Sparaccani, Phil Branson; Fortebraccio, Emma Vorce; Embassador of Morocco, G. Napoleoni; Geronimo, Ed Torpi; Asinelli, J. P. Wilson; Beppo, Belle Raynard; Paolo, Aggie Millard.

The Alfred Wilkie Operetta Company scored quite a success at Odd Fellows' Hall on Monday night. The entertainment was decidedly novel, consisting of the two operettas, Balfe's "Sleeping Queen" and "Widows Bewitched," by Virginia Gabriel, the composer of many popular ballads, and the little company—Mr. Wilkie, Mr. A. M. Thornton, Miss Carrie N. Roma, and Miss Loleta Levet—both sang and acted very creditably.

Will Carleton, whose poems are known in half the homes of America, is to deliver two lectures at the Metropolitan Temple on Monday and Thursday evenings, May 9th and 12th, under the direction of Mr. John F. Bragg. Mr. Carleton's subjects are "The Drama of Life" and "The Chain of Success," and during each lecture he will read several of his most popular poems. Tickets for both lectures are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Mr. Bragg has kindly invited all school-teachers to attend the first lecture.

A dramatic and musical entertainment will be given for the benefit of the San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children, in the Bijou Theatre, Friday, May 13th, under the auspices of the San Francisco Players' Club. The following have consented to take part in the programme: Miss Louise Cosgro, Mrs. Charles Dickman, Professor Adelstein, Mr. Harvie H. Dana, Mr. William W. Brewer, Mr. Otto H. Heyneman, the Banduria Club, and others. A large attendance is hoped for, as there are about fifty little ones in this institution, and an empty treasury to draw upon.

Stockwell's Theatre, formerly the Powell Street Theatre, has been fitted up at an expense of fifty thousand dollars, the management states, and is expected to be an important factor in San Francisco theatricals. The opening engagement will be that of the Daly Company, an auspicious beginning and the more notable as John Drew will retire from the company at the expiration of the engagement. Then the theatre will alternate between stars, Eastern companies, and the stock-company system. L. R. Stockwell and his wife, Ethel Brandon, will doubtless figure in the stock company, and among the Eastern engagements already booked is the Harrigan company in "Reilly and the 400."

When Mansfield leaves us he will go direct to England, where he is soon to be married to Miss Beatrice Cameron. He will make England his home hereafter, and will devote himself to producing new plays, several of which he has already ordered from various dramatists. In one, the central figure is to be that mysterious person known as the Count de St. Germain, who was supposed to possess the secrets of eternal life, the philosopher's stone, and about everything else that was mysterious and desirable. Other plays are to be founded on Miles Standish, Cardinal Mazarin, and—strange to relate—Dean Swift. This last is probably tragic, turning upon the dean's dilemma in an Irish town which he describes as being situated five miles from a lemon.

Falling hair may be prevented, brashy hair made soft, and a renewed growth of the hair stimulated by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor.

— AN EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY TO BUY GOOD suburban property will be afforded by the sale of the Flint property on the Piedmont Cable Road in Oakland, next Saturday, May 14th, which will be sold by Mr. Dingee in fifty lots. Full particulars are given in the advertisement in another column.

— H. C. MASSIE,
Dentist. Painless filling.
114 Geary Street, San Francisco.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.
KEELING BROS.....PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS
GRAND DOUBLE BILL!
Sullivan's One-Act Operetta,
TRIAL BY JURY!
To be followed by Mascagni's Work of Art,
Cavalleria Rusticana!
Popular Prices... ... 25 and 50 cents.

NEW HOUSES.
Pacific Avenue
MARINE VIEW.
—BETWEEN—
Scott and Devisadero Sts.

These houses are about completed, and contain salon parlors, dining-room, entrance and reception halls, breakfast-room, kitchen and butler's pantry, seven bedrooms, and two bath-rooms; finished basement containing supper or billiard-room, store-rooms, etc.; interior finish in oak and other natural woods, with frescoed ceilings; range and gas fixtures included; prices very low and easy terms if desired; see these houses without delay; always open and our representatives on premises.

Further particulars can be had from
SHAINWALD, BUCKBEE & CO.
407, 409 Montgomery St.,
Or from ROUNTREE BROS., Builders.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.,
SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS
Union Block, cor. Pine and Market Sts.
Agents for the Cunard Royal Mail Steamship Co.; the California Line of Packets from New York; the Hawaiian Line of Packets to and from Honolulu; the China Traders' Insurance Co. (Limited); Baldwin Locomotive Works; A. Whitney & Sons' Car-Wheels; Vivian & Sons' Yellow Metal Sheathing; Steel Rails and Track Material; Hartmann's Rahtjen's Composition.

THERE ARE NONE BETTER!

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Is he a man of domestic tastes?" "Very; I understand he flirts with the servants."—*Puck.*

His uncle's heir—"Doctnr, tell me the worst." *Doctor* (feelingly)—"Ynur uncle will get well."—*Puck.*

"I guess that must be a watch-dog," remarked Tommy, "fnr his tail begins to tick whenever you speak to him."—*Judge.*

Giles—"I suppnse that literary man you introduced me to reads a great deal?" *Merritt*—"No. He's a book reviewer."—*Evening Sun.*

Van Brush—"Hnw dn you like my 'portrait of a lady'?" *Griggs*—"First-rate; hut you don't say whether she is at a full-dress hall or taking a hath."—*Cloak Review.*

"What do you suppose Mr. Clinker said when I told him that his neck-tie was up hehind?" "I haven't the least idea." "He asked me to stand in front of him and fix it."—*Life.*

Mrs. Lotos—"Poor Mrs. Lovey is ill, and I must go and see her." *Mr. Lotus*—"An errand of mercy, eh?" *Mrs. Lotos*—"Partly; and then, I want to see how she looks with her hair down."—*Puck.*

"An apartment is so convenient," said Mrs. Trotter; "when you see any one coming to call that you don't want to see, all you have to do is to walk downstairs while they come up in an elevator."—*Evening Sun.*

Skidds—"So you are married?" *Hipple*—"Yes." *Skidds*—"And yet it is less than six months since you told me you had determined to remain single." *Hipple*—"I know; but, you see, Mamie had decided to get married."—*Judge.*

"Is you gwine ter let dat mewel do as he please?" asked Uncle Ephraim's wife; "whar's yoh will-power?" "My will-power's all right," he answered; "you jes' wan't ter come out hyur an' measure dis her' mewel's won't-power."—*Washington Star.*

"Did you ever try the advice, 'Think hefore you speak'?" asked the young woman who wants to do good in the world. "Yes," replied Willie Washington. "And how did it work?" "I forgot what I was going to say."—*Washington Evening Star.*

He—"There isn't enough on this breakfast-table to feed a canary-hird." *She*—"I know it, my dear; but there are several things I want you to order from the market, and I know you'll forget all about it unless you leave the house hungry."—*Life.*

Excited individual—"Officer, I've heen rohhed. I left a paper parcel, containing five poems, on that seat, and now it's gone!" *Officer*—"Well, you can write 'em over ag'in, can't you?" *Excited individual*—"Yes; but there was a sandwich in the parcel, too!"—*Puck.*

Aunt Furby Low (reading)—"Here's where two men went down in one of the city sewers and were killed by sewer-gas. What do they want gas in a sewer fer, I wonder?" *Uncle Si Low* (in deep disgust)—"To see by, of course. Do you think sewers have winders in them?"—*Puck.*

First philanthropist—"What have you been doing for the past hve or six years?" *Second philanthropist*—"I have been collecting money to assist poor negroes to emigrate to Liberia. What have you been doing?" *First philanthropist*—"I've been collecting money to assist them back again."—*Bazar.*

Dunkel (to lawyer who is making out his will)—"I vont to leaf each clerk ten thousand tollers dot haf peen in my emhloy twenty years." *Lawyer*—"Why, that's too liberal, Mr. Dunkel." *Dunkel*—"Ah, dot's it. None ol tem haf peen mit me ofer von year, und it makes a good free advertisements for my poys ven I'm dead, ain'd it?"—*Judge.*

"Yes," said a society lady, the other night at a swell West End affair, "I have crossed the ocean eleven times." The smart young man adjusted his monocle and said: "Ah! Born abroad?" "No, indeed. Why do you ask?" "Because if you were born in this country and crossed the ocean eleven times you would now he on the other side, dontcherknow!" The lady figured a moment on the tips of her pretty fingers, hlushed, and fled.—*St. Louis Republic.*

"Have a good time at the opera last night?" "Elegant! Bolivar, '97, threw a dynamite bomh on the stage and killed eight of the chorus; and after the show was over, six of us lynched the soprano on a lamp-post." "Dear me! I'm sorry I wasn't with you. It must have heen glorious. Didn't the police stop you?" "Yes; they tried to interfere, but we killed three; and when the others found out we were college hoys, they apologized and left us to ourselves."—*Puck.*

"This, then, Miss Grassneck," said the young man, as he started for the door, "is your final decision?" "It is, Mr. Wicklugge," said the young girl, firmly. "Then," he replied, his voice betraying an unnatural calmness, "there is hut one more thing to add." "What is that?" she asked, toying absently with the lobe of her shell-like ear. "It is this," he muttered; "shall I return those hlacksatin suspenders hy mail or will ynu have them now?"—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

"I heg pardon for troubling you," she said, "hut I am a stranger on my way thrnugh the city, and I would like the privilege of looking nver nne or twn of ynur exchanges. Have ynu any of the Sioux Falls papers?" "Yes, ma'am," replied the exchange editnr, wearily; "the latest one is over there on that table, hut you will have to handle it carefully. It is ahout worn nut. Ynu are the eleventh one since morning. You will find the record of divorce cases," he added, in the monotonous tone he had used in imparting the same infnrmatinn to all the others, "in the secnnd column on the third page."—*Chicago Tribune.*

COMMUNICATIONS.

"In the Soup"

OFFICE OF MACON HOSIERY CO.,
MACON, GA., April 24th, 1892.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Your interesting comments on latter-day slang, in the *Argonaut* of April 18th, bring to mind the classic origin of that inelegant but expressive phrase "in the soup." In Plutarch's life of Marc Antony, Cleopatra, dwelling upon the disastrous result of the Battle of Actium, said that Octavius Cæsar was "in the ladle," which expression has become so amended by modern usage as to apply to the entire contents of the tureen. Many of the so-called modern short-cut sayings may, with diligent search, be traced to ancient sources, and if the study be not profitable, it is, at least, not unpleasing. Yours very truly,

D. H. HOWES.

The Hetherington Case.

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, April 12, 1892.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In the Hetherington murder trial, just ended, the ability and forensic skill with which Mr. Alexander Dison handled the defendant's case is remarked by every one; having won the case for his client, he generously declined to accept any fee whatsoever. A fitting testimonial will be presented him by the officers and crew of the vessel (the U. S. S. *Marion*) to which the accused belonged; and a similar movement is on foot among the foreign residents on shore.

This case has attracted widespread attention, and has been watched with breathless interest by every foreign resident in the Orient. The strong feeling of bitterness which at first existed against the accused has, since the verdict and developments of the trial, undergone a revulsion in his favor, except among the few partisans who are anti-American in their prejudices. Caustic remarks from some of those reflecting on the "justice" of an American court have occasioned more than one personal difficulty, resulting in several public expulsions from the United (English-American) Club.

Very respectfully, C. M. PERKINS,
First Lieutenant U. S. M. C.

A Raffle for a Mass.

ESTADO DE SONORA, MEXICO, April 9, 1892.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I am practicing medicine here and come in daily contact with the Mexican people. Burdened as they are by absolute devotion to the Roman Catholic Church, we who live among them are not astonished at many absurd superstitions we encounter. We doctors have been taught that the sign of the cross, made over the medicine, has a wonderful influence on the effect produced. Every sick person has his or her holy picture to look at and adore. If the patient recover, the holy one gets the credit; if the patient die, the doctor gets it. This award is just in many cases, no doubt. Such little matters as not touching water to the person for six or eight months, we become accustomed to. The doctors preaching the gospel of soap and water do some good, though the application of this severe remedy is much dreaded by your Latin races.

On April 2d, this year, the holy father residing at Rayon gave it out among the faithful that he would say a mass for the soul of any departed for fifteen dollars cash in hand paid. So the women got up a raffle at ten cents a chance, sold one hundred and fifty chances, and drew for the prize of "a holy mass for a departed soul." A widow, at whose house I was stopping, drew the lucky number, and had the mass said for the soul of her husband, and was happy, indeed, that she, a poor, lone widow, had by good luck been able to give the soul of her dear departed a fifteen-dollar lift by an investment of ten cents.

If the departed know what is taking place on earth, what a little flutter there must be in purgatory just before one of these holy-mass soul-raffles comes off. Fancy it! The money has been paid (of course), and the priest stands ready to exert his fifteen-dollar pull on the purgatorial lever and take some poor soul out of purgatory, or, if the fifteen dollars is not enough to get him out entirely, at least to place him where he can rest a little more comfortably and wait until his friends and children get a little more money or his widow makes another lucky draw. Fancy a soul (with a body or something to hurn attached) who has an unlucky widow, as he sees the lucky widow's man's soul move up fifteen dollars' worth; he may say: "There he goes—lucky dog—just his luck." But hope may come to the souls of those even in purgatory. If so, no doubt the disappointed ones look forward to the next drawing, and play their widows to win. What an object-less in this Rayon raffle should he to men contemplating marriage! It adds a new element to the qualities required in a wife, possibly greater than money—they should marry none but lucky women, for there is no telling how far her influence may extend. EL MEDICO.

For Throat Diseases, Coughs, Colds, etc., effectual relief is found in the use of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Price, 25 cts. *Sold only in boxes.*

The State Floral Society will open the forthcoming flower show at the Mechanics' Pavilion on Wednesday, May 11th. During the first day, the judges of awards will give their attention to roses and miscellaneous exhibits. The special Raphael Weill prize of one hundred dollars will be awarded to the amateur making the most artistic arrangement of his exhibit. The University Glee Club take part in the evening's programme. Thursday, the twelfth, will be devoted to table and room decorations. The award of Mrs. Sperry's special prize of twenty-five dollars for the best rose will be decided by hallot of visitors cast during the day and evening. On Friday, the special feature will be competition by amateurs and professionals for the most artistic display. On Saturday, the exhibit of California wildflowers will he the feature. It will also he "children's day," and the announcement of the awards of prizes will be made. In addition to the splendid floral display, promenade concerts will he given by Brandt's Orchestra each afternoon and evening.

Mark Pattison used to say that the wise man was one who voted with the Whigs, hut dined with the Tories.

Sick Headache yields to BEECHAM'S PILLS.

— WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, CRESTS, AND monograms; latest ideas in social stationery. Harbourne Stationery Co., 5 Montgomery Street, S. F.

DCLXV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, May 8, 1892.

Tomato and Rice Soup.
Broiled Shad. Potato Croquettes.
Lamh Chops.
Asparagus. Spinach.
Roast Pork. Apple Sauce.
String-Bean Salad.
Banana Float. Orange Cake.

BANANA FLOAT.—Take half a small box of Knox's Sparkling Gelatine, put it in half a teacupful of cold water for an hour. Boil a pint and a half of sweet milk and one cupful of sugar. Dip out a little of the boiling milk and stir it into the gelatine, then stir this into the rest of the milk and boil ten minutes. When cool, stir in three hananas that are very ripe and are well broken up with a silver fork. Mix thoroughly and set on ice. The next day, an hour before serving, take a pint of thick cream, sweeten to taste. Flavor with vanilla and whip it well. Put the frozen hananas in a glass bowl, with the whipped cream on top.

— KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made; makes delicious desserts. Indorsed and used hy our most prominent teachers of cookery.

The death of Mrs. Emily Tracy Y. Parkhurst on April 21st, was made the occasion of a memorial service by the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association—of which Mrs. Parkhurst was the organizer—at which addresses were made by members and several poems were read. Among them was the following by Mrs. E. B. Powell:

IN MEMORIAM—EMILY TRACY YOUNG PARKHURST.

"My name is Life," a radiant angel said;
"I bring the sacred name of Motherhood";
Then turned to go his Heavenward way, when, lo!
Another angel on the threshold stood.

Before the awful glory of that face
The bright first-comer bowed his shining head.
"The smiles that welcomed me must melt in tears,
Since thou art here, O brother Death!" he said.

'Mid twilight's gathering gloom, Death entered there;
Whispered: "The Master calls thee, come up higher."
Closed to all earthly things the earnest eyes,
And set his seal upon the lips of fire.

"She is not dead, but sleeping," saith the Lord,
But tears are falling like the summer rain
For her, who, wearing woman's crown of love,
Sank 'neath the weight of woman's cross of pain.

Charles James Fox once wrote a book to prove that a story could be entertainingly told in English from which all words of foreign origin had been eliminated and only the Anglo Saxon derivatives preserved. The book was dull and a flat failure; but the late historian, Freeman, tried practically the same thing in his "Old English History," and made a success of it, for the work is a most interesting one.

A Boston young lady at the union station in Portland, Me., wanted to buy a ticket for a way-station, hut had forgotten the name of the town. Being urged to make a guess at it, she replied, in blushing confusion, that it sounded something like "cat's whiskers." She got a ticket for Wiscasset.

New York has more widows than any other city in the world. London ranks second and Paris third.

— EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS
Beware of Imitations.
NOTICE AUTOGRAPH OF Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

I CURE FITS!
When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.
H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

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Real Estate Agent and Auctioneer,
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EASTON, ELDRIDGE & CO., AUCTIONEERS,
638 Market Street, - San Francisco.

THE EVENT OF THE SEASON
-:- IMPORTANT -:-
CREDIT SALE
—OF—
50 Selected Building Lots
—IN THE—
Flint Tract,
OAKLAND!
ON THE LINE OF THE
PIEDMONT CABLE ROAD
AT AUCTION
SATURDAY,
SATURDAY.....MAY 14, 1892
At 2 o'clock P. M., on the ground.

This property lies on the beautiful strip of elevated land traversed by the Piedmont cable-road, and is the first large tract reached by this famous road, being only ten minutes' ride from the post-office and the business centre of Oakland, making it the nearest and most accessible tract ever offered in this delightful suburb. It must be seen to be appreciated. The magnificent panoramic views of Oakland, the Bay of San Francisco, and the foothills, and the perfect and healthful climate, place the Flint Tract on a par with any in the State for residence purposes. Perfect drainage. Main sewers laid. Cement sidewalks and streets macadamized around a portion of the property to be sold.

LIBERAL TERMS—One-fifth cash, balance in four equal yearly payments. To reach property take Piedmont cable road.

WILLIAM J. DINGEE,
460 and 462 Eighth Street, Oakland.

Sanford's Perfect Heel Protector adds comfort and $1.00 in value to every pair of shoes. Everybody needs them. No more uneven Boot Heels. Send 10c. for Sample Pair, or 50c. for six pairs, with chisel, etc. Address WOODMAN CO., Box 2872, Boston, Mass.

"Oh! that bothersome shave." Why torture yourself?
TORREY
RAZORS will conquer the hardest beard, and make shaving A LUXURY.
STROPS are guaranteed to set a finer edge to a dull razor, or surgical instrument, than any other Strop in the world.
The Torrey Razors are forged from the finest steel. Each blade is carefully tested before it leaves the factory.
Every Razor sold under a GUARANTEE to Give Satisfaction. If not to be had of your dealer, send for Catalogue—tells how to sharpen a Razor.
J. R. TORREY RAZOR CO., P. O. Box 753 Q. WORCESTER, MASS.

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It is a fact universally conceded that the KNABE surpasses all other instruments. A. L. Bancroft & Co., 303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

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WOOD PICKETS
AFTER 20 YEARS. AFTER 2 YEARS.
The Hartman Steel Picket Fence
Costs no more than an ordinary clumsy wood picket affair that obstructs the view and will rot or fall apart in a short time. The Hartman Fence is artistic in design, protects the grounds without concealing them, and is practically everlasting. *ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE WITH PRICES AND TESTIMONIALS MAILED FREE.*
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THE PALACE HOTEL,
San Francisco, Cal.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital	$3,000,000 00
Surplus	1,000,000 00
Undivided Profits	3,317,485 11

September 30, 1891.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR .....Assistant Cashier.
IRVING F. MOULTON.....2d Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents at all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available to all parts of the world. Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

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H. WADSWORTH, Cashier.

Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.

Cash capital	$1,000,000
Assets	2,632,228
Surplus to policy-holders	1,550,589

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager, San Francisco.

CITY OFFICE: 501 Montgomery Street. GENERAL OFFICE: 401 Montgomery Street.

28th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1892

Home Mutual Insurance Co.

N.E. cor. California and Sansome Streets.

Capital (Paid up in Gold) $300,000 00
Assets, January 1, 1892. ..... 878,137 01

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Goods delivered in San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, Fruitvale, and Berkeley. An Agent wanted in every town.

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NATURAL MINERAL WATER

Suits your taste, as it has all who have ever drunk it. Have you sampled it? The price is reasonable.

ASK FOR IT.

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Gold Seal Rubber Hose

BEST THAT CAN BE MADE OF RUBBER.

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10-ft. wheel, weight 650 lbs., - -	$35 00
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By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office; it must be understood, however, that by this arrangement a subscriber may not obtain more than one of these periodicals without an additional subscription to the Argonaut for each additional periodical.

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail	$7.00
The Argonaut and the Independent for One Year, by Mail	6.00
The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail	6 00
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The Argonaut and the Overland Monthly for One Year, by Mail	5.75
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The Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine for One Year, by Mail	5.50
The Argonaut and the North American Review for One Year, by Mail	7.50

This offer is not open to residents of San Francisco and Oakland. In those cities the Argonaut is not delivered by mail, but is entirely in the hands of our carriers, with whom we do not wish to interfere.

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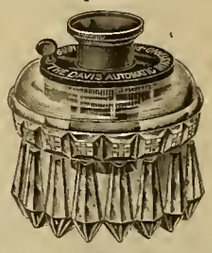
Would you like to have it always fresh and pure?



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The Argonaut.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self supplying: what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

The project of dividing Utah between Nevada and Colorado and uniting Arizona and New Mexico into one State, is once more troubling those profound statesmen in Eastern newspaper offices who are perennially distressed at the scant showing which Nevada makes in the census, and who appear to feel that they can have no happiness so long as a single Territory remains on the map of the United States. So far as Arizona is concerned, her 59,626 people are largely of American blood, and distinctly averse to being made a part of New Mexico, which has a population of about 175,000, mostly Mexicans. Arizona need cause nobody any anxiety. Time and her resources will bring to her immigration, development, and independent Statehood. New Mexico is not fit for admission to the Union, and will not be until a sufficient number of Americans settle within her borders to dominate the Spanish-Americans politically. At present the Territory is essentially a Mexican province, sunk in sloth and superstition, and as rigorously priest-ridden as New York city itself.

Nevada resents this recurrent proposition to add to her acres and population by annexation, rightly regarding it as a question of her fitness, as she stands, for sovereignty. It is true that her inhabitants number only 2,370 more than when she was admitted, and that between 1880 and 1890 she lost about a quarter of her people, because of the failure of the Comstock mines and the working out of the ore-deposits in Eureka and Lander Counties; but she holds that quality should count for something as well as quantity in judging of a State's right to be. Two or three blocks in the tenement districts of New York make a larger showing in the census than the whole Sagebrush State, with her 110,700 square miles; but then she is peopled by men and women, not by creatures from the bogs of Ireland, the slums of German cities, the starved farming lands of Italy, and the ghettos of Russia, most of whom are little, if any higher, in the scale of intelligence than chimpanzees. The arguments in favor of uniting the most populous portion of Utah to Nevada, however, should not be waived aside by the impatient hand of local pride. Some undoubted benefits at once suggest themselves. Not only would the population be raised to about a quarter of a million, but the new Nevadans, being mostly Mormons, would elevate the moral standard of the State. The sagebrusher of the present is more like a forty-niner than any other man now existing on the Pacific Slope. He still has the large, free ways of the pioneer, and all that cheerful, unconventional being's scorn for small change and such of the Ten Commandments as interfere with fun. He regards mining as about the only occupation fit for a gentleman, and such is his love of liberty that, though the ladies scattered over the 110,700 square miles are outnumbered by the males two to one, he seldom marries. The Mormons, on the other hand, make a specialty of matrimony. It is true that under the stress of Federal legislation they have made a declaration in favor of monogamy in preference to celibacy in the penitentiary; but a revelation enjoining recantation of this heresy would swiftly follow the possession of the power to regulate their own affairs which Statehood would confer. In the eastern border counties of Nevada there has been, for many years, a considerable Mormon element; and as the Saints in Utah far exceed the Gentiles, they would, of course, control the new commonwealth. Admirable as the Nevada man is in many respects, it would be gross flattery to call him virtuous, whereas a chaster people than the Mormons exist nowhere on earth. Not until their desert refuge was invaded by their monogamous neighbors did the strictly Gentile institution of prostitution make its appearance in their cities and towns. The supplementary wives of a saint may not be so pleasantly circumstanced as a woman who has exclusive legal title to one man; but assuredly they are infinitely better off, and in all ways more worthy members of society, than the unacknowledged plural wives of the Gentiles. Polygamy is permitted and approved by most of the nations of the earth, and while it is, of course, not so holy an institution as monogamy, it certainly is superior, morally and socially, to the practical promiscuity, within well-defined limits, which monogamous men have established. The hard-working, plain-living, soil-tilling, pious Mormon, besides being a special gift of Providence to the platform-builders of both the political parties, is the best conceivable kind of settler for a new State whose native wealth lies in barren waiting for the arrival of the laborer. Join Utah to Nevada, and throughout the sagebrush, where now is heard only the whoop of the Piute and Shoshone, or the still more objectionable and sinful vocal efforts of the hull-puncher and disappointed prospector, the morning and evening hymn would rise to sanctify the clear, rarefied air. Temples reared in honor of the Almighty, the worshipers in each pledged to obey the divine command to increase and multiply, would take the place of the gin-mill, the faro den, and the unsightly cabin of the wifeless pioneer. By coming under Mormon domination, the moral sense of the Nevada man would not be shocked; he has none.

Moreover, Nevada, if strengthened by a population of a quarter of a million, would stand some chance of coping with the Central Pacific Railroad Company. Her failure to advance, her decadence, are due largely to that company. From the first laying of the rails through Nevada's territory, the Union has been treated to the sight of a sovereign State being forbidden by a corporation to grow. By the system of adding to the full through transcontinental freight rate heavy local back charges from Sacramento on every pound of Eastern freight landed within her limits, the curious phenomenon is presented of rates increasing in inverse ratio to a town's nearness to the point of shipment. That is, goods from New York are delivered at Reno for much less than at Elko, which is several hundred miles closer to New York. Thus the State is placed commercially about as far west of San Francisco as China is. Local rates within the State are extortionate, and whenever it has been sought to utilize the water-power of the rivers for manufacturing purposes, discriminating charges have killed the enterprise. To-day, a sack of flour is transported from Sacramento to Winnemucca at a lower charge than a sack of Reno-milled flour to the same place. In order to make it appear that Nevada is to the railroad but a non-productive bridge, to the end that one excuse for not paying the corporation's debt to the government may be furnished, the company has done its best to conceal the State's resources, to prevent the incoming of men and money, and in every way has acted more like an invading public enemy than a railway company seeking patronage. Nevada is an immensely rich State. Millions of acres of her sagebrush lands need but irrigation to render them highly productive. Her climate is one of the best in the world, and whatever is grown is of superior quality. In the southern portion, tea, coffee, and tobacco have been cultivated with success experimentally, and in the pre-historic graves of Lincoln County cotton has been found. Hemp flourishes, and every kind of fruit can be grown. Her wheat brings the very highest prices. As for mineral wealth, Nevada is impregnated with it; and were railroad charges reasonable, hundreds of mines that can not now be worked at a profit would be producing.

It will be time enough to talk seriously of handing Nevada over to the Mormons when she has been given a fair chance to utilize the gifts bestowed upon her by nature. She has never had that chance, and never will until the Central Pacific shall be compelled to take its left hand from her throat and its right from her pocket. It is a disgrace to the republic that it should have stood by for more than twenty years and permitted a railroad corporation so to maltreat one of the sisterhood of States—one which under fair conditions would now be populous and thriving. This is an aspect of the "Nevada problem" to which our solicitous Eastern contemporaries could, with some advantage to the throttled and despoiled commonwealth, turn their intelligent attention. The men of Nevada see no need of inviting the Mormons to come in and govern them. They are not without pride in their State, which, by the way, is out of debt, and has managed, despite the common sneer at her political rottenness, to send pretty regularly to Congress senators and representatives who have not had to blush for their character and intellect in the presence of the statesmen furnished by New York and Chicago, the newspapers of which cities are most worried about her small population. Nevada will never consent to surrender her sovereignty. Let the Interstate Commerce Commission enforce the long-and-short-haul provision of the law, and Nevada, rescued from the larcenous tyranny of the Central Pacific, will astonish her critics.

During the past week, there has been an attempt made on the part of the Democrats to show that there is [illegible] in the ranks of the Republican party of New Yor[illegible]

President Harrison. Platt and Miller were named as being behind the conspiracy, and the assertion was made that if Harrison should be renominated, both would resign from the State Central Committee and leave the friends of the administration to fight the battle in New York without them.

To place any credence in such a story argues a very imperfect acquaintance with the political situation. In every State of the Union in which a Republican convention has been held, except Colorado, there has been a unanimous and enthusiastic indorsement of the administration of President Harrison and a tacit assent, if nothing more, to his renomination. In some of the great States, notably Illinois, the delegates to the Minneapolis convention have been instructed for Harrison; but most of them have done as California did—passed resolutions approving the policy of the national party and eulogizing the administration, but leaving the delegates free to use their judgment for the best interests of the party. Among the States which have taken this action up to the present time are Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kansas, Virginia, West Virginia, Delaware, Rhode Island, California, Connecticut, Maryland, and North Dakota.

Nowhere among the Republicans of the United States is there any feeling antagonistic to President Harrison's renomination. Colorado, it is true, has gone off at a tangent on the silver question, but inasmuch as Democrats and Republicans alike in that State have been stung by the same gadfly, Colorado's action will not affect the general result, either in convention or at the election. She will have to join a third party, if there be one, and flock pretty much by herself, or vote her party vote and leave the silver question for a more convenient season.

There being no antagonism to President Harrison, it follows that he will be renominated at Minneapolis without opposition, and when so renominated neither Platt nor Miller will take any step which might jeopardize the success of the party in New York. They know, as everybody knows, that the Democratic party can not elect its candidate without New York. The *Examiner*, the Democratic organ of California, gives as Democratic combinations, the following:

Sure Democratic	173
New York	36
Indiana	15
Total	224

Sure Democratic	173
New York	36
Massachusetts	15
Total	224

Sure Democratic	173
New York	36
Iowa	13
Connecticut	6
Total	228

Commenting upon this showing, the *Examiner* says:

"A glance at these tables shows that the Democracy must carry New York to win. A tidal wave, like that of 1890, would give the party a majority that would enable it to throw New York to one side, but tidal waves are not met with every year, and there is none now in sight for 1892."

A table published in *Scribner's Magazine* is as follows:

SURE REPUBLICAN STATES.

California	9	North Dakota	3
Colorado	4	Ohio	23
Idaho	3	Oregon	4
Illinois	24	Pennsylvania	32
Kansas	10	Rhode Island	4
Maine	6	South Dakota	4
Michigan	10	Vermont	4
Minnesota	9	Washington	4
Montana	3	Wisconsin	12
Nebraska	8	Wyoming	3
Nevada	3		
New Hampshire	4	Total	186

SURE DEMOCRATIC STATES.

Alabama	11	Missouri	17
Arkansas	8	New Jersey	10
Delaware	3	North Carolina	11
Florida	4	South Carolina	9
Georgia	13	Tennessee	12
Kentucky	13	Texas	15
Louisiana	8	Virginia	12
Maryland	8	West Virginia	6
Michigan	3		
Mississippi	9	Total	173

UNCERTAIN STATES.

Massachusetts	15
Iowa	13
Connecticut	6
Indiana	15
New York	36
Total	85

This estimate is subject to criticism, on the ground that neither Massachusetts nor Iowa can fairly be called uncertain in a Presidential year, while Montana should probably be transferred from the Republican to the uncertain column. If these changes be made, the table will stand: sure Republican, 211; sure Democratic, 173; uncertain, 60. But whatever estimate is considered most nearly correct, it is evident that on New York hangs the fate of the Democratic party, and this being so, can any reasonable man believe that Platt and Miller, or either of them, will allow the renomination of President Harrison to turn them into traitors to the party, or to cause them to leave a loop-hole open by which the Democrats can crawl into the possession of the State, without which the election is absolutely hopeless for them?

As for the Democratic candidate, the chances favor the nomination of Cleveland, yet there has developed such active opposition from Democrats who can not be ignored, that the issue is becoming clouded. Henry Watterson has said that the nomination of Cleveland is a complete surrender before the battle, and John G. Carlisle is hardly less emphatic in his expression of the danger which would attend such a nomination. Meanwhile, David Bennett Hill is making a still hunt, either for himself or for some such *locum tenens* as Gorman or Flower, in case he, Hill, can not secure the nomination for himself, while the tomahawks are being dug up and brought to a razor-edge in New York, by Tammany on one side and the purity Democrats and Mugwumps on the other. Cleveland believes as firmly as ever that he is the man of destiny and that he can break down the machine in New York; but older if not better soldiers in the tented field of politics know that he is blinded by his own egotism, and that he is not a single vote stronger than he was in 1888, and probably is not so strong by several thousand votes.

And so the preliminary skirmishing goes on. Unless all predictions fail, President Harrison will be renominated by acclamation at Minneapolis, while the Chicago convention will be a scene of wild confusion and turmoil.

On May 1st, the New York *Tribune* began the publication of a list of the millionaires of the United States. Careful investigators have been working on the catalogue for eighteen months, and, though the *Tribune* does not claim that its list is absolutely correct, it considers that it is substantially complete, and that it contains the name of every rich man who, in the opinion of careful and well-informed friends and neighbors, is, or was at the time of his death, worth at least a million, or in close proximity thereto. The portion which has been published covers the ground from Alabama to Indiana, including California, and we may say of the list of San Francisco millionaires that, while there are exaggerations, there are also omissions; though, of course, in every community there are persons who have accumulated wealth without attracting notice, and who may be richer than people fancy. The *Tribune's* list will be found on the sixth page of this issue.

While there are names in the list whose appearance there will surprise their owners as much as they will the community, there are also marked omissions. The list contains 140 names of individuals or estates. Assuming that the omissions would balance the names of those who are erroneously classed as millionaires, and allowing the census return to be correct, we find that one out of every 2,143 persons in the city is, or was at the time of his death, a millionaire. Considering that the population includes women and children, this return is very remarkable indeed. Few persons imagined that the pursuit of business had been so profitable.

Exhaustive comparisons can not be made till the *Tribune* list is extended so as to include Pennsylvania, New York, and Massachusetts. But the proportion of millionaires to population is larger here than in any other city of which the *Tribune* has given figures. For instance, Denver with a population of 106,713 is credited with only twelve millionaires, or one to every 8,892 persons; Hartford, Conn., with a population of 53,230, has the same number of millionaires—twelve—or one to every 4,435 of population; New Haven, Conn., with a population of 81,298, has fourteen millionaires, or one to every 5,807; Wilmington, Del., with a population of 61,431, has fifteen millionaires, or one to every 4,090; it is not till we come to Chicago that we find anything like the same ratio as here. Chicago, with 1,099,850 population, has 340 millionaires, or one to every 3,234. Outside of a few great cities, millionaires are scarce. Georgia is a rich State, with a population of 1,837,353; it contains only eleven millionaires. There are some very rich men at Wilmington, Del., but the whole State contains only sixteen men worth a million. Alabama has only ten, Arkansas six, Florida six, Indiana thirty-seven. The last mentioned State, however, contains a population of 2,192,404.

If we assume that San Francisco and Chicago are exceptional cases, and that offsetting the rich Middle and New England States with the poor Southern States, the Indiana ratio may be taken as the ratio between millionaires and population throughout the country, the United States must contain something like 1,126 individuals or estates worth more than a million dollars, far more than can be found in Great Britain, or in France, or in Germany, or Italy, or Spain, or Russia. It is doubtful if the world ever saw so many millionaires under one flag before. But the completion of the *Tribune's* catalogue may show an even greater number.

It is observed that most of the millionaires of Eastern cities made their fortunes by purchasing real estate and holding it until an advance due to causes in which they had no share made it worth far more than it had cost; while a large proportion of our millionaires made their money by skill, enterprise, and energy, displayed in opening mines, building railroads, or conducting business. In Chicago, lots in popular thoroughfares have increased in value from six hundred to eight hundred per cent. since 1880; it was not necessary to own many of them to become a millionaire. The different conditions under which fortunes have been accumulated on this coast indicate that better opportunities have been enjoyed here than in the East, and that the people of this city have known how to improve them.

The Fifty-Second Congress opened with a loud fanfaronade from Democratic trumpets and toot-horns, the keynote of every blast being economy. The wanton waste of the "Billion-Dollar Congress" was held up to the execration of the American people, coupled with the distinct pledge on the part of the Democratic majority that there should be a great saving in expenses and great reductions in appropriations. To emphasize this pledge, the watch-dog of the Treasury, Holman, of Indiana, was put at the head of the Committee on Appropriations.

The first attempt—and it was a pretense rather than an attempt—at economy was in cutting down the appropriations asked for by the departments. There was an apparent saving made of several millions in the estimates of the War, Navy, and Post-Office Departments. But it was evident that this was only what the unregenerate would call a bluff, since if the appropriations were cut down at this session they would have to be covered by deficiency appropriation bills at the next—an old ante-election Democratic device.

But having got thus far with its pseudo-economy, the Democratic House apparently became exhausted in its struggle for virtue, so when the River and Harbor Bill came up, which embraces expenditures amounting to twenty-six millions of dollars, or one million dollars more than the same bill in the Billion-Dollar Congress, it went through the economic House of Representatives by a vote of one hundred and eighty-six to eighty-five, or nearly three to one in favor of the measure. Economy in the abstract was seen to be a very different proposition from economy in the concrete, where every Democratic congressman had a constituency which was in favor of "the old flag and an appropriation."

The passage of this bill was not without a spice of humor. One of the items was for a dike in Indiana, to do something or other with the waters of the Great Miami, and the patron-saint of this particular appropriation was none other than Holman himself. Ex-Speaker Reed quietly called the attention of the House to the fact that the proposed dike was two or three miles away from where the river ever had been or ever would be; but after stirring up the Indiana statesman, and declaring that in fifteen years the Great Objector had never objected to an appropriation for Indiana, he withdrew his opposition, and the item went through with the rest.

Another incident in connection with the River and Harbor Bill is of interest to California, and shows, among other things, the danger of sending ignorant and conceited young donkeys to Washington to represent the State. Geary had secured a report in favor of an appropriation of $1,750,000 for Humboldt Bay—a very creditable piece of work. Caminetti, the member from the Second District, moved to reduce the amount to $750,000, being under the impression that the $1,000,000 thus cut off might be diverted to the use of the San Joaquin and Sacramento Rivers. Geary succeeded in defeating the Caminetti amendment, but then turned round and made an ass of himself by declaring that no bill in which Caminetti had taken any interest should pass at this session, and especially the Hydraulic Mining Bill. Geary is understood to have cooled off since and to be willing to aid the mining bill, but none the less did he display his unfitness to represent one of the largest and most important congressional districts of the State.

California has fared reasonably well in the River and Harbor Bill, but there are some deficiencies which it is hoped the Senate may make good. The only wonder is that the squabble between Caminetti and Geary did not result in other members of Congress taking advantage of a California row to cut down everything the State needs, and then pleading the want of agreement among its representatives as an excuse.

The *Argonaut* is not opposed to the appropriation of public money for the improvement of rivers and harbors, or for any internal improvement. On the contrary, we know of no better use to which the money of the people can be put than in the internal improvement of the country, since it must be for the general good. The only point sought to be made in connection with the present bill is that it is a complete exposure of the hypocrisy of Democratic pretenses of economy, and a complete answer, so far as it goes, to the charges of extravagance that have been flung so recklessly at the Fifty-First Congress. The growth of the country necessitates increased appropriations of all kinds, and the only limit to be placed upon them is that of necessity.

From a partisan standpoint, the present River and Harbor Bill will be a precious boon to the orators of the Republican party in the coming campaign, for it silences the guns of the Democrats. The orators of the unterrified will hardly be very eloquent or dramatic on the Billion-Dollar Congress, with a twenty-six-million-dollar River and Harbor Bill, passed by a Democratic House, staring them in the face.

A seaport which ought to be familiar to Californians is Antwerp—to which we send an average of 100,000 tons of

wheat each year. It is an old seaport, on the Scheldt, about fifty miles from the sea. It is about half the size of San Francisco. There is good anchorage in the river, the depth of water at low tide being from thirty to forty feet; about two miles of stone docks have been built. Three hundred years ago Antwerp was one of the chief seaports of Europe, but the people being largely Protestant, it was taken and sacked by the Spaniards under the Duke of Parma, and subsequently the Dutch, from jealousy of its growing maritime importance, closed the Scheldt. Antwerp did not recover from the blow till lately

Sixty years ago about 1,000 vessels entered the port. Thirty years ago the number was increased to 2,290. Now the total number is about 5,000. In 1889, it was 4,356, with an aggregate tonnage of over 4,000,000 tons; of these, 3,608 were steamers, with a tonnage of 3,753,000 tons. The Antwerpers of to-day appear to have preserved the energy and enterprise which marked their predecessors in the sixteenth century. Quite recently they induced the fleet of the North German Lloyd to make Antwerp a place of call, by allowing the vessels of that fleet to enter the port without payment of pilotage, or dock or light dues.

The great bulk of the maritime trade of Antwerp is carried on with England. In 1889, fifty-seven per cent. of the steamers which entered had cleared from English ports. But steamers sail from the great seaport on the Scheldt for Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, and Germany in the north, and for Spain, Portugal, Austria, and Turkey in the south; while larger vessels clear for New York, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Para, Rio, Buenos Ayres, and Valparaiso on the other side of the ocean. The port connects with Australasia through the North German steamers.

As stated above, a return of the steamers which entered at the port of Antwerp during the year 1888, shows a total fleet of 4,047 steamships, with a tonnage of 3,614,331. Of these rather more than half carried the English flag, 427 the Belgian, and 448 the German flag. The others were scattered.

The effect of the development of the maritime trade of Antwerp is seen in the fact that the town has doubled in population in recent years, and that it supports extensive factories of lace, silk, linen, cotton, tapestry, twine, sugar, lead, starch, ink, etc., which afford steady employment to its population. Though it is only twenty-five miles from Brussels, which is a large manufacturing centre, it holds its own, and manages to dispose of its surplus products to the countries from which it imports raw cotton, wool, hides, coal, metals, wheat, and raw sugar. It purchases these raw products, converts them into finished goods, and makes enough on the exchange to pay for the tea, coffee, tobacco, and rice which its people consume. It is only able to do this by encouraging maritime intercourse which insures it cheap ocean freights. Quite often, when wheat and cotton are severely depressed at Liverpool, it pays to send them to Antwerp. It has had to contend against severe rivalry. Less than fifty miles north of it, on the arm of the sea known as the Maas, lies the great seaport of Rotterdam, which has been a trade-centre for centuries; and about as far north again is Amsterdam, on the edge of the Zuyder Zee, with an enormous accumulation of capital and colonies of prodigious wealth and productiveness to trade with. It seems curious that Antwerp should have been able to grow in such proximity, especially as the Dutch are not tolerant of competitors. On the west, Antwerp is not so far from Havre, which is on the bank of the channel, and has had connections formed ever since Europe had any maritime commerce.

Antwerp has been called by many the Liverpool of the continent. But, in fact, except the depth of water in the Scheldt, it has few natural advantages to boast of. It is the outlet of a fertile and populous country, but, in the nature of things, that country was likely to produce a surplus of all the raw, as well as the finished, goods which it could yield, and it was naturally destined to glut all the markets it could reach. That it has not done so is due to the energy and enterprise of the Antwerpers in striking out far afield for new customers. It has found markets for its produce in Asia, North and South America, and, indeed, all over the world. There is no great town anywhere in which Belgian goods are not exposed for sale, very often better in quality and as cheap in price as French or German goods. At the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition, Belgium seemed to be at the head of European industry.

So much for human energy struggling against natural disadvantages. What would the merchants of Antwerp think of a city like San Francisco? She lies on the shores of a vast ocean, the only large seaport for thousands of miles. She has no competitor. But the sceptre is slipping from her fumbling fingers. Younger cities to the north and south will soon jostle her from her throne. Let them mark the upward career of Antwerp.

News comes from New York of a discovery which, if it shall be confirmed, ought to interest intensely medical men throughout the world, and fill with gladness millions of beings now afflicted with hitherto incurable diseases, before whom stretches a short and gloomy pathway, whose end is the open grave. There is no domain of investigation which is watched with such pathetic eagerness as that of medicine. Indeed, the conscientious investigator frequently is obliged to issue warnings against extravagant expectation, so terrible is the longing of the sick to believe that health may be regained and life prolonged. When, about two years ago, Dr. Brown-Sequard announced that he had compounded an extract of goat which would invigorate the aged and weak, many old gentlemen at once set out on the pilgrimage to Paris, from the four quarters of the globe, to lay their money at the doctor's feet, in the full confidence that he could make them young, debonair, and fascinating once more. Similarly, when Dr. Koch discovered a partial antidote for the microbe of lupus and consumption, the myriad victims of phthisis in every land lived in a brief blaze of happy sunshine. Dr. Keeley's cure for drunkenness has headed great, staggering armies toward his hospitals, and the nations are watching his work, with the hope that the race will be rescued from a curse that has weighed on its mind, annoyed its legs, and tangled its energies for untold ages.

But were the discoveries of Brown-Sequard, Koch, and Keeley to achieve twice over all that has been claimed for them by the most enthusiastic, their combined efficacy would pale before the enormous value to humanity of the discovery heralded from New York, provided the news be true, and we have in support of its verity the solemn testimony of holy men.

It appears that the Church of St. Anne de Beaupré, at Quebec, which is described as "the most famous shrine in Canada," has "for years attracted attention because of the reported cures of the lame, the halt, and the blind that have been effected there." This church is in charge of the Redemptorist Fathers, and its curative success has been attributed to its possession of "a small fragment of the finger of St. Anne, grandmother of Christ," presumably on the mother's side.

"Thousands of pilgrims have visited the shrine every year, and Cardinal Taschereau and the fathers in charge of it believed they ought to procure a larger relic," in order to increase an already prosperous business. To this end, the following transactions occurred:

"Three months ago, Mgr. Marquis, of Nicholet, Canada, went to Rome with a petition from Cardinal Taschereau, of Quebec, asking that the Pope bequeath to the basilica of St. Anne de Beaupré a relic of St. Anne, patroness of the church. The Pope received Mgr. Marquis and listened with interest to his stories of the miracles wrought at St. Anne de Beaupré. Among the relics in the basilica of St. Paul Without the Walls in Rome, is what is said to be an arm of St. Anne. The Pope instructed his private chaplain to write to Father Leopold Zelli Jacobuzzi, Abbot of St. Paul's, and ask him to grant the wish of the Canadian prelate if possible. Armed with the Pope's letter, Mgr. Marquis visited the Benedictine abbot. The abbot at once agreed to give a piece of the arm. On April 18th, Marquis left Rome with the relic, and this is the relic now in New York. The fragment is one-half of the wrist, about three inches long, and to it the skin and flesh, darkened and shriveled by time, still adhere. This was put into a casket of bronze, lined with gold. The casket is about six inches long. It has a glass cover through which the relic can be seen."

The potent Wrist of the venerable grandmother of Our Saviour, temporarily deposited in the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, East Seventy-Sixth Street, New York, received divine honors on Sunday last. "Thousands of the lame and deformed," it is telegraphed, "visited the church and kissed the relic." It seems that its healing power is not affected by climatic conditions and is altogether independent of geography, for two patients are reported to have been successfully treated in New York. The first case is thus recorded:

"Father Taschereau told a reporter that last Monday morning a woman entered the church on crutches, hobbled to the altar, kissed the relic, and touched it to the part of her body affected. Then she knelt in prayer for a long time. When she picked up her crutches, she found that she was able to walk without them. She left the church, he said, praising God and completely cured."

It is to be regretted, for the sake of medical science, that the nature of this woman's complaint was not more precisely stated by Father Taschereau. He is more specific in the second case, however:

"A weak-looking young man was about to press his lips to the relic, when he fell to the floor in an epileptic fit. Father Taschereau sprang over the altar-rail with the relic in his right hand. The man on the floor was shaking convulsively. Father Taschereau took the man's right hand in his left and touched the relic to it. It is said that the man's convulsions ceased at once and he immediately became himself."

Here, now, we have definite ground to stand upon. Epilepsy is a disease with the symptoms and consequences of which every physician is familiar. Although it was well known to the ancients and has been studied for many centuries, no cure for it hitherto has been discovered. Even its causes remain unknown. Examination of the brains of those dying in epileptic fits, like that which seized Patient No. 2 at the altar of St. Jean Baptiste, often show such lesions as atrophy and degeneration of the brain substance or vascular disease; but as identical phenomena are encountered in the cases of persons who have died from other ailments, they are, perhaps, the results rather than the causes of epilepsy. The best physicians, however, confess (being necessarily ignorant of the newly revealed Wrist-cure at the time when they wrote) that the whole subject of cause and remedy is involved in obscurity. About all they can do is to mitigate the paroxysms with anæsthetics and opiates. Now, if external application of a piece of a dead human body to a living frame will cure epilepsy, why not catalepsy also, and hysteria, ecstasy, and all the related nervous disorders? These maladies remain to-day without a remedy in the received pharmacopœia. If a touch of this Wrist, more puissant than the skill of all physicians living and gone, can repair the brain lesions of an epileptic, why not those likewise of a paralytic? And if the Wrist can kill the microbes in a consumptive's lungs, and fill the tubercular cavities with healthy material in the winking of an eye, may we not believe that it will also be equal to reuniting broken bones instantaneously? And surely it is no more difficult to replace a half-gone lung than to put back a leg or an arm that has been amputated, or to supply the blind and deaf with new optical and auditory nerves.

The possibilities of the Wrist are dazzling, and it is amazing that the physicians of America are not hastening to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré, as not long ago they were journeying, from every point of the compass, to the shrine of Brown-Sequard and Koch. It can not be that they permit a narrow professional prejudice to hold them aloof from the investigation of the merits of a panacea so truly astounding as the wrist of the grandmother of Christ, when the Holy Roman Catholic Church—which is the lamp of reason and the torch of science—gives its high sanction to the reality of the Wrist's medical and surgical efficacy. It is by the permission of the Pope himself that this boon to the afflicted of the race has been brought from Rome. The Pope, being infallible, can not be mistaken as to the therapeutic value of St. Anne's cadaver. What more do medical men want to assure them of the genuineness of the cures reported? Can they ask for a higher authority than Leo the Thirteenth, Vicar of Christ on earth, Lord-Lieutenant of the solar system?

Let us hope that by St. Anne's remains disease may be banished from the earth. In this field of glorious possibilities we may even hope that, by the agency of the Wrist and the consent of heaven (under the Pope's approval), the lower order of Irish shall be cured of drinking whisky and voting the Democratic ticket.

Within the last ten years, the immigration from Europe has largely increased, particularly from the countries of Southern and Western Europe, from which there was formerly only inconsiderable immigration — Italians, Hungarians, Russians, and Poles. These have languages and vernaculars of their own—they do not speak English. They are not bred to free government or appreciation of it. They are mostly of low grades of life, illiterate, clannish, and ignorant. They are not qualified for good citizenship, but our lax law of naturalization, with the temptations of the elective franchise, enables them to become dangerous to our system of government, local and general. In degree as they have increased in this country, they have developed rioting, labor outbreaks, incendiarism, and crimes of violence. Poorhouses and hospitals are overrun and prisons filled with them. They infest communities and infect localities. As much to be dreaded as residents as the Chinese, equally squalid in their living in tenements, perilous to the public health, and noxious to the public gaze, a law of exclusion from the country should be similarly provided against their immigration. The New York papers report the recent arrival of these detestable immigrants in largely increased numbers, and state that greater numbers are to come during the year. One day, three thousand and eight of these immigrants landed in that city—steerage-passengers, mostly from ports of the Mediterranean; eighteen hundred more—Italians—followed the next day, brought by one steamship; and to arrive within the week were three other steamships, with several thousands more, chiefly Germans of the lowest conditions. The expectation is expressed: "During the next two weeks we are likely to witness the landing of the largest number of immigrants that have ever arrived in this country within a given time." The German steamships will have a considerable number of immigrants from infected famine districts of Russia. The landing in New York and the spreading throughout the country of these immigrants, carrying contagion and pestilence, must be stopped. There should be timely exclusion for the public safety. In Europe the immigration of the young and able-bodied, eligible for military service, is forbidden. Germany allows no powder-food to leave the empire. Every port is strictly guarded, every immigrant vessel is watched, careful passport vigilance is exercised throughout the land, and none are permitted to immigrate of the classes who would be desirable in the United States. It is the same in the other countries of Europe. The classes allowed to immigrate, or who are deported, are undesirable or obnoxious in the United States—paupers, sickly and helpless, criminals, or dangerous in community. The low rates of passage enable them to come or be shipped hither. All immigration of t[illegible] of every alien nationality, should be excluded by law

A VENTURE WITH DEATH.

How One of Three Remained Behind.

In South-Eastern Arizona, there is a tract of land large enough to make an Eastern State. It is known as the Apache Indian Reservation, and it is there that the Indians of that tribe are kept under close military surveillance. Years ago the surveillance would occasionally relax, and then there would be an outbreak. A trail of blood would be marked out toward Mexico, and the vultures would come in crowds, as if from all over the West, to enjoy the banquet prepared for them in the dead, whose bodies would glisten when first killed with snowy whiteness in the dazzling sunlight, so that you could see them dotting the plains from afar off, while the hot winds from the south that tanned your face would be heavy with the smell of human carrion.

It is not so now, for better watch and ward is kept by the soldiers. But when it was so, there were four men who went into this Apache country to prospect for the mines from which, in the old days, the Indians obtained the silver out of which they would mold bullets when they could not get lead. Many a man has lost his life searching for these mines, and many more will doubtless do the same before they are discovered. This, though, will never deter men from making the effort, so long as men have the right to take their lives in their hands and wager them against wealth.

Of these four men, one was Harry Barrett. He was young, and had, as many young men have, and as all young men should have, a girl with whom he was very much in love, and to whom he was engaged to be married. It was probably this more than anything else that made him so desirous of growing suddenly rich by finding the treasure mines of the Apaches, for, when a young man is truly in love, his greatest regret is that he does not own the wealth of the Indies and possess the power of the Czar to augment his importance in the eyes of the woman in whom he is so deeply interested. This was so with Harry Barrett, and when old Jeff Bramlett, who had prospected for these same mines for twenty years or more, came to him with his map of the country in which they were supposed to exist, Harry was not long in growing enthusiastic, and believing what was told him, for the prospect of great wealth is always intoxicating. The map was old, and frayed, and faded, for many another man had fingered it, to his sorrow. That counted for naught, though, with Harry. When the day came for the party to start out on their search, he was the most light-hearted of all, especially when he lagged behind to kiss his hand to the girl for whose sake he desired wealth, and who stood at the door of her father's house watching him, while she saw in vision the beautiful things that the future had in store for them both. The wealth that Harry might discover was not necessary to make her pictures of the future bright. If she only could have Harry, that was sufficient, and, when he had passed from her sight, she turned away, humming the song he most liked, while thinking of the pleasures that awaited his return.

For months there had been no rumors of Indian disturbances. There had been peace on the reservation so long that men had ceased to give its dangers a thought, as men who live in the shadows of volcanoes live day after day unthinking of the hour that will find them buried beneath its lava. To the undertaker, nothing is so commonplace as death, while the headsman in time sees nothing notable in an execution, save whether or not the axe finds its way through one neck easier than through another. And so it is with danger, for when it is ever present, men grow callous to it, no matter how great it may be. So it was with Harry Barrett and his comrades. While the girl who was awaiting his return might have occasionally thought of the risks that the little party ran, the men never felt any anxiety, or, if they did, subdued it without openly expressing it.

For the first few days, they found indications of rich silver deposits—indications that were so rich that they made a permanent camp, intending to examine the ledges that criss-crossed the country thoroughly. They had seen no Indians, and expected none. One day, though, as they sat at dinner, a shot came from out of the pines, and before the echo had died away it was followed by a score of others. Old Jeff Bramlett, who was to have led them to untold wealth, dropped the tin-plate—from which he was eating—on the ground. Not abruptly, but so gently that it hardly made a sound; and, as it fell, he apparently made an effort to rise to his feet, only to fall face forward into the fire, where still simmered the uneaten portion of the noonday meal.

The three remaining men sprang to their feet unharmed, and rushed to seek cover behind trees and bowlders, picking up the arms that came nearest to their hands. As Barrett passed the fire, he drew from it the body of the old man. The face was covered with ashes and blood, while the long hair and open shirt were smoking from the contact with the coals. The limp body and relaxed jaw told how suddenly death had come.

As the young man threw the body to one side from the fire, and sank under the cover of a bowlder, he glanced in the direction from which the shots had come, but could see nothing. As he watched, there would occasionally rise puffs of white smoke, followed by the report of a rifle, and he would fire in return. Through the whole afternoon never once did he see an Indian's face or form. After the first surprise, the three had called to one another, and were rejoiced to know that none was hit. The oldest had taken the direction of affairs.

"Hold your ammunition, and wait until to-night, and then we will break back for the cañon and try to reach the settlements. There are too many of them for us to stand off," he said, and so through the long afternoon they waited. The fire they had kindled burned out, and the body of the dead man beside it grew cold and rigid. The blood no longer flowed from the wound. When the wind would blow the ashes from the coals left by the fire, they would still glow, as if in mockery of the quick death that had overtaken the outstretched form beside them.

When darkness had come, the three men gradually crept back—keeping as closely together as possible—in the direction of the cañon behind them. Occasionally, out of the darkness, would come a flash of light from a rifle fired in their direction. To these, at first, they replied; but when they had got some distance from the camp where the dead man lay, they rose to their feet, and as rapidly and noiselessly as possible retreated to the cañon. No one spoke, but each knew that the faces of his comrades were, like his own, glowing with that feeling of gratitude that comes only when a man has escaped almost certain death. They would never see the man they had left behind again; but, after all, he was old and alone in the world, while they—well, with them life was sweeter and dearer than it could possibly have been to him. To Harry, at least, it seemed so. What would the girl have done had he, instead, been killed, and lying back there by the deserted camp-fire to be mutilated beyond recognition when his body should pass into the hands of the Apaches? By morning they would be within a few miles of the settlements, and they would be safe. It was so dark that they had to use both hands and feet in feeling for a foot-way down through the cañon. Still they were making good progress. It was hardly midnight, and they must have left their camp at least a dozen miles behind. They could not be over thirty or forty miles from the settlements, and, once out of the cañon, they would soon travel that distance. The moon would soon be high in the heavens and that would help them; but it would also bring aid to the pursuers, raging at their escape. Its light was already beginning to fill the mountain sides and cañons with strange and uncouth shadows.

The three men kept closely together, as if relying on one another for assistance. As they climbed down through the cañon they remained on its darkest side, in order to avoid any possible discovery, although it made their narrow foot-way still more dangerous. Far behind them they could see on the mountain side a blaze of light, and they knew that it was a signal of their escape. It made them push forward with still greater exertion, for now they knew that the pursuit was close behind, and that it would be only with the greatest effort they could escape, as the Indians had probably discovered the direction in which they were going, and would endeavor to intercept them. As they pushed forward with renewed haste, the man in the rear suddenly slipped and fell, carrying with him his two comrades. The fall was but a slight one. The little pebbles it had started had hardly ceased rolling before two of the men were again on their feet, picking up their arms. Harry tried to join them, and rose to his feet, but only to fall again.

"What's the matter?" asked one of his comrades.

"I think I have sprained my leg some way," he replied.

The two men assisted him to arise, but when he was on his feet, his left leg seemed to be without life, so far as any control of the muscles of it was concerned. He tried to step forward, but it dragged as if it were paralyzed. A cold sweat broke out all over him, and when one of the men who supported him said:

"This is hell!"

It sounded like a sentence of death.

"Can't you move it at all?" asked one of his comrades, his voice betraying his desire to be once more on his way toward the settlements. They were still standing where they had fallen in the moonlight, and one of them noticing it, led the way back into the shadow.

"No, I am afraid it is broken," answered the disabled man. His voice sounded strange and changed. He could hardly recognize it. The dead man whom they had left lying back by the camp-fire seemed very near to him, and in his fear and pain he wondered if the Indians had mutilated him much.

The two men laid him down, and one, taking the disabled limb in his hand, moved it gently back and forth, and in an instant moved his hand far up on the thigh.

"Yes, it's broken there. You can feel the ends of the bones." As he said it, he glanced from the face of the wounded man into that of his other comrade. Even in the shadow the wounded man caught the expression on the faces of the two men, and knew that they were thinking how long it would be before the Apaches would overtake them if they remained there. Both had seated themselves by his side in the shadow, so that if their pursuers were near they would offer a poorer target.

"Don't you think you can limp along with our help?" asked one.

"No, it's no use, boys. I could never get through the cañon. You will have to leave me. If I tried, they would attack us before daybreak." As he said this, he unbuckled the belt from around his waist, with its gleaming row of cartridges, and handed it to one of the men, after taking the revolver from its holster.

"Well, we ain't going to leave you," said one of his comrades.

"Boys, that is nonsense," said the disabled man. His voice was so calm and clear now that it surprised him. "You can do me no good by staying, and there will be three instead of one to die. By to-morrow morning, you can be within reach of the settlements and safe, but my time has come."

The two men looked at each other in silence. After all, it was but true that nothing would be gained by their staying. They had both risen to their feet like men who had been given a new hope.

"Boys, tell Mattie how it was, and give her what I have got in town." At the mention of the girl's name, there again came into the voice the unsteady strangeness that was there when he first told them that he was hurt, while, in the moonlight, they could see there were tears in his eyes. For an instant the wounded man was silent, and then he added: "You had better take my arms with you; you may need them."

As he finished speaking, he cocked the revolver and placed it to his head; but before he could press the trigger, one of the men grasped his hand and exclaimed:

"Don't do that!"

"Yes, you are right. The report would betray us," said the wounded man, as he lowered the weapon. "Give me that knife, instead."

"I didn't mean it that way," said the man who had made the remark, ashamed that the true feelings which prompted it had been perceived by the wounded man. "Don't kill yourself. We will stay with you, and we may yet pull through."

The wounded man shook his head quietly. The tone of the speaker told him, as plain as words could have done, that there was but one chance of escape for any of them. He took from the belt the man mechanically handed him, in compliance with his request, his heavy hunting-knife, and leaned back full length in the shadow of the cañon. The men who stood watching him saw his eyes close and his lips moving in prayer, but only for an instant, and then, without looking up, he said:

"Good-bye, boys; I hope you will get through."

There was not a quaver in his voice. As he finished, the men turned away so as not to see him, each saying, softly, as if speaking to himself:

"Good-bye, Harry."

As they stood looking down the moonlit cañon, they could hear behind them, where the wounded man lay, sounds as if he were choking and gasping for breath. When they no longer heard them, they looked toward where he lay. The white breast, where the opened bosom of the shirt exposed it in the shadow, looked as if stained with ink where the blood had touched it, and across it laid the nerveless hand that had held the knife.

For an instant the two men looked down on the body with awe, as if afraid that the open eyes were watching them. Then one placed his hand over the heart of the outstretched form, shuddering as he felt how warm it was. It seemed unnatural that it should be so with a dead man. For a moment he held it there, and then, wiping from it on the shirt of the dead man the blood that stained it, he arose and said, in answer to his comrade's look, in almost a whisper, as if fearing to be heard by the spirit that had just departed:

"Yes, he is dead."

And then the two survivors took the dead man's arms and pushed forward into the night toward the settlements, leaving behind them, in the stillness of the moonlit cañon, a white, upturned face to await the early dawn, when the Indians would slash it so that even the girl in the settlement, who had so often kissed it, would not know it.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1892. BUCKEY O'NEILL.

FROM KIPLING'S NEW POEMS.*

With Scindia to Delhi.

[More than a hundred years ago, in a great battle fought near Delhi, an Indian prince rode fifty miles after the day was lost with a beggar-girl, who had loved him and followed him in all his camps, on his saddle-bow. He lost the girl when almost within sight of safety. A Maratta trooper tells the story]:

The wreath of banquet overnight lay withered on the neck,
Our bands and scarves were saffron-dyed for signal of despair,
When we went forth to Paniput to battle with the *Mleck*—
Ere we came back from Paniput and left a kingdom there.
Thrice thirty thousand men were we to force the Jumna fords—
The hawk-winged horse of Damajee, mailed squadrons of the Bhao,
Stark levies of the southern hills, the Deccan's sharpest swords,
And he, the harlot's traitor son, the goatherd Mulhar Rao!
Thrice thirty thousand men were we before the mists had cleared,
The low, white mists of morning heard the war-conch scream and bray;
We called upon Bhowani and we gripped them by the beard,
We rolled upon them like a flood and washed their ranks away.
The children of the hills of Khost before our lances ran,
We drove the black Robillas back as cattle to the pen;
'Twas then we needed Mulhar Rao to end what we began,
A thousand men had saved the charge; he fled the field with ten!
There was no room to clear a sword—no power to strike a blow,
For foot to foot, aye, breast to breast, the battle held us fast—
Save where the naked hill-men ran and stabbing from below
Brought down the horse and rider and we trampled them and passed.
To left, the roar of musketry rang like a falling flood—
To right, the sunshine rippled red from redder lance and blade—
Above, the dark Upsaras flew, beneath us splashed the blood,
And, bellying black against the dust, the Bhagwa Jhanda swayed.
I saw it fall in smoke and fire, the banner of the Bhao;
I heard a voice across the press of one who called in vain:
"Ho! Anand Rao Nimbalkhur ride! Get aid of Mulhar Rao!
Go shame his squadrons into fight—the Bhao—the Bhao is slain!"
Thereat, as when a sand-bar breaks in clotted spume and spray—
When rain of later autumn sweeps the Jumna water-head,
Before their charge from flank to flank our riven ranks gave way;
But of the waters of that flood the Jumna fords ran red.
I held by Scindia, my lord, as close as man might hold;
A Soobah of the Deccan asks no aid to guard his life;
But Holkar's Horse were flying, and our chiefest chiefs were cold,
And like a flame among us leapt the long lean Northern knife.
I held by Scindia—my lance from butt to tuft was dyed,
The froth of battle bossed the shield and roped the bridle-chain—
What time beneath our horses' feet a maiden rose and cried,
And clung to Scindia, and I turned a sword-cut from the twain.
(He set a spell upon the maid in woodlands long ago,
A hunter by the Tapti banks she gave him water there;
He turned her heart to water, and she followed to her woe.
What need had he of Lalun, who had twenty maids as fair?)
Now in that hour strength left my lord; he wrenched his mare aside;
He bound the girl behind him, and we slashed and struggled free,
Across the reeling wreck of strife we rode as shadows ride
From Paniput to Delhi town, but not alone were we.
'Twas Latuf-Ullah Populzai laid horse upon our track,
A swine-fed reiver of the North that lusted for the maid;
I might have barred his path awhile, but Scindia called me back,
And I—oh, woe for Scindia!—I listened and obeyed.
League after league the formless scrub took shape and glided by—
League after league the white road swirled behind the white mare's feet—
League after league, when leagues were done, we heard the Populzai.
Where sure as Time and swift as Death the tireless footfall beat.
Noon's eye beheld that shame of flight, the shadows fell, we fled
Where steadfast as the wheeling kite he followed in our train;
The black wolf warred where we had warred, the jackal mocked our dead,
And terror born of twilight tide made mad the laboring brain.
I gasped: "A kingdom waits my lord; her love is but her own.
A day shall mar, a day shall cure for her, but what for thee?
Cut loose the girl: he follows fast. Cut loose and ride alone!"
Then Scindia 'twixt his blistered lips: "My Queens' Queen shall she be!
Of all who eat my bread last night 'twas she alone that came
To seek her love between the spears and find her crown therein!
One shame is mine to-day, what need the weight of double shame?
If once we reach the Delhi gate, though all be lost, I win!"
We rode—the white mare failed—her trot a staggering stumble grew—
The cooking-smoke of even rose and weltered and hung low;
And still we heard the Populzai and still we strained anew,
And Delhi town was very near, but nearer was the foe.
Yea, Delhi town was very near when Lalun whispered: "Slay!
Lord of my life, the mare sinks fast—stab deep and let me die!"
But Scindia would not, and the maid tore free and flung away,
And turning as she fell we heard the clattering Populzai.
Then Scindia checked the gasping mare that rocked and groaned for breath,
And wheeled to charge and plunged the knife a hand's-breadth in her side—
The hunter and the hunted know how that last pause is death—
The blood had chilled about her heart, she reared and fell and died.
Our Gods were kind. Before he heard the maiden's piteous scream
A log upon the Delhi road, beneath the mare he lay—
Lost mistress and lost battle passed before him like a dream;
The darkness closed about his eyes—I bore my King away.

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

* BALLADS AND BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS. By Rudyard Kipling. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

AN AMERICAN DUCHESS.

"Piccadilly" on the English Home of Her Grace of Marlborough.

Within a few doors of one of London's most popular hostesses—Mrs. Mackay—and in the same terrace, is the town residence for the time being of the head of one of the greatest and most famous of England's historic families—the Churchills, Dukes of Marlborough. The first duke was that celebrated warrior, John Churchill, whose victories on the continent of Europe during Queen Anne's reign broke the military power of Louis the Fourteenth for a time, and thus practically saved his country from becoming a province of France. Whether, as has been alleged by some, this fortunate soldier's character was "avaricious, and treacherous, and devoid alike of patriotism and honor," it would be presumptuous now to venture to decide, but his services to his country well deserved the rewards bestowed upon him, while his name ranks only after those of Wellington and Nelson in the roll of national heroes and in the memories of his fellow-countrymen.

The present duchess, married to a descendant of this "leader by land," is herself the daughter of a "leader by sea," her father having been a commodore of the United States navy. As Miss Lilian Price, when only a young girl her beauty attracted admiration, not only in her native town of Troy, New York, but in the wider circles of Washington diplomatic life. From her father's position, she had been accustomed from her earliest girlhood to mingle a great deal with the outside world, and she herself admits she owes much to the chaperonage of her aunt, Mrs. Ogle Taylor—a lady who made her début in the older days when, perhaps, greater respect was felt and reverence shown by youth to age. It is now almost four years since the duchess, after the death of her first husband—Mr. Louis Hammersley, of New York—came over to England, on her second marriage, and since then her energy has done not a little to restore Blenheim—that magnificent memorial to the founder of the family's fortunes—to something of its former beauty and grandeur.

In appearance, the duchess is a beautiful woman—tall and extremely graceful, with speaking hazel eyes, brown hair, and decidedly marked eyebrows. Her conversation is both brilliant and amusing, and, as an accomplished linguist, she is an appreciative if somewhat desultory reader, while, as an enthusiastic lover of art, she is a connoisseur and critic of more than ordinary ability. As the head of the house of Churchill, the duchess comes in touch with a most numerous connection; and besides taking a leading place in the English peerage, by her marriage she may lay claim, along with the Godolphin Oshornes, the Earls Spencer, the Barons Churchill, with their multitudinous collaterals, and the other descendants of the "Great Duke," to the appellation and privileges of a Princess of Mendelheim in Suabia, a dignity originally bestowed on the family by the Emperors Leopold and Joseph.

No. 3 Carleton House Terrace was, for many years before it came into the possession of the Duchess of Marlborough, the residence of the late Lady Brownlow—whose hospitality there is still very pleasantly remembered—and it is one of the largest of those large mansions that form the terrace. The hall and vestibule are softly carpeted—not a footstep breaks the silence—and warmly colored, and, against the dull crimson of the wall, interesting trophies of arms and weapons are artistically arranged. The wide staircase is broken half-way by a broad landing, and, in Lady Brownlow's time, the second short flight gave immediate access to the morning-room, but the duchess has altered this somewhat inconvenient arrangement by making the old boudoir into a large, square ante-chamber, divided from the staircase by six handsome columns of *verde antique* marble. Opening from this, down two or three steps, is a new room built by the duchess specially for her own sanctum, and easily shut off, when desired, by portières and glass doors. Its proportions are lofty and pleasing, the walls are hung in brocade of a soft, brilliant, yet pale-green shade, and it is filled with a thousand interesting and historic souvenirs. Its one broad window gives access to a miniature conservatory, with palms and tropical ferns made gay with choice flowers. Orchids are her grace's favorite exotic, and those who are familiar with the "Blenheim" selections can at once realize the gorgeous effect that can be attained. In this little salon the duchess is never disturbed, and bright though it is, it is not too large to be comfortable and cozy. The decorations are Louis the Sixteenth in style, the marble chimney-piece being a particularly fine example of French workmanship of that period, and showing evidences of English influence in design and execution. The central jamb was taken from one of the original mantel-pieces of Blenheim Palace. The wide hearth is tiled in marble, and on it burns an old, well-seasoned oak fire. Above the narrow mantel-shelf is a beautiful portrait, by Joshua Reynolds, of one of the Churchill ancestresses, and on the walls hang a few rare and valuable pictures by Reynolds and others, and three valued on account of belonging to the Empress Eugénie, with whom they were special favorites in happier days. A tiny, slim-legged marqueterie table stands before the fire, holding a pretty collection of silver toys, and, at right angles to the window, is placed a commodious escritoire, furnished with every luxury and convenience, including a telephone and an electric bell.

The drawing-rooms form a stately suite of rooms, opening one from the other. The proportions are very striking, and the loftiness of the ceilings, finished in a half-cone, are very elaborate in design, being a replica of one of the ceilings of Versailles of Louis the Sixteenth's period. The work was executed by skilled French workmen brought from Paris specially for the purpose. In the front drawing-room, the walls are hung with rich satin damask, of the shade known as "bouton d'or," and on this background are excellent old Flemish tapestries, supplemented here and there by some artistic gem in bronze or some veritable old master sent from the gallery at Blenheim. A very superior work of art, standing in a corner on a slender marble pedestal, is a fine bust in green bronze of Louis the Fourteenth, and a large mirror of old French workmanship hangs over the mantel-shelf—in itself an exceptional specimen of eighteenth-century stone-carving—with massive candelabra on either side.

That the duchess has inherited her nation's love for flowers is amply testified, for they hold undisputed sway on all sides, adorning the tables, growing in pots, or thrown carelessly into antique vases and great crystal bowls.

The second drawing-room, with its three windows opening out on St. James's Park, is a room full of curiosities, over which one might linger for hours. The walls and draperies are of a bright flame-colored damask, the color and design being Blenheim heirlooms, and its resuscitation is due to the duke having accidentally discovered, on an old chair, a torn fragment of the original, which so pleased him that he had the pattern fabric copied and reproduced. The pictures of this inner drawing-room are, for the most part, original Rubenses, brought from the Blenheim collection. The chimney-piece, as in the front salon, is of old eighteenth-century French style, surmounted by an old mirror, with curious candelabra on either side. Before the wide hearth stands a fire-screen of peculiar historic interest, the panel being a fine old line engraving of the first duke. This beautiful old print was discovered by the present duchess, who has had it mounted, after a seventeenth-century model, in a frame of carved and gilded-wood finishing, in a small ducal coronet. There are, also, several valuable old examples of rare china in this apartment, arranged for the most part on a quaint, half-crescent table, and in one corner stands an exquisite old harp, the shaft of which is most elegantly enriched with miniature paintings of flowers, while through the room flowers bloom everywhere, and the wide balcony outside is alive with ferns and palms.

Whatever may be the attractions of Carlton House Terrace to the duchess, Blenheim, nevertheless, is the home of her choice, and on the rehabilitation of that historic spot she has lavished her wealth unsparingly. This palace, besides being, from its size and magnificence and its historical associations, one of the most remarkable country homes of England, is most charmingly situated, and there is hardly another place which conveys such a perfect feeling of English country scenery as the gentle, undulating hills, the beautiful woods, and the winding lake, which form the setting of the gem—the mansion itself. The palace dates back only to the beginning of last century, when, by special act of Parliament, the Royal Manor of Woodstock was settled on the first duke and his heirs forever, with a pension of five thousand pounds in perpetuity as a national recognition and reward for his services as captain-general of the queen's forces.

The duke and duchess spend the greater part of the year here, coming to town only a few months in the season; and here, on every hand—in the splendid orchid-houses, extensive conservatories, the roseries, and flower-gardens, as well as in the interior arrangements of the great establishment—the hand of the young duchess is plainly to be seen. The east side of this great pile, which looks like a miniature town, with lofty gables, is occupied by a range of rooms known as the private apartments; the south by drawing-rooms, dining-room, salon, and state-rooms, and the library stretches along the west side. The "Reynolds Room"—once the morning-room—the duchess reserves specially for her own use, and on every side hang the famous masterpieces of this great artist, most of them Churchill portraits, but here and there a landscape. There is, also, a collection of exquisite old English faience, and various curio-tables hold the remains of the celebrated Blenheim bric-à-brac and miniature collection. The tapestry in the palace consists in the main of representations of the first duke's battles and sieges and a series of Alexander's battles, from designs by Lebrun, and was mostly manufactured in the Low Countries. The best pictures are gathered together in the chief drawing-room of the palace, which worthily vindicates its claim to the title of the "Grand Cabinet." Across one of the lofty mirrors in the dining-room is placed a staff, bearing a small white flag of silk edged with gold, on which are emblazoned three *fleurs-de-lis*—the banner of the Honor of Woodstock. The rendering to the sovereign every year of a similar flag, on the anniversary of the Battle of Blenheim, is the only "rent, service, exaction, and demand" due to the crown in respect of the ownership of this magnificent mansion. PICCADILLY.

LONDON, April 21, 1892.

The funeral of the dean among the circus directors of Europe, Ernest Renz, who died a few days ago at Berlin, was like the cortége of a prince. A military band marched in front of the hearse, which was drawn by six horses; the coffin was buried under a pyramid of flowers, among which there were wreaths from high official and military dignitaries; all the best known of the German circus directors followed in their carriages; and a deputation, consisting of three members of the troupe of the famous Russian Ciniseill circus had come from Warsaw on purpose to put a floral tribute on the grave of the man who first converted circus-riding into a fine art.

The budget of the French army illustrates the effect of war on succeeding generations of the conquered nation. In 1893, the young men born in 1871, during the Franco-German War, will be obliged to do military service. The number of conscripts for that year will be four thousand less than for 1892. The conscription will not again reach its normal proportions until 1895. This shows the depression in birth statistics from 1871 to 1873, after the war was over.

It is not every hunter who has the nerve to take a careful photograph of a bear that is approaching him before shooting it. Lieutenant-Colonel Everett, of the queen's service, is authority for the statement that this feat was accomplished by a military friend, who carried a Kodak in one hand and a rifle in the other.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mr. T. Jefferson Coolidge, the newly appointed American Minister to France, was once inclined to believe in free trade, but of late years he has been a good protectionist.

Ex-King Milan of Servia is about to appear before the civil tribunals at Paris as the defendant in a lawsuit brought by a well-known *demi-mondaine*. Some time ago, while infatuated with the woman, he settled an annuity of six thousand dollars for life upon her. To-day the ex-king, having tired of her, refuses to pay.

It is forty years since Louis Kossuth, then a man of forty-six, visited America, and the news of the recent celebration of his birthday seems like an echo from another century. Long years of exile in Italy have not quenched the ardor of his patriotism, but, at eighty-six, he has grown physically and mentally feeble.

President Eliot, while in Portland, Or., reiterated his eulogistic words about Mormondom, and added: "The Mormons have been subjected to a great deal of unjust abuse, and, perhaps, they are not nearly so black as they are painted." The Harvard president has the courage of his convictions, but they are convicting him in the East of undue liberality.

The German Emperor is said to have posed before a camera one hundred and forty times since he ascended the throne, and hardly a week passes that does not bring a summons to the royal photographer to appear at the palace. Many of the negatives are destroyed, but the residue, after the weeding out, amounts so far, if the story from Berlin is true, to six dozen photographs of the Kaiser in different attitudes.

Distinguished men are so numerous in Washington that the sight of a dozen senators grouped together on the avenue does not raise a flutter of interest in the passers-by. It is quite different, though, when Mr. Blaine appears in public. One day last week, he visited the capitol for a brief hour, and after he left, everybody asked everybody else: "Did you see Blaine?" The amount of interest taken in his presence was remarkable.

John Jacob Astor second and William Astor were not the only sons of William B. Astor. He had another, Henry Astor, the brother of the man who died the other day. This uncle and granduncle of the surviving Astors lives quietly in a small village in Columbia County, N. Y., and married the daughter of a farmer in the vicinity, and is perfectly serene and happy, and has never envied his relatives their gay and exciting life. He has outlived his brothers, and is perfectly contented, free from scandals, divorces, duels, sensations, and family feuds.

Lord Marcus Beresford is the most horsey man of the British peerage, and was for many years the official starter of the Jockey Club. For a long time his household in London was presided over by the once lovely Mrs. Charley Buller. Buller tried in vain to get a divorce from her; but inasmuch as it was shown in court that he had repeatedly condoned the offense, and even gone so far as to attend, as a guest, dinners given by his wife and Lord Marcus Beresford at the house in which the latter two presided, both judge and jury declined to grant him the matrimonial freedom which he sought.

Prince Henry of Battenberg, who, by the bye, is a most accomplished violoncellist, is daily acquiring greater influence over his mother-in-law, Queen Victoria. As the husband of Princess Beatrice, who lives with her, he is perpetually by her majesty's side. The queen has always found it necessary to have some sort of favorite or confident, particularly so since the death of Prince Albert. For a time she lent a ready ear to the sapient remarks of John Brown, whose intellect was frequently obscured by whisky. To-day Prince Henry has altogether taken the place of those who have gone before.

Mr. Ingalls is a latter-day Yorick who excites wonder by his infinite jesting. "I have but one reproach against my brother," the ex-senator said, when he began his lecture at Springfield, Mo., "and that is that he left Kansas. The difference between us was that he left Kansas while Kansas left me." And again, in conversation a day or two later, he said, with a laugh: "I am still in mourning on account of my bereavement in January, 1891. Only in half-mourning, to be sure, for I like my present life. It is so pleasant to feel that I am not the slave of Jones, of the North Fork of Walnut Creek, or of Brown, of the South Fork of Bitter."

One of the richest residents of Montevideo was a former Philadelphian, Mr. D. Evans, who preserves, with almost religious reverence, a battered old boat, which was his sole possession in the days of his poverty. When Mr. Evans sailed for Uruguay, nearly forty years ago, he was wrecked just off Montevideo, and barely escaped with his life. One of the ship's boats was cast up on the shore near him, and, through lack of any other means of making a living, he began to use it in ferrying passengers and baggage across the harbor. This laid the foundation of his present great wealth, and, as a reminder of his early struggles, he keeps the boat afloat in an artificial lake in his private park, said to be the finest in South America, where it lies in speaking contrast to a handsome bronze fountain that showers water upon it.

Zola is reported to be almost as great a lover of curios as is Alexandre Dumas, who once told an American correspondent that if he were not an author, he would be a dealer in bric-à-brac. The home in Paris and the country-seat at Medan of the author of "Nana," are filled with artistic treasures, and he spends much of his spare time in auction-rooms. The novelist's books in their completed form never satisfy him. "I execrate them after they are published," he said, recently; "because I feel how much I have left unsaid, how far short I have fallen of my ideal." Similarly, James Russell Lowell once said, when he had finished a particularly brilliant after-dinner speech, that he thought of his brightest anecdotes after he had left the table. Zola passes only three hours, and those in the morning, at his desk. The remainder of the day he spends out-of-doors or in other relax

THE ACTORS' FUND FAIR.

Where Society Stared at Bohemia and Bohemia Glared Back.

The Actors' Fund Fair opened last night on the very hottest evening of the season. The day was blazing. If you had had leisure to sit in the park, you might have seen the young leaves uncurling in the sun. Then toward dinner-time up came a pouring rain-storm, and it looked as if the Actors' Fair would first suffer from the baking day and then from the drenching night.

The rain, however, stopped, and by eight the streets were the only things that were wet. Coming down Madison Avenue toward the garden, you could see the long reflections of the lamps stabbing down like yellow daggers into the shining pavements. Up aloft, the garden-tower soared gracefully, gleaming with clustering lights that hung in blurred golden lines along its balconies. Away on the top, you could faintly make out Diana, the lights below striking on her long bronze legs.

It was warm outside, but inside the garden the heat was something fearful. At eight o'clock, it was warm, at nine, sultry, at ten, baking, at eleven, frying. And from the opening to the shutting of the doors, a steady stream of people poured in. The crowd in the broad promenade that makes the detour of the garden, grew thicker hour by hour.

The arrangement of the interior was pretty. It was supposed to represent a village street, and on this fronted all sorts of buildings renowned in dramatic annals. In Shakespeare's house—a long thatched cottage, with a mortared front crossed by brown beams—the Lyceum Company had enshrined themselves, and, as well as one could make out, were selling every sort of foreign and domestic article, from an excruciatingly ugly portfolio-cover—embroidered by the fair hands of Adelina Patti—to an alluring array of sweet spring hats, covered with flowers and feathers. There were hooks to be had in here, too, and every now and then, as the crowd fell apart, you saw strange sights in the distance—beautiful blonded heads of dramatic sales-ladies, pastelle portraits of Adelaide Neilson and Mary Anderson, a grandfather's clock of Mexican onyx, with gold trimmings, donated by—and just as you got that far, the crowd closes and a man behind you says: "Whew—but this is blazing!"

Farther along the village street, moving slowly with the staring throng, the Gorham booth comes in sight—a kiosk, with four sides and a canopied top. There are more golden heads here. One is safe in stating that Gotham never saw before so many straw-colored coiffures together in one spot as it saw last night at the fair. The female members of the dramatic profession prefer a good, strong, canary-colored bleach. Now and then this is varied by a vigorous Titian-red dye, no timorous auburn or retiring *chataine*, but a bold, brave, raw red. From every side, in every booth, these rosy coiffures struck the eye, blazing gloriously under the concentrated rays of thousands of electric lights.

In the Gorham booth, one recognized Ada Dyas, remarkable among the bleached and bistred beauties for her air of dignity and refinement. She wore a bonnet and a black and white dress, and looked a stately lady, well-preserved and handsome. Absorbed in her work, she scrutinized the prices of her wares through a pair of lorgnettes. On the other side of the booth, selling souvenir spoons, stood a plump and piquant young person with a garden-hat on, trimmed with roses. She had a round face and a small red mouth, and sweet, artless blue eyes. The chappies were ten deep round this end of the counter, all buying souvenir spoons like good men and true.

When you got well on toward the end of the village street, past the old Globe Theatre, and the old Park Theatre, and the Japanese pagoda, and the Greek temple where Al Hayman has shrined a large display of rocks and specimens, with the Cleveland diamond in the midst, a complete stoppage of the crowd warns you of some fascinating objective point. The entrancing sight is the flower booth, besieged by a surging mass of excited and admiring humanity. Every now and then some enterprising youth fights his way in and emerges, torn and scarlet, the trophy of his prowess—in the shape of a single American Beauty or Jack rose—grasped in his hand.

The flower-venders were the prettiest showing at the fair. They stood on some sort of benches, which lifted them well up above the counter and allowed the gaping throng to view them from afar. One or two of them were old stage favorites—old in popular favor, not in years. Maude Harrison was there, quite as pretty, and fresh, and dainty as she could have been at sixteen, that may have been a very long time ago, but if the adage is true that a man is as old as he feels, and a woman as old as she looks, then Maude Harrison is still sixteen, and long may she remain there. She wore a hat with a big rose, and a *chic* little frock, and sold roses and violets with a sweetly flattering smile. The girl beside her had her black hair parted on the side and hanging loosely over her ears, and a pair of splendid, dark, angry-looking eyes. None of them had been sparing in their use of powder and pink and black pencils, and the lips of Venus were never more deeply, darkly, beautifully red.

The crowd, however, kept a flattering phalanx in front of these charmers, and stared at them with the most bare-faced curiosity. Members on the outskirts of the throng interchanged loud conjectures as to the identity of the waiting sylphs, and occasionally criticisms, not always complimentary, on their claims to beauty.

Round toward the right, one stumbled on all sorts of queer things—a gypsy's cave filled up with the wandering, dark-eyed children of Egypt, or a stage conception of them; and beyond these a large boat—an idealized naphtha-launch, apparently—in which sat half a dozen golden-tressed charmers, in white sailor-hats and nautical suits, looking exactly as if they had come out of a farce-comedy. While you look at them, wondering if they will not suddenly begin to sing "Maggie Murphy's Home" or "Little Mary Kelly," a sudden sound of clapping goes up from all about, and, on the top of a flight of stairs, leaning on the arms of two men and followed by a lady, appears Edwin Booth.

The crowd held its breath to stare this time. The great actor stood for a moment acknowledging the greeting with a grave bow; then, slowly and almost feebly, descended the steps, leaning on the arms of his two companions. He was in evening-dress; and, in the severe simplicity of this sombre attire, looked princely, with the quiet dignity of the man whom his fellows have proclaimed the master of his art. His iron-gray hair was brushed carelessly up from his forehead, his face looked thin and greatly aged, but beneath his heavy eyebrows there was still fire in the eyes, that could show the brooding spirit of Hamlet and the keen deviltry of Iago. If ever a face has shown genius, it is Edwin Booth's. But the great actor's day is over. He is a great patriarch now. His glory as an artist is undimmed, and, perhaps, could gain no greater brilliancy; but he will add to it no more. He is an old man, and yet there is not one among his followers who is able to fill his vacated throne.

At the foot of the steps he disappeared into the crowd, and was lost to view. The gazers immediately began to perambulate about, looking for another object at which to stare. Fortunately the building and the throng furnished a thousand such. There were quite a goodly showing of pretty, stylish women in the boxes by this time, who appeared calmly indifferent to the way the men scrutinized their faces and the women scrutinized their clothes. But it was the foot-passengers — those who walked round and round the great promenade — who were the most interesting. By ten o'clock the crowd was at its thickest, and showed types of almost every phase of New York life. A good third of it was recruited from Bohemia—the greater and the less. Another large portion was made up of swelldom, male and female; and the third division was supplied from the great world which is neither one of these—the world of wealth, and competence, and poverty, the world which gives the country its blood and sinews.

Bohemia was everywhere. Men with longish hair, and turned-down collars, and smooth faces, brushed against you on this side; and on that, women looking a hundred years old, with bright-yellow wigs and skins as wrinkled as the scum that comes on cold boiled milk. Then gorgeous actresses waggled by, squeezed, painted, splendidly dressed in striped silk gowns, with long trains, and their fat hands forced into pearl-colored kid gloves. They all wore wide hats, with ribbons round their necks, and bunches of flowers nodding as they tilted along on their high-heeled shoes.

Dozens of *ingénues* overran the place. Some of them waited in booths, others appeared simply to walk up and down the village street and the promenade. They one and all wore short-waisted dresses, and their hair loose and curly, unconfined by even a ribbon. A good many of these were veritable children, one now and then passing whose face in its fresh beauty held your eye. But quantities of them looked like young women. It was very confusing. A back appeared in front of you—the flat, juvenile back that belongs to twelve. The dress, a limp India silk, was made with a waist up under the wearer's arms. A mop of yellow, frouzy, curly hair hung down, concealing the neck and shoulders. When you passed this figure and turned round to look at it, the face that emerged from the drooping hair was the face of twenty—twenty that knew how to use a hare's-foot, and was not ignorant of the proper manner in which to apply rosaline.

Sometimes these girls were very pretty. One of them walked about with a little old mother to whom she bore an absurd resemblance. She was probably in some booth, for she wore an unusually eccentric and decidedly rusty gown of a sort of old-rose-colored plush, trimmed with a tarnished gilt. Her hair was curly all about her face, and was dressed high. The waist of her dress was up nearly under her arms in the First Empire style, and the neck was cut out a little, showing a wonderfully white and rounded throat. She was a perfect picture, for she had the small, shapeless figure that suits the Empire dress.

Almost all the female Bohemian element wore eccentric clothes. This has always been their fad. Women, in straight frocks that fell from their necks to the floor, beltless and classic, waited in the booths and circulated about among the crowds. Empire styles were seen everywhere. Silver and gold girdles clattered about uncorseted waists. As for the fashions in hair-dressing, they varied from a crimped and flower-crowned tower to loosely flowing curls. The only one point to be observed was that the hair should be loose and have the appearance of just being about to fall in a golden shower to the owner's knees. Now and then one noticed a fairy-waisted figure, very neat in a tight bodice and a flowing skirt. One patriotic nymph wore a lavender waist, and for overskirt, the American flag draped about her. She was in the booth of Harrigan's Theatre.

Swelldom, in striped summer silks and dress-suits, came and walked about, bought nothing, stared fiercely, and said they were dying of the heat; then skirted the boxes, and glared at the inmates, a good many of whom had once been stars of the drama, and had decked their faded charms out with the gorgeous extravagance of the old actress. Men were there by the dozens, in twos and threes, and large parties. They are always the best element at a fair, as they are the people who can be induced to buy something at every booth. They bought roses from Frank Mayo's pretty daughter at the flower booth, and souvenir spoons from the plump soubrette at the Gorham booth. They took shares in the Cleveland diamond, and bought sachets and cosmetics from the fiery-haired beauty by the door. They wrote their names in the albums of the sailor-girls in the naphtha launch, and drank lemonade from the Rebeccas at the well. They had their fortunes told by the gypsies and bought fans from the Japs. They bought hooks from the home of Shakespeare and dolls from the old Globe Theatre. They took chances in every raffle, and even went so far as to drink rose-colored soda-water from the girls at "Tenny's," who wore white shirts and black skirts and bodices, and were so busy they had not even time to make eyes.

VAN GRYSE.

NEW YORK, May 3, 1892.

SAN FRANCISCO MILLIONAIRES.

The following is the New York *Tribune's* list of San Francisco millionaires, with the supposed source of their fortunes:

JOHN W. ALLYNE.....Oils and real estate
O. D. BALDWIN.....Mines and real estate
L. L. BAKER...Manufacturing agricultural machinery and wholesale hardware
J. BRANDENSTEIN..... Merchandising and lands
ESTATE OF ARCH. BORLAND.....Land, cattle-raising, and mines
ESTATE OF ALPHEUS BULL.....Insurance; silver mines; banking
E. J. BALDWIN.....Hotels, mining, and real estate
THOMAS BELL.....Quicksilver-mines
W. B. BOURN.....Real estate and investments
ESTATE OF W. F. BABCOCK.....Merchandising and real estate
ESTATE OF T. H. BLYTHE.....City real estate
J. T. BOYD .....Real estate and street railroads
ALFRED BOREL.....Private banking and lands
DAVID BIXLER.....Silver and gold-mines
EDWARD BARRON.....Quicksilver-mines
PRINCESS GALATRO COLONNA (Paris)..From John W. Mackay. Mines
ESTATE OF ALFRED A. CHEN.....In Oakland Ferry, real estate, etc.
JULES CERF .....Real estate
GEORGE CROCKER.....Railroads and lands
MRS. CLARK W. CROCKER.....Railroads and lands
R. D. CHANDLER.....Dealing in coal and pig iron
W. H. COWELL.....Manufacturing lime and investments in land
JOHN CARROLL.....Merchandising and real estate
CHARLES F. CROCKER.....Central Pacific and other railroads and lands
WILLIAM H. CROCKER.....Railroads and lands
MARIA COLEMAN (sister of W. S. O'Brien) .....Mines, etc
JAMES V. COLEMAN.....Rise in real estate
MRS. ARCHIBALD C. D. DICK (London)..... From John Parrott, banker
J. S. DOE....Real estate and manufacturing doors, sashes, blinds, and building
ESTATE OF COLL. DEANE.....Banking, brokerage, and speculation
WILLIAM DUNPHY.....Wholesale cattle and lands
ESTATE OF S. P. DEWEY.....Speculation in mining shares
MRS. PETER DONAHUE.....Iron manufacturing, gas, and investments
MRS. J. MERVYN DONAHUE.....Gas stock, iron manufacturing, etc.
C. J. DEMPSTER.....Merchandising and real estate
J. A. DONOHOE.....Private banking, real estate, gas, and mines
BARTLETT DOE. .....Manufacturer doors, sashes, and blinds; real estate
WALTER E. DEANE.....Made in mines
A. E. DAVIS.....Railroads and mines
HORACE DAVIS .....Flour-milling chiefly
M. H. DE YOUNG.....Publisbing the *Daily Chronicle;* real estate
J. ENRIGHT.....Real estate and lands
E. E. EYRE.....Mines and speculation
J. O. EARLE.....Speculation in mining shares
JAMES G. FAIR.....Silver-mines and speculation
CHARLES FAIR. .....Silver-mines and speculation
MISS VIRGINIA FAIR.....Silver-mines and speculation
MRS. JAMES C. FLOOD.....Mines, banking, and real estate
MISS CORA JANE FLOOD.....Mines, banking, and real estate
JAMES L. FLOOD.....Mines, banking, and real estate
C. N. FELTON.....Mines and real estate
LADY FLORENCE EMILY FERNOR-HESKETH, (wife of Sir Thomas G. F. Fernoor-Hesketh, England.).....From her father, William Sharon. Made in silver-mines, banking, railroads, etc.
E. L. GOLDSTEIN (of B. Dreyfus & Co.).....Manufacturer California wines
LEWIS GERSTLE.....Importing furs and merchandising
ADAM GRANT.....Merchandising, dry-goods, and lands
ESTATE OF WILLIAM T. GARRATT.....Foundry business
ALVINZA HAYWARD .....Silver and gold-mines; railroads and real estate
A. S. HALLIDIE.....Cable-railroads
S. C. HASTINGS.....Law and investments
CHARLES WEBB HOWARD.....Water company and stocks
E. S. HELLER.....Wholesale dry-goods
A. P. HOTALING.....Wholesale liquors and real estate
E. W. HOPKINS.....Made in railroads
TIMOTHY HOPKINS.....Mines and railroads
ESTATE OF GEORGE HEARST..Silver, gold, and copper-mines; real estate
W. R. HEARST.....Silver, gold, and copper-mines; real estate
W. S. HOBART.....Silver-mines, speculation, and Gold Hill Water Company
A. E. HEAD.....Speculation in mining shares
ESTATE OF JAMES IRVINE.....Merchandising and land
JOHN P. JONES.....Silver and gold-mines, speculation, and banking
M. P. JONES.....Merchandising and real estate
ESTATE OF ROBERT JOHNSON.....Merchandising iron
JEFFERSON G. JAMES.....Cattle-raising and lands
J. G. KITTLE.....Merchandising and real estate
WILLIAM M. LENT.....Silver and other mines
ESTATE OF NICHOLAS LUNING.....Real estate and loans
ESTATE OF CHARLES LUX (of Miller & Lux)....Cattle-raising and lands
C. LEWIS (of Allen & Lewis).....Commission grain
JEROME LINCOLN.....Merchandising and banking
ESTATE OF JAMES LICK .....Merchandising and rise in real estate
ANDREW B. McCREARY .....Speculation in mining shares and real estate
CHARLES MAIN (of Main & Winchester)..Saddlery and harness; real estate
ESTATE OF DANIEL T. MURPHY....Wholesale dry-goods and real estate
ROBERT F. MORROW.....Silver and other mines and speculation
DANIEL MEYER.....Banking and investments
HENRY MILLER (of Miller & Lux).....Wholesale cattle-raising and lands
THOMAS MAGEE.....Real estate
JOHN W. MACKAY.....Silver-mines, speculation, and banking
ESTATE OF CHARLES McLAUGHLIN .....Railroads and lands
ESTATE OF MRS. McDONOUGH.....Silver-mines
JAMES M. McDONALD .....Mines and real estate
JOHN R. NIGHTINGALE.....Investments in real estate
FRANCIS G. NEWLANDS..From William Sharon. Made in silver-mines, etc.
WILLIAM NORRIS..Made in overland express business (Wells, Fargo & Co.)
CORNELIUS O'CONNOR.....Real estate and stocks
JAMES T. OTMAN.....Groceries and real estate
JAMES PHELAN.....Banking and real-estate investments
TIBURCIO PARROTT...Inherited. Made in mines, buildings, and real estate
GEORGE C. PERKINS.....Merchandising and mines
ESTATE OF EDMUND PATTEN.....Speculation in mining shares
MRS. JOHN A. PAXTON.....Banking and mines
ESTATE OF A. J. POPE (of Pope & Talbot).....Manufacturing lumber
MRS. A. M. PARROTT.....Banking, mines, real estate, etc.
E. B. POND.....Liquors and lands
ESTATE OF JOHN N. RISDON.....Iron manufacturing
ESTATE OF MOSES ROSENBAUM.....Real estate
ESTATE OF WILLIAM C. RALSTON.....Mines, speculation, and banking
ISAAC L. REQUA.....Mines and speculation
LOUIS SACHS.....Wholesale dry-goods and clothing
CLAUS SPRECKELS.....Sugar refining
ESTATE OF JOHN SKAE.....Silver-mines and speculation
LEVI STRAUSS.....Merchandise (dry-goods) and real estate
GUSTAVE SUTRO.....Mines and real estate
WILLIAM SHIELS.....Rise in real estate
MARK SHELDON.....Rise in real estate
ESTATE OF THOMAS SUNDERLAND.....Speculation in mining shares
ADOLPH SUTRO..Silver-mines, speculation, the Sutro Tunnel, and real estate
A. M. SIMPSON.....Lumber manufacturing and lands
LOUIS SLOSS.....Furs and merchandise
LELAND STANFORD .....Railroads, banking, and lands
ROBERT SHERWOOD..Jewelry business and speculation in Comstock shares
MRS. D. J. TALLANT.....Banking, etc.
ESTATE OF W. C. TALBOT (of Pope & Talbot).....Manufacturing lumber
HIRAM TUBBS.....Merchandising and lands
R. R. THOMPSON.....Mines and real estate
ESTATE OF RICHARD TOBIN.....Law practice, banking, and investments
ESTATE OF JAMES P. TREADWELL.....Law practice and investments
LLOYD TEVIS.....Made in Wells, Fargo & Co. and real-estate investments
MRS. J. H. VON SCHROEDER.....Inherited—Gas stock, etc.
JOHN WIELAND (of the John Wieland Brewing Co.).....Brewing
J. C. WILMERDING.....Wholesale liquors and real estate
ESTATE OF ANDREW WELCH.....Shipping and commission
ESTATE OF JOSEPH WOODWORTH.....Speculation in mining shares
ESTATE OF R. B. WOODWARD.....Hotel and real estate
WILLIAM H. WHITE.....Oils and real estate
ESTATE OF GENERAL THOMAS H. WILLIAMS.....Silver-mines
ESTATE OF EX-GOVERNOR R. H. WATERMAN....Mine- and railroads
S. M. WILSON.....Law and investments

"THE BARD OF DIMBOVITZA."*

A Sheaf of Roumanian Folk-Songs.

One can find much that excuses the strange infatuation Queen Elizabeth of Roumania showed for Miss Hélène Vacaresco in the book which they have recently published together, an English version having been made by Miss Alma Strettell. "Carmen Sylva," as Queen Elizabeth likes to be called, was first drawn to Miss Vacaresco by the latter's love for Roumanian poetry, and it was her desire to have the younger woman constantly by her that eventually led to the latter's trouble over her alleged engagement to marry Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria.

This book—"The Bard of Dimbovitza"—contains a number of the folk-songs of the Roumanian peasants, which were obtained by Miss Vacaresco only after infinite trouble. In her preface—which seems to be her only contribution to the volume—"Carmen Sylva" says:

"The young poetess to whom we owe the discovery of these songs, spent four years in collecting them among the peasants on her father's estates; and even though her family had for centuries been known and honored by this race, yet she encountered many difficulties in trying to induce the peasants to repeat their songs for her. She was forced to affect a desire to learn spinning that she might join the girls at their spinning-parties, and so overhear their songs more easily; she hid in the tall maize to hear the reapers crooning them; she caught them from the lips of peasant-women, of lute-players, of gypsies, and fortune-tellers; she listened for them by death-beds, by cradles, at the dance, and in the tavern, with inexhaustible patience."

The results of this difficult collecting are well worth the trouble. They are full of the strong loves and hates, the keen appreciation of nature, and the weird superstitions of the Roumanian peasants. But they speak best for themselves. We give below several extracts from the book:

WHERE THE SONGS DWELL.

Now tell me, where dwell all thy songs—beneath thy necklace fine?
Thy necklace, with its four brave rows, or in that heart of thine?—
I answer—Here within my heart dwell all these songs of mine.

Two brothers loved her, and for this, for this the maid is dead.
More white and clean her cottage was, her threshold narrower
Then others he. She loved the dance, she loved the strawberry red;
And yet it was her love that brought the maiden's death to her.

They slew her with the self-same knife, and deep the four hands pressed
That blade into her heart;—the heart wept all its blood, and cried:
"Alas! her Sunday shift, her chain, the pinks upon her breast,
Her girdle, to the apron's hem, with crimson I have dyed!"

And then it asked: "Where will ye dig the grave where she shall lie?
Beneath the hill, where sings the mill, and bright the sunbeams smile?
Or by the road, that wanderers may see, in passing by,
Her grave, and as an alms for her, may cross themselves the while?"

Now tell me, where dwell all thy songs—beneath thy necklace fine?
Thy necklace, with its four brave rows, or in that heart of thine?—
I answer—Here dwell all the songs, within this heart of mine.

THE BLACK HEART.

A heart there was—poor heart—as black as night,
And naught in all the world could make it white.

Poor heart, it prayed the doves, as they flew by,
To droop their soft white wings o'er it, and try
If that might help—but it was all in vain,
For black as night the poor heart did remain.
And then it begged the moon, a long, long while
To gaze upon it with her silv'ry smile.
And long the moon gazed down, full many a night,
Yet still in vain—the poor heart grew not white.
The river, with its waters washed it o'er,
E'en as it doth the pebbles on its shore,
And even as on tender corn, the rain
Fell fast upon it—yet all was in vain.
The sun looked pitying down, compassionate,
On the heart's blackness and its bitter fate.
At last a heart, a happy heart, came by—
Happy, for it was white—and lo! it broke in two,
Yet ere it broke, as white as snow it grew,
And of its fragments, every one did prove
White as the feathers of a turtle-dove.

There was a heart—poor heart—as black as night,
And naught in all the world could make it white.

THE SOLDIER'S TENT.

Across the mountains the mist hath drawn
A covering of bridal white;
The plains afar make lament, and mourn
That the flutt'ring veil of the mist-wreaths born
Hath hidden the mountains from sight.

The soldier lay smiling peacefully
Asleep in his tent on the sward,
The moon crept in and said: "Look at me,
A glance from thy sweetheart am I, for thee!"
But he answered: "I have my sword."

Then the rustling wind drew softly near,
Played round him with whispers light:
"I am the sighs of thy mother dear,
The sighs of thy mother am I, dost hear?"
But he answered: "I have the fight."

Then night sank down from the dark'ning sky
Round the sleeper, and murmured: "Rest,
Thy sweetheart's veil o'er thy face doth lie!"
But he answered: "No need of it have I,
For the hanner doth cover me best."

By his tent the river, clear and wide,
Rolled onward its silver flood,
And said: "I am water, the cleansing tide
More blessed than aught in the world beside."
But he answered: "I have my blood."

Then Sleep drew near to his tent, and low
She whispered with soothing breath:
"I am Sleep, the healer of ev'ry woe,
The dearest treasure of man below."
But the soldier replied: "I have Death."

Across the mountains the mist hath drawn
A covering of bridal white;
The plains afar make lament, and mourn
That the flutt'ring veil of the mist-wreaths born
Hath hidden the mountains from sight.

THE MAIDEN'S BLOOD.

Upon an evening in the month of May,
When from the heaven like a burning tear
The sun dropped down,
Then did the blood awaken in the veins
Of the young maiden wand'ring through the fields.
Then the blood cried to her,
And the blood burned in her,
And as it burned within her, thus it spake:
"What art thou making, maiden, of thy youth?
What wilt thou make of me?
I tire of this light tripping to and fro,
This idle running through thy strong young frame.
Now would I fain stand still and do my work;
And mark, when thou shalt see
This work of thine own flesh, thy blood renewed,
Then shalt thou thank the blood that gave thee this."
So the blood burned within her,
And thus it cried to her.
And there, beside the maize-field,
The other one was waiting,
He—the mysterious one.

In the month of May, at even,
The sun drops down from heaven
Heavily, like a tear.

THE DEAD WIFE'S KISS.

The flowers fear the hoar-frost;
And, save the stars, none see
The flowers die by night.

A man passed down the road—how sad was he!
My sister of the cross, who is yon man,
Who goes so sorrowfully on his way?

The other night, there rose up a dead woman
Out of her grave, because the night was fair.
She was so glad to see the earth again,
That she kissed all she found upon her way.
She kissed the flowers growing by the grave—
Beneath her kiss the flowers all drooped and faded.
She kissed the time-worn brink of the old well,
And the well felt as though a stone were sinking
Down to its depths, as the dead woman's kiss.
Then the dead woman met yon man, who wandered
Abroad that night, because the night was fair;
And him the dead kissed also, on the lips.

When o'er the new-mown hay the light wind passeth,
Each little blade doth sorrow that it stands not
To take the wind's soft breath.
Down in the river-bed a stone is lying;
The river has flowed over it so long.
That now the stone had learnt them all by heart,
The river's many songs.
When the grass stands full high,
It reaches up to all the maidens' girdles.

And the dead kissed yon man upon the lips,
And he can eat no more, can drink no more,
Since the dead woman's kiss.
Sleep lays her kiss no more upon his brow
Since the dead woman's kiss.
And if he slept, no one would dare to watch him
Since the dead woman's kiss.
And yet he never saith: "O thou dead woman,
Why hast thou laid thy kiss upon my lips,
That I can eat no more, and drink no more,
Since that thy kiss?"
But he saith: "Let the grass with softest murmurs
Grow o'er thy grave, as though the birds sang therein.
And may'st thou in thy grave keep long remembrance
Of earth, and of thy house, and of the weeping
Of those that wept for thee;
Yea, of the mourning
Of those that mourned for thee.
Thy dust be fruitful as my mother's womb,
And let the earth rejoice to have thy dust."
And yonder man
Bears the dead woman's kiss upon his lips,
And he can eat no more, nor drink, since then.

The flowers fear the hoar-frost.
None save the stars see the flowers die by night.

AT A GRAVE.

Look not upon the sky at eventide,
For that makes sorrowful the heart of man:
Look rather here into my heart, and joyful
Shalt thou then always be.

To yonder grave there ofttimes came a woman,
And said to it: "Hast thou forgiven me?"
"Avaunt!" the grave made answer.
Then weeping she would go her way, but going
She ever plucked a flower from the sward.
Yet still the grave would grant her no forgiveness.
Then said the woman: "Take at least my tears."
"Avaunt!" the grave made answer.
But as she, weeping, turned away and went,
Behold, the grave-stone would uplift itself,
And the dead man gaze forth,
Sending a long look after her, that woman
Who weeping went her way.

Look not upon the sky at eventide,
For that makes sorrowful the heart of man:
Look rather here into my heart, and joyful
Shalt thou then always be.

Two of the most striking poems in the book, "The Song of the Dagger," and "The Koives," we have already printed in the *Argonaut*.

* THE BARD OF DIMBOVITZA. Roumanian Folk-Songs Collected from the Peasants by Hélène Vacaresco; Translated by Carmen Sylva and Alma Strettell. James R. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co., London. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Several apparent omissions from the list of San Francisco millionaires, printed on the opposite page, are accounted for by the fact that the *Tribune* has ascribed several large fortunes to other parts of California. The following additions complete the *Tribune's* list of California millionaires:

J. B. HAGGIN	Bakersfield
JOHN BIDWELL	Chico
RICHARD GIRD	Chino Ranch
ESTATE OF DR. JAMES P. GREVES	Riverside
HARRIS NEWMARK	Los Angeles
I. W. HELLMAN	Los Angeles
ESTATE OF MRS. C. GARCELON	Oakland
GEORGE W. GRAYSON	Oakland
ESTATE OF THOMAS H. WILLIAMS	Oakland
ESTATE OF HORACE H. SEATON	Oakland
EDGAR MILLS	Sacramento
MRS. MARGARET B. CROCKER	Sacramento
NEWTON BOOTH	Sacramento
A. COOLOT	Sacramento
WILLIAM LAND	Sacramento
FREDERICK COX	Sacramento
C. W. CLARK	Sacramento
JEFFERSON WILCOXSON	Sacramento
ALLEN TOWLE	Sacramento
AUGUST HEILBRON	Sacramento
E. HEILBRON	Sacramento

— THE LAST OF THE MIHRAN AUCTION SALES of Oriental fabrics and art goods will take place at 412 Pine Street, from Friday, May 20th to May 25th, commencing at eleven A. M. each day. These goods have all been selected in person by Mr. Mihran, who is connected with no other house in this line in the city, and represent the finest work of the Turkish and Persian weavers and artificers.

— THE POLHEMUS TRACT, WHICH COMPRISES some of the best villa property near Menlo Park, has been put on the market, and is being sold in five and eight-acre pieces by Easton, Eldridge & Co., of 638 Market Street, from whom full particulars may be obtained.

—MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Miss Lalla Harrison, of Leesburg, Loudoun County, Va., has been selected as the most beautiful woman in that State to represent it as one of the original thirteen States at the Columbian Exposition.

Ouida (Louise de la Ramée, who adopted as her pen name the nearest approach a favorite niece could make to pronouncing her right one), is said to have kept the details of her nationality and early history from even her closest friends.

The beauty of the present London season is Lady Ulrica Duncombe, the sister of the Duchess of Leinster, of Lady Helen Vincent, and of Lady Cynthia Graham. She is stated to be even still more lovely than her handsome elder sisters.

Mrs. Langtry, the actress, has been gambling at Monte Carlo, with a son of Sir Robert Peel as a companion. It is understood in society that Mr Peel is an improvement on the professional turf-gamblers who have of late surrounded the ex-ornament of the stage.

Marie Roze is about to come forward in a new rôle, that of an operatic librettist. The popular prima donna has left for Paris on a holiday, after a long season with the Carl Rosa Company, and while in the French capital, she will put the finishing touches to an opera book based upon an Italian story by Lamartine.

Carlton Gardens are rapidly becoming monopolized by the wealthy American element in London. Mrs. Mackay and the Duchess of Marlborough have already superb residences there, and now Mrs. Ralph Vivian, who up till a few months ago bore the name of Mrs. Marshall Roberts, has secured No. 7 Carlton Gardens.

Of Julia Ward Howe's precocity as a little girl, Mrs. Richards says, in *St. Nicholas:*

"At nine years old, she was studying Palen's 'Moral Philosophy' with girls of sixteen and eighteen. She could not have been older when she heard a class recitation an Italian lesson, and fell in love with the melodious language. She listened, and listened again; then got a grammar and studied secretly, and one day handed to the astonished Italian teacher a letter, correctly written in Italian, begging that she might join the class."

Princess Frederick Charles, who has accepted the presidency of the German Women's Department of the Chicago Fair, is the widow of the famous cavalry general who played a prominent part in the wars of 1864, 1866, and 1870, and was known as the "Red Prince," on account of the scarlet hussar uniforms he always wore. The princess recently contracted a morganatic marriage with one of her chamberlains.

The newest American prima donna of promise is a California girl, Miss Sedohr Rhodes, of this city. She is a pupil of the famous Mme. Marchesi, of Paris, and recently she made her first appearance on any stage in "La Sonnambula" at Florence, where she scored a remarkable and instantaneous success. In addition to the possession of a fine voice, she is remarkable for her great personal beauty.

Victoria C. Woodhull Martin and Tennessee C. Cook have acquired a very pronounced English accent during their residence abroad. Despite their matrimonially acquired wealth, they dress very plainly. A Pittsburg reporter, who interviewed them, says that their entire personal wardrobe could not have cost more than fifty dollars. This young newspaper man is evidently uninformed about the prices of feminine raiment. Wait till he marries.

Of a noted female duelist, a correspondent of the *Recorder* writes:

"Mme. de Valsayre, who fought a duel some six years ago with a Miss Shelly, and likewise sent a challenge at one time to Miss Booth, the field-marshal in command of the Salvation Army in Paris, on the ground that she was bringing ridicule upon the sex, has started a movement in Paris, to persuade the young women who serve in the 'brasseries,' or beer saloons, to form themselves into a union pledging themselves to abandon smoking cigarettes, and, generally speaking, to behave more properly than they have hitherto been in the habit of doing. Mme. de Valsayre is a clever doctor and president of a ladies' fencing school."

Of the Countess de Castiglione, the most beautiful woman of the Second Empire, we are told:

After the Commune insurrection the countess took up her residence in an apartment in the Place Vendome, and there she has lived ever since until a fortnight ago, when the expiration of her landlord's lease forced her to move. During all these twenty years, the blinds of her apartments were kept hermetically drawn, even in the hottest summer. Every evening, when the weather was fine and darkness had set in, she would emerge from the house, closely veiled, and walk several times around the square. The object of all this has been to prevent anybody from seeing the ravages which time has made upon her once glorious beauty, she refusing to receive any one whatsoever.

The following story is now current in Paris concerning Princess Eulalie, the captivating and beautiful daughter of old Queen Isabella of Spain:

Her eccentricity is of the same peculiar and masculine character as that of the Duc de Morny's sister, the Marquise de Bellboeuf. It is stated that the princess is in the habit of roaming about at night in male attire, and of visiting the various barrieres and Moulin Rouge entertainments, coiffed with a traditional, high-peaked silk cap worn by the professional Alphonse. Queen Isabella, her mother, was in the habit, when a young girl, of roaming about Madrid at night with General Serrano, Duc de la Torre, who even visited some of the most popular cafés with the young queen thus disguised. Marshal Serrano is popularly reputed to have been the real father of the late King Alfonso of Spain.

Of the greatest lady of the court of Spain, the Duchess of Medina-Coeli, who is grand mistress of the queen's household, the Marquise de Fontenoy says:

"In the days of Queen Isabella, she was famous for her beauty. She is a noted patroness of art, letters, and music. Her grandson, the present duke, a boy of fourteen years, is the posthumous son of the Duke of Medina-Coeli, who met so tragical a death in the woods of the Guadarama. The late duke was out shooting with his lovely young bride. His gun went off accidentally, and he was so unfortunately struck by the discharge that he fell mortally wounded at her feet. The young duke, his heir, who was born six months after the accident, is reputed to be the wealthiest nobleman in Spain. He is worth thirty millions of dollars.

Innumerable are the humiliations and slights to which the unpopular widow of the late Crown Prince Rudolph is subjected at the court of Vienna. The latest affront is thus described:

"It originates with her mother-in-law, Empress Elizabeth, who has declined even to meet her since the tragedy at Meyerling. By his will, the crown prince appointed the empress executrix of his testamentary disposition. Availing herself of the powers conferred thereby, her majesty, without consulting the crown princess, has lent the entire art collection of her dead son to the imperial museum. The latter is to retain it until the crown prince's little daughter, Archduchess Elizabeth, either attains her majority or marries. No regard has been shown for the feelings of the crown princess in the matter, although the pictures, the tapestries, and the valuable bric-à-brac in question form part and parcel of the furnishings of her residence at the Palace of Luxemburg."

Among the persons recently received by the Pope was Mlle. Helene Vacaresco, whose love-affairs with Crown Prince Ferdinand of Roumania created so much comment some months ago. The *Tribune's* correspondent in Rome writes:

"In presenting the young woman to His Holiness, with several others, the master of ceremonies is said to have laid special emphasis upon her name. The Pope seemed struck with its sound, and, as if trying to recall its significance, slowly repeated: 'Mlle. Vacaresco, Mlle. Vacaresco.' 'Your Holiness,' said the young woman, 'I am Mlle. Vacaresco, the unhappy bride of the Prince of Roumania.' Although the Pope, in answer, made no reference to her unfortunate love-story, he treated her with great kindness and respect, and dismissed her with his blessing. Mlle. Vacaresco has been living with her parents for some time in Rome, and it is hardly probable that the family will ever return to Roumania."

A NOTABLE ART COLLECTION.

The Sale of Colonel P. A. Finigan's Paintings.

San Francisco justly lays claim to the possession of quite a number of exceptionally good private collections of oil-paintings, which, from an artistic standpoint, aside from their monetary worth, will bear most favorable comparison with those of any of the Eastern cities. Prominent among our local collections is that of Colonel P. A. Finigan, whose residence on California Street is gemmed with canvases, on which are displayed the work of some of the most notable artists the world has known. The late Virgil Williams assisted Colonel Finigan to a large extent in procuring his collection, and that fact is certainly a guarantee of its artistic excellence. Colonel Finigan will soon depart for Europe, with his family, to be gone a term of years, in consequence of which he has decided, though reluctantly, to have his art collection sold at auction in the rooms of the Art Association, 430 Pine Street, by Easton, Eldridge & Co., the auctioneers. The paintings will be on exhibition there to the public on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, day and night, and the sale will commence at one o'clock, Thursday afternoon, May 19th.

One of the most striking paintings in the collection is "La Femme Adultère," by M. Henri Thompson, which created considerable excitement in Paris in 1874, when it was exhibited there. It is a representation of the penalty inflicted during the middle ages upon adulterous wives. It is a fine figure-piece, well treated, excellently colored, and adroitly drawn. "The Good Shepherd," by De Ruddan, of Paris, is the original painting from which Lemercier's celebrated steel-engraving was taken. The facial expression of both the shepherd and his suffering sheep is remarkably well portrayed, and the entire finish of the picture makes it one of the most interesting of its class extant. "The Widow of a Month" and "The Widow of a Year" are companion pictures from the brush of Eugene Leygue, of Paris, that are poetic in feeling and delicate in treatment. There is a trio of pictures by L. O. Lucier, of Paris, that are very clever companion pieces and excellent specimens of animal painting. A marine view by G. W. Nichols, of Florence, entitled "Amsterdam," gives one a vista of the Zuyder Zee, with its picturesque fishing fleet. This picture would attract attention in any salon, and has been highly praised by connoisseurs. "The Wahsatch Mountains" by Gilbert Munger, was purchased by Colonel Finigan over twenty years ago, and is the best specimen of that artist's work in America. It is a very large canvas, and the subject is boldly treated. Matilda Lotz is well represented by the head of a mastiff and a sheep study, both of which are wonderfully true to nature and display the young artist's ability to the best advantage. "Harvesting at Brighton," by Marple, is one of the paintings that brought this artist world-wide fame. Every detail is represented most faithfully, and the ensemble can not but be admired. Lack of space prevents a review of the entire collection, which must be seen to be appreciated, and there is hardly a doubt that all lovers of art will inspect these admirable paintings. Fontaine, of Florence, Jansen, of London, J. F. Herring, of London, Louis Lasalle, Tom Hill, A. Ratte, of Rome, Holdredge, Bloomer, Chaigneau, of Brussels, Hadengue, of Paris, Louis Laymans, of Brussels, Kratke, of Brussels, Rose, of Paris, Van Der Kamp, and other artists whose names are familiar to all who are interested in art, are represented in Colonel Finigan's fine collection.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Another book by the famous Spanish novelist Valera, the author of "Pepita Ximenez" and "Doña Luz," is to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co. The title is "Don Braulio," and the book has been translated from the Spanish of "Pasarse de Listo" by Clara Bell.

Various fates await manuscripts submitted for publication in the periodicals. Says the *Sun:*

"One famous juvenile weekly not only rejects articles, but destroys a large percentage of what it accepts and pays for. One monthly magazine sent back in a lump nearly a two years' supply of manuscripts that had been paid for. A literary man, whose articles fetch the highest rates easily, complains that they are held sometimes as long as six years after having been accepted. A man who furnished an article on the negro question to a religious periodical eight years ago, was astonished recently to see it in print with his signature. He had somewhat revised his views since writing the article. An article by a famous English scientific man was accepted by an American publication, but it was so little suited to popular taste that the editor put it in pamphlet form and sent it to the only persons in the United States who might be interested in the subject. They numbered exactly five."

John Addington Symonds's biography of Michael Angelo, which is now ready for the printers, will be issued in two volumes.

The writings of Mr. Gladstone fill twenty-two pages in the printed catalogue of the British Museum. His most popular work has been the pamphlet on "The Vatican Decrees," which ran through one hundred and ten editions and was translated into several European languages.

Mr. W. H. Mallock's novel, "A Human Document," was printed and bound in Cassell's Sunshine Series without the last eight chapters.

D. Appleton & Co. will publish at once Joseph Pennell's book on "The Jew at Home." Mr. Pennell, who has visited and studied the Jewish towns of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, illustrates his own text.

M. Daudet is engaged on a book dealing with the gypsies, the material for which he has been collecting for many years.

One of the short stories in the volume recently published by Walter Besant is called "Doubts of Dives," and apropos of this the novelist relates an anecdote. A man recently called upon him for the purpose of complaining that "Doubts of Dives" gave a minute account of his life. Nay, he even alleged that Mr. Besant mesmerized him and so extracted his history. Of course Mr. Besant protested that his characters were altogether his own creation, but his visitor would not listen to him.

General Benjamin F. Butler seems to be finding out something of the trials and perils which beset the unwary author on every hand. Says an Eastern paper:

"He had a row with the C. F. Jewett Publishing Company, of Boston, who had arranged for the publication of his book, and took the manuscript away from them. He gave it to another publisher, who succeeded, after various disagreements, in producing it. The book had hardly appeared before the general's contemporaries began to jump on him and call him several kinds of a liar. And now comes the news of the Jewett Publishing Company's endeavor to get square, by attaching the general's property in Lowell for fifty thousand dollars, in a suit which they have instituted against him. As has been remarked, the way of the author is hard; but one should think that a man of the age of the distinguished Butler should have gathered enough of wisdom from experience to refrain from monkeying with literature."

Alas for Germany. Dr. Sanders's mammoth lexicon of the German language—the work of thirty years—can not find a publisher. No one has the courage to undertake the risk of publishing so expensive a work, and the German Government is silent.

Another volume of Miss Wormeley's translations from Balzac is promised for this month—"Albert Savarus," with which will be given "Paz" and "Mme. Firmiani."

D. Appleton & Co. report that the memorial volume on the Centennial of Washington's Inauguration, which they have recently published, is being rapidly subscribed for. The edition is limited to one thousand copies.

Mrs. Kate Upson Clark lately became the editor of the periodical *Romance.*

The absence of the preface and the omission of a chapter of Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" in the American edition, have excited so much comment that the publishers have issued the following notice:

In view of certain incorrect statements respecting the American edition of Mr. Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," the publishers thereof desire to explain that the story was originally published serially in the *Graphic*, of London, and *Harper's Bazar*, of New York, having been revised by the author for such publication, and that while thus appearing serially it was set up and printed in book-form by the American publishers. Afterward, Mr. Hardy made many changes in the story, and these appeared in the English edition in book-form, but not in the first issue of the American edition, which had been already printed for reasons connected with the copyright. The new American edition, now on the market, has been thoroughly revised by Mr. Hardy, and is considerably expanded, according to the latest English edition.

Mme. Claire Vautier, who is already known by three highly original novels, has just published what is described as "a curious and remorseless study of a woman," entitled "Dans la Boue" ("In the Mud").

How, sir, or madam, did you write your book? How did you get it published? These are some of the questions which divers authors have agreed to answer in the *Idler*. Mr. Clarke Russell is writing about his "Wreck of the Grosvenor," and Mr. Hardy is to follow.

The latest report in Paris concerning the exchange of hostilities between M. Zola and M. Loti is to the effect that M. Loti sent to M. Zola as an Easter offering, a complete collection of his works, and that M. Zola returned them to M. Loti, with an autograph inscription as follows: "Thanks. I never read."

New Publications.

"Edith Trevor's Secret," a novel by Mrs. Harriet Lewis, has been issued in the Choice Series published by Robert Bonner's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Everybody's Pocket Cyclopedia" is a handy little book containing much valuable information on all topics, compactly arranged and thoroughly indexed. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Foresters, Maid Marian, and Robin Hood," Lord Tennyson's new play, which was produced a few weeks ago by Augustin Daly's company of players, has been issued in book form by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, $1.25; for sale by William Doxey.

A new edition has just been issued of Jane Austen's popular novel, "Sense and Sensibility." It is in two pretty little volumes, handsomely printed on heavy paper with uncut sides and gilt tops, and each volume has for frontispiece an etching representing a scene from the story. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, $2 50 for the two volumes; for sale by William Doxey.

"Little Brothers of the Air," by Olive Thorne Miller, contains some twenty-five chapters on the birds of Long Island and Northern New York, describing their ways and habits from the point of one whose love of nature has not been suffocated by dry ornithological science. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, $1 25; for sale by the booksellers.

"Mavericks: Short Stories Rounded Up" contains nineteen humorous tales that have appeared in *Puck* in the past six months. Among the authors represented are W. J. Henderson, Brander Matthews, Madeline S. Bridges, Walter Learned, Williston Fish, George H. Jessop, H. L. Wilson, James L. Ford, Tudor Jenks, C. H. Angur, Harry Romaine, Flavel S. Mines, R. K. Munkittrick, H. C. Bunner, and others. Published by Keppler & Schwarzmann, New York; price, $1.00; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Little Minister," by J. M. Barrie, is conceded to be the brilliant young Scotchman's finest work. The scene is in Thrums, the quaint Scotch village of which Mr. Barrie has written before, and the story tells how the little pastor of Auld Licht Kirk falls in love with "the Egyptian" and marries the heathen temptress according to the gypsy rites of her people. The story is full of dramatic scenes, bright dialogue, and fine sentiment. Published by the John W. Lovell Company, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

George Moore, who out Zolaed Zola with his first novel, "A Mummer's Wife," and who is as *fin de siècle* as Mr. Jimmy O'Neill Whistler himself, has written a cleanly and very readable story in "Vain Fortune." There are two heroines: one, a weak young woman, who is constantly the victim of circumstances, because she has not the strength to shape them to her ends; and the other, a woman whose strong nature has been made stronger by suffering—to wit, being beaten by her first husband. These two are intimates, and, of course, the fair vessel of their friendship splits upon a rock—an unsuccessful playwright whom they both love. The stronger woman gets him, and on her wedding night learns that her rival has killed herself, which gives the happy couple but a very brief moment of sorrow. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, $1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Discovery of America," by John Fiske, is a broader work than its title would seem to indicate. The first one hundred and fifty pages are devoted to "Ancient America," which Mr. Fiske finds exceptionally interesting as exemplifying social conditions that existed in the Old World before the time of Homer and the Vedas, that were, in fact, fifty or sixty centuries behind the times. The next chapter, of one hundred pages, discusses "Pre-Columbian Voyages," in which the Northmen figured most prominently; and the third, fourth, and fifth chapters treat of Europe and Cathay and the search for the Indies, by the eastward, or Portuguese route, and by the westward, or Spanish route. These take up nearly four hundred and fifty pages, and the real subject of the book is then considered, being a gradual process, according to Mr. Fiske, and extending over two centuries of exploration and conquest. A notable feature of Mr. Fiske's work is the reproduction of many ancient maps, which greatly aid the reader in appreciating the mental attitude of the early voyagers. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, for the two volumes, $4.00; for sale by the booksellers.

In "The Lesson of the Master," by Henry James, there are six new short stories: "The Lesson of the Master," in which a young novelist is dissuaded from marrying the girl he loves by "a high literary figure," a great novelist whose later work is merely fine pot-boiling, who declares that art is a mistress who will brook no rival and that a family is a yoke about an artist's neck; "The Marriages," in which a young girl, through reverence for her mother's memory, prevents her father's remarriage, and then discovers that her young brother has married a worse than doubtful woman who has impossible blonde hair and is fifteen years his senior; "The Pupil," a charming study of a strange child, brought up in a vulgar and snobbish family that is always fleeing from creditors in one Continental city after another; "Brooksmith," a character-sketch of a butler who has been spoiled for ordinary duties by service in a man's *salon;* "The Solution," a story of a practical joke—telling him he has compromised and should marry a girl—on a Quixotically chivalrous young man; and "Sir Edmund Orme," in which the ghost of a jilted man haunts the woman's daughter in after years until the latter falls in love. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, $1 00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

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The most personal and in some respects the most important work which Mr. Harris has published since "Uncle Remus." Many will read between the lines and see the autobiography of the author. In addition to the stirring incidents which appear in the story, the author presents a graphic picture of certain phases of Southern life which have not appeared in his books before. There are also new examples of the folk-lore of the negroes, which became classic when presented to the public in the pages of "Uncle Remus."

"The book is in the characteristic vein which has made the author so famous and popular as an interpreter of plantation character."—*Rochester Union and Advertiser.*

"Those who never tire of Uncle Remus and his stories—with whom we would be accounted—will delight in Joe Maxwell and his exploits."—*London Saturday Review.*

"The story is well told throughout, and is certain to rank among Mr. Harris's best works. To say the least, it is the most interesting literature of the kind recently published."—*Richmond* (Va.) *Times.*

"A charming little book, tastefully gotten up. . . . Its simplicity, humor, and individuality would be very welcome to any one who was weary of the pretentiousness and the dull obviousness of the average three-volume novel."—*London Chronicle.*

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VANITY FAIR.

The late Mr. William Astor did nothing particular in life except roll up his millions (says the *Recorder*). He did not care for the Four Hundred nor the Four Hundred for him. His death, however, has made a sensation. It has left the Four Hundred without a "queen," and, of course, there must be a successor. To leave the social throne of New York and Newport vacant for even a single season is not to be thought of. This awful society calamity has been brought about in this way: While the old gentleman lived, the brilliant, ambitious, and "only Mrs. Astor" was the universally acknowledged sovereign. She held the sceptre with firm hand, and, if any one disputed her authority, the rebel was ignominiously driven out of the ranks of the Four Hundred by the lord high chamberlain, McAllister. Mr. Astor had the wretchedly bad taste to die most unexpectedly, and in accordance with the Astor family mortuary traditions, the "only Mrs. Astor" and all the other Astors must go into mourning for two years. The contest for the vacant throne has already begun, and every one of the fair candidates is vigorously marshaling her forces. Mrs. August Belmont, Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. George Peabody Wetmore, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Cutting, and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt are the principal contestants, and the followers of each are confident of victory.

On a kindred topic, Colonel Cockerill writes: "It having been announced by Ward McAllister that Mrs. J. Coleman Drayton is to return in the fall and resume her place in New York society, a very interesting season is predicted. Persons in the swim intimate that the season will not only be interesting, but exciting. There has always been considerable jealousy of Mrs. Astor as the head and front of New York society, and her rivals—there are about a dozen of them—will make use of the scandal which attaches to her daughter's name to overthrow her supremacy. The Astors are determined that society shall accept Mrs. Drayton as if nothing had happened, and are depending upon their money and Ward McAllister to see that society does it. So far as McAllister is concerned, this will be the severest test that has yet been placed upon his social leadership. There is every chance that society will divide on this rock, and perhaps go to pieces. In any event, there is going to be a vociferous time in New York society this winter."

The influence of Oriental thought in this country, of which we now hear so much, appears in its most attractive form in New Orleans. Recently "The Light of Asia" has been represented in that city for the benefit of a favorite charity. The performers were the young society people of that city. "The Light of Asia" recounts the wanderings of the young Buddha. One of the peculiarities of the life of the young Buddha was that he was constantly attended by dancing-girls. As a baby, dancing-girls danced him to sleep. When Sidartha went to church, the Nautch girls danced before the altar. When he married, they accompanied him to the temple. When he goes home with his princess, the dancing-girls beguile their luxurious ease. When he sought the solitudes of the forest, the Nautch girls danced before him to remind him of the joys he had left; and when he returned as Buddha to his lovely Yasohara, they danced again. Altogether, the New Orleans girls had plenty to occupy them. Miss Irene Lverle danced a *pas seul*, and the dancing of Miss de Buys is spoken of as truly the poetry of motion. The Nautch girls, their costumes and dancing, are thus described in a home paper: "In satin robes, with necklaces and bracelets of pearls making soft music of their own as they sway upon their forms, accompanying the slow and graceful movements of their bodies, the dancing-girls were visions of Eastern loveliness. Their long dark hair hung in loose abandon about their shoulders, in their eyes was all the dreamy, languorous beauty of the East. To slow music they bowed, and swayed, and knelt in reverence, and then, their mood seeming to change, they moved with quicker footsteps in ever-increasing and diminishing circles, and finished the ceremony on bended knees, with arms outstretched like guardian angels."

The use of French words and phrases by English writers is rapidly going out of fashion. It is now considered in bad taste to employ French for anything which can be equally well expressed in our own language. Fashion has turned the tables. We discard French. The Parisians adopt English. One can hardly pick up a French novel or newspaper which is not plentifully sprinkled with English—sometimes pure English, sometimes intentionally modified English, sometimes English curiously transformed through ignorance. "Le Sport" is the regular heading to the sporting column of a famous French daily, in which may be found statements about "jockeys," "trotters," "yachts," and even occasional mention of those forms of amusement known as "le cricket" and "basebal." Upon the same page a reporter sent to "interviewer" a distinguished foreigner, declares him to be "un parfait gentleman," and goes on to describe his personal appearance and dress, including such garments as an "ulster," a "derby," and a "gladstone-collar." The political news includes mention of "le grand boss," a "dark horse," and a "ring," although these phrases are used only in speaking of American politics. Among the sensational items near by is one describing the doings of "Le Juge Lynch en Texas," and expressing horror at the escape of "les lyncheurs" after hanging "le lynché" to the bough of a tree, and piercing him with bullets. We turn from this record of barbarism to the society column, and discover that our French friends are not ashamed to import from America new forms of entertainment. At a soirée of the Marquise de X——, we are informed that a game, long popular in the best society of the United States, was introduced with great success—the game of "pokère." We learn, also, that an unusually large number of "five-o'clockards" (young men fond of afternoon tea) were present at the "five-o'clock-tea" of Mme. de Z——. Looking a little further, we find that "dudes" and "mashers" unfortunately exist in Paris, and that young women who "flirte" are not unknown, although they are warned in a serious paragraph, evidently without the least intention to employ slang, that this amusement is not a safe one, and they are likely to "get left." Indeed, of all the phrases which the French now borrow, American slang seems to be the most popular.

The people whose business it is to supply coats-of-arms furnish very entertaining reading. One of these asserts that he was commissioned by a charming girl to repaint the family shield. Her boudoir, she averred, was being done over in white and gold, and the violent reds and blues of the family coat-of-arms would not harmonize with the new decorations. In vain the herald assured her that it was impossible to change the colors of armorial bearings; but on the young woman declaring she would take them elsewhere, as a business man he complied, and changed them to blue and gold. The prevailing taste in coats-of-arms runs to dragons, lions, and tigers. One lady's pedigree being unraveled, required a red ape leaping and dragging a golden chain. The lady was greatly incensed. To a friend was given a handsome lion rampant, while she had received a monkey, as if she were an organ-grinder. The wife of a military man, on her part, getting a chevron, which is a most honorable device, on her coat-of-arms, was very indignant. "Only non-commissioned officers wear chevrons," she said; "my husband was never in the ranks."

M. W. Hazeltine contributes to the May *Nineteenth Century* a paper entitled "Studies of New York Society." The satirical tone which marks it indicates that it was intended for home consumption (writes G. W. Smalley in the *Tribune*). The British matron may, perhaps, be pleased to be assured that "most New York young women of good station are ludicrously incompetent to discuss the topics which interest intelligent men." Mr. Hazeltine puts this in the mouth of a foreign observer, but adopts it seemingly as his own. He proceeds to assure his British readers that "the American young woman is an adept in mental frittering, and has gained a pretty habit of sham and smatter"; that though she can read French novels, the poets and essayists of France are seldom known to her; that she can play a waltz with the exasperating correctness of a barrel-organ; that she is brought up to marry a rich husband, and has no qualifications for the hour of his almost inevitable reverse; and, to sum up, that the marriageable damsel of Manhattan is a rather trivial thing and an indifferent comrade for a man of brains. The mothers of Manhattan have for their part "a morbid hankering after titles and other gewgaws of what the honest democrat deems a rotten aristocracy," and retain it, seldom as it is that their daughters have prospered in their "assault" on England's hereditary legislators. The daughters' failure seems to be due, in fact, to a want of rudimentary lessons in rudimentary social observances, and to their habit of making "blunders which are not only ludicrous in themselves, but happen unluckily to be identical with those for which the British barmaid and laundress are notorious." These, perhaps, will suffice as samples of Mr. Hazeltine's views of his countrywomen, and of what he wishes the English to believe. He interjects an occasional compliment in the midst of these caricatures—just enough light to make the shadows black. But the article, as a whole, is one in which those who dislike America will find plenty of justification for their dislike.

M. Sarcey, it seems, was at one time very short-sighted, but a successful operation made him long-sighted to an extraordinary degree. This restoration of his sight was not altogether an unmixed blessing. For the first time since his childhood he could see things at a distance. His home, that he thought so fine, was found to be neglected and dirty; his precious china was chipped and cracked; his books were soiled and torn. But the crowning blow came when a grand luncheon was given to celebrate the restoration of the critic's sight. "Women were invited in great number, and came in their very best. The Comédie-Française, the Vaudeville, the Odéon, were represented by their fairest ones, and the table 'was a sight for the gods'—at least, Sarcey would have thought so six weeks before. But very soon his countenance fell, and I saw his eye wandering about in astonishment—aye, in distress. He laughed no more, and looked miserable. After the coffee, he made a sign to me, and I followed him upstairs, believing him to have been disturbed by the thought of some work which ought to be done at once. But he threw himself heavily on his sofa, which groaned as if sharing its master's despair, and exclaimed, piteously: 'Good heavens! why, they are all frights! they are all dyed, painted, wrinkled, scraggy! *Oh, mes belles aimes*, what has become of them?'"

Pearls are very perishable; they can not be considered a first-rate investment, like diamonds. After a time they decay. Sometimes a fine specimen will lose its lustre and beauty within a few months, so that the possessor of such treasures does well to keep them put away in a sealed place. They are very delicately made, consisting of thin films overlaid one upon another, with more or less animal matter between the layers, and it is no wonder that they deteriorate. After being buried in the ground for a while they are found worthless. Those which are dug out of Indian graves—some of them of great size and doubtless of wonderful beauty when they were new—are utterly valueless, even when they are not pierced. Nevertheless, there is a pure and evanescent beauty about them which seems better to become the maiden than any other sort of jewel. Nothing varies so much in value as pearls. With them fashion affects the market constantly. Sometimes white ones are sought, while other tints at intervals are in demand. For some years past, black pearls have been the rage. A fine specimen worth six hundred dollars will fetch one thousand dollars, perhaps, if another can be got to match it perfectly.

Women have been ridiculed by men on account of the absurd little bonnets they wear, and the gentle creatures have patiently endured the criticism, because they knew the bonnets were becoming. But now it appears that the wealth of lovely hair which the crownless bonnet reveals is really the result, in many cases, of the very lightness and inefficiency of protection the tiny covering provides. Air and sunshine are really the best promoters of growth and beauty of coloring in the hair, and if men would wear a crownless or perforated hat, instead of shutting the hair up in an unventilated tunnel every time they go into the air, there would be fewer bald pates in the front rows. Revenge is sweet. Artists tell us that woman's hair is growing more beautiful in texture and color, while every one knows a man past forty without a bald spot is rare.

Alphonse Daudet is writing a novel which treats of the divorce problem. He is strongly opposed to the granting of divorces, especially on account of the children. He explains his views by saying: "Absolute integrity of the marriage tie is necessary. In choosing a wife a man must be able to say, 'When I am dying, these are the arms in which I will pass away, these are the fingers which shall close my eyes!' A man can not feel this, if he knows that in five or ten years' time his wife will be able to cast him off, and become the legal property of another; or that he, on his side, if he gets tired of her, can have recourse to the help which the law is only too willing to accord him in order to rid himself of her."

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GABOT'S CREOSOTE SHINCLE STAINS
Have been used on the Pacific Coast, and have proven, beyond doubt, that they
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45 lbs of lean Beef required to make one pound Armour's (Chicago) Extract of Beef. There are many ways of using Armour's Extract. Our little Cook Book explains several. We mail it free.
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Menlo Park.

Those desiring elegant Villa Tracts near Menlo Park, should not fail to view the charming

POLHEMUS TRACT

Near Fair Oaks Station. Lovely growth of heavy oaks; mountain water-pipes to each subdivision; direct roads to the great Stanford University; near main thoroughfare from San Francisco to San Jose. Nine daily trains to this city; rich soil; desirable neighbors; many pieces sold; homes under construction; in 5 and 8 acre pieces; all the requisites of health, comfort, or pleasure.

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IN THE FASHION, AND SERVE AT YOUR AFTERNOON RECEPTIONS AND AT YOUR EVENING FUNCTIONS A DAINTY CUP OF HIGHLY FLAVORED CHOCOLATE. IT HAS BECOME THE PROPER THING. GHIRARDELLI'S "VANILLA" CHOCOLATE IS THE PUREST, THE RICHEST, AND THE BEST.

"THE PROPER THING"

SEVERAL MAGNIFICENT PAINTINGS

Have just arrived from Europe, and are now being framed in our factory. These will be added to our Collection, and will be on exhibition in a few days.

Owing to the necessary preparations for moving to our new building, now in course of erection, we will sell all our Paintings and other goods at Greatly Reduced Prices.

S. & G. GUMP

581-583 MARKET ST.

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Frances E. Gamble, daughter of Mr. James Gamble, of Piedmont, and Mr. Walter Ellis, of Boston, Mass., will take place Wednesday afternoon, June 8th, in St. Paul's Church, Oakland. The bridesmaids will be Miss Jessie Coleman and Miss Edna Dickens, of Oakland, cousins of the bride, and Mr. William Ripley, of Boston, a cousin of the groom, will act as best man. After the wedding there will be a reception in the evening, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Coleman, in Oakland, to which only relatives and very intimate friends will be invited. On the day after the wedding the young couple will leave for the East, and will pass the season at the summer residence of Mr. Ellis, in Newton, Mass.

A rose tea and musicale will be given this (Saturday) afternoon and evening, from three until ten o'clock, at the residence of Captain and Mrs. Charles Goodall, corner of Pierce and McAllister Streets, for the benefit of the Conservatory of Music of the University of the Pacific. An excellent programme will be presented, and the price of admission will be one dollar, including refreshments. There will be nothing for sale.

The postponed fête champêtre of the Woman's Exchange will take place this (Saturday) afternoon at Angel Island. Boats will leave Washington Street wharf at half-past one, two, and half-past two o'clock. There will be music, tennis, dancing, and refreshments to interest the many who will attend. The officers of the French and Austrian men-of-war as well as army and naval officers stationed here will be present.

A kettledrum will be given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lohse, 1385 Webster Street, Oakland, on Saturday, May 21st, from three until ten o'clock, for the benefit of the Catholic Ladies Aid Society, No. 1, of Oakland. The tickets are one dollar each, and there will be nothing for sale.

There will be gayety in Sausalito this (Saturday) afternoon and evening, as the Pacific and San Francisco Yacht Clubs will give their opening hops of the season at their respective club-houses.

The commencement exercises of the Van Ness Young Ladies' Seminary will be held in the First Congregational Church on Thursday evening, May 19th.

Miss Ella Dyer and Mr. Frank M. Wellman were united in marriage on May 5th at the residence of Mrs. Henry Wetherbee in Fruitvale. Rev. G. L. McNutt officiated and the affair was very pleasantly celebrated. Mr. and Mrs. Wellman are passing their honeymoon at the Blue Lakes.

Miss Helen Otis was most agreeably surprised by a party of her friends last Wednesday evening at her home, 1900 Washington Street. They took complete possession of the house and passed the evening delightfully in dancing. A bounteous supper was served about midnight.

Mrs. Monroe Salisbury gave a delightful matinée tea last Wednesday at her residence on California Street in honor of Countess Festetics, *née* Haggin. The parlors were ornate with fragrant bloom, and about one hundred and fifty guests were entertained by the hostess in her usual hospitable manner.

Miss Alice Ziska gave a charming reception last Tuesday evening at the residence of her mother, Mme. B. Ziska, 1606 Van Ness Avenue, in honor of the officers of the Austrian corvette *Fasana*. Musical selections by the young hostess and others were among the delightful features of the affair. A delicious supper was served, and it was early morning when adieux were said.

Mrs. Walter C. Campbell gave an enjoyable lunch-party recently at her residence on Turk Street in honor of a number of ladies who will leave to-day for Europe. Amid beautiful decorations a delicious menu was served, and the afternoon was delightfully passed. Mrs. Campbell's guests were: Mme. Marie Cortez, Mrs. M. MacGreggor, Mrs. R. F. Butler, Miss R. E. Benjamin, Miss Stella Walthall, and the Misses Maud, Bessie, Lucille, and Alice Younger.

— THE VERY LATEST TIP FOR THE FASHIONable maiden is that, whether she is going to San José or San Rafael, Monterey or Santa Cruz, if she wants to be properly dressed she must have in her wardrobe two or three suits made up in the new Nacre silk. This is the changeable-colored fabric that was so much worn in New York on Easter Day, and it is worn here by only the two or three ladies who have just come out from the East and the few who have secured pieces at The Maze. The popular store at Market and Taylor Streets has the only supply of Nacre silk in San Francisco; and it also has a splendid variety of the pretty ribbon fringes and the beautiful *point d'Irlande* lace that makes up so well with Nacre silk, in collars, cuffs, capes, and trimmings.

At a meeting of the board of trustees of the Mercantile Library on Monday evening, it was decided to introduce the Eastern system of delivering books to members by messenger on postal or telephone order. A committee was appointed to arrange the details and put the plan into operation at once. The idea is an excellent one, and will add greatly to the usefulness of the library.

Ayer's Pills are pleasant, safe, and sure, and excel all other pills in healing and curative qualities. Best for family use.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant and Mrs. Joseph S. Oyster, U. S. A., *née* Tubbs, have returned from New York, and are stopping at the Palace Hotel for a few days. Lieutenant Oyster has received the appointment of Professsor of Military Science and Tactics at the Leland Stanford Junior University.

Lieutenant Charles Wilcox, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., has been transferred from Fort Gaston to Benicia Barracks.

Major Abram C. Wildrick, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, with permission to apply for an extension of three months.

Dr. Arnold H. Ritz, U. S. N., was married on May 4th to Miss Florence Hulbert, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Hulbert of San Diego. Dr. Ritz was assistant-surgeon of the *Charleston* from the time the vessel was commissioned until May 1st. He has been appointed surgeon at the naval hospital at Mare Island, where he and his bride will reside.

Major F. T. Bennett, U. S. A., is now residing at 1720 Baker Street.

Lieutenant F. G. Dodge, U. S. N., has gone to Alaska on the *Rush*. During his absence Mrs. Dodge will reside with her parents, Colonel and Mrs. de Veuve, at their residence, 1216 Laguna Street.

Mrs. A. E. Wood, of the Presidio, wife of Captain Wood, U. S. A., will pass the summer in the Yosemite Valley.

The Tuxedo of the Pacific.

The Tiburon Ferry carries a goodly load of passengers to Belvedere every Sunday now. But they are by no means the ordinary Sunday picnic crowd. They comprise some of the best people in San Francisco, and they are on their way to Belvedere to see how their own and their friends cottages at that delightful summer resort are coming on or to pick out a lot for purchase, if they have not been lucky enough to get one yet. For there are still a few very desirable lots yet unsold, and those who own property near them are getting their friends to buy them at once of Messrs. Tevis & Fisher, of 14 Post Street, who have had the agency of this property and have been eminently successful in managing it.

There has been a great setting of the popular tide in favor of Belvedere in the past few months, and it is now settled beyond a doubt that it is to be "the Tuxedo of the Pacific." The property-owners are residents and the residents are property-owners there—they have seen the many advantages that Belvedere offers, they have bought land, and they are putting up cottages that are models of comfort and beauty, and give a tone of refinement to the whole place.

The land company, too, is doing its share. In the first place, it gives a title that is absolutely perfect; and the natural advantages of the peninsula have been made the most of in well-graded roads, artistic subdivisions, and the completion of a splendid system of sanitary drainage.

— A SWEDISH YOUNG GENTLEMAN OFFERS HIS services to act as private secretary and guide to party wishing to travel to "the land of the midnight sun" and other parts of northern Europe. Speaks several languages; has experience in traveling. Terms moderate and references the best. Address, "Norway," care of the *Argonaut*.

— KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS character from handwriting in ink, *unruled* paper. Send 50 cents; stamps or postal notes.

How They Differ.

In make up: Most baking powders contain ammonia or alum. Cleveland's does not; not a particle.

It is made of pure cream of tartar and bi-carbonate of soda, with a little flour to keep the strength, nothing else. Cleveland's is wholesome.

In strength: A *rounded* spoonful of Cleveland's does better work than a *heaping* spoonful of any other.

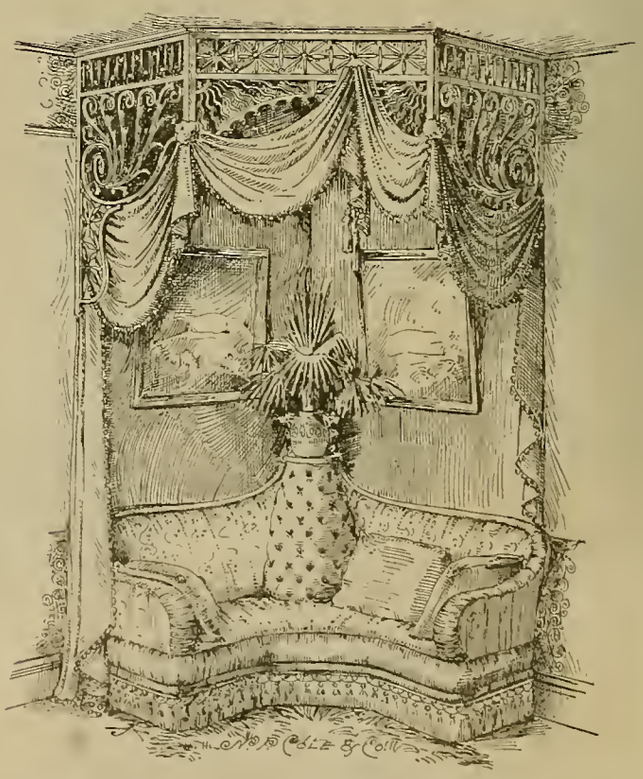
A large saving on a year's bakings. Cleveland's leavens most.

In results: Cake made with Cleveland's is fine grained, keeps moist and fresh.

Cleveland's leavens best.

Remember Franklin's famous remark: "If you are in business," said he, on a memorable occasion, "spend at least as much as your rent in acquainting people with the fact." And this applies with particular force to small men, by which we mean those who have but recently commenced, or are struggling with insufficient capital. Advertising is a help of the most powerful kind. It is largely a question of courage and sticking to it. This is a hard situation to face when a man finds use for every dollar he can lay his hands on twice over, but it must be met, and the man with the stamina usually succeeds. It is not a gamble by any means. It is simply a business operation, involving skill, patience, and nerve. The money is only laid out temporarily—it comes back laden with interest.—*Art in Advertising.*

HAVEN'T YOU ONE UNATTRACTIVE CORNER IN YOUR HOUSE? HERE IS AN EXAMPLE OF HOW IT CAN BE MADE BEAUTIFUL.



HAVE YOU AN IDEA OF YOUR OWN? WE CAN CARRY IT OUT JUST AS YOU WOULD WISH IT.

California Furniture Company,

(N. P. Cole & Co.) *117–123 Geary Street.*

SOCIETY.

The Mason-Merry Wedding.

An interesting wedding took place last Tuesday evening, in St. Luke's Church, in the presence of a large and fashionable assemblage. The bride was Miss Angelina Merry, daughter of Captain and Mrs. William L. Merry, and the groom was Rev. Charles J. Mason, assistant rector of Grace Episcopal Church.

Tropical foliage and a wealth of roses formed the pretty decoration of the chancel. At half-past eight o'clock the bridal party appeared, and were met in the aisle by the male choir, who sang a processional hymn as they led the way to the chancel. The ushers were Mr. Elliott McAllister, Mr. Woodworth Wethered, Mr. Brooks Jones, and Dr. Archibald Murray. Miss Mason, sister of the groom, and Miss Blanche Merry, sister of the bride, were the bridesmaids, and Miss May Merry, another sister of the bride, was the maid of honor. The bride was accompanied by her father, and Mr. Sidney Williams acted as best man for the groom. The dresses worn by the young ladies in the party were very handsome, and are described as follows:

The bride was attired in a rich robe of white Sicilian silk, made with a long court train. The corsage was cut square and adorned with a bertha of Duchesse point lace, and the sleeves were long. From her coiffure depended a veil of white silk moleine that rippled to the end of the train. She wore gloves of white undressed kid, and carried a large cluster of Niphetos roses.

The maid of honor wore a becoming toilet of coro-colored chiffon, made over silk of the same shade, with a demi-train. The corsage was cut square and the sleeves extended to the elbows. She carried a bouquet of Marechal Neil roses.

The bridesmaids were attired alike in costumes of pink crepon with demi-trains, square corsage, and elbow sleeves. They wore wreaths of pink blossoms in the coiffure and carried bouquets of pink roses.

The ceremony, a most impressive one, was performed by Assistant Bishop W. F. Nichols, of the California Diocese, assisted by Rev. R. C. Foute, rector of Grace Church. During the ceremony the choir sang Barnaby's anthem, "O Perfect Love," and at its conclusion gave the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin" as the party left the church.

A reception was held afterward at the home of the bride's parents, 2030 Pacific Avenue, to which only relatives and a limited number of intimate friends were invited. The residence had been decorated in exquisite taste with quantities of fluffy snowballs and roses, and appeared very attractive. Congratulations were extended to the happy couple and then a sumptuous supper was served, which was followed by a number of dances. On Wednesday, Rev. and Mrs. Mason left on a southern trip, and when they return, will reside in San Rafael during the summer. The wedding gifts were of unusual elegance.

A Literary Tea.

An entertainment, called a literary tea, was held at 711 Jones Street last Wednesday afternoon in aid of the San Francisco Women's Literary Exhibit of California Writers to be held at the Columbian Exposition in 1893. This exhibit is under the direction of a board of lady managers and has an associate membership of ladies only. Membership is obtainable by the payment of one dollar or the contribution of a book written by a California author or pertaining to the history of California. Ladies are earnestly requested to join and assist the exhibit by their contributions. The board of managers is as follows:

President, Mrs. Alpheus Bull; vice-president, Mrs. Ella Sterling Cummins; treasurer, Mrs. Ariel Luthrop; secretary, Mrs. W. H. Rodda; librarian, Mrs. Warren Ewer; catalogue secretary, Mrs. George Leviston; scrap-book secretary, Mrs. W. C. Morrow; Miss Gladys May Code, Miss Ermentine Poole, Miss Ina D. Coolbrith, Mrs. F. L. Whitney, Mrs. A. D. Sharon, Mrs. R. F. Bunker, Mrs. Alfred Clarke, Mrs. A. W. Scott, and Mrs. Truesdell.

The tea was a delightful affair and was a success socially, artistically, and financially. The hall and parlors were illuminated, and in the dining-room light refreshments were served. The managers were assisted in receiving by a bevy of handsomely attired young ladies comprising Miss Maude Badlam, Miss Minnie Nightingale, Miss Georgie Nightingale, Miss Kate Paddock, Miss Ernestine Haskell, Miss May Sharon, Miss Birdie Rice, Miss Webster, Miss Falk, Miss Susie Le Count, Miss Grace Barton, and others. The following interesting programme was presented:

Music by string orchestra; selections, *(a)* "Funeral of Buck Fanshaw," Mark Twain, *(b)* "Heathen Chinee," Bret Harte, Professor Knowlton; *(a)* "Old Glory," Emma Frances Dawson, *(b)* "Memorial Day," Ina Coolbrith, Nellie Holbrook Blinn; solo, contralto, "O Promise Me" De Koven, Miss Gladys May Code; selection from "John Phœnix," Colonel George Derby, Mr. James D. Phelan; solo, "You," Miss Genevieve D. Cummins; selections, *(a)* "My New Year's Guests," Rollin P. Daggett, *(b)* "The Parting Hours," Edward Pollock, Mr. Holbrook Blinn.

A series of teas will be given at intervals by these ladies prior to the preliminary exhibit, or "dress parade," at the Mechanics' Pavilion next January and February. After the close of the Columbian Exposition the exhibit will be presented to the Golden Gate Park as a perpetual memorial of California literature.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. E. S. Pillsbury and his daughter have moved from Taylor Street to the Palace Hotel. Mr. Pillsbury will go East in a few days, and Miss Pillsbury will pass a part of the summer at Lower Soda Springs with Mrs. Van Sicklen.

Mr. Seymour Cunningham, of Washington, D. C., will arrive here early next month to wed Miss Stephanie Whitney, of Oakland. On June 7th they will sail for Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels and Miss Emma Spreckels arrived in Liverpool last Tuesday after a pleasant voyage across the Atlantic on the steamer *City of Paris*. After making a tour of Great Britain they will proceed to the continent.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels are in London.

Mrs. John Skae and Miss Alice Skae are visiting friends in the South of Ireland, and are the guests of Sir Augustus and Lady Warren, of Warren's Court, County Cork.

Mr. Fred M. Somers returned from Japan on Monday, and on Tuesday sailed for Honolulu on the steamer *Australia*.

Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, *née* Crocker, who has been visiting the Yosemite Valley during the past fortnight, is at Monterey. Mr. Alexander's mother is with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean, Miss Dean, and Mr. Walter L. Dean will arrive here early next month after an absence of two years in New York. They will pass the summer at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Percy Rothwell are comfortably located for the season in Sausalito.

Mrs. George Hyde and Miss Hyde have returned from a five months' visit in the East and are at their residence, 719 Geary Street.

Mrs. Charles Nelson and Miss Georgia Emerson left New York last Thursday on the steamer *Furst Bismarck* bound for Hamburg.

Dr. and Mrs. Winslow Anderson have returned from their wedding tour around the world and are now at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Harry Bissell returned to the city last Tuesday after a visit to Fresno.

Mrs. M. A. Deane has been paying a visit to Mrs. J. H. Logan in Santa Cruz.

Mr. William Fletcher and family are passing the season at Larkspur Inn.

Mr. Benjamin Arnhold will pass the summer at Santa Cruz and Lake Tahoe.

Mr. A. S. Macdonald, of Oakland, is enjoying a trip through Southern California and Mexico, and recently visited the Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. Chester W. Lasell, *née* Keeler, and family will leave to-day for Monterey and later in the season will go to the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. George B. Sperry and Mr. J. M. Welch, of Stockton, have been visiting the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Mrs. John D. Yost and Miss Yost are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Miss Laura Clark, of Sacramento, left New York on the steamer *La Champagne* a week ago for Havre.

Mrs. L. S. Pease and Miss Pease are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Judge and Mrs. Stanley and Miss Eliza B. Garber have engaged rooms for the summer at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Peterson left New York a week ago on the steamer *Furst Bismarck* for Hamburg.

Mr. Joseph Livingston is at the Astor House to New York city.

Miss Minnie Hongbton will return in a couple of weeks from Hartford, Conn., where she has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley, for several months.

Mrs. John D. Tallant and her three children are visiting the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wayne Belvin are at 3 Rue Creveaux, in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs H. R. Haxton are residing in the Hotel Castiglione, in Paris.

Colonel C. F. Crocker and Colonel J. B. Wright have returned from a visit to Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, of Oakland, were in Berlin when last heard from.

Mrs. Thomas B. Bishop and her niece, Miss Gerald, of Providence, R. I., have been enjoying a visit to Pasadena, Los Angeles, the Hotel del Coronado, and other southern resorts.

Mrs. M. L. Barreda and Miss Rose Barreda will leave Washington, D. C., next week to visit friends in New York city.

Miss Jennie Dunphy arrived in New York last Monday and was met by her brother, Mr. James C. Dunphy. They are now en route here. Miss Dunphy has been perfecting her musical education in Paris for several years.

Mrs. Sara B. Gamble is now residing on Rue Pierre Charron, in Paris, where she is devoting her time to the study of art.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Wensinger are at the Hotel Binda, in Paris.

Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Dickinson and Miss Dickinson are enjoying a visit to the Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. Robert Sesnon, Miss L. Tillson, and Miss Dower have gone on a visit to Mrs. William T. Sesnon's vineyard in Fresno County.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gerstle are now occupying their cottage in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hecht and the Misses Helen and Elsie Hecht will leave on June 6th for a trip to Alaska, and afterward they will visit Yellowstone Park.

Mrs. Andrew L. Moseley is visiting friends in Portland, Or.

Mrs. A. Hamburger and the Misses Evelyne and Carrie Hamburger have gone to the Hotel Vendome in San José to remain two weeks.

Mr. Harry L. Wilson came down from Glenn County in the early part of the week to remain here a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman are in New York city.

Dr. Slater and family have returned to their home in Alameda after a pleasant visit to Byron Hot Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bird Weller, *née* Morrisson, have returned from their wedding trip and are residing at the Hotel Richelieu. They will receive on Mondays.

Judge and Mrs. J. R. Lewis, of Seattle, will pass the summer at the Hotel Vendome, in San José.

Mrs. H. M. Newhall and Mr. George A. Newhall returned from Honolulu last Thursday.

Mrs. Ricardo Villafranca arrived here a week ago from Central America on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Ponton de Arce.

Among recent visitors at the Hotel Vendome in San José were: Dr. and Mrs. James W. Edwards, Mr. John R. Cross, Mr. D. M. Delmas, Mr. and Mrs. R. Tilton, and Mrs. E. Ellsworth, of this city.

Mrs. Caleb T. Fay, of Santa Barbara, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. William Boericke, in San Rafael.

The Misses Marie and Kate Voorhies will leave soon to visit friends in Georgia.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Huntington will arrive here in June to occupy the Colton residence, which they recently purchased.

Mr. Frank J. Carolan, Mrs. James Carolan, and Miss Evelyn Carolan left for Chicago last Saturday evening, and will remain there until the Carolan-Pullman wedding takes place.

Mme. Marie Cortez and Miss R. E. Benjamin will leave to a few days for Paris. They will be accompanied to Europe by the Misses Marie and Eva Withrow, who will proceed to Munich.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott will leave on May 21st for a trip to Alaska.

Mrs. Alexander Forbes, Mrs. Howard Johnson, and Miss Forbes, who are visiting relatives in London, will pass the summer among the Swiss Alps.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Eells will pass most of the summer in their new villa in Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Boyd, *née* Kittle, will go to San Rafael early in June.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Eyre will go to Menlo Park in a few days to occupy their new villa.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Leo Lilienthal are visiting Colorado Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Flood and family will pass the summer at Alta Mira Villa in Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. James Appleton Maguire are located in Sausalito for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Bandmann will soon go to Larkspur Inn to pass the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Easton have taken the Wilson cottage to Ross Valley for the season.

Miss C. Carpentier and Miss A. D. Wait left last Tuesday for Honolulu on the steamer *Australia*.

Mr. John W. Farren, Jr., and his sister, Miss Mamie Farren, will leave on May 15th to visit the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vail are stopping at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Miss Beth Sperry returned from Santa Barbara last Tuesday, and is visiting her sister, Mrs. William H. Crocker.

Mr. S. H. Brooks and his daughter, Mrs. John O'Neil Reis, are enjoying a visit at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Mr and Mrs. A. B. Ford will leave during the summer to visit Mrs. Ford's father, Sir Sidney Waterlow, in England.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall have been paying a visit to friends in Grass Valley.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant has returned from his trip to China and Japan.

Mrs. Charles Sonntag will leave soon on an Eastern trip.

Mr. Charles Le Gay, of Paris, sailed from New York on May 7th, for Havre, where he will join his wife for an extended tour of the continent.

The Misses Younger will leave to-day for the East en route to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis T. Haggin and Count and Countess Festetics will go to Monterey in June for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Page Brown will be at Monterey during June and July.

Mrs. Lloyd Tevis will go to Monterey early in June to remain two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page will soon occupy their new cottage at Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Boyd are at their ranch near Mount Diablo, and will remain there several months.

Mr. A. B. Williamson went East a week ago and will remain away about six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sloss, Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., and Mr. Joseph Sloss will leave in a few days to occupy their cottage in San Rafael. Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Lilienthal will accompany them and remain during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Johnson, *née* Gibbs, have removed to 1320 Leavenworth Street. Mr. Johnson has entirely recovered from his protracted siege of illness.

Mrs. Robert D. Bristol and her little daughter, Hazel, left last Wednesday for Chicago to visit friends. She will also make a tour of New England before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Jennings have gone East and will be away until autumn.

Mrs. Frank McLaughlin and Miss Agnes McLaughlin, of Oroville, are occupying Golden Gate Cottage in Santa Cruz. Miss Annie Waldeger, of Oroville, is their guest.

Mrs. Calvert Mead, Mrs. E. B. Jerome, and Miss Stevens, of Oakland, are paying a visit to the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean will go to Monterey in June for the season. Miss McBean will return in July from Farmington, Conn., where she is attending school.

Miss Kate Sanborn will pass this month here, making trips occasionally to Mount Hamilton, Monterey, Menlo Park, and Redwood City.

Mr. George Flood left last Tuesday on the steamer *Belgic* for Yokohama, with the intention of making a tour of the world.

Mr. E. S. Babcock, manager of the Hotel del Coronado, has been enjoying a visit here.

Mrs. Richard Ivers and Miss Aileen Ivers have arrived in London.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy, *née* Pope, and Mr. and Mrs George A. Pope, *née* Taylor, have left New York en route to Europe.

Mr. Russell J. Wilson is in New York city, and is stopping at the Hotel Brunswick.

Mrs. Ruth Blackwell and Miss Holladay have reached London after their tour of the Orient.

Mrs. William M. Stewart and Miss Maybelle Stewart have left India and are now in Yokohama.

Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton is stopping at the Hotel Marlborough in New York city.

Mrs. M. Nuttall and Miss Roberta Nuttall have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Tiburcio Parrott at their villa near St. Helena.

Mr. D. B. Gillette, Jr., is at the Hoffman House in New York city.

Mrs. Albert Gallatin is visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. Robio in Sacramento.

Mr. H. S. Crocker returned from Honolulu last Thursday on the steamer *Mariposa*

Pommery Sec.

(Illustrated London News.)

The firm of Veuve Pommery fils & Co. now consists of the following members: Louis Pommery, Henry Vasnier, the experienced directeur, and the Comtesse de Polignac. It is owing to the conscientious efforts of the management to produce a high-grade champagne of uniform quality, regardless of cost, that *Pommery Sec* occupies the elevated position it now holds among connoisseurs, prominent among whom is the Prince of Wales.

New Studies for Artists.

The beautiful exhibition of floral studies in the Flower Show, which attracted so much attention, can not be said to represent the supply of these beautiful prints that Sanborn, Vail & Co. have imported recently. They have just got in some splendid floral panel studies by Mme. Vouga, whose work in this line is unexcelled, and in figure studies their latest invoices include some very artistic designs. Among these latter are the three last pieces that Alice Haver did before she died; whoever has seen any of the studies of women and children that have endeared her to mothers the world over, need not be reminded of the fine sentiment and artistic work that characterize her groups.

In addition to these and many other color studies for artists and their pupils, Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s great store, on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue, contains a fine line of French flat studies for crayon or charcoal, from the outline work of the first figure study to some really exquisite little scenes that only the most advanced can do. These studies are new, and artists will be glad to hear of them, but it is scarcely necessary now to call the attention of the artistic world to the fact that Sanborn, Vail & Co. have long carried the largest and best stock of artists' materials outside of New York city. They have for years had a complete assortment of the brushes, paints, crayons, papers, etc., that artists use, and so they have become known all over the Pacific Coast as the great purveyors of artists' materials.

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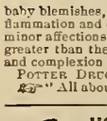

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THE RELATIONSHIP PUZZLE.

A Tramp's Grewsome Gift to an Arkansas Town.

It was at the hour when the shades of night begin to fall and the curses wander homeward to roost. The weary wayfarer gave a last gulp and said:

"I can not repay you in scudi for your kindness, madam. But here is a little puzzle which may serve to while away an idle hour. My father, left a widower at the age of forty-seven, married a maiden of seventeen, and upon the following day my brother Lyman wedded her mother, then a widow of thirty-six. In due time a son was born to each couple. It may afford you some little amusement in estimating the various relationships my father now bears to Lyman, to Lyman's wife, and Lyman's child; also to himself and his own wife and child. You might also calculate the relationship Lyman bears to his own wife and child and to his father and the latter's wife and child. But I must be on my way. Good-evening!" And he was gone.

When Isham G. Hicks, the husband of the benevolent lady, returned home somewhat later, he found the wife of his bosom suffering from a violent headache, the result of an hour's grappling with the puzzle. She repeated it to him, and retired much earlier than was her wont. And Isham G. laughed aloud and declared that a woman had no head, anyhow, and sat him down to work out the puzzle in fourteen minutes.

When Mrs. Hicks awoke in the gray of the morning, her hushand was not by her side. As she stepped quietly to the sitting-room door, she heard him say, in dreary monotone:

"Lyman's—haby—is—the—half-brother—of—his father's—step-mother—who—is—also—his— father's step-daughter—and—his—mother's—daughter—and—oh—dear—me—how—my—head—aches."

The leaves of a huge scratch-tablet lay about him, like a drift of snow, all covered with figures and diagrams, and hefore him was a sheet setting forth fourteen propositions, of which the following is a fair sample:

"The older man is the father-in-law of his mother-in-law and the hushand of his grandson's half-sister, who is also the child's step-grandmother."

Wisps of auhurn hair lay about on the table.

Hicks remained in hed all that forenoon, with ice on his brow, and muttered drearily sentences like these:

"His wife is his baby's half-brother's half-nephew's mother's son-in-law—no, that isn't it! His son's wife is his own mother-in-law and mother of his grandson's half-sister—um! um! His mother-in-law is—oh, dear me!"

In the afternoon, he went down to the lumber-yard and told the puzzle to the men there assembled, and they all laughed him to scorn, and then figured on the smooth side of thirty-six square feet of lumber, and had three fights, without getting so far as Hicks had gone in the still watches of the night. A husbandman, who drifted in to trade horses, became involved, and heat his steed all the way home.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Hicks sprung the puzzle at the sewing-circle that afternoon, and the minister ran up against it and fell, and thus it was spread all over town. The children took it to school and floored the teacher, and there was a grand strapping carnival all one afternoon. Customers sprung it in the stores. The barber sprung it on a patient, and cut off his ear in the controversy that ensued. A gentleman and a hook-agent tore their clothes over it. Young Walter Sapsmith ran up against it when he called upon Miss Begad, and, after an hour's wrangle, the engagement which had existed between them for eight months was declared off amid sohs and contumely. It got into jail, and four prisoners escaped while the sheriff and three more prisoners were grappling with it. The malefactors stopped in the woods and tackled the puzzle, and were captured half a day later, still entangled in the snare. A merchant introduced it to a drummer and won the sample-trunk and head of the latter, both of which he had wagered on his ability to solve the puzzle inside of twelve minutes. The Rev. Mr. Harps worked on the puzzle all Saturday night, when he should have been writing his sermon, and electrified his congregation next day by saying:

"And now, fourthly, my brethren, Lyman's father was his wife's son-in-law, and—er—hem! We will stand and receive the henediction."

An unwonted clamor proceeded from the W. C. T. U. hall, and eighteen different shades of hair hlew out of the window. Sing Yek, late of Hongkong, received the puzzle from his Sunday-school teacher, neglected his work all day, hroke his adding-machine, and in his frenzy figured on the flaps of sixteen white shirts with indelible ink, and then laid the whole matter hefore his joss, and, because the latter would not work it out, whipped him all the following forenoon, and then, in desperation, renounced Christianity as a snare and returned to paganism.

The puzzle permeated every nook and corner of the village. Two popular members of the Y. M. C. A. slapped each other's faces over it. Colonel Hooks pulled the nose of a tourist to whom he was trying to sell land, and all the boys in town fought over it.

One John P. Smith attacked the wife of his bosom with ferocity and a scythe, and knocked her into the well, where she speedily drowned. A mob chased Mr. Smith thirteen geographic miles and gave him five minutes in which to show cause why he should not be lynched, whereupon he declared that the demise of Mrs. Smith was attributable to Divine Providence and a stone over which she had stumbled, the same throwing her into the well.

This announcement resulted in a prolonged and earnest debate upon the part of the string band, which continued until the sheriff and posse rescued Mr. Smith and bore him to town. Court was in session at the time, and the case came up for trial on the morrow. It was dark when the jury were sent out. They canvassed the case thoroughly. Hicks, who was among them, detailed the puzzle and exhibited his tally-sheet.

At four o'clock in the morning the door was burst open and the jury fell down the stairs, fighting like demons. The stove had been overset, and the building was soon in flames. The Hook and Ladder Company swirled up and ran over three gentlemen, two of whom immediately assaulted two firemen, whereupon the whole body of the latter attacked the entire jury impartially. The alarm of fire aroused the village, and the majority of the citizens appeared on the scene. Judge Begad denounced the firemen for rioting in the face of the destroyer, and was attacked by the foreman of the company. Several citizens went to the assistance of the judge, and three men whom he had fined for selling whisky jumped in to help the foreman. Several prohibitionists forgot everything else and rushed in to do battle with the rum fiends.

A gale had sprung up, and, before the fire had been got under control, the major portion of the business part of the village was in ashes. This threw many men out of employment, and they moved away soon after. Others, seeing that there would be no boom for many moons, departed. Several capitalists, who had been about to make investments, immediately folded their tents. The grand jury found true bills against many of the participants in the great fight, and they all fled like the wind. Nobody would buy property, and the real-estate agents left.

The number of the voters was so reduced that a rival town secured the county-seat, and with it went everybody who could get away. The newspapers both went. Many of the buildings were loaded on trucks and hauled off to the new county-seat. And finally a cyclone razed all the remaining buildings and put an end to the village for good and all.

And all this was the work of the relationship puzzle.—*New York World.*

MONUMENTAL EVIDENCE.

"For Strength, Purity, and Wholesomeness, the Royal Baking Powder is Superior to all."

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"In our judgment, it is impossible to make a purer or stronger baking-powder than the Royal.

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"For purity and care in preparation, Royal Baking Powder equals any in the market, and our test shows that it has greater leavening power than any other of which we have any knowledge. W. B. RISING, "Prof. Chemistry, University of California, and State Analyst."

"From actual analysis made by me, I pronounce the Royal Baking Powder to be the strongest and purest baking powder before the public. W. T. WENZELL, "Prof. Chemistry, College of Pharmacy, University of California, State Board of Horticulture, etc."

"I find the Royal Baking Powder pure, reliable, and one pound to contain 200 cubic inches more available carbonic acid gas than the best of the others. HENRY G. HANKS, "Chemist, Assayer, and Geologist, State of California."

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"There is, therefore, no question but the Royal is the strongest, purest, and most wholesome baking powder in the market. GEO. A. BETHUNE, "State Chemist and Assayer, Washington."

"I find the Royal Baking Powder superior to all the others in every respect. It is entirely free from all adulteration and unwholesome impurity, and in baking it gives off a greater volume of leavening gas than any other powder. "WALTER S. HAINES, M. D., "Professor of Chemistry, Rush Medical College, Chicago, Ill., Chemist to the Chicago Board of Health."

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are a marvellous Antidote for Weak Stomach, SICK HEADACHE, Impaired Digestion, Constipation, Disordered Liver, etc.; found also to be especially efficacious and remedial by FEMALE SUFFERERS.

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28th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1892

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The story is told of Professor John Stuart Blackie that on one occasion he cballked on the blackboard in the lecture-room at the University of Edinburgh: "Professor Blackie will not meet his classes to-day." An audacious student rubbed out the *c* in classes. Professor Blackie discovered the change, and modified it further by the removal of tbe *l*.

There was an unimportant election some years ago in Alabama. A negro, whose vote before had always been in demand, stood at the polls all day long, evidently awaiting sometbing. As tbe sun went down his anxiety became intense. Tbe polls were about to close. Suddenly he drew himself up with a deal of dignity, saying: "Gentlemen, I's about to vote. Does any gentleman wish to speak to me?"

A sight-seeing party was once on the way to Yosemite. Among them was a Cracker, who bad never seen the wonder. When near the valley, the cavalcade halted, as if to go into camp. The Cracker, pail in hand, took a trail whicb he was told led to the spring. It led, however, to Inspiration Point. Standing on the verge of the stupendous precipice, the Cracker glanced across the valley and sbouted hack: "Say, is tbe spring over beyond this yer gulcb?"

Logan was an intense Democrat before tbe war, but turned Repuhlican. He went into a campaign, some years afterward, with extraordinary vigor of personality and eloquence. One day, while upon tbe stump, be was questioned as to bis change of politics, and was asked whether he had not said this or said tbat, in reference to some extreme Democratic doctrine, years before. Logan stared at his questioner, and replied: "Yes, you are rigbt. I was as big a fool then as you are now."

Little Ettie W——, child of an American father and a Mexican mother, knew litile Spanish wben she went to Chihuabua to visit ber dead motber's family. "What does *calvo* mean?" she asked a cousin. "It means bald." "And wbat does *bald* mean?" "Bald means witbout any hair." That day at dinner, Ettie pulled from ber tortilla a long hair—a thing not unusual where Mexican cooks are employed. "Here, Maria," sbe called to the waitress, witb profound disgust, "you go and hring me some *tortillas calvas!* (bald tortillas.)"

The Smithsonian Institution at Washington contains some magnificeot specimens of meteorites, some of them of impressive size and weigbt. The professional guide was explaining the nature of such objects to a clergyman from tbe interior: "Tbey fall from the sky, no one knows when or wbere." "But are not tbey very dangerous, these huge stones?" "Yes, very dangerous — very; one of them migbt utterly destroy a large building, or even a whole block of buildings." "Ah, well," said the visitor, "I know that God is good; I have no douht of that; but I think He is careless."

Senator Palmer tells this story on himself: "While I was exercising some military authority in Kentucky during the late war, I received a letter from a distinguished jurist. He was a former chief-justice of the State. He wrote me to inquire as to his rights under certain circumstances. I replied that I could not venture to state the law of the case to a jurist of so much distinction. He answered me by saying that if it were a question of the Divine law, or of natural law, or of statute law, or of municipal law, he never would tbink of consulting me; but that as martial law was the will of tbe general commandiog, it seemed proper to ask me. I realized tbe force of the rebuke. Tbe judge did not by any means intend to pay me a compliment."

A notable example of the "three black crows" class of fiction comes from Yorkshire. A Scarborough clergyman, on opening his newspaper tbe other day, found therein an utterly unfounded statement to the effect tbat his consort bad presented bim with triplets. He immediately caused inquiry to he made as to the source of tbis astounding story, and he found it was as follows: His married daugbter and her children had arrived at his house on a visit; the event had been descrihed by one neighbor to another as "an addition of tbree to the minister's family;" hy the natural law of evolution that was transformed into a case of triplets; and a local correspondent, getting hold of the story, sent it in that form to tbe newspapers.

Congressman John Allen told this story during the Noyes-Rockwell contest: "I went down to Itawamba County, some years ago, as public prosecutor. The judge went with me. When we got there, we found a number of indictments against the citizens for selling whisky without a license. I prosecuted the indictmeots before a jury, and the judge held the scales of justice. In every instance we convicted our man. When we went to the railroad station, on our way back, tbe judge sent me out to buy a bottle of whisky. I hunted higb and low, but nobody would sell a drop. They said they had received harsh treatment, and tbat they would not even give away a drink. When I told the judge the result, his face blanched, and he seemed dazed. 'Good God! John,' he finally replied; 'we've overdone the thing.'"

Lord Tennyson is fond of port, notwithstanding tbe sentiments of "Locksley Hall." It is related that his friend Henry Irving went to dine with him. After dioner, a hottle of port was brougbt in. The old servant, to Mr. Irving's amusement, set tbe bottle and one glass before his master, who helped himself and talked on. Mr. Irving, who also likes port, kept his counsel and devoted himself to the claret. He did not even reveal tbat he had been left out in the cold when the poet, having finished the hottle, quite unconscious that he had had no help, asked if he liked the wine. Mr. Irving was able conscientiously to say that he did, for the claret, as claret, was excellent. This incident can hardly happen again, inasmuch as Lord Tennyson, on medical advice, has, it is believed, dropped his after-dinner port, and now muses on claret.

Tbere used to be—and may be yet—on the Las Cruces division of the Santa Fé Railway an engineer koown as "Big Jack Long." One night, Jack was alone at his engine, oiling up the machine, while the rest of the crew, like the passengers, were at supper in the dingy eating-house. The train was a long one, and the engine was well away from the little cluster of buildings. Suddenly, "Throw up your hands!" was growled at him, and Jack fouod himself looking into a gun in tbe hands of a hard-looking citizen. The fellow demanded money, and Jack hegan to argue, protesting that he bad but a dollar in his pockets, and that to take that were a cruelty, since it was meant to pay for his supper. Yes, the marauder was determined to have the sack, even if it had but a single dollar. During the discussion, Jack slipped his hand from bulb to nozzle of the long machinist's oiler, and edged around the head of the locomotive, finally hacking across the track, closely followed hy the temporizing holder-up. When the man was so well into the glare of the head-ligbt as to guide Jack's address, this wortby promptly laid over his head with the heavy oiler for a bludgeon, and, when the victim's yells had drawn forth the suppiog contingent, Jack had beaten bis assailant almost senseless, and stood, weapon in hand, looking down at bim, and saying, grimly, "Well! I guess I've got you so well oiled up tbat you won't 'run hot' again for one while!"

Relief from Indigestion.

Frank W. Gillett, 221 Secood Ave., New York, writes: "I deem it my pleasure to testify to the phenomenal effects of BRANDRETH'S PILLS, upon myself, in eradicating from my system the most aggravated form of indigestioo, the attacks of which were nearly as severe as spasms. After a costly treatmeot, two boxes of BRANDRETH'S PILLS have put me in a better conditioo than I have heen for years."

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Especially infants, is prevalent more or less at all times, hut is largely avoided hy giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

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— GO TO SWAIN'S NEW DINING-ROOM, SUTTER Street, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

— DR. H. G. YOUNG,
Dentist. Painless extraction.
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We could live in full health, do more work, have more pleasure, amount to more, by being a little careful.

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LEAVE.	From May 2, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7.00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	* 12.15 P.
7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
8.00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	1st & 2d class Ogden and East, and first-class locally	9.45 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	4.45 P.
9.00 A.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.
12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore	7.15 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	9.00 P.
3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, & Stockton	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10.45 A.
4.30 P.	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
5.00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	12.15 P.
5.00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 P.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	7.45 A.
.....	Niles and San José	‡ 6.15 P.
6.00 P.	Ogden Route Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	9.15 A.
‡ 7.00 P.	Vallejo	† 8.45 P.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	8.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡ 7.45	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees, and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
* 2.15 P.	Centreville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	* 10.50 A.
4.45 P.	Centreville, San José, and Los Gatos	9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7.00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations	6.10 P.
10.37 A.	San José and Way Stations	5.10 P.
12.15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations	4.00 P.
* 2.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way stations	* 10.48 A.
* 3.30 P.	Menlo Park San José, and principal Way Stations	* 10.03 A.
* 4.15 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.06 A.
5.15 P.	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
† 11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	† 7.30 P.

A for morning. P for afternooo. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY
THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.
Commencing Sunday, April 24, 1892, and until further ootice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:
From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7.40, 9.20, 11.20 A. M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.05 6.20 P. M.
Sundays—8, 9.30, 11 A. M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5, 6.15 P. M.
From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6.25, 7.55, 9.30, 11.30 A. M.; 1.40, 3.40, 5.05 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.30 P. M.
Sundays—8.10, 9.40, 11.10 A. M.; 1.40, 3.40, 5, 6.25 P. M.
From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6.50, 8.20, 9.55, 11.55 A. M.; 2.05, 4.05, 5.35 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.55 P. M.
Sundays—8.35, 10.05, 11.35 A. M.; 2.05, 4.05, 5.30, 6.50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. Week Days.	Leave San Francisco. Sundays.	Destination.	Arrive San Francisco. Sundays.	Arrive San Francisco. Week Days.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M. 5.05 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 9.30 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M. 7.25 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7.25 P. M.	6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 5.05 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydesville and Eureka.
EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays, to Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa, $2.25; to Healdsburg, $3.40; to Cloverdale, $4.50; to Hopland, $5.70; to Ukiah, $6.75; to Sebastopol, $2.70; to Guerneville, $3.75; to Sonoma, $2.50; to Glen Ellen, $2.80.
EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, $1; to Santa Rosa, $1.50; to Healdsburg, $2.25; to Cloverdale, $3; to Ukiah, $4.50; to Hopland, $3.80; to Sebastopol, $1.80; to Guerneville, $2.50; to Sonoma, $1; to Glen Ellen, $1.20.
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Students of letters are often puzzled to explain why there is no great play based on the career of Nero. His history was so striking, his adventures so thrilling, his career so full of vicissitude, that they seem to constitute an ideal frame-work for the playwright. Yet in our language there is no great play which bears his name. Poor Nathaniel Lee, the tragic poet of the Restoration, wrote a tragedy on Nero, and shortly afterward went mad—whether from remorse at having written the tragedy or not, history doth not disclose. Several years before, Racine dramatized the life of Nero under the title of "Britannicus." To lovers of the smooth Alexandrines, which were the delight of female boarding-schools in the days of the Great Monarch, "Britannicus" is always a gentle joy. In Racine's verse, people trample the Decalogue in melodious cadence; they ruin virgins in elegant flowers of speech, and do you a man to death in a pompous trope. In order not to shock the delicate sensibilities of the *grande noblesse*, Nero is depicted in his callow stage, when his taste for blood was tempered by his condescension to music. Mamma could take her seventeen-year-old daughter to hear "Britannicus," without fears lest the verse should arouse unruly thoughts in that gentle breast. But the triumph was purchased at the cost of the virility of the play and of its chief character. Racine's verse flows so smoothly and sweetly over a gradual slope that it is soothing to listen to it; but of the savage horrors and enormities of Nero's day—a Roman reign of terror, when life, property, and virtue were held at the pleasure of the favorites of an irresponsible and insane tyrant—this milk-and-water idyl conveys no sort of idea. It is like a copy of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" in tender water-color.

Rubinstein's opera sets up no claims to historical value. It relies for success upon the magnificent splendor of the music, and the attraction of spectacular effects. It has never been a success. The music is sonorous, and can be appreciated by connoisseurs, but it is above the taste of the common opera-goer, is destitute of melody, and lofty rather than catching; the scenic effects are fine, but everybody has seen as fine in the spectacular dramas of the funambulos.

The play which Mr. Mansfield produced here was written by a Boston gentleman, of the name of Sullivan. We are told that it depicts the last hours of the emperor, which is not the case, as Nero, for some days before his death, had been hiding in the hut of a freedman in the suburbs of Rome. It is more accurate to say that it exhibits the Cæsar during the last years of his life, after his return from Greece, when all Rome was expecting his downfall, and he himself knew that the days of his power and his life were numbered. Even then he could not tear himself away from dalliance and revel. He died in June, 68. All through 67, the legions had been in a state of mutiny, and, in the winter, Vindex in Northern Gaul, Otho and Galba, in Spain, made no secret of their disloyalty. Yet, in March, 68, he was still turning night into day at Pompeii, with wassail and dancing-girls from the East. He was still a young man—not thirty-one; he was endowed with many showy attributes, among which, however, courage did not figure; he was handsome, athletic, a fine speaker, no mean musician, with some taste in art and architecture.

It is a misfortune that all our information concerning him comes from his enemies — Tacitus, Suetonius, and the ecclesiastical historians. There is no relief to the blackness of the portrait they draw. According to them, he had not a single redeeming trait. Yet he reigned over the empire for fourteen years, and it is assuming more passiveness among the Romans than their history warrants, to hold that they would have submitted for so long a period to one who had no claim whatever to their regard. The modern historian who asserts that, instead of being a bloody tyrant, Nero was an enlightened philanthropist, goes, perhaps, too far; but there must have been some good in him. Boys are taught that Nero fiddled when Rome was burning. It is not certain that he set Rome on fire, but it is certain that the destruction of the one-story rookeries in which the poorer Romans lived, and the substitution for them of long, straight streets, with lofty stone edifices on either side, was just such work as Napoleon the Third performed in Paris, to his greater glory.

Nero poisoned his brother, and murdered his wife and his mother; but, in those days, these were not unusual *fredaines* in a monarch. On more than one occasion, in the early history of England, France, and Germany, sovereigns found a vent for their hubbling passions in similar frolics. When the Norman nobles asked Robert, William the Conqueror's father, where his elder brother was, he naively replied that God had taken him. And so he had, with Robert's help. The simple truth was that Nero was a weak young man, in whose soul unlimited indulgence had rotted every honest instinct. He led a life of such shocking depravity that it can not be described to-day. But he was no worse than his neighbors. The difference between him and them was that their stamina enabled them to defy the laws of nature, while his did not. His predecessor, the great Julius, was as licentious as Nero; but his worship at the shrine of Venus did not impair the virility of his mind in the senate or his capacity to handle an army in the field. The Syrian dancing-girl, waving in her jeweled hand the cup of Falernian, dismissed Nero from her boudoir an inert, sapless wreck; in such a stage, imbecility and cruelty overtop every other impulse. His jaded senses required the stimulus of blood to rouse them. As his brain grew softer, his heart grew harder.

This is probably the reason why dramatists have rarely chosen the really dramatic occurrences of his reign as the subject of a play. The surroundings and the story are dramatic enough; but it is beyond the power of the most skillful writer to make a weak, cruel fool interesting on the stage. Mr. Mansfield, who, to do him justice, makes an attempt to identify himself with Nero, does not make his audience care to see him or to hear what he has to say. He simply shows us a disagreeable creature who cumbers the earth. Don Juan, who is a personage after Satan's own heart, is, nevertheless, bright and winning in his ways; but Nero never does or says anything that awakens admiration. He is a purposeless creature, who goes through the play poisoning people, torturing people, ordering people to execution from sheer *ennui*. There is a faint flash of humor in his assurance to his friend Menecrates that he will write his epitaph when he has put him to death; but it is a solitary glimmer of light in a sea of dullness.

That Mr. Mansfield did not win laurels with this unpromising material is not to his discredit. He spoke his lines clearly, with the correct enunciation, but he did not excite his hearers, nor did he elicit from the most generous of audiences any bursts of applause. He is one of those artists who can not make bricks without straw. Now that he has been seen in many parts, the public have sized him as a modern English elocutionist, who can be relied upon to deliver every speech with the right accent and the proper gesture, according to Delsarte, but who has but slight conception of the artistic niceties in which Joe Jefferson excels, or of the passionate vigor of Fred Warde. He is a fair comedian, who can be safely intrusted with the leading part in modern society plays, provided they do not call for much emotional power. He is not fitted for tragedy or even high melodrama, and, in the parts which have made Jefferson famous, he would miss the touches which tell. His ability has been polished and trained by elaborate study; but the most faithful labor can not compensate for the want of innate genius. When he came here, many hoped to find in him promise of a successor to the veterans of the stage, who are retiring or dying off. They realize, with regret, that thus far he does not warrant these hopes. The successor to Booth, and Barrett, and Jefferson has yet to be found. He will obviously have improved the gifts of nature by painstaking toil; but he will possess the gifts—or his career will lead to disappointment.

Of the two ladies of the troupe—Miss Cameron and Miss Sprague—it is agreeable to speak a word of commendation. The former shows considerable pathos; though why she should throw her arms around the neck of the man who has just—to her knowledge—murdered her *fiancé*, is rather a puzzle. If, in real life, Miss Cameron—assuming that she is still an unmarried lady—should meet the murderer of him she loved, would she hug him? Or would she not rather be moved to stab him in a mortal spot with her bodkin?

Miss Ethel Chase Sprague would have received a warmer welcome in San Francisco had it been generally known that she is the daughter of that Kate Chase who was the belle of Northern society in the time of the war, and the granddaughter of one who narrowly escaped being President, and who was one of the greatest lawyers and most lovable men this country has ever produced. The lineal descendant of Salmon P. Chase is entitled to affectionate welcome in every city of the United States, and in every community where courage, intelligence, and human sympathy are prized.

At the theatres during the week commencing May 16th: Charles Frohman's company in "Jane"; Joseph Arthur's company in "Blue Jeans"; Carroll Johnson in "The Gossoon"; the Tivoli company in "Amorita"; and George Osbourne in "The Golden Giant."

— THE LAST IMPORTANT SALE OF CITY PROPERTY this season will take place next Thursday, May 19th, when McAfee, Baldwin & Hammond will sell at auction forty-nine building lots on McAllister, Scott, Devisadero, and Broderick Streets and Golden Gate Avenue. These lots, now the property of Messrs. A. B. McCreery and Frank J. Sullivan, are accessible by two cable lines and one electric road, they are on the grand driveway to the park, and they are surrounded by first-class improvements. Further particulars may be learned from the auctioneers' artistic advertisement in another column.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Polyphonic Club.

The members of the Polyphonic Club, Professor R. A. Lucchesi musical director, gave their first concert last Wednesday evening, and it proved to be quite interesting. All of the selections, except those of Raff and Wauer, were new to the San Francisco musical public. The programme was as follows:

Concerto in re minore per tre cembali e archi, allegro maestoso, siciliana, allegro, Bach, Miss Margherite O'Connell, Miss Amelie Wetzel, Miss Blanche Bates, and string orchestra; scena ed aria from "Clemenza di Tito," Mme. Emilia Tojetti; *(a)* "Arietta," in sol minore, Scarlatti, *(b)* "Minuetto," in si blle maggiore, Gluck, string orchestra; *(a)* "Ave Maria," composed in 1520, Arcadelt, *(b)* "Awake, Awake!" composed in 1858, Wagner (from "Dei Meistersinger von Nurnberg"), choral; valse brilliante, in la blle (for two pianos—eight hands), Moszkowski, Miss Blanche Bates, Miss Adelaide McColgan, Miss Mary Giorgiani, Miss Amy Booth; "Day is at Last Departing," trio for soprano, mezzo, and contralto, Raff, Miss Lotta Musto, Miss Ella Blake, Miss Emma Swan; scena ed aria from "Don Carlos" (arranged by R. A. Lucchesi), Verdi, Mme. Emilia Tojetti, accompanied by two pianos—eight hands, Miss Josephine Scott, Miss Mary Giorgiani, Miss Emma Swan, Mr. J. McColgan, and string orchestra: grand galop caprice, Wauer, for three pianos—twelve hands, Miss Blanche Bates, Miss Amy Booth, Miss Mary Giorgiani, Miss Adelaide McColgan, Miss Emma Swan, Miss Josephine Scott.

A Musical Sunday Afternoon.

The second extra Musical Sunday Afternoon, the final one of the series, was held in Steinway Hall on May 8th. The attendance was large and fashionable and the programme was exceptionally interesting to lovers of good music. The selections were as follows:

String sextet, in A major, op. 48, *1.* allegro moderato e con brio, *2.* elegie poco allegretto, *3.* furiant, presto, *4.* finale, Hema mit variationen, Dvorak, (first time in San Francisco), Messrs. Hermann Brandt, John Josephs, Louis Schmidt, Fred Knell, Louis Heine, and Fred Gutterson; songs, *(a)* "The night has a thousand eyes," Parsons, *(b)* "The fountain mingles with the river," Gounod, Mr. Alfred J. Kelleher; piano solos, *(a)* Sigismund's Liebesgesang ("Walküre"), Wagner-Bende, *(b)* Impromptu, Liszt, Mrs. Anna Werner Doyal; song, "Ouvrez," Dessauer, Mr. Alfred Kelleher; string quartet, in A minor, op. 13, No. 2, *1.* adagio, allegro vivace, *2.* adagio non lento, *3.* intermezzo, allegro con moto, *4.* presto, Mendelssohn, (by request), the Hermann Brandt Quartet, Messrs. Hermann Brandt, John Josephs, Louis Schmidt, and Louis Heine.

The Abbey Cheney Amateurs.

The Abbey Cheney Amateurs gave their first miscellaneous programme at the residence of Mrs. Cheney, 900 O'Farrell Street, last Wednesday evening. The vocal numbers were given by Mrs. Nicholson, Mr. Melvin being indisposed. The instrumental numbers were remarkable for vigor and delicacy of execution. The programme was as follows:

"Invitation to the Dance," Weber, Miss Harrison; *(a)* Elegie, op. 42, *(b)* Danse Norwegienne, Grieg, Miss Cosgrave; song, Mrs. Nicholson; "Au Printemps," Grieg, Miss Janet Cheney; valse de concert, Wieniawski, Miss Newman; rondo capriccioso, Mendelssohn, Miss Wyman; *(a)* adagio, op. 2, No. 3, Beethoven, *(b)* Air à Danser Style Louis XV., Durand, *(c)* seconde mazurka, Godard, Miss Cameron; "Home, Sweet Home" (left hand alone), Wehli, Miss Moulton; "Peer Gynt Suite," *(1)* Le Matin, *(2)* La Morte d'Ase, *(3)* La danse d'Anitra, *(4)* Dans la halle du roi de Montague; Grieg, Miss Harrison.

Mr. George W. Morgan, the famous New York organist, and his daughter, Miss Maud Morgan, who has attained an almost equal celebrity with the harp, are to give two concerts at the First Congregational Church during their stay here. The first will take place on Tuesday evening, May 17th, when the programme will include Handel's "Largo" for the harp and organ, the fugue and chorus from "Israel in Egypt," the allegretto from Mendelssohn's fourth sonata for the organ, two charming *morceaux* for the harp by Hasselmans, and several other interesting numbers. The second concert will take place on Friday afternoon. At both concerts the Morgans will have the assistance of the choir of the First Congregational Church.

The Philharmonic Society will give its fourth concert of the thirteenth season next Wednesday evening, under the direction of Mr. Hermann Brandt. The society will be assisted by Miss Florence Jacquay, soloist; Mr. Louis Heine, 'celloist; and Mr. Ahe Sundland, accompanist.

The pupils of Mr. Henry Heyman will give a violin recital in Odd Fellows' Hall on Monday evening, May 16th.

M. and Mme. Ovide Musin left for Honolulu last Tuesday on the steamer *Australia*.

"Jane," which ran four hundred nights in London and one hundred in New York, is to be given here, with the following cast:

Mr. Charles Shakelton, Mr. Paul Arthur; Mr. Kershaw, Mr. M. C. Daly; William, Mr. R. F. Cotton; Claude, Master Joseph Totten; Pixton, Mr. Schnitz Edwards; Miss Lucy Norton, Miss Katherine Grey; Miss Chadwick, Miss Maggie Holloway Fisher; Mrs. Pixton, Miss Carrie Reynolds; Jane, Miss Johnstone Bennett.

It will be preceded by "Chums"—one of the ten New York *Herald* prize-plays in one act—cast as follows:

Lieutenant Jack Bandle, U. S. N., Mr. Paul Arthur; Mr. Patterby, Mr. Herbert Fortier; Mrs. Patterby, Miss Katherine Grey; Lelia Sterling, Miss Lizette le Baron.

The seventh annual Flower Show of the California State Floral Society will come to an end this (Saturday) evening. It has been finer than its predecessors in many respects, and notes a marked advance in floriculture. To-day will be "children's day," and there will be a special exhibition of eschscholtzia and other wild flowers.

"Amorita" has proved so popular at the Tivoli that it will be kept on for another week.

DCLXVI.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, May 15, 1892.

Mullagatawny Soup.
Fried Smelts. Cucumber Salad.
Boiled Tongue, Roman Sauce. Fried Potatoes.
Green Peas. Squash.
Roast Chickens. Currant Jelly.
French Artichokes.
Strawberries. Ice-Cream. Chocolate Cakes.

ROMAN SAUCE.—Put one teaspoonful of water and one of milk on the fire to scald; stir in a tablespoonful of flour and three well-beaten eggs. Season with pepper and salt, two ounces of butter, and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Boil four eggs fifteen minutes, stir and lay in the dish. Serve with the tongue.

— KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made; makes delicious desserts. Indorsed and used by our most prominent teachers of cookery.

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Popular Prices.....25 and 50 cents.

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Initial appearance in this city of the famous celebrities from New York city.
MR. GEORGE W. and MISS MAUD MORGAN
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ORGAN AND HARP CONCERTS
Vocal selections by the Church Choir.
ONLY TWO RECITALS HERE.
Admission and seat, $1.00. Tickets now on sale at the music stores and will be at the church entrance.

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Magnificent Collection of Oriental Art Goods, which should have been here last month, has just arrived direct from Persia, and will be sold out
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STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City and County of San Francisco, } ss.

We, the undersigned, GEORGE IRISH BAILEY and HERBERT BIRD WELLER, both residing in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, do hereby certify that we are partners transacting business in this State at the City and County of San Francisco, under the firm name and style of BAILEY & WELLER, and that the names in full of all the members of such partnership, and their respective places of residence, are hereinabove set forth.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands, this twenty-eighth day of March, A. D. 1892.

GEORGE I. BAILEY,
H. B. WELLER.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City and County of San Francisco, } ss.

On the twenty-eighth day of March, A. D. One Thousand Eight Hundred and Ninety-Two, before me, JAMES L. KING, a Notary Public in and for said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared GEORGE IRISH BAILEY and HERBERT BIRD WELLER, known to me to be the individuals described in, whose names are subscribed to, and who executed the foregoing instrument, and they severally duly acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, the day and year last above written.

SEAL. JAMES L. KING, NOTARY PUBLIC, 308 California St., San Francisco.

(Indorsed.)
Filed April 23, 1892.
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Where's the fire-eater to-day?" "Home, sick. Burnt his mouth drinkin' coffee."—*Truth.*

Twynn—"What awful language that parrot uses!" *Triplett*—"You see his cage hangs in the same room with the telephone."—*Ex.*

Briggs—"How is your cousin getting on as a missionary?" *Griggs*—"Latest advices report that he has got himself into a stew."—*Truth.*

"So the cook is going to leave," said the husband. "I don't know. I discharged her to-day, and she said she would think it over."—*Washington Evening Star.*

Bankrupt's wife—"All is not lost, dear; you have me left." *Bankrupt*—"Of course; there is no danger of any of the liabilities getting away."—*Puck.*

First detective—"How did you discover that English defaulter's identity?" *Second detective*—"I got off a pun, and he was the only man in the crowd who laughed at it."—*Puck.*

The inexperienced one—"Jack, Tom, and Harry invariably invite me to go out on the same evening." *The experienced one*—"That is the result of having beaux who are chums."—*Life.*

"There is such a thing as carrying a joke too far," remarked Funnicus, after he had visited a dozen newspaper-offices, at all of which his joke had been declined.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"There may be plenty of money in circulation," said the country editor, pensively, as he looked over the financial news; "but what are you going to do if you have no circulation?"—*Puck.*

In a certain cemetery, which shall be nameless, there is a grave-stone with this inscription: "Mr. Charles Fiest will repose here; at present he is still alive, and carrying on the shoemaking business at 41144 Larrabee Street."—*Ex.*

"It seems to me that the government ought to pension all sons of veterans who were born since the war." "Why?" "Think of the risks the poor boys ran. If their fathers had been killed, they might never have been born."—*Buffalo Express.*

Mrs. Pinkerly—"I hear, Major Kinghean, that you are a great sufferer from indigestion." *Major Kingbean*—"I am, madam." *Mrs. Pinkerly*—"Are you doing anything for it?" *Major Kingbean*—"I am, madam; I am suing for a divorce."—*Puck.*

How to get rich on Wall Street: *Junior*—"Here is an order from Mrs. Peterkin-Smythe, father." *Senior*—"Really? Clever woman Mrs. Peterkin-Smythe. We must do whatever we can to oblige her." *Junior*—"She wishes us to purchase one thousand shares of J. T. & W. on her account at seventy-five and sell it at ninety, and send her a check for the profits by twelve o'clock to-day."—*Bazar.*

Ensign Lehmann, while promenading in the Berlin Zoölogical Gardens in civil attire, sees his colonel approaching in the distance and hastily conceals himself behind a tree to escape observation. *Colonel* (next morning in the barrack-yard)—"Ensign Lehmann, how came I to see you in plain clothes yesterday in the Zoölogical Garden?" *Lehmann*—"Because the tree was not thick enough, colonel."—*Familien Wochenblatt.*

Swipes (the burglar, coming down-stairs)—"We've got to slope, Jimmie! Dey's a lady upstairs, an' she hollered at me." *Thuggers*—"Shucks! Dat ain't no lady; dat's de parrot. Dey ain't nobody at home. *Swipes*—"You het yer life dat wasn't no parrot. She hollered: 'What in Tophet do you want here, you blinkety blank son of a gun!' I reckon I know a lady when I hear her. Dat wasn't no parrot!"—*National Tribune.*

Railroad president—"I have long observed your sterling integrity and your conscientious regard for truth, and I shall now advance you to an important post, in which we are obliged to trust entirely to a man's honesty to place our funds where we want them instead of putting the money in his own pocket." *Conscientious youth*—"You will find me trustworthy, sir. What am I to do?" *Railroad president*—"Take this bag of greenbacks to the State capitol and buy votes."—*Puck.*

"Professor, I understand you have flunked my son in history in spite of his assurance to me that he answered accurately every question on the paper." "Yes, Mr. Bunker, it is true. There was but one question on the paper and your son answered it rightly." "And yet you flunked him?" "Yes. The question was: 'Tell all you know about the War of 1812'; and your son's answer was: 'It was fought in 1812. That is all I know about it.' Undoubtedly correct, sir, but hardly comprehensive."—*Ex.*

Mrs. Grumpps—"There are thousands of occupations in which men have places which women should fill. Why shouldn't women be druggists? Answer me that." *Mr. Grumpps*—"This cottage-pudding isn't good at all. How did you make it?" *Mrs. Grumpps*—"I took a few handfuls of flour and some milk and a few eggs, I forgot how many, and some sugar, I think, and I believe I added some salt, and maybe some baking powder, don't know how much. I never measure." *Mr. Grumpps*—"That's why."—*New York Weekly.*

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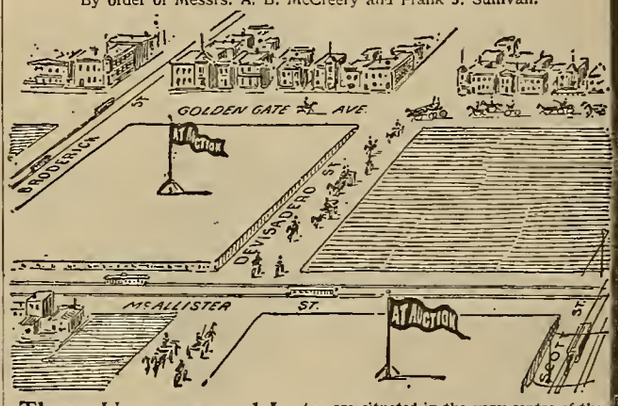

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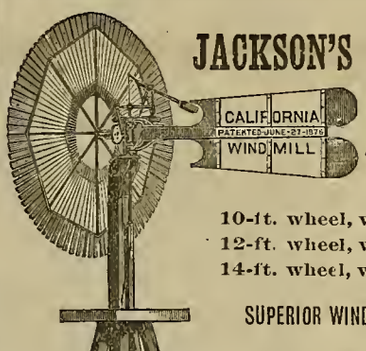

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A British View of the American Tariff.

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"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supplying; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

The passage of the bill authorizing the grant of American registers to the *City of New York* and the *City of Paris*—British-built steamers owned in this country—is the first material alteration of the navigation law of 1792. By that law, American-built vessels enjoy the strictest monopoly of navigating American waters, limited only by foreign treaties. Foreign craft are forbidden to engage in coast-wise trade. They can not fly the American flag even when they are owned in this country. In American ports they are subject to disabilities from which home-built craft are free. They are expressly excluded from the benefit of bonuses and subsidies which are from time to time conceded by Congress to deep-sea vessels for the promotion of trade.

We have not only been building fewer vessels than formerly, but we have been building smaller vessels than the English, and they have been built of wood and not of iron. The consequence has been that the carrying trade of the world is passing almost altogether into British hands. From New York alone, there is an average departure of a steamer a day to Europe; not one flies the American flag. The new large four-masters built in Maine compete, when they are new, with the iron sailing ships built on the Clyde and the Humber; but when they are three years old, the insurance companies begin to discriminate against wooden bottoms, and consequently British sailing craft can carry produce at rates which American sailing craft can not meet. Then again, from causes which are not easily discerned, American ship-builders are not following British and French example in increasing the size and speed of their ships. It is proved that the cost of carrying freight and passengers diminishes with the size of the ship, and that the faster a vessel goes, the less sum must be charged to interest account. For this reason, the Subsidy Bill of 1891 graduated its allowance for postal transportation in accordance with tonnage and speed, in order to promote the building of large and swift steamers. But the expectation has not been fulfilled. No vessels which could rank in class number one under the bill of 1891 are being built at our ship-yards; the new ships range from two to three thousand tons, and twelve knots is the utmost speed which can be got out of them.

Congress has thus been impelled to authorize the issue of American registers to foreign-built steamers. The necessary legislation has been obtained for the *City of Paris* and *City of New York*, and applications—which can not be rejected—have been filed on behalf of the Pacific Mail *China* and the British-built vessels which are now plying between this port and Australia. In the case of the Inman ships, the act provided that, in consideration of the grant of an American register, the Inman Company should build two similar ships in this country. This provision of the law is an admirable one. Under its provisions the American merchant marine will soon double and treble, yet no harm will be done to American ship-building interests, but rather good. It is for the protection of our ship-building interests that the navigation laws of the United States have always been so strict. And that strictness was a wise and far-sighted measure. Had it not been for those laws, we would have had no American ship-builders to-day, and the curious spectacle would have been presented of a great nation, her shores washed by two vast oceans, yet without a ship-yard.

There can be no doubt that American ship-builders will follow and probably improve upon foreign example. There is no reason why they can not in the East build as sound and as cheap iron ships as can be launched on the Clyde. At the present moment, the difference in the cost of a steel cruiser built in England and the same craft built in New York or Pennsylvania is said to be eight per cent. With a few years' experience, this difference will be reduced. The pay of expert mechanics on the Clyde is about the same as it is at Cramp's yard, and steel has lately been cheaper in Pennsylvania than in England.

There is a memorable instance of the effect of trying to better domestic work by foreign competition. Some years ago, the Compagnie Transatlantique of Paris was in straits. Its vessels could not compete in speed or carrying capacity with the Cunard and the Inman vessels. There was no regularity in their time. They fell into disfavor with handlers and shippers, and the company came perilously near the edge of bankruptcy. In its trouble, it went to the banker Pereire, and besought him to take the management. He agreed, on the condition that his control should be absolute. This conceded, he ordered three steamships to be built on the Clyde for the French company. It was thought an unpatriotic thing to do, and the French ship-builders were much incensed. But he persevered, the ships were built, and, being constructed on the same lines as the Cunard ships, they made as good time, and soon won popularity. It was not long before the French ship-builders made so profound a study of these foreign craft that they could copy them and improve upon their model, as they proved in the *Normandie* and the *Gascogne*, which are two of the noblest, swiftest, safest, and most commodious vessels afloat. What the French have done, Americans will do, if they get a chance.

The passage of the new law is of the greatest importance to San Francisco and to the Pacific Coast. It will enable scores of re-registered steamers to ply between this coast and the Atlantic seaports—steamers hitherto debarred from coast-wise traffic by reason of their foreign flags.

California is singularly blessed in the abundance of the means of grace vouchsafed her. Not only have we a mighty number of the temples of all regular and irregular Christian sects—so many, indeed, that in some hamlets the swarming pastors serving therein need no vows to dedicate them to fasting and prayer—but every strange weed and life-sapping sucker which grows anywhere beneath the shading branches of the theological tree, flourishes rankly in our soil. In religion, as in dress, fashions that are called new by the historically uninstructed are frequently but resurrections of modes that have been decently buried for generations. With most of these exhumations we are likewise favored. Witchcraft and possession, in their modern form of spiritualism, fright the souls of our women and disturb the equilibrium of many Californian men and tables; faith-healers have their homes and colonies; monogamous Mormons, departers from the purer faith of the fathers, worship in several churches; Mgr. Capel, once famous in London as the converter of the daughters of the aristocracy from the Protestant heresy, carries on in Napa a quiet but, within its limits, an effective warfare against the obligation of celibacy imposed by the Church of Rome upon its priests; Brother Harris, Hierarch of the New Life, labors successfully at Santa Rosa to induce ladies, for their souls' good, to part with their fortunes to him and to accept, through his holy mediation, the spiritual mates selected for them by heaven, which benevolently clothes the ghostly husbands in palpable human form, the mates of the oldest and richest sisters being mercifully endowed with virile youth and abounding good looks; Brother Teed, the Koresh of the Koreshans, labored long with us in the same beneficent direction, but recently departed for Chicago with his women and hoodle, being desirous of enjoying the stimulus of a more obdurate and Philistine field.

The gap thus left appears about to be filled by a watchful Providence. The Theosophists are considering the project of establishing a colony of Mahatmas at Mojave, on the summit of the Tehachapi Mountains. At present, the favorite habitat of the Mahatmas is the Himalayas. Just what a Mahatma is, it is not given grovelers on the low plane of fleshly life to know precisely; but he is, it seems, the highest earthly exemplar of the spiritual benefits to the individual of Esoteric Buddhism, or Theosophy. What Theosophy is, again, is beyond the comprehension of the vulgar, though tons of explanation are printed yearly, and the contributions to the literature of exegesis from the pens of Mme. Blavatsky, the Seeress, and Colonel Olcott, the Hierophant, would fill many hushel baskets. Rudyard Kipling, in his narrative of "The Sending of Dana Da," the same being the history of a Visitation of Cats, makes a reverent effort to render Theosophy clear to the masses, thus:

"Once upon a time, some people in India made a new heaven and a new earth out of broken tea-cups, a missing hrooch or two, and a hair-brush. These were hidden under hushes or stuffed into holes in the hill-side, and an entire civil service of subordinate gods used to find or mend them again; and every one said: 'There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy.' This religion was too elastic for ordinary use. It stretched itself and embraced pieces of everything that medicine-men of all ages have manufactured. It approved of and stole from Freemasonry; looted the Latter-Day Rosicrucians of half their pet words; took any fragments of Egyptian philosophy that it found in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica'; annexed as many of the Vedas as had been translated into French or English, and talked of all the rest; built in the German versions of [illegible] left of the Zend Avesta; encouraged white, gray, and blac[illegible]

cluding Spiritualism, palmistry, fortune-telling by cards, hot chestnuts, double kerneled nuts, and tallow droppings; would have adopted Voodoo and Obeo had it known anything about them, and showed itself, in every way, one of the most accommodating arrangements that had ever been invented since the birth of the sea."

Satisfactory as this is, it obviously has that uncertainty of knowledge and vagueness of expression inseparable from the work of an outsider. William Q. Judge, secretary of the Aryan Theosophical Society of New York, however, rent the veil which screens the Mahatma from popular comprehension the other day. In an interview with a reporter he said:

"The Theosophical definition of Mahatma is very long, but if you want a newspaper definition, it is a human being so wise that he knows all things in the universe and can control the elements at will. It can be either a man or a woman, for in Mahatmadom the right of woman suffrage is conceded. A Mahatma is a perfect human being."

Mr. Judge, when he had given this description of a Mahatma, denied that he was drawing the portrait of Grover Cleveland. He then continued:

"The knowledge of the laws of nature possessed by Mahatmas is so complete that they can travel from San Francisco to New York in a jiffy. A Mahatma loves retirement. If one were to show himself, the people would prostrate themselves before him and worship him as a god. Mahatmas do not want notoriety."

Evidently a more desirable class of immigrants could not well be imagined, and the State Board of Trade and Chamber of Commerce should be up and doing. It ought to be easy to offer inducements for the founding of a colony in California that would far outweigh the pauper competition of the Himalayas. Mojave is an ideal location. Nobody who has once been there ever wants to go again, and this would insure the Mahatmas that retirement which they so covet. To have our mountain ranges peopled by beings, every one of whom is thousands of years old, and still growing, would be an immense advertisement for the State. Besides, as every Mahatma can project his astral body, which is as good as a real body for all ordinary purposes, and, as wages can be of no object to a Mahatma, the labor question, as it affects our vineyardists and orchardists—now unhappily largely dependent upon Chinese—would speedily be solved. The spiritual advantages to be derived from the infusion into our population of such colonists are self-evident. The Mahatma who has cut his eye-teeth will pay California a visit before deciding to settle down elsewhere. He would find himself perfectly at home, and should loneliness ever seize upon him, he would only have to choose his society, for we have more cranks, and more kinds of cranks, than any other spot on the footstool.

In the year 1890, the total product of gold in the United States was $32,845,000, of which amount California contributed $12,500,000, or three times as much as Colorado, which stands second on the list of gold-producing States, and four times as much as Dakota or Montana, which are nearly bracketed for third place. For the same year, the total gold product of the world, according to the best authorities, was $116,000,000.

The bill pending in the House of Representatives, known as the Hydraulic Mining Bill, is based in chief upon the report of a commission of government engineers who examined into the question of hydraulic mining, in connection with the preservation of the water-ways and the safety of the lands which lie along the streams into which the mining detritus was washed under the old system of hydraulic mining. This commission estimated that the result of the resumption of hydraulic mining would be an annual output of $10,000,000 in gold, and the commission did not venture to put a term to the duration of this output, which was not surprising when the known depth of auriferous deposits in some of the old river-beds is considered.

Objection has been urged to this bill by certain newspapers in the East, on the ground that the United States ought not to "go into partnership" with the gold-miners of California. Briefly stated, the bill provides that the government shall expend about $1,500,000, within the next eight years, in the construction and maintenance of restraining dams in the principal hydraulic-mining regions of California, and that it shall receive back three per cent. per annum on the gross output of the hydraulic mines.

Assuming that for three years no returns are received from the three per cent. assessment, for it might take that long to get the works into order, the account at the end of eight years would stand in this way: The government would have advanced $1,500,000, and would have received three per cent. a year on $10,000,000 for five years, or $1,500,000.

The government at the end of eight years will thus have recouped itself for its advances, and in the meantime the output of gold in California will have been nearly doubled year by year, and the world's stock of gold be increased about forty-four per cent. Is not that a sufficient inducement for the United States at least to consider the proposition of "going into partnership" with the hydraulic miners? The government is in partnership with the merchants, the manufacturers, the farmers, and the working-men of the country, since all tariff legislation is a qualified partnership from which the people derive the profits, and there can be no good reason why the gold-miners of California should not be treated as well as the rest of the community, even though it be a partnership with the government.

But, after all, the mere output of gold is the least of the considerations which should appeal to the wisdom and discretion of Congress. The old hydraulic-mining territory in this State is, at the present time, almost deserted, as it has been since the decrees of the United States Circuit Court shut down the mines. Flourishing towns and villages have fallen into ruin and decay, farms and orchards have been neglected, stores and shops have been shut up, and artisans of all kinds have had to seek work elsewhere. As a rule, only men enough have been left to keep ditches in repair and to see that the works of the mining companies do not fall to pieces beneath snow, and rain, and wind.

Let the Hydraulic Mining Bill pass, and even Aladdin's genie could scarcely work a more rapid and miraculous change than will be seen in all this region. On every side there will be an immediate revival of industry and business of all kinds. Preparations for active mining will go along *pari passu* with the work of the United States engineers, so that no time will be lost upon the completion of the dams and such other works as the engineers may advise and construct.

Can any one doubt the effect of this re-development of a great industry upon the prosperity of the State as a whole? Imagine the turning out of $10,000,000 in gold a year, and what it means in the way of labor, of supplies of all kinds, of markets for farm produce and manufactures of all sorts, and even for articles of luxury as well as of necessity, and he must be a poor economist who can not see that California would take such a start as she has not taken for the past twenty years.

At the time this paragraph is written, the prospects for the passage of the bill by the House are very favorable. The Committee on Appropriations, of which Holman is chairman, gave the California delegation an attentive hearing on Tuesday, and informally agreed to recommend the appropriation of $450,000, which the bill proposed. The petition to the Committee on Rules to assign a day for the hearing of the bill has received over two hundred signatures, and there has been no opposition developed as yet to the passage of the bill. The Senate will not make any fight on it, and the President will have no reason for withholding his signature, if the two Houses agree to it. It may be premature to congratulate ourselves on the passage of this bill, but the probabilities in its favor are so strong that we can scarcely make a mistake in felicitating California upon a piece of legislation which is the most important in the history of the State, the Chinese bills alone excepted.

A Committee of the Propaganda, specially chosen by the Pope, sat in Rome, Italy, a few weeks ago, and decided what attitude American citizens of the Roman Catholic faith should take toward the public schools of this country. It is agreeable to our patriotism to know that some millions of our fellow-citizens, clothed with the power of the ballot, are accustomed to look to a foreign power for such instruction. The special matter which the Committee of the Propaganda had under consideration was the action of Archbishop Ireland, of Minnesota, in bringing about the consolidation of the parochial and common schools in the towns of Faribault and Stillwater. The archbishop has received much praise from truthful, non-Catholic sources for his "liberality" on the subject of education, and also censure from not a few of his brother priests. He was the moving spirit of the minority at the Baltimore Council, who sought to moderate the fiercely intolerant policy of the church toward State education. Ireland is a man who has the practical sense to make compromises. He is really a more dangerous enemy to the public schools than any of the thick-headed zealots who openly rail at them as godless, soul-destroying devices of the devil. The arrangement which he succeeded in consummating at Faribault and Stillwater was particularly deft. Under cover of tolerant phrases concerning the right of the government to train the minds of its future citizens, he brought about the apparent abolition of the parochial schools. As a matter of fact, he but shifted the burden of their support from the church to the community. The nuns who had served as teachers in them were transferred to the pay-roll of the municipal school department. During school hours, these holy women, in the costume of their ecclesiastical order, instruct the children of all faiths alike. After regular hours, the Roman Catholic pupils, and all others who choose (*i. e.*, who can be persuaded to do so), remain for tuition in Roman Catholic doctrine. It is not surprising that many of the citizens object to having their common schools thus handed over to the Roman Catholic Church, nor that appeals have been made to the courts to rescue them from such a condition. But it is surprising that Roman Catholic priests should have been so stupid as to antagonize a scheme so obviously in the theological and financial interest of the church. Object some of them did, however, and Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, who gets everything his own way in his Irish-Democratic diocese, where he has the public treasury open to his hand, made himself conspicuous in the hostility which compelled Ireland to appeal to Rome. The telegraph informs us that Cardinal Ledochowski, Prefect of the Propaganda, has addressed a letter to the Minnesotan archbishop, saying that:

"In a special congregation of the Propaganda held on the twenty-first of April, 1892, to consider the question of what judgment should be formed of the arrangement entered into by Archbishop Ireland concerning the schools at Faribault and Stillwater, it was decided to reply affirmatively and without derogating from the decrees of the councils of Baltimore on parochial schools, that the arrangement entered into, taking into consideration all the circumstances, can be tolerated."

In an audience held on the same day, His Holiness deigned to approve the resolution of the cardinals given above.

Ireland, in a pronunciamento, says:

"The so-called Faribault plan is now formally allowed, in spite of Germans and Jesuits. The decision is *tolerari potest*, which means, canonically, 'is fully allowed.' The letter is addressed to me in the name of the Propaganda, and brings out the full practical meaning of the words. The plan is, of course, a departure from the ideal. The canonical language is *tolerari potest*, but these words imply in practice 'full approval.'"

Corrigan, on the contrary, holds that condemnation is implied. He declares:

"If the plan had been indorsed by the Holy See, or full permission had been granted, it might be adopted elsewhere in the country. As it is, it can not be put in use anywhere except by securing toleration for a special case in exception to the general rule. That makes the purport of the deliverance very clear, and leaves no doubt as to the position of the holy church on this question."

The priests may wrangle as they please over what the Vatican permits them to think about the public schools of America, or what plans for capturing them, in whole or in part, will receive the approval of His Holiness the Pope; but the people of the United States—or, rather, such of them as do not submit their naturalization papers for the *visé* of the Vatican—will continue to hope that the citizens of Faribault and Stillwater may succeed in ejecting the Roman Catholics from the control of their schools. In this matter no compromise can be tolerated without peril. The common schools are the schools of the State, and the Roman Catholic, or any other church, must not be permitted to have anything to do with them. The "liberal" Archbishop Ireland is suspiciously like a camel—the camel whose tail follows his nose into the tent of the guileless Arab of story. It is good of the Pope and Propaganda to concern themselves with the conduct of our schools, no doubt, but the people of the United States feel fully competent to run this branch of their own business by themselves, without the gracious and disinterested assistance of His Holiness and his band of sixteenth-century Italian bats, who dwell in the congenial intellectual twilight of the Vatican at Rome.

A telegram from Chicago announces that the Chicago River is higher than it has been for fifteen years; that the current is running at the rate of ten miles an hour, and that the city's water supply, which is obtained by tunneling to considerable distances at the bottom of the lake, is again being polluted with sewage. This is not the first alarm on the subject. Some two or three months ago, an epidemic of typhoid fever broke out in Chicago, and was ascribed to the pollution of the city's water by the city's sewage. When the present water-works were constructed in Chicago, the intention was that the water consumed by the people should be drawn from considerable depths in the lake, where its purity was supposed to be beyond question, while the sewage was to run off into a canal connecting with the Mississippi. Whether the sewers were ill-constructed, or whatever happened to defeat this purpose, the sewage got into the Chicago River, flowed out into the lake, and finally mingled with the water which Chicagoans drink. The discovery led to the construction of new water-cribs further out in the lake, but the typhoid outbreak would seem to indicate that the remedy has not been effectual. It is to be hoped that the danger will be removed before the World's Fair opens. An epidemic at that moment would be serious.

A large number of cities are just now struggling with their water question. New York went through something very like a panic last year, in consequence of the declaration of the health officer that the increase of typhoid was due to the dissemination in the water of disease germs gathered in the Croton Valley, which has become thickly settled since the water-works were built. It is a settled principle that water which is contained in streams flowing through towns or villages is certain to be impregnated with sewage, and to contain bacteria. That is the case with the Croton water at present, in consequence of the filling up of the Croton Valley by settlers. The commissioner of public works could suggest no remedy except the purchase by the city of a strip of land round each stream and pond which contributes to the city reservoirs. In Philadelphia, which derives its water from the Schuylkill, the water is kept in reservoirs long enough for all solid matter to be precipitated; but it still retains disease germs which are held in solution, and poison the water.

For a quarter of a century the water supply of London has been a source of constant anxiety to its people. The British metropolis is supplied by eight private companies, which take their water from the Thames above tide-water,

from the upper part of the River Lee, and from springs and wells in the chalk formation. Forty years ago, Parliament required the water to be filtered, and regulated the water rates; but, in 1866, the conviction became so general that the London water was unwholesome that a committee was appointed to consider the subject of drawing a new supply from the mountains in England and Wales. But Parliament adopted new regulations, without interfering with the sources of supply. In 1880, an active agitation arose for the transfer of the water-reservoirs, mains, and plant generally from the companies to the Metropolitan Board of Works. Bills were introduced, from time to time, providing for the purchase, but none of them became laws. It was not till 1889, when the new London Common Council inaugurated its advent to power by appointing a committee to investigate the whole business of the water supply, that the subject resumed actuality.

Then began a triangular contest between the imperial government, the London Common Council, and the water companies; it is still raging. The advocates of reform harp on the unwholesome character of the water supplied by the companies, saying, tersely, that "the daily beverage of the inhabitants of the metropolis is simply diluted sewage." On the other hand, the companies retort that two-thirds of the area of the basin from which they draw consists of porous, permeable strata, from which there is little surface drainage, and that it is an established scientific truth that contact with earth and exposure to air purify polluted liquids. They contend that any impurities contained in the water are removed by fish, or other forms of animal life, or absorbed by aquatic vegetation, or decomposed by the oxygen which is always largely present in fresh water. Nothing dismayed by this flat assertion, the London Common Council returned to the charge with the terrifying statement that "the inhabitants of London are living under conditions, as to their water supply, which might lead to an outbreak of epidemic disease that for extent and severity would be almost unparalleled in the history of the world."

The government called in the official chemist, Dr. Frankland, to act as umpire; he was directed to ascertain by microscopic investigation to what extent the London water was infected with bacterial life. He made a rose-colored report, which somewhat allayed the alarm which the common council had raised, and the next question was that of supply. The London water companies have a daily supply of 300,000,000 gallons, and 6,000,000 people to furnish with water. This would give every man, woman, and child fifty gallons a day. But the average consumption of the interior towns in England is 13 8 gallons per head per day—the use of baths being far less general than it is in this country; thus the Home Office concluded that the companies would do their full duty if they furnished London, say with twenty-five gallons per head per day—which is half their present supply. The subject will come up when Parliament meets again, and the above information indicates that while a consolidation of the water companies on the same lines as the recent consolidation of the London gas companies is likely enough, it is not likely that Parliament will go far afield in search of new sources of water supply.

Among the foregoing facts there are several calculated to strike the San Franciscan. One is that London, the greatest city in the world, is drinking water taken from streams running through densely populated regions—the River Thames and its tributaries. This water is "purified" by filtration. The impurities removed by that method do not include disease germs. The bacillus of typhoid fever, for example, can not be removed by filtration. So with many American cities: there are few whose water supply is not vitiated by sewage. Most of them take their drinking-water, like London, from streams running through thickly populated sections of country. San Francisco has one of the purest water supplies among the large cities of the world. The land surrounding the reservoirs of the Spring Valley Company is almost bare of human habitations. As to the amount of water per capita, it will be seen from the foregoing that the Home Office requires the London water companies to supply twenty-five gallons per head per day, evidently considering this an adequate amount. When it is considered that the Spring Valley supply is sixty gallons per capita per day, the contrast is certainly striking.

Taking into consideration the fact that the Democratic party of California did not meet in convention until after the Republican, and that before it lay the platform adopted at Stockton, the Fresno platform must be pronounced, for the most part, weak, evasive, and inefficient. It reads as though the platform-makers had made a desperate attempt to cover every possible point which the Republican platform had touched, and then to fill up the chinks with platitudes and appeals to party fealty in order to fire the Democratic heart.

A careful study of the platform will show that on every great national issue there is a limitation or proviso, which will enable this most peculiar document to be read and construed in accordance with the individual views and opinions of the reader Take, for instance, the nomination of Grover Cleveland, which is a national issue, so far as the Democratic party is concerned. The convention declared, in explicit terms, that he was their choice for the exalted position, and, at the same time, declined to instruct the delegation for him. Why declare for Cleveland in one breath and refuse to support him in the next?

One striking instance of the versatility of the convention is found in the Nicaragua Canal plank of the platform, which runs as follows:

Resolved, That the construction of the Nicaragua Maritime Canal is of the greatest political and commercial importance to our country, and especially to the Pacific States; that we respectfully urge the Democratic National Convention to pronounce distinctly in favor of Congress taking such action as may facilitate its construction. But we are opposed to a subsidy being granted to any corporation for such purpose.

If any one can tell what that means, he is more astute than the traditional Philadelphia lawyer. Congress is to take such action as will facilitate the construction of the canal, but is not to grant a subsidy for the purpose. Probably the convention wants Congress to pass resolutions of sympathy.

When the convention reached the question of silver, there was evidently some perplexity as to the best way to say nothing and yet appear to say something for free coinage. The outcome was a resolution which denounced the Republican party for the demonetization of silver, and then, in most inconsequential fashion, asserted a belief in the principle that "there should be kept in constant circulation a full and sufficient volume of money, consisting of gold, silver, and legal-tender paper-currency, at par with each other." Evidently the purpose was to leave the way clear for Cleveland, who is so pronounced an anti-silver man that any expression of opinion in favor of the white metal would have tied the hands of the delegation if it wished to support him.

But the most glaring illustration of the utter insincerity of this platform on national issues is found in the tariff plank, which says:

The McKinley Tariff Bill should be repealed, the essential raw material of American manufactures should be put upon the free list, and a revised tariff should be adopted with due regard for the rights of American labor and the preservation of our manufactures.

When it is remembered that the tariff platform of 1888 was a decided retreat from the advanced position taken by Cleveland in his message of December, 1887; that he and his supporters made the campaign of 1888 on a basis which they called "tariff reform," because they did not dare to call it by its proper name, free trade; and that the immense Democratic majority in the present House of Representatives has never dared to introduce a bill for the repeal of the McKinley Bill, but has chopped around the edges and chipped out a splinter here and there, it is easy to judge how much honesty there is in a plank which demands the repeal of the McKinley Bill, and placing raw material on the free list.

When the convention got down to the matters on which everybody in California is practically agreed, its directness of utterance was in striking contrast to the array of "buts" with which its discussion of most points was punctuated. It favored the resumption of hydraulic mining, the preservation of the rivers, the improvement of the State's water-ways, the enforcement of civil-service laws, the preservation of the public schools, the division of great land-grants, and the construction of a competing railroad; and denounced the inaction of the board of railroad commissioners, and condemned the interference of railroads in politics. With all these, every good citizen of California will agree.

It is only fair to the Democratic convention to say that its utterances on the railroad question are much more explicit than were those of the recent Republican convention.

The eloquence at the Fresno gathering was not of the very highest order. Clay Webster Taylor's celebrated slogan "From Siskiyou to San Diego, from the Sierras to the Sea," still remains emblazoned upon the walls of the temple of Democracy, without a peer. It is true that Chairman Barney Murphy let loose the flood-gates of his eloquence when he said: "This great San Joaquin Valley was once filled with cattle and horses, and I can not but regret that fact when I look around and see this hall filled with flowers and the ladies of Fresno." This unique remark is the only gem we have been able to discover imbedded in the Democratic intellectual ooze.

The question of European immigration is usually considered at the East from the point of view of the oversupply of the labor market. But it is equally worthy of attention from the standpoint of the reflex action, or migration eastward. The actual volume of steerage immigrants who land at New York in the course of a year averages something under 500,000; the number of cabin passengers who arrive at the same point in each year is about 100,000. In 1890, it was 99,189. It is figured that twenty per cent. of these are Europeans who come here to spy out the country and perhaps to settle, while eighty per cent., or 80,000, are Americans returning from a European tour. This ebb and flow of persons of means is now beginning to attract notice from the thoughtful.

If 80,000 Americans travel to Europe every year for their holiday or for sight-seeing, they must spend a great deal of money. Passage-money between New York and Liverpool, or Havre, or Hamburg, varies according to accommodation, steamship, season, location of berth, etc. Some people pay regularly $200 and over for a ticket, while others, in less fashionable vessels, manage to get ferried across the pond for $75. The average for the whole 80,000 can not be less than $100; which would give $8,000,000 as the total outlay for the outward-bound trip, and as much more for the return, or $16,000,000 in all for mere ocean transportation. The money expended in travel and sight-seeing in Europe varies, of course. A college professor, or a party of maidens sailing forth strange countries for to see, will see much in six weeks, and $10 a day will probably cover their outlay per head; while rich Americans, fond of show and luxury, will get through $30 a day per head without straining for effect, and will find six months too short to make the tour in. If we should allow $20 a day per person—which would not be extravagant, if the presence of ladies in the party should involve the hiring of carriages and private drawing-rooms—the 80,000 traveling Americans would spend $1,600,000 a day, and if their trip averaged four months, or 120 days, the aggregate cost would be $192,000,000. Add this to $16,000,000 for ocean transportation, and we have an aggregate of $208,000,000 spent every year in Europe for pleasure by traveling Americans.

This is a pretty large sum, and one which explains the recent assertion of the Italian Finance Minister that the Government of Italy could not make both ends meet but for the gold left in Italy by American tourists. It is pretty nearly two-thirds of the total amount expended by the people of the United States for the support of the Federal Government and the army, the navy, and the payment of interest on the national debt. We may be said to support by our extravagance a large portion of the European people.

But this is not all. In London, Paris, Rome, Vienna, Dresden, Florence, and Venice, there are large American colonies, consisting of persons of fortune, who have acquired wealth in this country and have gone to spend it in Europe. The daughters of these families, and the daughters of other American families who, without establishing a domicile abroad, visit the European capitals periodically, are constantly marrying there. When they marry, they transfer their property from this country to Europe. They may retain their American investments, but the ownership thereof becomes European. It is just so much fixed capital which is transferred to the other side of the ocean. It is hard to say how much property thus passes in the course of a year. But if fifty American girls take European husbands in the course of a year, and their means average half a million dollars each, there is a transfer of $25,000,000 a year from the western to the eastern shore of the Atlantic. Can this country go on forever losing $225,000,000 a year to Europe?

It has been suggested that the fashion of European alliances should be checked by the imposition of an export duty on American heiresses. It is a question of law whether a budding beauty can fairly be classed among those articles of domestic produce or merchandise upon which the constitution forbids the imposition of an export tax. But we might borrow a leaf from the Chinese. In former days, when a Chinaman expatriated himself, his relatives had to give security to the government for his return, dead or alive, to the Flowery Land. Nothing in the constitution forbids Congress from passing a law providing that the father of a handsome heiress should give similar security for her return, and in case she elected to remain abroad, to pay such sum as an expert accountant might value the country's interest in her wealth at.

As to the travelers who waste in Europe the money they or their fathers have toiled so hard to make in this country, all that can be said is that they exhibit poor taste. Americans are not popular in Europe. They are tolerated for the sake of the money they spend. But it is not easy for an American lady or an American gentleman—no matter how unexceptional his references—to get into good society in Paris, or London, or Vienna, or Rome, or Venice, or Florence, or Madrid.

This is a large country, with varied races, scenery, aspects of nature, and products of science and art. A summer spent in travel between the Laurentian Range and the Gulf of Mexico, or between the Golden Gate and the cliff islands of Maine, will always be a joy to remember. Yet the number is increasing of those who travel to Europe, and confess when they return that they could not answer the questions put by intelligent foreigners about their own country.

Various rumors about the *Argonaut* have led to several propositions being made to us for its purchase. We may as well state, therefore, that there are to be no changes in the proprietorship of this journal, and that it is most distinctly not for sale. The *Argonaut* is in a very prosperous condition, and its owners have not the least desire to part w

A TRAGEDY ON THE RANCH.

By W. C. Morrow.

Sitting at the open window of her room in the upper story of the farm-house on the Rancho San Gregorio, Señora Violante Ovando de McPherson watched, with the deepest interest, a cloud of dust which rose in the still May air far down the valley; for it was evident that the color in her cheeks and the sparkle in her violet black eyes spoke a language of devotion and happiness. Her husband was coming home, and with him his vaqueros, after a tedious drive of cattle to San Francisco. He had been gone but a month; but what an interminable absence that is to a wife of a year! She had watched the fading of the wild golden poppies; she had seen the busy workers of the bee-hives laying up their stores of honey culled from the myriads of flowers which carpeted the valley; and she had ridden over the Gabilan hills to see the thousands of her husband's cattle which dotted them. She had been respectful of her housekeeping duties, and had directed Alice, the sewing-girl, in the making of garments for the approaching hot season. Yet, busy as she thought she was, and important as she imagined herself to be in the management of the great ranch, time had dragged itself by in manacles. But now was coming the cloud of dust to lift the cloud of loneliness, and if ever a young wife's heart quickened with gladness, it was hers.

Presently the fine young Scotchman leaped from his horse, clasped his wife in his arms, asked a few hurried questions concerning her welfare during his absence, untied a small buckskin-bag which depended from the pommel of his saddle, and, remarking: "I thought you might need some spending-money, Violante," held up the bag containing gold, containing a hundred times more gold than her simple tastes and restricted opportunities would permit her to employ. But was not her Robert the most generous of men? Other eyes than hers saw it—those of Basilio Velasco, one of the vaqueros—a small, swarthy man, with the blackest and sharpest of eyes, in which just then was a peculiar glitter.

What a handsome couple were the young husband and wife as, arm-in-arm, they entered the house—he so large, and red, and masculine, she so dark, and reliant, and feminine! Beautiful Spanish girls were plentiful in those youthful days of California; but Violante had been known as the most beautiful of all the maidens from the Santa Barbara Channel to the Bay of Monterey. Hard-headed and fiery-tempered Scotch Presbyterian, gentle, patient, and faithful Catholic, they were the happiest and most devoted of couples.

"Well, little Violante," he said, "take the bag up to your room, and give us dinner; for before we rest, we must ride over to the range and look after the cattle, and after that you and I shall have a good, long visit."

These pleasant duties were quickly dispatched, and the dusty men, led by her husband, galloped away. From the open window of her room she saw the receding cloud of dust, wondering at that urgent sense of duty which could make so fond a husband leave her, even though for a short time, after so long a separation. Thus she sat, dreamily thinking of her great happiness in having him once again at home, and drinking in the rich perfume of the racines of wistaria-blossoms which covered the massive vine against the house. This old vine, springing from the ground beneath the window at which she sat, spread its long arms almost completely over that part of the wall, divided on either side for the window, and hung gracefully from beneath the eaves, embowering their lovely owner in a tangled mass of purple blossoms. It was an exquisite picture—the pretty wife sitting there, in the whitest of lawns, looking out over the hills in this frame of gorgeous flowers—all the more charming from her unconsciousness of its beauty. Behind her, at the opposite side of the room, sat Alice, sewing in silence.

As the señora looked dreamily over the hills, she became aware of the peculiar actions of a man on horseback, who was approaching the house from the direction in which her husband and the vaqueros had disappeared. That which summoned her attention was the fact that the man was approaching by an irregular route, which no ordinary circumstance would have required. He had such a way of keeping behind the trees that she could not determine his identity. It looked strange and mysterious, and something impelled her to drop the lace curtain over the window, for behind it she could watch without danger of being seen.

The horseman disappeared, and this made her uneasiness all the greater, but she said nothing to Alice. Soon she noticed a man on foot approaching the house, in a watchful, skulking fashion, slipping from one tree or one bit of shrubbery to another. Then, with a swift run, he approached the house, and stealthily and noiselessly as a cat began to ascend to her window by clambering up the wistaria-vine. Her spirit quailed and her cheeks blanched when she saw the naked blade of a dagger held between his teeth. She understood his mission—it was her life and the gold; and the glittering eyes of the robber she recognized as those of Basilio Velasco. After a moment of nerveless terror the ancient, resisting blood of the Ovandos sprang into alert activity, and this gentlest and sweetest of young women armed her soul to meet Death on his own ground and his own terms, and try the issue with him.

She gave no alarm, for there was none in the house except herself and Alice. To have given way to fear would have destroyed her only hope of life. Quietly, in a low tone, she said:

"Alice, listen, but do not say a word." There was an impressiveness in her manner that startled the nervous, timid girl; but there was also in it a strength and self-reliance that reassured her. She dropped her work and regarded her mistress with wonder. "Look in the second drawer of the bureau. You will find a pistol there. Bring it to me quickly, without a word, for a man is clambering up the vine under my window to rob me, and if we make any outcry or lose our heads we are dead. Place full confidence in me, and it will be all right."

Alice, numb and nervous with fear, found the pistol and brought it to her mistress.

"Go and sit down and keep quiet," she was told; and this she did.

Violante, seeing that the weapon was loaded, cocked it, and glanced out the window. Basilio was climbing very slowly and carefully, fearing that the least disturbance of the vine would alarm the señora. When he had come sufficiently near to make her aim sure, Violante suddenly thrust aside the curtain, leaned out the window, and brought the barrel of the weapon in line with Velasco's head.

"What do you want, Basilio?" she asked.

Upon hearing the musical voice, the Spaniard quickly looked up. Had the bullet then imprisoned in the weapon been sent crashing through his vitals, he would have received hardly a greater shock than that which quivered through his nerves when he saw the black barrel of the pistol, the small but steady hand which held it aimed at his brain, and the pale and beautiful face above it. Thus holding the robber at her mercy, she said firmly to the girl:

"Alice, there is nothing to fear now. Run as fast as you can to the west end of the house, about a hundred yards away, and you will find this man's horse tied there somewhere in the shrubbery. Mount it, and ride as fast as God will let you. Find my husband, and tell him I have a robber as prisoner."

The girl, almost fainting, passed out of the room, found the horse, and galloped away, leaving these two mortal enemies facing each other.

Velasco had heard all this, and he heard the horse clattering up the road to the range beyond the hills of Gabilans. The picture of a fierce and angry young Scotchman dashing up to the house and slaying him without a parley needed no elaboration in his dazed imagination. He gazed steadily at the señora and she at him; and, while he saw a strange pity and a sorrow in her glance, he saw also an unyielding determination. He could not speak, for the knife between his teeth held his tongue a prisoner. If only he could plead with her and beg for his life!

"Basilio," she quietly said, seeing that he was preparing to release one hand by finding a firmer hold for the other, "if you take either of your hands away from the vine I will shoot you. Keep perfectly still. If you make the least movement, I will shoot. You have seen me throw apples in the air and send a bullet through every one with this pistol."

There was no boastfulness in this, and Velasco knew it to be true.

"I would have given you money, Basilio, if you had asked me for it; but to come thus with a knife! You would have killed me, Basilio, and I have never been unkind to you."

If he could only remove the dagger from his mouth! Surely one so kind and gentle as she would let him go in peace if he could only plead with her. But to let the dagger fall from his teeth would be to disarm himself, and he was hardly ready for that; and there was much thinking and planning to be done within a very few minutes.

Velasco, still with his gaze on the black hole in the pistol-barrel, soon made a discouraging discovery; the position in which he had been arrested was an insecure and uncomfortable one, and the unusual strain that it brought upon his muscles became painful and exhausting. To shift his position even in the smallest way would be to invite the excursion of a bullet through his head. As the moments flew the strain upon particular sets of muscles increased his pain with alarming rapidity, and unconsciously he began to speculate upon the length of time that remained before his suffering would lead him into recklessness and death. While he was thus approaching a very agony of pain, with the end of all human endurance not far away, another was suffering in a different manner, but hardly less severely.

The beautiful señora held the choice of two lives in the barrel of her pistol; but that she should thus hold any life at all was a matter that astounded, perplexed, and agonized her; that she had the courage to be in so extraordinary a position amazed her beyond estimation. Now, when one reflects that he is courageous, his courage is questionable. And then, she was really so tender-hearted that she wondered if she could make good her threat to shoot if the murderer should move. That he believed she would was sufficient.

But after the arrival of her husband—what then? With his passionate nature could he resist the temptation to cut the fellow's throat before her very eyes? That was too horrible to think of. But—God!—the fellow himself had a knife! By thus summoning her husband was she not inviting him to a mortal struggle with a desperate man better armed than he? It would have been easy to liberate Basilio and let him go his way; but she knew that her husband would follow and find him. Now that the mischief of notifying him had been done, it was best to keep the prisoner with her, that she might plead for his life. Therein lay her hope that she could avert the shedding of blood by either of the men. Her suspense, her self-questionings, her dread of a terrible termination to an incident which had already assumed the shape of a tragedy, her fearful responsibility, the menacing possibility that she herself, in simple defense of her life, might have to kill Basilio, her trepidation on the score of her aim and the reliability of the pistol—all these things and others were wearing her out; and at last she, too, began to wonder how long she could bear the strain, and whether or not her husband would arrive in time to save her.

Meanwhile, Velasco, racked to the soul by the pains which tortured him, and driven to the wall by a desire to drop the dagger and plead for his life and by fear of parting with his weapon, was urged to despair, and finally to desperation. All the supplication that human face and eyes could show pleaded eloquently for him, and with this silent pleading came evidence of his physical agony. The muscles of his arms and legs twitched and trembled, and his labored breathing hissed as it split upon the edge of the knife. He was unable longer to control the muscles of his lips; the keen edge of his weapon found a way into the flesh at either side of his mouth, and two small streams of blood trickled down his chin and fell upon his breast. Not for a moment did he take his gaze from her eyes; and thus these two regarded each other in a silence and a stillness that were terrible. A crisis had to come. Here was a test of nerve that inevitably would make a victim of one or the other. The spectacle of the man's agony, the pitiful sight of his imploring look, were more than the feminine flesh of which Violante was composed could bear.

The crash came—Basilio was the first to break down. Whether voluntarily or not, he released his hold upon the knife, which went clattering through the vine to the ground. In another instant, his tongue, now free, began pouring forth a supplication in the Spanish language with an eloquence which Violante had never heard equaled.

"Oh, señora!" he said; "who but an angel could show a mercy tenderer than human? And yet, as I hope for the mercy of the Holy Virgin, there is a sweetness and kindness in your face that belong to an angel of mercy. Oh, Mother of God! surely thy unworthy son has been brought into this strait for the trying of his soul and for its chastisement and purification at the hands of thy sweetest and gentlest of earthly daughters; for thou hast put it into her heart—which is as pure as her face is beautiful—to spare me from a most horrible end. Thou hast whispered into her mother soul that one of thy sons, however base and undeserving, should not be sent unshriven to the judgment-seat of the most Holy Christ, thy son. Through the holy church thou hast enlightened her soul to the duties of a Christian, for in her beautiful face shines the radiance of heaven—ah, señora! see me plead for mercy! Behold the agonies which beset me, and let my sufferings unlock the door of your heart. Let me go in peace, señora; and you shall find in me a slave all the days of my life—the humblest and most devoted of slaves, happy if you beat me, glorying in my slavery if you starve me, and giving praise to Almighty God if you trample me under your feet. Señora, señora, release me, for time is pressing—I can barely escape if you let me go this instant. Would you have my blood on your hands? Can you face the Virgin with that? Oh, señora—señora——"

Her head swam, and all her senses were afloat in a sea of agonies. Still she looked down into his eyes as he continued his pleadings, but the outlines of his body were wavering and uncertain, and inexpressible suffering numbed her faculties. Still she listened vaguely to his outpouring of speech; and it was not until her husband, with two of his vaqueros, dashed up on horseback that either of these two strangely situated sufferers was aware of his approach. Seeing him, Violante threw her arms abroad, and the pistol went flying to the ground; and then she sank down to the floor, and the brilliant sunshine became night and the shining glories of the day all nothingness.

* * * * * * *

She awoke and found herself lying on her bed, with her husband sitting beside her, caressing her hands and watching her anxiously. It was a little time before she could summon her faculties to exercise and to an understanding of her husband's endearing words; but, seeing him safe with her, her next thought was of Velasco.

"Where is Basilio?" she asked, starting up and looking fearfully about.

"He is safe, my dear one. Think no more of Basilio, who would have harmed my Violante. Be calm, for my sake, sweet wife."

"Oh, I can't, I can't! You must tell me about Basilio." And, in a frightened whisper, she asked: "Did you kill him?"

"No, loved one; Basilio is alive."

She sank back upon her pillow. "God be praised!" she whispered.

Suddenly she started again and looked keenly into her husband's eyes. "You have never deceived me," she hurriedly said; "but, Robert, I must know the truth. Have no fear—I can bear it. For God's sake, my husband, tell me the truth!"

Alarmed, he took her in his arms, and said: "Be calm, my Violante; for as the Almighty is my witness, Basilio is alive."

"Alive! alive!" she cried; "what does that mean? You are keeping something back, my husband. I know your passionate nature too well—you could not let him off so easily. Tell me the whole truth, Robert, or I shall go mad!"

There was a frantic earnestness in this that would have made evasion unwise.

"I will, Violante; I will. Listen—for upon my soul, this is the whole truth: When I saw you drop the pistol and sink back upon the floor, I knew that you had fainted. I ordered the vaqueros to secure the weapon and make Basilio descend to the ground. Then I ran upstairs, placed you on the bed, loosened your clothing, and did what I could to restore you. But you remained unconscious——"

"Basilio! Basilio! tell me about him."

"I went to the window and sent one of the men to the hacienda for a doctor for you, and told the other to bring Basilio to the room. He came in very weak and trembling, for he had fallen from the vine and was slightly stunned, but not much hurt. He expected me to kill him here in this room, but I could not do that—I was afraid on your account, Violante. He was very quiet and ill——"

"Hurry, Robert, hurry!"

"He said nothing. I spoke to him. He hung his head and asked me if I would let him pray. I told him I would not kill him. A great light broke over his face. He fell at my feet and clasped my knees and kissed my boots and wept like a child. It was pitiful, Violante."

"Poor Basilio!"

"He begged me to punish him. He removed his shirt and implored me to beat him. I told him I would not touch him. He said he would be your slave and mine all his life; but he insisted that he must make some physical atonement—he must be punished. 'Very well,' I said. Then I turned to Nicolas and told him to give Basilio some light punishment, as that would relieve his mind. Nicolas took him down and lashed him to the back of a horse, and turned the animal

into the horse corral. Then Nicolas came back and told me what he had done. I replied that it was all right, and that so soon as I could leave you I would go and release Basilio. And then I told Nicolas to go to the range and look up Alice and bring her home, for she was too weak to come back with me."

"And Basilio is in the corral now?"

"Yes."

"How was he lashed to the horse?"

"I don't know—Nicolas didn't tell me; but you may be sure that he is all right."

She threw her arms around her husband's neck and kissed him again and again, saying: "My noble, generous husband. I love you a thousand times more than ever. Now go, Robert, at once, and release Basilio."

"I can't leave you, dear."

"You must—you shall! I am fully recovered. If you don't go, I will."

"Very well."

No sooner had he left the room than she sprang out of the bed, caught up a penknife, and noiselessly followed him; he did not suspect her presence close behind him as he went toward the corral. When they had gone thus a short distance from the house, her alert ear caught a peculiar sound that sent icicles shooting through her body. They were feeble cries of human agony, and they came from a direction other than that of the corral. Heedlessly, and therefore unwisely, she ran toward their source, without having summoned her husband, and soon she came upon a fearful spectacle.

McPherson pursued his way to the corral; but when he arrived there, he was surprised not to find Basilio in the inclosure. The gate was closed—the horse could not have escaped through it. Looking about, he read the signs of a commotion that must have occurred among the horses, caused, undoubtedly, by the strange sight of a man lashed in some peculiar way to the back of one of their number. The ground was torn by flying hoofs in all directions; there had been a wild stampede among the animals. Even when he entered, possibly more than a half-hour after Basilio was introduced among them, they were huddled in a corner, and snorted in alarm when he approached them. The horse to which Nicolas had lashed Basilio was not to be seen. Annoyed at the stupidity of Nicolas, McPherson looked about until he found the place in the fence through which Basilio's horse had broken; only two of the rails had been thrown down. Alarmed and distressed, McPherson leaped over the fence, took up the trail of the horse, and followed it, running. Presently he discovered that the horse, in his mad flight, had broken through the fence inclosing the apiary, and had played havoc among the twenty or more bee-hives therein. Then McPherson saw a spectacle that for a little while took all the strength out of his body.

The señora, guided by a quicker sense than that of her husband, had gone straight to the apiary. There she saw the horse with Basilio, naked to the waist, strapped upon his back, and the animal was plunging madly among the bee-hives, kicking them to fragments as the vicious insects plied him with their stings. Basilio was tied with his face to the sun, which poured its fierce rays into his eyes; for Nicolas was devoted to the señora, and he was determined to make matters as uncomfortable for the ingrate as possible. Upon Basilio's unprotected body the bees swarmed by hundreds, giving him a score of stings to one for the horse, and he was utterly helpless to protect himself. Already the poison of a thousand stings had been poured into his face and body; his features were hideously swollen and distorted, and his chest was puffed out of resemblance to a human shape, and was livid and ghastly.

Without a moment's hesitation, the señora flew through the gate and went to the deliverance of Basilio, praying to God with every breath. His cries were feeble, for his strength was nearly gone, and his incredible agony, aided by the poison of the bees, had sent his wits astray. For Violante to approach the maddened horse and the swarming mass of bees was to offer herself to death; but what cared she for that, when another's life was at stake! Into this desperate situation she threw herself. With the coolness of a trained horsewoman, she finally twisted the fingers of one hand into the frantic horse's nostrils, bringing it instantly under control. In another moment, unmindful of the stings which the bees inflicted upon her face and hands, she had cut Basilio's lashings and caught his shapeless body in her arms as it slipped to the ground. Then, taking him under the arms, she dragged him, with uncommon strength, from the inclosure and away from the murderous assaults of the bees.

He moaned; his head rolled from one side to the other. His eyes were closed by the swelling of the lids, and he could not see her; but even had this not been so, he was past knowing her. She laid him down in the shade of a great oak, and she saw from his faint and interrupted gasps that in another moment all would be over with him. Unconscious of the presence of her husband, who now stood reverently, with uncovered head, behind her, she raised to heaven her blanched face and beautiful eyes, and softly prayed: "Holy mother of Jesus, hear the prayer of thy wretched daughter, and intercede for this unshriven spirit." She glanced down at Basilio, and saw that he was dead. Feebly she staggered to her feet, and, seeing her husband, cried out his name, stretched out her arms toward him, and sank unconscious into his strong grasp; and thus he bore her to the house, kissing her face, while tears streamed down his cheeks.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1892.

On the day of William Astor's funeral, the town of Astoria, in Oregon, will be engaged in celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the discovery by Captain Gray of the Columbia River.

Paris has already in circulation a new word to describe something particularly outrageous or horrible. It is "Ravacholesque."

LATE VERSE.

Falstaff's Song.*

Where's he that died o' Wednesday?
What place on earth hath he?
A tailor's yard beneath, I wot,
Where worms approaching be;
For the wight that died o' Wednesday
Just laid the light below,
Is dead as the varlet turned to clay
A score of years ago.

Where's he that died o' Sabba' day?
Good Lord, I'd not be he!
The best of days is foul enough
From this world's fare to flee;
And the saint that died o' Sabba' day
With his grave-turf yet to grow,
Is dead as a sinner brought to pray
A hundred years ago.

Where's he that died o' yesterday?
What better chance hath he
To clink the can and toss the pot
When this knight's junkets be?
For the lad that died o' yesterday
Is just as dead—O, ho!—
As the scurvy knave men laid away
A thousand years ago.

—*Edmund Clarence Stedman in the Cosmopolitan.*

The Bonnet Blue.

The day is done, the gloaming hour
For lovers' trysts is near,
And she hath left her turret bower
To meet her cavalier.
She is the daughter of the earl
For whom the counties sue,
And he's the grandson of a churl,
And wears a bonnet blue.
Oh, sweeter is the whispered vow
For what might come between,
No likelier youth than he, I trow,
Was e'er in greenwood seen.
No grace than hers is more divine,
No heart more fond and true;
She lets the lordly suitors pine
To pledge a Bonnet Blue.
She thinks upon her lofty state
And drops a pensive tear;
She looks upon her lowly mate,
And she is straight in cheer.
He holds her in his strong embrace,
He plights his troth anew;
She dreads not danger nor disgrace,
Beside her Bonnet Blue.
Next morn the bower maidens wait
In vain their mistress' call;
The servers stand with cup and plate,
The vassals throng the hall.
But where is she, the proudest born,
The fairest Scotland knew?
She wedded ere the blush of morn
Her dear loved Bonnet Blue!

—*C. L. Betts in the Independent.*

The Hunting of Rothiemuir.

Lord Graeme has come to his own again,
He'll roam no more o'er sea,
And all for the love of a low-born lass,
For a winsome maid was she.

He's courted her on the green brae-side,
Beyond her father's fold;
He's wedded her for her comely face
And her locks like the burnished gold.

Long made she moan for her mother dear,
And the house where she was born,
But she spake no word of the lither lad
Who reaped in her father's corn.

"Weep not, weep not, my lady gay,
Though I ride o'er the lea;
Ere seven short days are past and gone
I'll come again in thee."

But so it fell at the third day's end,
About the midnight hour,
That good Lord Graeme from the hunting came
And stood in his lady's bower.

"Oh, why do ye come so dark and late,
When all men are at rest?
And why is the steel cap on your brow,
And the buckler on your breast?

"And why hath my good lord left the chase,
That is but scarce begun?
Now, have ye lost your bonny bay steed,
Or is the hunting done?"

"Oh, I have hunted the long day through,
From the rising of the sun,
But or ever he rise the morrow's morn,
My hunting will be done.

"Now, what was you, my lady gay,
Slipped past me at the door?"
"Oh, 'twas nothing but your good greyhound
That sleeps on my chamber floor."

"Now, what is yon gear of bodden grey
That tangles in my spurs?"
"Oh, my may Jean was here but now,
And 'tis but a clout of hers."

"Set wide, set wide, your bower window,
And look out o'er the lea;
And such a hunt as never ye saw,
At day-dawn shall ye see."

He's mounted him on his bonny bay,
And let the hounds run free,
And fast they followed a fleeing man,
Who rode towards the sea.

They hunted high, they hunted low,
The hounds ran swift before,
And aye they harried the wildered man,
And aye they pressed him sore.

The cold sweat stood upon his face,
As they drave him here and there,
And he turned and doubled in his dread,
As doubles a hunted hare.

Oh, never a word Lord Graeme he said,
And little did he haste;
With the first dim ray of the dawning day,
They turned o'er the Castle Waste.

But he hummed the o'erword of a song,
And his lips were smiling gay,
As he bared his broadsword sharp and long,
And galloped beside his prey.

And still as the doomed man cursed and wailed,
And cried in his strong despair,
Lord Graeme leaned over his saddle-bow,
And played with the broadsword bare.

And now he would make a feint to strike,
And now he would seem to spare,
But ever he spurred his bonny bay
By the flank of the spent white mare.

And when the man seemed like to swoon,
And his arms swung to and fro,
The gray steel struck his body through
And pierced him at a blow.

* * * * * * *

Oh, red and golden rose the sun,
Beyond the castle plain,
But never more Lord Graeme's lady
Was seen on earth again

—*Graham R. Tomson in the Art Journal.*

* Strange it seems, when one first discovers it, that Shakespeare put no ballad, tavern-catch, or other song in the mouth of pewter-clinking Sir John. But he certainly left us a most tempting refrain for one.—E. C. S.

A NEW ATTACK ON ZOLA.

"Parisina" on Loti's Admission to the French Academy.

[Lieutenant Julien Viaud first became celebrated as "Pierre Loti" some twelve years ago, when "Le Mariage de Loti" was published by Mme. Adam in *La Nouvelle Revue*. He had previously published "Aziyadé," but it had not attracted much attention. In 1872, as a midshipman, he visited Tahiti and contracted one of those temporary marriages that have formed the subject of so many of his stories. The Tahitian heroine was Rarahu. Then he was sent to Senegal as an ensign, and there gathered the material for "Le Roman d'un Spahi." Next he sailed for Salonica, where he met the Circassian girl Aziyadé. In 1877, he returned to France, and, on a coast-guard vessel at Rochefort, he found the sailor who was the hero of "Mon Frère Yves." After the conclusion of peace between China and France, Loti went to Japan, and the result of his visit was "Madame Chrysanthème," and, on his homeward journey, he began his Breton novel, "Pêcheur d' Islande." In France he married, and, during coast service, collected the sketches that make up "Propos d' Exil," "Japoneries d' Automne," and "Fleurs d' Ennui." "Le Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort," containing short stories of suffering and sorrow, followed these, and then came "Fantôme d' Orient," his latest work.—EDS.]

Pierre Loti is the man of whom every one is talking. He has been brought to the fore by donning a coat embroidered with Academic oak-leaves and acorns. His charms are the subject of conversation in Parisian drawing-rooms, his fascinating glance, his soulful temperament. His different and numerous loves are commented upon with great freedom and detail. Mme. Viaud, however, must be horribly jealous, not of his ante-matrimonial affections, but from serious and more recent backslidings.

When Loti made his opening speech at the Academy, the audience that had gathered to applaud the sailor-Academician was mostly composed of the feminine element — indeed, counting roughly, it did not seem to me that there were more than fifty men present, unless the Immortals on the reserved benches were included.

When he spoke feelingly of the "idealistic" novel as the only true and proper one, and fell tooth and nail on the "naturalist" novel and the "psychological" novel, the applause was enthusiastic. Emile Zola himself was among the audience, seated by the side of his wife on the second or third row in full view of all. Zola's friends were furious at Loti's remarks, and left the "dome"—as the great hall of the Institute is familarly styled—vowing vengeance on the impudent lieutenant. The historian of the Rougon-Macquarts himself, however, preserved his equanimity (it would need something more to stir the Olympian rage of Zola), and indulged in no violent language. The next day, Pierre Loti, seeing from the criticisms in the newspaners that he had gone too far, wrote an apologetic letter to Zola, in which he endeavored, by dint of high-sounding compliments, such as "your immense genius," etc., to pacify the ruffled feelings of the naturalist romance-writer and his friends. The other responded in an equally flattering tone, and expressed "unbounded admiration" for the "exquisite" works of his rival.

This was, perhaps, the biggest of the blunders the newly fledged Academician made. But he made others. In the first place, everybody knows that in Academical receptions the new Immortal must, according to long-established custom, pronounce the eulogium of the deceased celebrity whose place he has been elected to fill; and one of the thirty-eight or thirty-nine other Immortals (they are seldom *au complet*), in a sort of "return-thanks" speech eulogizes the lamb who has been added to their flock. Loti, instead of praising Octave Feuillet—the deceased member whose shoes he had stepped into—and his works, as he should have done, contrived to be original by making a magnificent apology of his own charming self. Of course he made a few remarks on Feuillet, and those remarks were eulogistic; but it was always by comparison with Pierre Loti that he judged Octave Feuillet.

He then went on to impart to his audience his feelings, his longings, his mysterious Oriental fascinations for the languid Turkish woman, the sprightly yet dreamy Rarahu, etc., not a bit abashed by the presence of his gray-bearded colleagues. It must be admitted these personal impressions of the sailor-novelist did not lack interest. For instance, when he told us how he had first heard of his election to the Academy at Algiers: he had rowed over to the town from his ship, and sent a sailor to the post-office to see if, by any chance, there was a telegram for him. When he saw the man come back with a dozen or so of blue bits of paper, he guessed the joyful news. He then said, in charming language, how kindly his fellow-officers had congratulated him on his success, and told us of his own elated thoughts. He had all the works of Octave Feuillet telegraphed for, and spent a year reading them while cruising about on board his vessel.

M. de Mézières, whose task it was to answer Loti, caught up this terrible *four*—as the French slang goes—and made a few very clever sentences out of it, at Loti's expense, in his own speech. "There is one thing," he said, "with which I would reproach my colleague, Pierre Loti, in a friendly way; he has robbed me of that part of my subject on which I most counted for interesting my audience. He has spoken so charmingly of himself that anything I could add to the portrait would fall flat. He has also spoken of Octave Feuillet." This last sentence is beautiful; the word "also" must have made Pierre Loti wince. The remainder of M. de Mézières's allocution tended to show the latter how foolish of him it was to crush, as he did, both the naturalist and psychological novels.

Perhaps the most amusing thing is to look through the papers before and after Loti's speech, and to compare what is said of him now to what was said of him then. Then, he was a god, the merest details of whose life and character were worthy of adoration; now, no abuse is virulent enough to heap on his devoted head. We had all been acquainted with the interesting facts that he rouged his cheeks, painted his eyes, was in the habit of costuming himself, while in his own abode, in the most ridiculous of garbs; but we called it "eccentricities of genius." Poor Loti must be somewhat astonished and taken aback at hearing all his charming foperies, which he was accustomed to look upon as most fascinating, unmercilessly ridiculed in the press.

PARIS, April 15, 1892.

A MODERN CINDERELLA.

How the Baron de Chaulaye discovered his Good Fairy.

All the Comtesse d'Eon's guests had left the château that afternoon for a fox-hunt. There were more than sixty of them, and they were pretty well tired out, for there had been a cotillion the night before, and it had itself been preceded by a long excursion. For the Comtesse d'Eon was an indefatigable hostess—the more so that she wished to prove to her guests that she was younger than the youngest woman among them. She knew that often when she persisted in waltzing until dawn, people wondered audibly what her age might be. And nothing wounded her so much as to hear people say, "My dear countess, you are simply astonishing," for she knew they added, under their breath, "at your age."

Her age?—how absurd! A woman's age is not a proper subject for speculation. And what a terrible epoch this nineteenth century is, with its registers, its marriage certificates, its contracts, its notarial acts, in which birth dates are inscribed in plain black and white! Really, if the Comtesse d'Eon did not like to contemplate the idea of marrying off her daughter, Marguerite, it was because she was horrified at the thought of the notary reading out before everybody:

"Mme. la Comtesse d'Eon, born in the year——"

She revealed her age to no one, not even to the Baron de Chaulaye, her latest conquest—to whom she was no more than a friend, for the countess had long since ceased to wage the battles of loves. She preferred simply to be courted, to be made a confidant of, to be treated like a pretty woman who does not disdain to enter the lists, but with whom one dare not go too far; a chaste salute imprinted on her finger-tips, chatter that sailed close to the wind, and an occasional moment of forgetfulness in the waltz were the only favors that she allowed.

The baron had divined all this, and he had been delighted to find a pretty woman with whom he could flirt a bit, without compromising himself and without fearing a galling chain.

"When you are tired of paying court to me," the countess had said to him, "we must marry you off."

"Why," he exclaimed, "is your daughter old enough——"

"What, Cendrinette?" the countess had exclaimed, with a merry laugh; "she is a child, a mere infant."

"She is a very pretty infant, then."

"Why, she has a doll in her room yet."

"But why do you call her Cendrinette?"

"Because she is a *blonde cendré*, she has hair the color of ashes. It was the count who gave her the name. But evil tongues will tell you that she ought to be called Cinderella."

"Have the evil tongues nothing to base their remark upon?" asked the baron, with a touch of irony.

"My dear baron," said the countess, piqued, "I bring up my child as seems to me best."

There was nothing more to be said, and the baron even took to dropping the "mademoiselle" when he met the countess's daughter, addressing her jauntily, with a "Good morning, Cendrinette."

This hunt struck him as a weariness of the flesh, for the countess had hurried off all her guests and he had no one to talk to. He began to feel irritated, and even worked up a sort of pity for the fox that was being run to earth and for the dogs that would tear it to pieces. Presently he saw that he would be too late to join in the chase.

"Who knows," he murmured, "if the fox should stumble on me just now, what would I do, who have just been pleading his cause?" And, after a moment's reflection, he turned his horse's head and returned to the château, thinking of the pleasant time he would have all alone.

"I shall go to the smoking-room and get one of those cigars that came last night, and to the library for the little edition of Musset. Then I can go to my room and dream away the morning."

Dream? Of what?

"Well, I shall find something to dream about, simply by catching a whiff of perfume from the bouquet of autumn flowers that is put in my room every day. It is a curious thing—none of the other men have bouquets of flowers given them, and flowers are very rare just now. Yet every day the flowers on my table are changed, and beside them I find a delicious little bunch of violets. The countess is certainly very thoughtful for her friends."

Presently he arrived at the château.

"There is no one at home, sir," ventured the surprised servant, as he took the baron's horse.

"So much the better. But I thought several of the ladies did not hunt."

"They have driven over to visit some neighbors, sir."

So he was entirely alone, and master of the château. Well, he would enjoy it, though he had never cared for solitude. He went into the smoking-room and looked for the box of cigars. The box was there, but it was empty.

"This is a nuisance!" he exclaimed. "Some servant, I suppose. Such cigars should be kept under lock and key. There were fully a dozen left last night."

He consoled himself by taking a cigar from another box, and then thought of that volume of Musset that he had glanced through on the preceding evening. He had read a page of it to the countess while Cendrinette was pouring tea. He could easily find it, for he had himself put it back in the case.

The library was in perfect order, but, in the place where he had put the book he saw nothing but a blank space.

"Here's a run of luck!" he muttered. "I might better have followed the hunters. I'll wager I do not even get my bouquet to-day," and, depressed by this idea, he stood an instant before the door of his room before he ventured to open it.

"Bah, I shall see," and he pushed the door open.

"No, by Jove," I was wrong!" he cried.

On a little table by his bed lay the book he had been reading the evening before, and beside it, in a pretty Chinese vase, were two cigars. On the table in the centre of the room were the rest of the cigars and the large vase filled with flowers.

"Is there a fairy in the château that divines all my wishes?" he exclaimed. "Ah, here's something that breaks the charm."

He had bent over the vase, to inhale the perfume of the flowers; the bouquet had not been changed since the day before.

"After all, though, it's my fault if I catch my fairy napping."

Just then he heard the sound of voices in the hall.

"Can I get you anything, miss?" asked a servant.

"No," replied a fresh young voice. "Finish making up the other rooms, I shall attend to this one myself."

Chaulaye hastily caught up his hat and crop, and hid himself behind a curtain.

The door opened, and, framed in a sheaf of flowers, Cendrinette appeared.

She was adorable, with her hair falling about her shoulders and down below her waist, her tender eyes, and cheeks that the baron thought fresher than the flowers she carried. Although her mother would not have admitted it, her gown was too short, but it disclosed exquisite little feet and afforded a glimpse of a pair of well-turned ankles.

"Those feet," thought the baron, "have certainly passed the age when they should be kept in the nursery."

The girl had come into the room, and now, like a wise little housekeeper, cast a glance about her. She removed the old flowers, and set about making a new bouquet with infinite grace. Next she carefully drew from the pocket of her apron a handful of violets, still specked with fresh earth, and placed them in the smaller vase.

Then she looked tenderly at them for a moment and murmured, softly: "The big flowers are him—and the violets are me."

When all was in order, she flitted here and there about the room, as if she did not like to leave it.

"Yes," she said to herself, "everything is arranged. Here are his book and his cigars, and here are his flowers. Oh, if mamma would only let me wear long dresses! I'm sure he would find out that it is I who do all this for him."

"And what if he did find it out?" asked a pleasant voice.

"M. de Chaulaye!"

"I was there, biding."

"Oh, sir, you were watching me."

"Wait—stay a moment, Cendrinette."

"No; let me go. Oh, if any one knew I was here!"

"Hasn't Cendrinette a right to be in my room, since she is my good fairy? And, besides, at your age——"

"At my age!" and, no longer trying to get away, she burst into tears. "You are making sport of me because no one calls me 'mademoiselle.' You treat me like a child."

"Would you care for me a little if I called you 'mademoiselle'?"

"Oh, that would not do, no one would take it seriously. 'Cendrinette!' 'Fifteen-year-old Cendrinette!' Twenty years from now everybody will still call me 'Cendrinette,' and treat me like a child. I shall always be fifteen years old."

"Do you wish to be a young lady?"

"Yes."

"And why?"

"Because."

Chaulaye had to repeat his question several times before he could get the girl to answer:

"Because—because I am eighteen."

"Eighteen!"

But it was true. And her eighteen years sat well upon her; but, because she did not dance, because all her gowns were too short at the bottom and too high at the top, no one would have suspected her age.

The baron was much perplexed.

"Cendrinette—no, mademoiselle," he began; "Mlle. Marguerite—eighteen years old—and with your name, your fortune, and your beauty, they are not beginning to think of your marriage?"

The girl shook her head.

"And would you be—well disposed?"

She nodded a "yes" with her head.

They stood for some moments thus, Chaulaye gazing admiringly at the pretty head bowed before him. Then, drawing her to him, he murmured:

"If you like, we two—just we two—will begin to think of it."—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Pierre Sales by L. S. Vassault.*

Before the terrible explosion, which blew up the wine-shop where Ravachol was arrested, in Paris, the proprietor and the waiter, who helped to capture the dynamiter, had reaped a golden harvest through the sudden fame they achieved. Hundreds of people visited the shop who had never heard of it before, insisted that L'Herot should wait upon them, and presented him with twenty-franc pieces on their departure, as a reward for his "heroism." Very making several hundred francs a day clear profit, and it is said that his waiter, on some days, received as much as five hundred francs.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll tells a Washington reporter that he has not read a newspaper for three months. The literature which has occupied his exclusive attention all this time relates to ancient myths. Newspaper literature, the *Argonaut* may add, is generally made up of modern myths.

The French papers have a story to the effect that the young Crown Prince of Germany used as a target for his pistol practice an image of a French infantryman, and that he recently asked his father if he would not be permitted after his promotion to a lieutenancy to fire at a Russian officer.

It is seriously proposed to purify the Thames by importing a school of crocodiles to act as river scavengers.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Briton on the Anglo-American War.

BELFAST, IRELAND, April 27, 1892.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I was much interested in and amused by an article which appeared in the *Argonaut* on the fourth of April last, on the subject of war with England. At first, I was inclined to take the article seriously; but afterward I came to regard it as a fine piece of humor of a representatively American character, for I could not so far libel any intelligent and moral writer as to come to the conclusion that he would be capable of calmly sitting down to advocate war from mere business considerations, for the sake of advantages that might be likely to result to his side. Finally, I formed the opinion that the article would be most correctly described as being of a serio-comic nature; and it is in this light I shall look at it in the course of the observations I am about to make. There is much that is refreshing to an Englishman in the outspoken and unconventional tone of the article. No Englishman will feel offended, because, although some of the strictures are severe enough, they are evidently not inspired by a spirit calculated to provoke ill-feeling. Englishmen are not likely to mind being charged with exhibiting pusillanimous conduct toward Russia in respect to the Treaty of Paris or the Penjdeh incident. England is quite ready to fight when her interests are seriously menaced, if there can be no other honorable way of settling differences; but, having a clear view of the horrors of war, she deems that enterprises of this nature are not lightly to be entered upon. While the valor of the English people has not degenerated—as would be proved upon occasion—they have become, I rejoice to believe, more humanitarian. The big dog—you may say the John Bull dog, if it suits your fancy—should not be charged with lack of spirit if it should see little advantage in entering into hostilities with every cur that yelps at its heels. I am quite prepared to admit—and am proud of the fact—that England has "seen her day," if it be understood that this means the day of entering into every quarrel through false notions and without the strongest justification. But, it would seem from the *Argonaut*, that the whole stock has not become degenerate. "There are still," says the article, "plenty of Englishmen imbued with the old manly spirit." I was quite prepared for what was to follow; it is superbly American. No Englishman need lay the flattering unction to his soul. These manly members of his race, it seems, are "mostly American citizens, doing business in the United States." "The home breed has become little, boastful, and conceited, and needs a thrashing worse than any race on the earth's face." After what has been said about the American citizens, however, it would appear that the home breed does not enjoy a monopoly of boastfulness; and, as to the thrashing, it is known that the Americans can do a good deal in the way of "licking," but the administering of this castigation, no matter by whom, would probably be found somewhat difficult. A good deal is said on this subject by the *Argonaut*, and it is assumed that Americans would not find the feat very difficult of accomplishment, but probably this view will not meet with general acquiescence on this side the "herring-pond." But I must take a great deal of what is written by a journal, for which I have a very high admiration, as being prompted by a love of "chaffing." It is wonderful, when one is in this vein, what marvels can be performed. The demonstrative faculty acquires a sharpness which old Dominie Sampson would have termed "prodigious." England is disposed of as easily as the collapse of a big balloon can be brought about by the prick of a "bare bodkin." England's navy, notwithstanding its "immense superiority," need not be feared. The science of war is easily mastered, if one will only treat it in this "chaffing" spirit. "What privateering can accomplish," says the *Argonaut*, "when conducted with ardor and intelligence, we learned to our great cost during the rebellion. The Confederates treated us to as unhappy an experience as we would cheerfully inflict on our British cousins, despite the circumstance that blood is thicker than water. England was good enough to fit out for our Southern brothers three ships—the *Shenandoah*, the *Alabama*, and the *Florida*—and between them they left us scarcely a merchant-vessel on the seas. The ships which the trio of privateers did not destroy hastened to seek the protection of the English flag, and we have never recovered them." In the same way, short work is to be made of that mighty commerce of England which is to be found on every sea. It is somewhat amusing, however, to find that the proper weight seems scarcely to be attached to the circumstance that the Confederate cruisers which performed these marvels were built in England. The power which could produce these formidable engines of destruction for the Confederate States would probably be found capable of turning out a good many more of the pattern that might be required when her own interests were at stake, and American privateers might not find the task of annihilating the commerce of England quite so magically easy as might be imagined. Americans, however, need not be alarmed. There is not going to be war. So long as war is only conducted in the finely humorous spirit of the *Argonaut*—to which I must acknowledge, with the "solemn and pained" powers of an English journalist, I am wholly unable to do justice—the peace between two great and kindred peoples is not likely to be disturbed. It is, no doubt, sad to reflect that the American eagle—"a once flaming bird"—"has been dejectedly molting on the Atlantic shores these dozen years." If I were to reply in a taunting spirit to the Zulu and Burmese references, I might ask why the "flaming bird" rested content with flapping its wings over poor, distracted Chile. But I have no desire to be out of harmony with the generally excellent spirit of the *Argonaut* article; and, as an English journalist, I say "Long may this spirit prevail," for I hail it as a pledge that the amity binding two of the first peoples on the face of the earth will not be broken on account of "the sacred cause of their women's sealskin cloaks," or for any other slight or frivolous ground. Yours in kinship,

A MEMBER OF THE FOURTH ESTATE IN ENGLAND.

A Fair in Spain.

SEVILLE, SPAIN, April 19, 1892.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Just a few lines from Seville about the fair, the bull-fights, and the people. The trip down here was a very hard one. They have had terrible floods all through this part of the country, and the railroad communications were seriously affected. People were obliged to leave the train and walk across shaky bridges, while the cars were pushed across one by one by men. We were over twenty hours coming from Madrid, whereas the usual time is only fourteen. Here, too, the people have had floods, and all the fair-grounds are soft mud left there by the river. The principle roads between the booths have, of course, been fixed and graveled, but in the part where the horses, mules, and cattle are kept, the mud is soft and most objectionable. Yesterday was the first day of the fair, and everybody was there. The swells of the place put up pretty little booths, furnish them, and sit in them, and receive their friends and watch the crowd walk about. From time to time some children in one of the booths or other will begin playing their castanets and dancing. Immediately the crowd will collect around the open front of the booth and watch the performers. To an American it seems very peculiar to see young girls, and sometimes women, of good families and high social standing, get up and dance for the benefit of the common herd. The Spanish, however, in that respect are very different; they love to show off. All their lives they parade before the world, strutting like peacocks—their only thought is how to make an impression. The women are apparently very vain, the men even more so. They dress gaudily and very often quite picturesquely, but always with a view to attract attention. These days of the fair, they all wear white mantillas and the brightly colored and beautifully embroidered manilla shawls. Even foreign ladies here at this time occasionally wear the national costume. The women have fine eyes and full, rather oriental, figures. They are bold-looking and most decidedly flirtatious. No respectable woman is ever seen on the streets by herself, be she married or single. They are followed and guarded by some servant or relative. In their carriages, the swell women can drive about alone, but they are generally accompanied by some other female friend. The houses are all with heavy iron doors and barred windows, and a young man is not allowed to call on a young lady until after they have become engaged. They do their courting when they meet in church or in public. The horses here are the pride of Spain; and I believe that, a couple of centuries ago, the Andalusian horses were the finest in Europe. I have seen a great many very fine ones at the fair. They are of a peculiar type, very strong-looking, with small heads, short thick necks, and falling off a bit at the quarters. But they have feet like thorough-breds, and smooth, satiny coats. They step beautifully, and are as gentle as kittens. We saw some very fine mules, also, at the fair. These, too, are the pride of the country; and they are wonderful—I quite agree with them. Donkeys, cows, pigs, fowls, dogs—every imaginable domestic product is there by the thousand. The whole is most interesting, but awfully dirty. Along the outside of the fair-grounds are innumerable little side-shows, like we have at home at our country fairs. The people shove and push one another, and walk every which way. They drive to the right in the town and to the left in the country. The consequence of this erratic custom is that accidents are frequent. The cruelty to animals is terrible. The poor little donkeys, especially, are brutally ill-treated. I have seen one poor little brute, not as high as a big dog, with a load of hay, two sacks of provisions, and a woman and a child on its back. To-day is the last day of the bull fight, and I have half an idea to go again. The other days were passably good, but the show to-day promises to be very fine. Six fine bulls, for each of which four to five hundred dollars is paid, are killed every day. Guerrita, the pet of Seville, kills three every day. Two of us ladies went to see him in his beautiful costume just before he went into the fight. He is most amiable and most decidedly patronizing in manner, for Guerrita is treated with even more respect than royalty here.

L. L.

Foreigners in China.

SHANGHAI, CHINA, April 19, 1892.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I send you by this mail a copy of "Hunan Publications," a vile pamphlet advocating the extermination of foreigners. It is circulated among the lower classes. I also send you a copy of North China *Daily News*, of this day's date, by which you will see how things anti-foreign are winked at by the governing classes of this country. The same paper says that there is going to be question at Washington of a new treaty with China. The question, in my mind, is whether a country which is so powerless that it has to call in the aid of foreign men-of-war to do police duty, while its own navy is steaming about on excursions; that gives no redress for wrongs beyond so much "blood-money"; and whose sovereign is considered too sacred to be seen by such vile things as embassadors from the leading nations—whether such a country should be admitted into the comity of nations. These "Hunan Publications" came into existence about a year ago; they were one of the causes of the Yangtse Valley riots—money has been paid for these outrages—money settles such things out here—but these books are still poisoning the minds of the people against foreigners, and the government does nothing—will do nothing. Yours truly,

D. C. JANSEN.

THE NEW YORK GIRL.

"Van Gryse" discusses Two Varieties and their Gowns.

For years now it has been noticed of the New York woman that while she was the best-dressed female in the country she was also the most inconspicuous. A well-dressed Gotham beauty, while she was always *tirée à quatre épingles*, was never a thing to be stared at or glared after. She glided by like a charming vision of subdued coloring and faultless neatness, and it was only after she had passed that you began to realize how perfect her *ton* had been, how modestly exquisite she was from the top bow of her hat to the tip of her varnished shoe.

But a change has come over the spirit of her dream! This spring she has burst out like a tiger-moth, brilliant as to color, gorgeous as to material, startling as to cut and make. She is pranked out in every sort of shade, her hat laden with flowers, her parasol as gay as Joseph's coat, her gown of varied hue raised daintily out of the dust and revealing to the gazer a petticoat that shines with a combination of bright colors that would shame a bird of paradise. Even her gloves have taken a sudden freak to be as conspicuous as they know how, and the modest blacks and tans of a season ago have given place to the most dazzling white, or palest gray, or a sort of mahogany-red that rise up and strike you in the face half a block down the street.

This airy lightness and brightness is for the slim, dainty, ethereal girl. The large, athletic, manly girl would be rather out of the race if it were not for her sailor-hat, and blazer coat, and masculine shirt-front. She, however, is determined not to be left behind, and is, if possible, a trifle more manly than ever this spring.

Her sailor-hat is as stiff as a man's beaver, has a wide brim and a low crown, not a particle of trimming but its ribbon band, and is worn just the merest trifle to one side. Her shirt of white duck or striped flannel is a fac-simile of a man's tennis-shirt, and is fastened at the cuffs with links. A four-in-hand blue-foulard cravat, and a blue and white tennis-belt add a still higher touch of style. Her blazer is dark-blue, and flies back as she walks, showing the comfortable looseness of the white-duck shirt. Her gown is long, sweeps the street in the back, fits like wax round her waist and hips, and is as plain as the habit of a nun. The final completeness of the whole get-up is achieved by a pair of red dog-skin gloves, very thick, very loose, and fastened at the wrist with two big buttons. Under her right arm she carries a dog—fox-terrier or bull-pup—and disdains the use of either parasol or veil.

The girls who affect this style are almost all tall, large, very straight as to back and square as to shoulders. There is nothing ethereal or fragile about them. They have full-sized waists and long, slim feet, and walk with a vigorous, brisk stride. They look as healthy and as trim as a steady diet of fresh air and a steady course of athletic exercise and Turkish baths can make them. They are the well-groomed girls, whose skin is fresh, and rosy, and sun-burned; whose hair shines like burnished bronze; whose tanned, brown hands, with muscular wrists and well-developed knuckles, are cared for as only the hands of luxurious young ladies with plenty of spare time can be. The one incongruous touch in their masculine get-up is the quantity of rings which gleam on their fingers. Precious stones galore sparkle to the first joint. And the most swagger thing in the world is to have the little and third finger covered with the same stones—all diamonds and emeralds, or all diamonds and sapphires. When the manly girl can dress her fingers out in this style, she feels that she has not lived in vain.

But while she is conspicuous with a conspicuousness that is hard to rival, it must be admitted that the novelty of her costume no longer astounds. Blazered and sailor-hatted, she has floated before our admiring eyes for at least three summers. For three burning Julys we have seen her pacing the ocean's marge, or driving a village-cart in flower-scented, dusty country lanes. She has carried her sailor-hat and her four-in-hand cravat from Florida to Mount Desert. Her yellow shoes have left foot-prints in the sands of time all up New Jersey to the Sound and the stern and rock-bound coast of New England, where her Puritan ancestors "first fell upon their knees and then upon the aborigines." She used to carry a red parasol, and then a blue and white, and now she carries none; but she is the same girl, even though the crown of the sailor-hat has shrunk and the brim expanded.

It was as if this summer her modest and retiring sister, who, being a small, fragile, delicate creature, could not affect the vigorous severity of the tennis-shirt and blazer, had made up her mind she would no longer be cast in the shade, but would boldly and in the broad light of heaven crush the sailor-hat. The modiste and the milliner assisted her. The looms of Lyons and Marseilles fell in with her fancy. For glaring contrasts and striking hues, she sought the secrets of the flower world, and studied the way nature combines blues, and greens, and reds, and yellows. She simply has renounced every tradition and fad of the tailor-made reign. She wants to be diametrically opposed to the manly girl, and has flung down her gage before her rival.

She despises the noble proportions of the Delsartian, tennis-playing waist, and has got hers down to a neat twenty inches. She is no longer broad, and stately, and brisk; she is slim as a willow-wand, languishing, and diaphanous. She has got a new walk—a way of gliding softly and slowly along, with her shoulders forward and her feet never showing from beneath the edge of her skirt. There is about her a general air of ethereal delicacy and languid, tired grace that is extremely *chic*. Her dress, which is long all the way round, trails generously in the back, with a delightful silken frou-frou, and her little hand, in a wrinkled white-suède glove, holds a rose or a silver-mounted card-case, while her head droops on its long throat with an air of elegant *ennui*.

She also scorns her manly sister's tight-braided, glossy, bangless hair. She wears hers in a style of careful confusion that it must take an hour or two to create. It sometimes has the effect of an entirely curly chevelure, all short and bushy. Then, again, it is tremendously fluffy on the sides, standing far out under the wide brim of her spring hat, and in the back is looped up loosely with a jeweled comb. In general effect it looks as if one jolt of the carriage, or one quick turn of the head, would shake the whole head-dress down. Again, she emerges from her maid's hands with her whole head covered by serried rows of rigid crimps, that have evidently been pinched into unwilling existence with a smoking tongs. And then again, she has her heavy locks parted on her forehead and drawn back in loose, massive, thick bands that sometimes fall negligently over the tops of her ears.

But it is in her dresses—her glowing, glaring, shining dresses—that she really gives the sailor-hat the *coup de grâce*. A peacock is not more brilliant than this fanciful being when arrayed in her best. Sometimes she is in black, striped gorgeously with yellow and green and pink. Bright pink-and-green ruffles show all round her petticoat's edge, and her diminutive waist has tight bands of stripes round it. Sometimes she is palely clad, with great wing-like frills of lace falling out round her neck and shoulders. As for her hats, the flowers that bloom in the spring bloom on them in immense bunches—every sort and shade of flower, some nodding high up in the air on long stalks, some twining round and round in thick wreaths. Over all she ties a huge white veil, with white flowers all over it and long ends hanging down her back; and then, unfurling a transparent white-and-yellow parasol, that is absolutely useless for keeping off the sun, she thinks she is just about right.

The most remarkable thing in this sudden freak of fashion to deck its votaries out like the rainbow is that there seems to be no heed paid to harmony or the careful combination of colors. At the Claremont teas, the open-air horse-show, and the Actors' Fund Fair—places where brilliancy of costume is the rule—one noticed that the more gorgeous the ladies were, the brighter and more incongruous were the colors of their clothes. To be bright, to be *bizarre*, to be brilliant, to wear gay colors, is the order of the fashion. The more colors you crowd on, the sweller will you be. Nobody's hat matched her dress, nobody seemed to consider that a bright yellow and black gown did not harmonize well with a pale-green and blue hat. Women in stripes of the most glaring hue caught your eye on every side, and, with the stripes, went large hats ornamented with diamond buckles and great bunches of the palest tinted feathers, or purple and yellow flowers nodding on their swaying stems.

To these radiant birds of paradise, the Goddess of Fashion whom they follow seems to have made a point of only two features—these must be preserved; for the rest, follow your own fancy—have a tall, slim figure and very broad shoulders. Every woman is slim. Where the fat ones are, Fashion alone knows. They may be staying indoors till the modes undergo another change, or they may have migrated in a body to New Jersey or Chicago. The gay world sees them no more. On every hand one notices tall, long-legged, slender women, very graceful and willowy, and made to look even taller and slenderer by the extremely close-fitting, narrow skirts that sheath them in smooth, wrinkleless, untrimmed severity. Just as these are made as tight and plain as possible, so their shoulders are broadened out with ruffles, and frills, and capes, and collars of every sort. To be beautiful, the modern woman must be slender, tall, have no hips whatever, and wide shoulders. Better that she were built on this pattern than that she had a face like Helen.

There were notes of anger at the Actors' Fund Fair when the dramatic luminaries began to realize that the operatic luminaries were not going to give their light, their support, or their dollars to the enterprise. Since the fair has closed—netting, by the way, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars—the "actor-people" have openly announced their indignation at the "singer-people" who failed to give them any substantial help, and went their way without troubling themselves much about the fair, or the actors, or the fund. It is true that Mme. Adelina Patti did stoop from her high estate and bestow upon the fair one portfolio-cover, worked by her own sacred hands, and one doll. But the "actor-people" thought that a little more might have been contributed by the gifted Adelina, and so showed themselves to be either very ignorant of Adelina's past record as a giver of gifts or very hopeful of her future one.

However it was, there was at the fair a diamond star worth five hundred dollars to be voted to the most popular prima donna, and, of course, every one supposed it would fall to the lot of Mme. Patti-Nicolini. As Mme. Nicolini was so backward in coming forward, the popular tide turned from her to Mme. Laura Schirmer-Mapleson, who is said to have been the only prima donna then in New York who lent a substantially helping hand to the fair, giving it the support of her presence and of her purse. The star went, therefore, to Mme. Mapleson, and Mme. Patti's popularity has encountered a decided frost. Mme. Mapleson is the wife of one of Colonel Mapleson's sons, and is a large and rather handsome lady, with a massive figure and a strong soprano voice. She sang the part of Marguerite in the drawing-room performance of "Faust," given by Mme. de Barrios.

Other gossip of the fair floats about and brings the dramatic world in close communion with the world on the other side of the footlights. Mrs. Agnes Booth won the naphtha launch, and may it take her on many a pleasant sail, and never blow up with her, as naphtha launches have a way of doing. Miss Estelle Clayton, whose chief claims to fame are that she acted the heroine in a dramatization of "The Quick or the Dead?" and, at another time, appeared in some play with her feet bare, won the diamond sun to be voted to the most popular actress. And Miss Georgia Cayvan, who ran her close for this, fainted one evening in the most picturesque manner, while peddling wares from her booth in Shakespeare's house.

VAN GRYSE.

NEW YORK, May 11, 1892.

Macaulay used to say that there were not ten men in the world whose deaths would spoil his dinner.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

It is stated by an eminent French geoealogist that the Comte de Paris is a direct descendant of the infamous Lucrezia Borgia.

Joseph Murphy is out down as the richest of actors. He is said to be worth four hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and is one of the most economical of stage artists.

Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, who is failing in health and of advanced age, was one of the prelates who opposed the dogma of immaculate conception, and he probably missed a cardinal's hat by his opposition.

Dr. Friedrich Herrmann, who died recently at Heidelberg, was for forty years surgeon to the university students, and almost daily was patching up the wounds of duelists. He is said to have been present at thirty thousand duels.

Peter Avrell Browne Widener, the traction twenty-millionaire, was named for Peter A. Browne, one of Philadelphia's most learned lawyers. Mr. Widener's Broad Street "palace" stands near where he used to stand in his mutton stall in the Girard Avenue Market.

Editor Cockerill, of the New York *Advertiser*, tells the story of the famous interview alleged to have been had by a reporter of the New York *World* with ex-President Cleveland, and plainly intimates that in the printed report thereof the truth was badly fractured by the reporter.

Prince Paul Borghese, head of the once wealthy family, is now living in a villa near Auzio. The courts have allowed him an income of $2,400, an amount hardly equal to his daily income in the days before the misfortune. The debts of the family, it is said, amount to $7,400,000, while the estates, palaces, and other property still in their possession are estimated to be worth about $5,000,000.

M. Gustave Droz, the author of the charming book, "Monsieur, Madame et Bébé," well known to American readers, was one of the thirty-six jurymen included in the panel from which twelve men were to be drawn to sit as jurors in the famous Ravachol trial. The prosecution and the defense are privileged to reject twelve men on the panel. M. Droz was ill at the time, and was excused.

The Cesarewitch is coming to America early in June for a few months. The Emperor of Russia wishes his eldest son to marry at once; but the Cesarewitch altogether declines to contemplate a permanent settlement in life, and it is hoped that another distant tour may lead him to change his views on the subject. He has given his father a great deal of trouble during the last two years, and is the cause of much anxiety.

King Alexander of Servia must be a very unhappy lad. The other day the regents pounced upon his diary; but, to his own luck, there was nothing to vilify his persecutors, but everything to satisfy his mother and father. King Alexander has just taken his degree as a student of the Belgrade University, in the presence of all his guardians. In the operations referred to, it is said, on good authority, that one of his most conspicuous guardians used a false key.

Ex-Speaker Reed's fondness for the bicycle is not the fleeting fancy of a summer day. Though in Washington he preserves his dignity by riding decorously on a safety, he has practiced assiduously at his home in Portland on a fifty-six-inch wheel. All this practicing, however, has been done under the friendly veil of night, for there is a story that the rotund congressman once took a header from his high wheel, with a result so disastrous that he has been coy ever since.

It happened, by some curious chain of circumstances, that all but one of the seven surviving ex-Speakers of the National House of Representatives were in Washington together, a week or so ago. Robert C. Winthrop, the oldest of them—now a man of eighty-three years—paid his respects to the President, while Galusha A. Grow was there on business, and J. Warren Keifer appeared on the floor of the House for a short time. Mr. Blaine, Mr. Carlisle, and Mr. Reed were in the city, and only N. P. Banks was absent.

Congressman McKeighan, of Nebraska, is said to live in a sod house. This singular dwelling, which contains three rooms, is boarded over a frame-work, which is then entirely covered with thick sods. It is not an uncomfortable place of abode, for it is warm in winter, as well as cool in summer, and the danger to its occupants in case of cyclones is minimized. Mr. McKeighan is regarded as a very original and interesting man at Washington. He has been a farmer, a soldier, and a judge, and is a ready debater, especially on matters pertaining to the tariff.

Of the poet-artist Hamilton Aïdé, whose latest book deals largely with America, a London paper says: "He went with the Stanley party through the States after the rescue of Emin—and he has in his possession his original drawings of nearly every point he visited in America. Mr. Aïdé is of Greek origin, as his name would indicate. The proper pronunciation is Ah-ee-day. His father was an Armenian, and held a high rank in the Greek diplomatic service, being a delegate to the Vienna Conference. His mother, however, was of a true-blue English family. He is just fifty, but he looks about forty."

Secretary Foster says that Garfield's speeches, which many people have considered models of classic elegance, were rarely written out, and frequently the orator's best thoughts came to him after he had begun to speak. But before the delivery of a speech of unusual importance, it was Mr. Garfield's custom to call half a dozen friends about him, and discuss the subject fully in all its bearings. The suggestions and arguments then advanced he would incorporate in his oration, which, as completed, represented the opinion of several minds, but the form and expression of one. Garfield lacked the statesman's gift of remembering faces, and Mr. Foster says that after all his years in Congress, he did not know more than fifty [illegible] personally.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A new and revised edition of Richard Malcolm Johnston's "Dukesborough Tales" is to be published soon by Appleton. The six "Tales" which most brightly present Mr. Bill Williams to an admiring world will fill the volume, which is to be one of the Town and Country Library series.

There is said to be a new Kipling in the ranks of British authors. This is a Mr. Morley Roberts, who has just published a book called "King Billy of Ballarat."

The *Athenæum* says:

"Samuel Davey has obtained possession of a journal of Victor Hugo ('Journal de l'Exil'), consisting of about two thousand closely-written pages, as well as nearly one thousand letters addressed to the poet, 'which were included in six large bundles of miscellaneous papers which Mr. Davey's late son purchased ome years back, and which seem to have been sold out of Hauterville House as waste paper.' The journal begins in July, 1852, and continues until 1856. It is a minute record of the conversations of Hugo with his family, friends, and distinguished visitors, which seem to have been taken down day by day."

Barry Pain, the latest lion in the literary circles of London, is a native of Cambridge, England, and is now twenty-eight years old. It was in his contributions to *Punch* last year, and in his first volume of sketches, published in August, 1891, that the peculiarly original quality of his humor first attracted the attention of the public. He is shortly to issue a book called "Stories and Interludes."

Lord Brassey and his present wife are emulating the literary industry of the first Lady Brassey. They have been making records of their recent cruise, which will soon be brought out as a new "Sunbeam" book.

Mr. Frank H. Scott, late treasurer, is now the president of the Century Company. He has been connected with the company throughout his entire manhood. He is a man of high aims and cultivated tastes, and as amiable as he is shrewd. Mr. Charles F. Chichester, who succeeded Mr. Scott as treasurer, has long had charge of the advertising department of the magazine. Mr. W. W. Ellsworth, who retains the secretaryship, is an occasional writer and lecturer, and closely related to Mrs. Roswell Smith.

"Don Braulio," a new novel by Juan Valera, author of "Pepita Ximenez" and "Doña Luz," is shortly to be issued in the Appleton's Town and Country Library.

Georges Ohnet, it is said, works three hours a day regularly, during which time he writes four pages of small manuscript, amounting to about one thousand words. He then revises carefully, and, having finished his corrections, hands his manuscript to his wife, who makes "a beautifully neat fair copy for the printer." She is an immense admirer of his talent, "but never allows herself to make any suggestions."

A volume in the English Dilettante Series will be devoted to Walt Whitman—a rather odd title for a series of which the writings of a man like Whitman form a part.

Mr. Stevenson's animated little book, "Travels with a Donkey," has become rare in England, and collectors are now giving over fifteen dollars for a copy. "Treasure Island" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" are the books which have spread his fame through Continental Europe. Two editions of the French translation of the former book were quickly exhausted.

In the *Revue Encyclopédique* for April 1, what appears to be the discovery of Mérimée's "Inconnue" is thus set forth:

"A note is quoted from a writer, who signs himself 'A. H.,' who asserts that he put into the post in Paris, in the month of October, 1831, the first of the letters of the 'Inconnue' to Mérimée. Her name was Jennie Dacquin; she was the daughter of a notary of Boulogne-sur-Mer, where she was born. She died in Paris in 1887 or 1888. It appears that she had read the 'Chronique de Charles IX.' with great enthusiasm, and was eager to get Mérimée's autograph. To this end, she addressed him in a letter written in English, and signed 'Lady Algernon Seymour.' Mérimée replied to Lady Algernon, and so began the correspondence which lasted till his death, in 1870. Curious readers, who are also hardened skeptics, may desire some definite information about 'A. H.' None is given; but he seems to possess the confidence of the editors of Larousse, who say of his note: 'Le voile semble levé aujourd'hui.'"

M. Maeterlinck, the Belgian gentleman whose tiresome work was, not long ago, the object of a frantic admiration both in Paris and London, has met the fate of other fads, and is now soundly abused as "a stylist after the manner of Ollendorf."

The famous book of the Paris Salon that Boussod, Valadon & Co. (successors to Goupil & Co.), of Paris, have issued each year for many years, is now in course of preparation. The text is by Antonin Proust, ex-Minister of Beaux-Arts, and the reproductions of the most notable pictures comprise more than one hundred plates in photogravure and etchings. An English edition, translated by Henry Bacon, the American artist, will also be issued, and both will be printed on vellum and on holland paper. Tauzy, Lévy & Co., of 6 Post Street, have been appointed Boussod, Valadon & Co.'s agents for the Pacific Coast.

The Carlyle book, which the Appletons will bring out at once, contains, in addition to his novel, "Wotton Reinfred," and his "Excursion (futile enough) to Paris," a collection of unpublished letters relating to his "Frederick the Great," and some letters from Mrs. Carlyle. It will have the title, "The Last Words of Thomas Carlyle."

Maud Howe and Maria Louise Pool write the stories in the current number of *Two Tales*. Thus far this weekly periodical has had marked success.

An edition of Chaucer's complete works, in five volumes, is in preparation by Dr. D. W. Skeat.

Here are some interesting paragraphs from a recent interview with Alphonse Daudet:

"What of literature as a profession?"

"I do not think anything of literature as a profession," M. Daudet answered, slowly. "I speak from bitter experience, for I have lived by my pen all my life. After all, there is nothing so weary as brain work, and it is practically impossible to keep up the sort of strain undergone by every literary man for many years without breaking down. Of course, if the would-be author has a small independence, and is thus sure of not actually starving, there is no real reason why he should not give himself up to letters altogether, but still my strong advice to the young people who come to me for my opinion on the matter always is, stick to your profession, and if you have it in you to write anything really good, you will always find time to do it."

"And do you believe in journalism as a stepping stone to literature?"

"I can not say that I do; although, of course, I also have been a journalist in my time, and some of the writing in our newspapers is undoubtedly literature in its highest form. The young man who begins writing in order to support himself, invariably drops into newspaper work. Nothing is so well paid—I speak from the day-to-day and pot-boiling point of view—but, as the work has to be done with extreme rapidity, the style insensibly alters, and from being literature becomes journalism. It was in order to provide a certain number of young men with the wherewithal to find at least time to write possible masterpieces that my friend Edmond de Goncourt and his brother Jules conceived the noble and touching idea of leaving their whole fortune to an institute—the Académie de Goncourt—the members of which would require but two qualifications—poverty and exceptional literary power. My friend and his brother first thought of this when they were quite young and living in a circle of brilliant geniuses condemned to turn out pot-boilers for daily bread. It will surprise you to hear that among those who were destined to form part of the first academy were Emile Zola, Theodore de Banville, Flaubert, the gifted author of 'Madame Bovary,' and myself; of these, two are dead, and Zola and myself have 'arrived,' as we say here. Thus men of a very different generation and literary method will benefit by my friends' generosity."

Mrs. Burton Harrison has in press a new volume of short stories called "An Edelweiss of the Sierras."

An article of much grewsome interest, describing "First Actions of Wounded Soldiers," will be among the contents of the *Popular Science Monthly* for June. The writer, Mr. George L. Kilmer, gives his own experience, and other cases which he has seen on the battle-field or has collected from various sources.

New Publications.

"In Silk Attire" has been added to the new edition of William Black's novels issued by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 90 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"It Came to Pass," a novel by Mary Farley Sanborn, has been issued in the Good Company Series published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

A translation of one of Jules Claretie's most striking tales has been published, with the title "All for Jack," by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Cecil Ross," a sequel to "Edith Trevor's Secret," by Mrs. Harriet Lewis, has been issued in the Choice Series published by Robert Bonner's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Casanova, the Courier," a novel by David Skaats Foster, author of "The Romance of the Unexpected," has been issued in the Sunny Side Series published by J. S. Ogilvie, New York; price, 25 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"How to Reduce Your Weight or Increase It," by Celia Logan, is an exposition of the Salisbury plan, with some account of the author's own experience. Published by William A. Kellogg, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

J. M. Barrie's series of sketches of Scottish life and character, which form the story "A Window in Thrums," has been issued in the Rainbow Series published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 25 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Manulito," by W. B. Leffingwell, is a romance of the frontier after the style of Fenimore Cooper, with noble redmen and other literary chimeras galore. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, $1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Cathcart's Literary Reader," arranged by George R. Cathcart, is a manual of English literature, containing brief biographical notes on the great writers of England and America from Shakespeare's day to the present, with extracts from their prose and poetic works. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, $1.15; for sale by the booksellers.

"Across the Plains" is the title of a book containing a dozen "memories and essays" by Robert Louis Stevenson. The first, from which the volume takes its name, describes his journey from New York to San Francisco in an emigrant-train. "The Old Pacific Capital" is about Monterey, another has to do with the artistic colony at Fontainebleau, the "Epilogue to 'An Inland Voyage'" rehearses an adventure with French gendarmes, "A Chapter on Dreams" gives the genesis of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and the others are variously interesting in matter and manner. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, $1 25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Maid Marian" is the latest volume in Dr. Garnett's new edition of the novels of Thomas Love Peacock. The author himself described it as "a comic romance of the twelfth century, which I shall make the vehicle of much oblique satire on all the oppressions that are done under the sun," and while writing it declared that there were "rivers, forests, castles, abbeys, monks, maids, kings, and banditti dancing before me like a masked ball." Published by J. M. Dent & Co., London (Macmillan, New York); price, $1.00; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

That little book, "Don't," which had such a run a few years ago, has now a companion-volume, written by Mrs. Oliver Bell Bunce, the widow of the first book's author. It is a manual of social forms, and will be useful to many who are ignorant of the minor conventions of polite society. It treats of introductions, cards, visits, invitations, dress for men and women, dinners, receptions, betrothals, weddings, gifts, anniversaries, etc., and is generally authentic in its statements. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 30 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Colonel Starbottle's Client and Some Other People" contains nine new short stories by Bret Harte, among them, in addition to the one that figures in the title of the book, being "The Postmistress of Laurel Run," "A Night at Hays," "Johnson's Old Woman," and "The New Assistant at Pine Clearing School." Whether they are better or worse than his earlier stories, they are far more entertaining than a great many tales that other people write, and are just the thing for light summer reading. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, $1.25; for sale by the booksellers.

"Concerning All of Us" is the title Thomas Wentworth Higginson has given to a collection of twenty-nine of his short essays on social topics. Among the titles may be mentioned "Good Society and the Best Society," "The Lilliputian Theory of Women," "The Theory of Universal Vulgarity," "On the Transplantation of Wealth," "Domestic Service in the Millenium," "The Advantage of Reasonable Expectations," "The Myth of the Discontented Spinster," and "The Pleasing Art of Self-Extinction." This is another of the series of little books of essays by the Harpers' editors, to which W. D. Howells and C. D. Warner have contributed, and it has for frontispiece a portrait of Colonel Higginson. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, $1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

In "The Spirit of Modern Philosophy," Dr. Josiah Royce has made it his aim "to suggest, in a fashion suited to the general student, something about the men, the problems, and the issues that seem to me most interesting in a limited, but highly representative, portion of the history of modern philosophy." After a brief general introduction, he considers the periods of modern philosophy and "the rediscovery of the inner life," and then takes up in succession Spinosa and his contemporaries—Kant, Fichte, the romantic school, Hegel, Schopenhauer, and the rise of the doctrine of evolution. The second part of the work is devoted to suggestions of doctrine, and in appendixes are given a syllabus of the lectures, Kant's transcendental deduction of the categories, and the Hegelian theory of universals. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, $2 50; for sale by the booksellers.

The two large volumes of "Letters of Samuel Johnson, LL. D.," collected and edited by George Birbeck Hill, constitute a valuable supplement to Dr. Hill's admirable six-volume edition of Boswell's "Life." It contains the letters to Mrs. Thrale which she—then Mrs. Piozzi—published two years after his death and which are now practically out of print, references to and extracts from the letters found in Boswell's biography, and a great many others derived from his general correspondence, nearly one hundred of them being hitherto unpublished. Some are to the publishers, and show what straits Johnson was often in; others are to his wife, to whom he writes most affectionately, though she was twenty years his senior; and others are to Miss Hill Boothby and Mrs. Thrale. To all of these Dr. Hill has appended most copious and interesting notes, elucidating many obscure passages, and adding much to a collection of letters that should be read by every student of English literature. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, $7.50 for the two volumes; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

A large and handsome book about Bastien-Lepage has recently been issued, made up of "Jules Bastien-Lepage and His Art: A Memoir," by André Theuriet; "Jules Bastien-Lepage as an Artist," by George Clausen; "Modern Realism in Painting," by Walter Sickert; and "A Study of Marie Bashkirtseff," by Mathilde Blind. The first is such an essay as was to be expected of Theuriet, a compatriot, admirer, and personal friend of the artist; it is valuable as describing the man and of no particular moment as art-criticism. This function is performed by Clausen and Sickert, both artists but differently impressed by Bastien-Lepage's work. The essay on Marie Bashkirtseff supplies the one omission in Theuriet's memoir, for the Russian girl had an influence on the painter. There are fifteen full-page illustrations, comprising portraits of Bastien-Lepage, by himself and after a bas-relief by St. Gaudens, and of Marie Bashkirtseff, by herself and from a photograph, and reproductions of several of their paintings. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, $3.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The first *fasciculum* of the "Figaro-Salon—1892" has just been issued by Goupil & Co., of Paris. Charles Yriarte, one of the foremost critics of Paris, has replaced the late Albert Wolf as writer of the descriptive and critical text, but otherwise the new volume is like its predecessors. In addition to several minor plates, there are a double-page reproduction of Detaille's "Sortie de la Garnison de Huningue" and full-page photogravures of Vibert's "Le Médecin Malade," Kaemmerer's "Jalousie," Clairin's "Camp of the French Army before the Ducal Palace in Venice," Jules Girardet's "Soir de Bataille," Mme. Gardinèr's "L'Escapade," and Deyrolle's "Fisher Wife." For sale by Tauzy, Lévy & Co.; price, 75 cents.

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VANITY FAIR.

It ceased long ago to be considered good form for one to talk about foreign journeys and experiences (says the New York *Tribune*). A generation ago, a man who had passed a year in Europe was regarded by his literary and social acquaintance very much as a pilgrim coming from Mecca was looked upon by pious Arabs in villages of the desert. Now the returning traveler is greeted with a suspicious and cynical glance, as one who will talk the company to death unless he be kept under rigorous restraint. His friends will allow him to give a few comprehensive details about the length of the voyage, the best day's run of the steamer, the dinners attended in London and the plays in Paris; but if he ventures to prolong the recital, a cold, gray look on the faces of his listless listeners warns him to desist. If he be so rash as to remind any one of the associations of the storied past, or to record either his observations of quaint costumes or his emotions upon tramping through cathedrals and picture-galleries, or standing beside the graves of illustrious men, he will be a marked man in his club or in his set, and will never have a second opportunity for boring his friends. The traveled man is expected to be polite when he returns, and to infer that everybody whom he meets has either seen everything in Europe or has been told all about it a hundred times. If he be so indiscreet as to talk about his journey, he is regarded as a very inexperienced and unbalanced traveler. A generation ago it was possible for an intelligent traveler to become a free conduit for communicating the freshest thought and the best influences of other countries to his own; but now he can only hold his tongue after mentioning such trifles as the best brands of wine on the steamer or repeating some of the racy stories heard in the smoking-room. Society has decreed that, while it is well for anybody to increase his stock of facts and to study the characteristic traits and institutions of foreign countries, it is necessary to suppress bores. Useful information can always be sought for in books of travel by those who want it, and nobody needs to expose himself to the discomforts of a sea-voyage and foreign diet in order to possess it.

There are few women in America more fortunately and happily situated in life than the wives and daughters of the officers of the United States army (says the St. Louis *Republic*). There is a chivalry—though chivalry may be jeered at—that surrounds the wives and daughters of our army which makes them content under the hardships of moving, if not wholly satisfied or happy in some well-favored and desirable garrison. The wife, being a sensible woman and an American girl, marrying an army officer, soon catches on, knows how much her husband gets, and that he is sure of it, and can regulate household expenses, or "the messing arrangements," accordingly. The daughter of one officer does not envy the girl of another of the same regiment, because she knows just how much both papas get. Army women are jolly, forgiving, can adapt themselves to every circumstance, and they are the most motherly women in the world when they become the wives of colonels, looking after urchins from West Point as if they were the apples of their eye—especially if they have daughters of a marriageable age.

A proposition comes from Germany, where it is not infrequently the case that mothers and sisters, wives and sweethearts of German soldiers are compelled to do farm-work in the fields to keep their families from starving, looking to the solution of the much-vexed question as to whether women should become wage-earners and enter into active competition with men in the various fields of labor. In America, even though suffrage be denied in most of the States to the gentler sex, this question of the earning of wages is settling itself with great rapidity (says *Frank Leslie's*), and the person employed nowadays pretty soon gets what he or she is entitled to without reference to sex. But the distinguished German philosopher, Edward von Hartmann, believes that women should be occupied only at home, and find their only employment in the ordinary domestic duties and those of maternity. As to the difficult feature of the case made by the fact that in civilized society there are more women than men, he gets around it in this original way. He says that if women did not compete with men, men could make more money and be earlier able to support families, and most of such men, he thinks, would marry very willingly under such circumstances. If they did not, he would force them to do it. He would not take them to the fountain and compel them to drink, but he would force them to it by indirection. He would have governments decree that every bachelor beyond a certain age—and presumably he would not let that age be advanced enough to have any uncertainty about it—should pay a large share of his income as a tax. This, he thinks, would make nearly all of them forsake their single selfishness. But he evidently believes that a certain proportion would still pay and marry not, for out of this tax he proposes to pay annuities or pensions to all old maids who need to be assisted without earning wages.

We venture to say (says the Philadelphia *Times*) that if any girl were to come into a sudden fortune and were asked what she intended to buy first, she would reply: "A dozen pairs of silk stockings." Silk hosiery and underwear meet with a responsive chord in a woman's heart that even diamonds can not touch. What it is no one knows. Why silk should be so far more appreciated than the finest lisle thread, which may be equally expensive, is a problem past finding out. But the fact remains, and Paris shop-dealers, recognizing this failing, keep all sorts and grades, but nevertheless silk, so that even moderate purses can revel in purchases of the one great luxury of an essentially feminine woman. There is a wonderful satisfaction in knowing that one is dressed even better underneath than outside, and, as a very pretty girl remarked: "I always think of being thrown out of a carriage, or having a fit, or something that would necessitate the exposure of my petticoats; therefore, whether in gingham or velvet, I mean to have my vest, corset, stockings, and petticoat of silk." Some women will advance the argument that they are cooler for summer, but have nothing to say when they are accused of wearing the same weight through the winter months.

"Carriages got up to look private," as Thackeray puts it, are common enough in New York (says the *Sun*). "Turnouts by the month a specialty" is no unusual sign on a livery stable. The development has behind it the idea that wealth should decrease rather than increase the cares of its possessor, and just as rich men rent safe-deposit boxes and have their wealth cared for by others—and many women do likewise with their jewels—thus escaping worry and responsibility, so some persons who could well afford to own horses and carriages rent them by the month or year, and leave the care and worry to the owners. Wealthy women in particular, widows and old maids, who care little for horses, and find the management of coachmen trying, have taken to the idea of hiring rather than owning. You may now hire almost any sort of equipage by the month or year. You may have your own horse and a hired vehicle, your own vehicle and a hired horse, or both horse and vehicle hired. You may provide coachman and footman, or you may hire them along with vehicle and horses. You may provide liveries for footman and coachman, or the man of whom you hire will provide liveries as well as servants. If you rent the coach by the year the owner will put upon it your initials or whatever coat-of-arms you own or may fancy. In fact, for a consideration you may have what you will in the way of equipage, and with privacy so well simulated that your neighbors will never suspect the thing is hired. The hired coach, coachman, and horses are sacred to the customer. If the coachman is unskilled, insolent, or addicted to drink, the liveryman will send a new one, and keep on sending new ones until the customer is satisfied. The same team and coach will be supplied always, save when the horses are sick or the coach is broken. The coachmen are usually of the hackman type, but better ones are provided for more money. When Dudekin is set down at the club by his coupé or hansom, you would suppose from the calf's head on the panel that the turnout was Dudekin's own, and never suspect that he obtained it merely by paying the liveryman round the corner one hundred dollars a month. When Dudekin's frowning father rolls home from Wall Street in the family carriage, drawn by sleek bays which are driven by a stiff-backed coachman, nobody knows that coach, team, and driver cost the rich man just two hundred and fifty dollars per month. Nobody reads "three hundred dollars per month" on the panel of the rich widow's victoria, with its dappled grays and two liveried men on the box, but that is the price she pays for her equipage.

The embargo on American beauty is likely to be the next international question. The feeling in England against the surplus of beautiful Americans in the matrimonial market has long been known. In France, the same objections are now raised. An English journal, in reference to the jealousy of Frenchwomen at the ease with which American girls get French husbands, says: "In France, as in England and Germany, there are, and are likely to be, a great number of single ladies. In London we know the marriage market is greatly in advance of the demand, and the bachelor has such a choice that he frequently goes back to his club life bewildered by the many attractions of fine eyes, lovely complexions, beautiful figures, etc., and still continues a single man. The accounts from Paris are that the 'up-to-date' beauty, the belle of the hour, is the beautiful American."

The opposition to trained dresses on the street has taken an organized form in Hungary, where the supreme sanitary board has issued a decree against them. In this the board is warmly supported by the press, and a crusade is in progress. In Meran, an Hungarian town, the train has been legally prohibited. The pretext is that the trains disseminate the germs of tuberculosis, typhus fever, and other maladies. The British journals suggest that more efficient street-cleaning in Hungarian cities, which are notoriously dirty, might also be regarded as a sanitary expedient, in view of the fact that the next International Sanitary Congress is to meet at Buda-Pesth. Meanwhile, in London, trains are looked askance at, on account of their danger from lighted cigar-ends and burning matches. An incident is related of two ladies walking down Kings Road. A smell of burning wool was clearly perceptible. They smelled it themselves, and all the small shopkeepers on the route, singularly, as they thought, seemed to be hunting for fire. At length, a man rushed after them, and, lifting up the train of one, a volume of smoke poured out. She was all on fire. He heroically extinguished her, and only the thick cloth of her gown kept her from being badly burned. But, even though threatened by disease and flame, long dresses will continue to be worn unless some more potent reason can be brought against them.

The fashionable hand-shake of the last twelvemonth or so is going out. The complicated operation is said to have produced something analogous to the tennis arm. A great wit has thus classified shakes of the hand: "The *high official*—with the body erect, and a rapid, short shake, near the chin; the *mortmain*—the flat hand introduced into your palm, and hardly conscious of its contiguity; the *digital*—one finger held out, much used by the higher clergy; the *shakus rusticus*—an iron grasp, betokening rude health and distance from the metropolis; and the *retentive shake*—which, beginning with vigor, pauses, and, without relinquishing its prey, begins again." One wonders what he would have said about the fashionable hand-shake.

It looks as if the limited entertainments of the coming season (says one of the London weeklies) at receptions, at homes, and country-house parties, will greatly consist of the exploitation of the dancing girl, who threatens to invade private houses along with the whistling lady, the banjoist, the vocalist, the magic lantern, the conjuror, and the entertainer *à la* Corney Grain. Society has given the stage an admirable skirt-dancer in the Countess Russell, and in return, according to a prospectus much circulated, two clever young actresses propose demonstrating in society circles the beauties and elegancies of the skirt-dance, the old English, Spanish, Italian, and French dances, likewise the minuet and gavotte. The "Dancing Girls," as these young ladies aptly name themselves, do not depend on Terpsichore alone, and have called music and mimicry to their aid. They think, as we do, that two hours even of the most graceful dancing would be as boring as the old-fashioned dissolving views, so have sandwiched their dancing feats with monologues and duologues, and even drawing-room plays. In time, no doubt, these graceful professionals will find pupils, and shortly at bazaars and village concerts the Misses Smith, who used to help the church-building fund with duets on the piano and solos on the harp or the violin, will be giving their ideas of Bolero songs, with castanet-dances and vocal gavottes.

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INTAGLIOS.

Love is Blind.

What fools, indeed, these mortals be!
And foremost in this land
Of many million mortal fools,
The foolish lovers stand.

Each thinks that with his own fair maid
None other can compare;
Poor things! they do not see that mine
Is twenty times as fair!

—*J. P. Denison in Life.*

A Carcanet.

Not what the chemists say they be
Are pearls—they never grew;
They come not from the hollow sea,
They come from heaven in dew!

Down in the Indian Sea it slips,
Through green and briny whirls,
Where great shells catch it in their lips
And kiss it into pearls!

If dew can be so beauteous made,
Oh, why not tears, my girl?
Why not your tears? Be not afraid—
I do but kiss a pearl!—*R. H. Stoddard.*

The Sweetest Eyes.

Which are the sweetest eyes to you?
The brown, where fire and languor meet,
The sunny, laughing eyes of blue,
Or black, with glances shy and fleet?

Or opaline, with changeful hue,
Or gray, where mind with beauty vies,
Or violet, so soft and true—
Tell me, which are the sweetest eyes?

My darling bent her sunny head,
Her radiant face seemed half-divine,
"The sweetest eyes to me," I said,
"Are those that look with love in mine."

—*M. A. Dennison in the Critic.*

El Vaquero.

"Ave Maria," a herder said,
One eve in sight of Santa Fé,
Where ground and blanket were his bed,
And all around his cattle lay.

"Ave Maria, full of grace—"
How strangely solemn were the words,
In such a wild and dreary place
Beneath the stars, among the herds.

"Santa Maria, Mother of God—"
Angel-like breezes came to take
The words thus spoken from the sod
To yonder sky while yet he spake.

"Pray for us sinners now," said he,
With earnest hope to be forgiven;
While distant hills all seemed to be
Steps leading from the plains to heaven.

"Pray for us in the hour of death—"
And softly still the murmuring came,
Until at last the lisping breath
Ceased with the sweet and holy name.

"Ave Maria," no more he said,
That eve in sight of Santa Fé;
When morning came, a herder dead
Was found there where his cattle lay.

—*J. C. Burnett.*

The Provençal Lovers.

Within the garden of Beaucaire
He met her by a secret stair—
The night was centuries ago;
Said Aucassin: "My love, my pet,
These old confessors vex me so!
They threaten all the pains of hell,
Unless I give you up, *ma belle*,"
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"Now, who should there in heaven be
To fill your place, *ma tres-douce mie?*
To reach that spot I little care!
There all the droning priests are met;
All the old cripples, too, are there
That unto shrines and altars cling
To filch the Peter-pence we bring,"
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"There are the barefoot monks and friars
With gowns, well tattered by the briers;
The saints, who lift their eyes and whine;
I like them not—a starveling set!
Who'd care with folks like these to dine?
The other road 'twere just as well
That you and I should take, *ma belle!*"
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"To purgatory I would go
With pleasant comrades whom we know—
Fair scholars, minstrels, lusty knights,
Whose deeds the land will not forget,
The captains of a hundred fights,
True men of valor and degree:
We'll join that gallant company,"
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"There, too, are jousts and joyance rare,
And beauteous ladies debonair;
The pretty dames, the merry brides,
Who with their wedded lords coquette
And have a friend or two besides—
And all in gold and trappings gay,
With furs and crests in vair and gray,"
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"Sweet players on the cithern strings
And they who roam the world like kings
Are gathered there, so blithe and free!
Pardie! I'd join them now, my pet,
If you went also, *ma douce mie!*
The joys of heaven I'd forego
To have you with me there below,"
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

—*From "A Masque of the Poets."*

Liber Amoris.

"This man loves me." If you have ever said
These woman's words, 'twas to yourself alone;
But you have never said them—never known
The difference between my heart and head.
The songs that I have written you have read
As shallow fancies, which have quickly flown;
You have not felt there the deep undertone
Where what still lives in me laments its dead,
But you will feel it when the busy hand
That pens this fervent page has lost its skill;
And when the heart that urges it is still
And cold as yours, then you will understand
My pure and strong devotion, and will be
Constrained to say, too late: "This man loved me!"

—*Anon.*

Only Me.

A little figure glided through the hall;
"Is that you, Pet?"—the words came tenderly;
A sob suppressed to let the answer fall—
"It isn't Pet, mamma; it's only me."

The quivering baby lips!—they had not meant
To utter any word could plant a sting,
But to that mother's heart a strange pang went;
She heard, and stood like a convicted thing.

One instant, and a happy little face
Thrilled 'neath unwonted kisses rained above;
Across from that moment, Only Me had place
And part with Pet in tender mother love.

—*Caroline A. Mason.*

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lohse, 1385 Webster Street, Oakland, a kettledrum will be held this (Saturday) afternoon and evening for the benefit of the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society, No. 1, of Oakland. An excellent musical programme will be presented. The tickets are one dollar each, and there will be nothing for sale.

The Crocker Auxiliary will give an entertainment in the Old People's Home on Monday evening, May 23d.

Mr. William P. Reddington gave an elaborate dinner-party at the Palace Hotel last Wednesday evening in honor of Mrs. C. B. Alexander. The others present were: Count and Countess Festetics, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mrs. Lily H. Coit, Miss Flora Low, Miss Ashe, Mr. J. B. Haggin, Colonel C. F. Crocker, and Mr. E. S. Babcock.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Campbell gave a pleasant dinner-party recently at their residence on Turk Street, at which they entertained Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson, Mr. and Mrs. Watt, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown. After dinner a couple of hours were devoted to music.

The fête champêtre given at Angel Island for the benefit of the Woman's Exchange was a very successful affair. The attendance was large, and every one enjoyed the many attractions that had been prepared for them.

The rose tea that was held at the residence of Mrs. Charles Goodall last Saturday afternoon and evening was successful from every point of view. The musical programme was an excellent one, and, as there were many in attendance, the beneficiary, the Conservatory of Music of the University of the Pacific, received substantial financial aid.

The Van Ness Young Ladies' Seminary held its commencement exercises last Thursday evening, and presented an entertaining programme for its many guests. The graduates comprised: Miss Mamie Allison, Miss Ethel Gertrude Creagb, Miss Henrietta Adèle Coblentz, Miss Esther Marian Doane, Miss Hally de Vere Foster, Miss Coral Rock Gilbert, Miss Aimée H. G. Newman, Miss Marea Wheeler Stone, Miss Isabel M. Williams, and Miss Mattie A. Williams.

The commencement exercises of Irving Institute were held last Thursday evening, and the interesting programme was enjoyed by a large audience. The graduates were: Miss Maybelle Clay, Miss Alice M. Davis, Miss Eleanor Hall, Miss Emilia E. Johnson, Miss Mary L. McGowan, Miss Blanche Helen Nixon, and Miss Katherine Hayes Waterman.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant Oscar I. Straub, First Artillery, U. S. A., will be married early in June to Miss Andruss, of Fort Hamilton, N. Y. Both the groom and bride-elect are well known here, having resided at the Presidio for a long time, while the First Artillery was stationed there.

Lieutenant Leonard A. Lovering, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., will be relieved from duty as aide-de-camp to Brigadier-General Ruger, U. S. A., on August 18th, and will then proceed to his station. He is granted four months' leave of absence, with permission to apply for two months' extension.

Lieutenant James E. Runcie, U. S. A., has returned from his Eastern trip.

Miss Maxwell, of this city, is visiting Colonel and Mrs. Miller, U. S. A., at Fort Monroe, Va.

Dr. Ernest Norfleet, U. S. N., has returned from the Asiatic Station and is at Mare Island.

Captain Louis W. Crampton, U. S. A., is now at Fort Spokane, Wash., having been relieved from duty at Fort Townsend, Wash.

Lieutenant Harry C. Benson, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has gone to Fort Walla Walla, Wash., on official business.

Lieutenant Dwight E. Holley, U. S. A., of Angel Island, is enjoying a month's leave of absence.

Captain Robert R. Ball, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Fort Spokane, Wash., and assigned to Fort Townsend, Wash.

Mrs. Z. L. Tanner, wife of Captain Tanner, of the United States ship *Albatross*, now in the Behring Sea, is spending the season, with her child and nurse, at Napa Soda Springs.

Surgeon and Mrs. A. M. Moore, U. S. N., and daughter are visiting friends at Napa Soda Springs.

— "THE CHINESE HAT" IS THE VERY LATEST and swellest style of millinery. It does not come from China, but was created by the famous Mme. Reboux, of Paris. The hat is of white chip and has a low crown, coming to a cap-shape in front, with the brim heavily rolled at the back. The trimming is decidedly Oriental: it has in front a Russian knot of black velvet, caught at the centre with a plait of cream lace and having the bows extended in two new wings. The effect is extremely *chic* and pretty. But it can best be appreciated after actual inspection, and the only place where it can be seen is at The Maze, at Market and Taylor Streets, for that great emporium has the exclusive sale of the Chinese hat in San Francisco.

— AN OPPORTUNITY TO INVEST IN PROPERTY that is bound to enhance in value rapidly is offered by the sale of the Potter Tract, between Oakland and West Berkeley, which is to be sold at auction by William J. Dingee next Saturday, May 28th. Further particulars will be found in the advertising columns.

— THE LAST AUCTION SALE FOR THIS SEASON of M. B. Mahran's importation of Turkish rugs and other Oriental goods will commence at eleven o'clock on Monday morning, May 23d, at 412 Pine Street, and will continue until May 27th. It affords an unusual opportunity to secure valuable goods at your own prices.

— PARTIES WHO CONTEMPLATE CAMPING OUT during the summer will do well to examine the portable paper houses, made by the Pacific Roll Paper Company, which are advertised in another column.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

It is hinted, now that they are engaged, that Princess May always liked Prince George better than she did the dead Prince Albert Victor, to whom she was previously engaged. The young woman has her affections well trained.

Mme. Patti visited the White House last week, merely to inspect that mansion, and upon her own invitation. She wrote to the President requesting the privilege. A big handful of choice flowers from the White House conservatories was offered her as a souvenir.

The Empress of Germany, who is expecting another baby about the month of July, is a very skillful violinist, and often plays at the after-dinner concerts at the palace. Her husband, the emperor, possesses a very pleasant baritone voice, which he is fond of raising in song when the empress wields the bow.

London does not like Jan Van Beer's little portrait of Miss Ada Rehan as Lady Teazle. It is called "a marvel of finish and microscopic rendering of detail"; but the legion of admirers of that most bewitching actress will resent as an outrageous libel the coarse features and unattractive face with which he has endowed their idol.

Lady Paget, wife of the British Embassador to the Austrian Court, has become a convert to vegetarianism. She is said to have renounced the use of flesh meat on humane grounds, but a different complexion, so to speak, is given to the announcement by her explanation that vegetarians have usually a very clear and frequently beautiful skin.

Mrs. Bryan, the wife of the brilliant young orator from Nebraska who made such a sensation by his tariff speech in Congress, is a graduate of the law school and has been admitted to practice in the courts of her State. She no longer practices, however, and when asked to what branch of the profession she adheres, she invariably replies: "Domestic relations."

Miss Ruth Kimball, Washington correspondent of the St. Paul *Globe*, who has been denied admission to the press-galleries of Congress solely on account of her sex, is a niece of Senator Palmer. She is a bright young woman, with a record for success in newspaper work. The only objection raised to a woman in the galleries is that her presence might make the manners and conversation of other occupants less free.

Englishwomen are certainly enthusiastic followers of sports of all kinds, as this shows:

A book is about to appear, for which a number of women are to furnish special chapters. Lady Colin Campbell writes of trout-fishing. Mrs. Stuart Menzies, a famous fisherwoman, tells all there is to know about killing salmon. Mrs. George Stagg, who acquired an enviable notoriety by catching a two-hundred-and-five-pound tarpon, contributes a chapter upon the fascinating sport of tarpon-fishing, to which she contends that embroidery or novel-reading can not hold a candle. Mrs. George Shenley, who owns her own boat, has her say about yachting; Mrs. Samuda writes of swimming, Lady Milner of cricket, Miss Leigh of archery, Miss Stewart of golf, Miss Conran of skating, Miss Salaman of punting, and Lady Campbell, again, of fencing.

Richard Harding Davis thus writes of a lady who runs a Texas ranch:

"When ladies go to call on Mrs. Richard King, after they have reached the front gate they have to drive ten miles up the walk to the front door. But the baker, when he wants to get at the kitchen, must drive thirty miles from the back gate. Mrs. King lives on her ranch, forty-five miles south of Corpus Christi. Over her acres roam one hundred thousand head of cattle. These are attended by three hundred cowboys and twelve hundred ponies. When there comes an order from a Chicago butcher for one thousand head of cattle, it is but short work to round them up and send them on their way. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob would find this life ideally patriarchal. And none the less so by reason of the modern improvements of the home and house-parties of this lady of large acres and many cattle."

Of the Miss Caldwell whose engagement to marry Prince Murat was broken off because of her refusal to satisfy his demands for money, we learn:

"Miss Mary Gwendolen Caldwell, one of the richest single women in America, is very ill with typhoid fever. The Florida water is credited with having given her the disease. She has recently returned from Florida. Miss Caldwell's fortune is estimated at several million dollars—ten million dollars or more, in fact. During the winter season, Miss Caldwell usually divides her time between Washington and New York. She spends vast sums in charity. She is a very devout Catholic, and gave five hundred thousand dollars to aid the building of the new Catholic university in Washington. Some few years ago she was decorated by the Pope with the order of the Golden Rose. The late Mrs. William T. Sherman, wife of General Sherman, was the only other American woman ever so honored. These two women have donated more money to the Catholic Church than any other two ever did in this country. Miss Caldwell's money was given from her own property, while Mrs. Sherman's was raised by her influence through subscription."

Professor Louis Tronchet, fencing-master of the Olympic Club, who a few years ago defeated all the crack swordsmen of New York, has written a book on his art, and, to help him publish it, a benefit has been tendered him. It will take place on Tuesday evening, May 24th, and the programme will comprise fencing by both ladies and gentlemen, a number of athletic feats, and a boxing-bout between Corbett and Daly.

— EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

The four Official Reports,

U. S. Govern't, Bulletin No. 10; Canadian Gov't, Bulletin No. 13; Ohio Food Commission, and N. J. Food Commission, show

Cleveland's Baking Powder strongest of all

pure cream of tartar powders, yielding (average) 12.87 per cent. carbonic acid gas.

The Scientific American, after a most careful examination of the Official Reports, says: "The showing Cleveland's makes, compared with all the principal brands, is such as to put it emphatically at the head."

PICNICS & PARTIES

FOR YOUR SUMMER OUTINGS ON LAND OR WATER, THERE IS NOTHING SO PLEASANT, PALATABLE, AND NUTRITIOUS AS GOOD CHOCOLATE. TRY IT, AND BE SURE TO TRY

GHIRARDELLI'S "VANILLA" CHOCOLATE

—THE CELEBRATED—

Hotel del Monte

MONTEREY, CAL.

THE QUEEN —OF— SUMMER RESORTS

SEASON OF 1892.

ELEGANT ACCOMMODATIONS AT MODERATE RATES.

For Illustrated Pamphlet, Reservations, and other information, address GEO. SCHONEWALD, Manager.

SOCIETY.

The Rutherford Tea and Luncheon.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford charmingly entertained twenty ladies last Monday afternoon at her residence on Bush Street by giving a tea in honor of Miss Etta Birdsall, of Sacramento. There were musical selections from mandolins and guitars and several songs that Miss Mabel Love gave in a finished manner. Miss Birdsall will leave for the East about June 1st, in company with Mrs. Clark W. Crocker and Miss Fanny Crocker, and, on June 15th, they will all sail for Europe, expecting to travel there for about a year.

Another delightful affair was the lunch-party that Mrs. Rutherford gave on Thursday as a compliment to Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, *née* Crocker. Covers were laid for twelve at a round table, and the decorations were of golden-hued eschscholtzias and yellow marguerites most tastefully arranged. Mandolin and guitar music was enjoyed during the service of the elaborate menu, and the afternoon was made a very pleasant one by the charming hostess. Those present were:

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mrs. John Hays Hammond, Mrs. Edgar B. Carroll, of Sacramento, Mrs. Edward C. Wright, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Leonard Wood, Mrs. J. B. Wright, of Sacramento, Mrs. William R. Shafter, and Mrs. Horace Davis.

The De Young Dinner-Party.

Hon. and Mrs. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, were the particularly honored guests at a dinner-party given by Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young last Thursday evening at their residence, 1919 California Street. Mrs. de Young looked charming in a becoming toilet of lustrous black satin, en train, cut décolleté and trimmed with point lace. The dining-table was illuminated by silver candelabra and was decorated with California's favorite flower—the wild poppy—radiant in its glowing color, combined with which, as a foil, were violet-hued agapanthus-blossoms. Yellow marguerites, wheat sprays, and fine ferns were also used in carrying out the pretty effect. The name-cards were in the form of an antique sign-board. The cards, which were of orange and moss-green blended, swung from a miniature rail, around which small sprays of eucalyptus in berry were wound and tied with golden-colored bow-knots. During the service of the sumptuous menu a string orchestra played concert selections. The *café noir* was served in the Japanese room, after which music and conversation served to while away the time until departures were made. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Hon. and Mrs. George W. Childs, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Wright, of Sacramento, Mrs. William Matthews Lay, of Washington, D. C., Mrs. Mamie Hastings, Mrs. George Harding, of Philadelphia, Mrs. M. Deane, Miss Mamie Deane, Miss Ruger, Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Belle Smith, General Thomas H. Ruger, U. S. A., Mr. William S. Wood, Mr. Perceval Farrer, Mr. Frank Johnson, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Mayor George H. Sanderson, and Mr. George Heazelton.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Charles B. Alexander returned to the city last Tuesday after a brief but pleasant visit to the Hotel del Monte. She will return to New York on May 30th, and on June 16th, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander will sail for Europe to pass the summer there traveling. Mrs. Alexander was to have given a matinée tea at the Crocker mansion on California Street, and, in fact, intended stopping there during her visit here, but owing to certain improvements and alterations that are being made in the house, both of these ideas had to be given up. She is stopping at the Palace Hotel, and has Mr. Alexander's mother with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy and Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope have arrived in London.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins have left New York en route to Europe.

Hon. Romualdo Pacheco has returned from his Eastern trip. Mrs. Pacheco will be here in July.

Mrs. A. Y. Kautz and Miss Kautz have arrived in Berlin.

Mrs. Horace Wilson has left for the East, and will sail from New York for Europe next Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Pryor are paying a visit to the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott will soon leave to visit Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Buckingham have arrived in London.

Mrs. Phœbe A. Hearst and her niece, Miss Annie Apperson, will leave New York next Wednesday for Europe.

Mrs. David Bixler has left New York en route to Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Sutro, of 20 Fifth Avenue, New York city, are stopping at the Palace Hotel after an absence in the East of two years. They will receive on Monday afternoons and evenings. Mr. Sutro will pass considerable of the time on the Comstock Lode, in Nevada.

Judge and Mrs. J. H. Boalt are at their summer home in the mountains near Cloverdale.

Captain and Mrs. William Kohl and Miss Mamie Kohl are in New York city.

Mrs. Edward Barron is at her villa in San Mateo, where she will pass the season.

Mrs. John W. Coleman and Miss Jessie Coleman, of Oakland, will visit the Hotel del Coronado during June.

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Grant and Miss Eddy will pass most of the summer at their home in Mill Valley.

Mrs. William Wainwright and Miss Anna Wainwright have left the city to visit the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Beaver and Miss Pierce are passing a few weeks in Santa Clara. Later in the season Mr. and Mrs. Beaver will go to Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Moore are visiting friends in Boston.

Mr. A. C. Hooper is in New York city, and is stopping at the Grand Union Hotel.

Mrs. George Law Smith, Mrs. M. S. Perkins, and Miss Maude A. Smith were in Paris when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Lincoln will pass the season in San Rafael.

Mr. John T. Haviland and family will pass the season at Byron Springs, where they have a cottage.

Miss Minnie Houghton has returned from a six months' visit to her sister, Mrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley in Hartford, Conn.

Mrs. William Wayne Belvin, who is now in London, was presented to Queen Victoria last Monday at a drawing-room in Buckingham Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Yerrington, of Carson City, Nev., are passing a fortnight at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. E. J. de Santa Marina and Miss Polhemus are at the Hotel del Monte, where they will remain during the season.

Mr. and Mrs. George Easton will pass the summer in Mill Valley.

Mrs. George M. Stoney is visiting her brother, Mr. William Babcock, at his residence in San Rafael.

Mrs. N. T. Messer will pass the summer at Cazadero.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young and family will leave on Monday to occupy their summer residence, "Meadowlands," near San Rafael, until June 1st, when they will go to Minneapolis.

Hon. James G. Fair will go East in July to visit Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs at Newport.

Mr. Frederick W. Zeile is visiting New York city and is stopping at the Holland House.

Mrs. Charles Nelson and Miss Georgia Emerson arrived in Hamburg last Monday.

Mr. J. C. Dunphy has returned from New York accompanied by his sister, Miss Jennie Dunphy, who has been in Paris for several years.

Captain Charles Goodall, Mrs. Charles Miner Goodall, and Miss Tinie Goodall left for New York last Tuesday, and on June 9th will sail for Europe.

Mrs. R. F. Bunker, with her daughter, Miss Ivy May Bunker, and her son, Mr. Le Roy C. Bunker, will pass the summer at Larkspur Inn.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. LeCount and the Misses Ella and Susie LeCount will go to Bolinas to pass the summer as soon as Mrs. LeCount returns from the East.

Mrs. Monroe Salisbury will pass the season at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones are passing the season in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Miss Mamie Holbrook, and Mr. H. M. Holbrook are at their villa in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis T. Haggin and Count and Countess Festetics will be at the Hotel del Monte during June and July.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Jennings are in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Meade will leave next month to pass the summer at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mrs. W. H. L. Barnes will soon leave to pass the summer in Santa Cruz.

Misses Irene and Hattie Tay will go to the Napa Soda Springs early in June to remain a couple of months.

Mrs. William M. Gwin, Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, and Miss Gwin are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Richard Ivers, Miss Aileen Ivers and the Misses Fargo, of this city, left New York on the *Teutonia* a week ago for Liverpool.

Miss Frances E. Yaux, the artist, has arrived in Paris.

Mr. R. H. Pease is stopping at the Hotel Imperial in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Will E. Fisher will pass the season in San Rafael.

Miss Lilabel Crane is passing a couple of months at Santa Cruz with Mr. and Mrs. E. I. Crane, of that city. She will return in the latter part of June.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett will pass the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. John Landers and Miss Landers will leave in June to pass the season in Santa Barbara.

Judge and Mrs. O. P. Evans will pass the next two months in San Rafael.

Mrs. A. W. Scott will leave early in June to pass a couple of weeks in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King will leave early in June for a trip through Oregon and Washington and will also visit Alaska before returning.

Mrs. Peter Donahue and Mrs. E. Martin will leave next week for the East where they will pass the summer.

Mrs. E. B. Coleman and Miss Lena Blanding have returned from the Hotel del Monte and are now in San Rafael where they will remain several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Girvin have taken possession of their new villa in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Schröder, Jr., of Redwood City, will soon leave for the East en route to Europe, where they will travel during the summer.

Mme. B. Ziska and Miss Alice Ziska will leave on June 2d to visit at the Hotel del Coronado for several weeks.

Mrs. Isaac Trumbo has returned from a prolonged Eastern trip.

Mr. Arthur Banks left last Wednesday for Portland, Or., and will be away about three weeks.

Mr. Bert R. Hecht returned last Monday from a prolonged Eastern trip.

Mr. John W. Farren, Jr., and Miss Mamie Farren left for the Yosemite Valley last Sunday.

Mrs. C. M. Sadler and Miss M. E. Sadler are enjoying a visit at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Mr. J. C. Stubbs is en route home from his Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller will pass June, July, and August in their cottage at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. J. J. Bowen and son have been at Napa Soda Springs for several weeks. Mr. Bowen joins them on Saturday of each week.

Mrs. Joseph D. Redding and Miss Myra Redding will soon arrive in New York from Europe.

General W. H. Dimond and Miss Dimond paid a visit to Napa Soda Springs last week.

Mrs. R. C. Woolworth and Miss Woolworth will pass the month of June at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. W. G. Pearne, wife of Captain Pearne, of the steamship *Belgic*, is spending the season with her infant and nurse at Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. Ellis Wooster will pass the season at Blythedale.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Wooster will go to the Napa Soda Springs next month for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Wilde and the Misses Wilde have arrived in Antwerp.

Mr. E. W. Roberts, Jr., of Piedmont, is stopping at Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. Robert L. Coleman is at the Hotel Imperial in New York city.

Rev. and Mrs. W. W. Davis, Miss F. Davis, Mr. John Ferris, the Misses Ferris, Mr. A. C. Hooper, Miss M. M. Hooper, and Miss A. M. Hooper, of this city, left New York a week ago, on the steamer *City of Berlin*, for Liverpool.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Cowles have just returned after a long visit at Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Moody are due in Japan next week.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Bowers have gone to San Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean will soon leave to pass the season at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Frank McCoppin was at Napa Soda Springs the early part of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy are located comfortably in Sausalito for the season.

Miss Sarah D. Hamlin, who has been in India during the past two years, is expected to arrive here next Wednesday, and will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Norris, at their home on Sacramento Street.

Mrs. S. F. Thorn is passing the season at "Cragthorn," her country-place in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mrs. R. Beverly Cole is passing the summer at her ranch near Calistoga.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mayer and Mrs. Rissmann, of this city, are on the steamer *Augusta Victoria*, bound for Hamburg.

Miss Elizabeth Easton is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Easton at their residence in Mill Valley.

Miss Lillian Thurston has gone to Stockton to visit relatives for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. M. Dillon and the Misses Marie and Kate Dillon are passing the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. James D. Phelan has gone to Chicago, and will be away several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall will pass June and July in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs have gone to "Hillcrest," their country home, near Calistoga.

Mrs. L. M. Huntsman and the Misses Huntsman will leave next week to pass the season in San Rafael.

Mr. A. C. Morse and the Misses Morse will pass the summer at Larkspur Inn.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Raum are at the Hotel Imperial in New York city.

Mr. R. B. Wallace is stopping at the Hotel Gerlach, in New York city.

Mrs. Edgar B. Carroll, of Sacramento, has been in the city during the past week on a visit to her sister, Mrs. A. H. Rutherford.

Mrs. James C. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood will soon leave on their European trip.

Mrs. Baker has been chaperoning Miss Clara Sutro and Miss Aphra Rogers for two weeks past at Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas and family are passing a month at their villa near Mountain View, prior to their departure for the East and Europe.

Miss Louise Moulder has gone East, and on May 28th will leave for Europe.

Mrs. J. B. Wright, of Sacramento, is passing a couple of weeks at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. John D. Yost and Miss Jennie Sanderson will leave New York on June 1st for Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Marks and Mrs. William H. Smith have arrived in Paris.

Mrs. J. M. Merrill and son are located for the season at Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow will soon leave on their Eastern trip.

Mrs. Yolney Spalding, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Ritchie, Miss Sill, and Miss Palmer have arrived in Honolulu.

Mr. Duncan Hayne has left the city to make the trip to Santa Barbara on horseback. He will be away about a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedell and Mr. E. G. Schmiedell will leave next week for San Rafael, where they will remain during the summer.

Mr. C. Osgood Hooker will go to Chicago early in June to attend the Carolan-Pullman wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Briggs have gone to San Rafael to pass the summer.

Mr. Henry Heynemann was among the arrivals at Napa Soda Springs on Tuesday last.

Mr. Frank T. Bowers, of this city, and Mr. J. H. Beeeber, of Oakland, are stopping at Byron Hot Springs.

Mr. Herbert E. Carolan is passing a couple of weeks in Sausalito.

Mrs. Louis B. Parrott has returned from a month's visit at the Hotel del Monte. Early in June she will leave to occupy her home in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Upham, of Oakland, will leave in June to make a trip to Europe, and will be away about a year.

Judge and Mrs. William T. Wallace are entertaining Hon. Peter H. Burnett at their residence on Van Ness Avenue.

Miss Loughborough has returned to the city after passing the winter and spring with her aunt, Mrs. Keyes, in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson will pass the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. Edward S. Spring and family will pass the season at Larkspur Inn.

Misses Florence and Lillian Reed are at their summer residence in Auburn.

Mrs. Asa R. Wells is visiting at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Miss Harriet Cooper, superintendent of the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association, sailed last Saturday on the steamer *Puebla* for Port Townsend. She will be absent one month on a visit to Mrs. Cyrus Walker at Port Ludlow on Puget Sound.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Runyon have been passing the week at the Hotel Vendome, in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart have been passing the week at the Hotel Vendome, in San José.

Mr. William H. Chambliss has been at the Hotel Vendome, in San José, during the past week.

Dr. and Mrs. Adolph Kahn will pass the summer at Larkspur Inn.

Mr. T. Cary Friedlander has returned to the city after enjoying a two weeks' trip in the country.

Mrs. Laura Mason, widow of Captain Stanton A. Mason, and daughter of the late Mrs. A. A. Porter, has returned to the city after making a trip to Europe.

The House Beautiful.

It is astonishing how a few well-chosen pictures beautify a room. Without them it looks bare and unhomelike, while an occasional pretty picture or etching gives an air of refinement that the most handsome and costly furniture alone can not impart. But many people think that pictures are very expensive. Now, this is a great mistake. In the art-rooms of Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s great store on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue, there are some exquisite pictures, signed by famous artists throughout the world, that look as if they cost many hundreds of dollars; but, as a matter of fact, they can be bought at surprisingly low prices.

The secret lies in the fact that they are fac-similes in color and colored engravings, made by the famous firm of Goupil & Co., of Paris. No other art-firm has been able to produce such fine work; for Goupil & Co.'s reproductions of oil-paintings and water-colors are absolutely exact copies in every line and shade of color, and no one but a trained connoisseur could tell them from the originals.

Sanborn, Vail & Co. have an immense stock of these pictures. No sooner does a work of art acquire fame at the exhibitions in Paris, London, Munich, or Vienna, than Goupil & Co. reproduce it and send a few copies to Sanborn, Vail & Co. The fashion of having these colored reproductions started in Europe and the East a few months ago, and this enterprising firm immediately caught it up. The result is that we in San Francisco have in our homes as fine pictures as are to be seen anywhere in the world.

— OCCASIONALLY THE QUESTION IS ASKED: Who is the leading caterer of San Francisco? The question is easily answered. Society has given the mark of its approval to Ernst H. Ludwig, who is known as the Model American Caterer; it has given it through its patronage, which is the most substantial way it can do, and consequently to-day Mr. Ludwig stands at the head of his profession in this city. His establishment is at 1206 Sutter Street, and those who have any idea of entertaining will do well to call on him.

— KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS character from handwriting in ink, *unruled* paper. Send 50 cents; stamps or postal notes.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest United States Government Food Report.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

ITCHING HUMORS

Torturing, disfiguring eczemas, and every species of itching, burning, scaly, crusted, and pimply skin and scalp diseases, with dry, thin, and falling hair, are relieved in most cases by a single application, and speedily and economically cured by the

CUTICURA

Remedies, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of humor remedies, when the best physicians fail. CUTICURA REMEDIES cure every humor, eruption, and disease from pimples to scrofula. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.

"How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin prevented and cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

FREE FROM RHEUMATISM.

In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rheumatic, sciatic, hip, kidney, chest, and muscular pains and weaknesses. The first and only pain-killing strengthening plaster.

"Larkspur Inn"

Has one specialty and pride, and that is the Table. It is supplied from the best the market affords in San Francisco. Our Butter, Eggs, Cream, and Vegetables, come from the Marin County dairies and farms in the vicinity. The train and boat service from San Francisco is superb—ten trains daily—making it very convenient for gentlemen to be able to pass the evening with their families or friends, and derive the benefits of country air and still be able to attend to business daily in the city. "Commutes" $5 per month; Ladies and Children, $3.

Telephone 38. Telegraph or write, or, better still, call and see us any day, and satisfy yourself beyond question. Take Sausalito Ferry and Cars to Larkspur. Round-trip, 50 cents. Respectfully, Hepburn & Terry.

TO OWNERS

—OF—

CARRIAGE HORSES

The Souther Farm has every facility for taking good care of carriage or road animals that may need a rest from city pavements. Rates reasonable, and the best of care and attention given. Send for circulars and references.

GILBERT TOMPKINS,
Souther Farm, San Leandro, Cal.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Regular COURSE OF LECTURES will begin Wednesday, June 1st, at 9 A. M., at the College Building, Stockton Street, near Chestnut.

R. A. McLEAN, M. D., Dean,
603 Merchant Street, cor. Montgomery.

—AT—

ROOS BROS.

27, 29, 31, 33, 35, 37, Kearny St.

YOU WILL FIND THE

BEST SELECTIONS

—IN—

Bathing Suits,
Outing Suits,
Tennis Suits,
Bicycle Suits,
Walking Suits,
Gymnasium Pants.

A COMPLETE STOCK

—IN—

Outing Shirts,
Negligee Shirts,
Tennis Shirts,
Belts, Sashes,
Satchels, Valises,

At the Lowest Possible P

AYER'S PILLS

cure
constipation,
dyspepsia, jaundice,
sick headache.

THE BEST

remedy for
all disorders of
the stomach, liver,
and bowels.

Every Dose Effective

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LAROCHE'S FERRUGINOUS TONIC
CONTAINING
Peruvian Bark, Iron and Pure Catalan Wine.
GRAND NATIONAL PRIZE of 16,600 FRANCS.
Used with entire success in Hospitals of Paris for the cure of
ANEMIA, CHLOROSIS, WASTING DISEASES, RETARDED CONVALESCENCE, and POORNESS of the BLOOD.
Prevents INFLUENZA and La GRIPPE.

This invigorating tonic is powerful, but gentle, in its effect, is easily administered, assimilates thoroughly and quickly with the gastric juices, without deranging the action of the stomach.
Iron and Cinchona are the most powerful weapons employed in the art of curing; Iron is the principal of our blood, and forms its force and richness. Cinchona affords life to the organs and activity to their functions.

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Unlike the Dutch Process
No Alkalies
—OR—
Other Chemicals
are used in the preparation of
W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa
which is absolutely pure and soluble.
It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.
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—PATENTEE AND MANUFACTURER OF—
ARTIFICIAL STONE
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address.
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(Established 1873).
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DAVID FARQUHARSON, President
VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary

AN AUTHOR'S MATINÉE.

By Frederick Anstey, author of "Vice Versa."

SCENE.—The front of the house in a London theatre. In the boxes and dress-circle are friends and relatives of the author. In the stalls are a couple of stray critics, who leave early; actors and actresses "resting"; more friends and relatives. In the pit, the front row is filled by the author's domestic servants, the landladies of several of the performers, and a theatrical charwoman or two, behind them a sprinkling of the general public, whose time apparently hangs heavily on their hands. In a stage-box is the author herself, with a sycophantic companion. A murky gloom pervades the auditorium; a scratch orchestra is playing a lame and tuneless schottische for the second time, to compensate for a little delay of fifteen minutes between the first and second tableaux in the second act. The orchestra ceases, and a check-taker at the pit-door whistles "ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!" Some restless spirits stamp feebly.

The Author—I wish they would be a little quicker. I've a good mind to go behind myself and hurry them up. The audience are beginning to get impatient.

Her Companion—But that shows how interested they are, doesn't it, dear?

Author—I think it ought to interest them, but I did expect they would have shown a little more enthusiasm over that situation in the last tableau—they're rather a cold audience!

Companion—It's above their heads, dear, that's where it is—plays are such rubbish nowadays, people don't appreciate a really great drama just at first. I do hope Mr. Irving, Mr. Hare, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree will come in—I'm sure they'll be only too anxious to secure it!

Author—I don't know that I should care for it to come out at the Lyceum, but, of course, if the terms were very—oh, they're beginning at last! I hope this light-comedy scene will go well. (Curtain rises: comic dialogue—nothing whatever to do with the plot—between a footman and a matinée maid-servant in short sleeves, a lace tucker, and a diamond necklace; depression of audience. Serious characters enter and tell one another long and irrelevant stories, all about nothing. When the auditor remarks: "Your story is, indeed, a sad one—but go on," a shudder goes through the house, which becomes a groan ten minutes later, when the listener says: "You have told me your history, now hear mine!" He tells it; it proves, if possible, duller and more irrelevant than the other man's. A love-scene follows, characterized by all the sparkle and brilliancy of "Temperance Champagne." The house witnesses the fall of the curtain with apathy.)

Author—That love-scene was perfectly ruined by the acting! She ought to have turnd her head aside when he said "Dash the teapot!" but she never did, and he left out all that about dreaming of her when he was ill with measles in Mashonaland! I wish they wouldn't have such long waits, though. We timed the piece at rehearsal, and, with the cuts I made, it only played about four hours; but I'm afraid it will take longer than that to-day.

Companion—I don't care how long it is—it's so beautifully written!

Author—Well, I put my whole soul into it, you know; but it's not till this next act that I show my full power. (Curtain rises on a drawing-room, furnished with dingy wrecks from the property-room—the home of Jasper, the Villain, who is about to give an evening-party.) Enter a Hooded Crone: "Sir Jasper, I have a secret of importance, which can only be revealed to your private ear!" (Shivers of apprehension among the audience.) Sir J.: "Certainly, go into yonder apartment and await me there." (Sigh of relief from spectators.) A Footman: "Sir, the guests wait!" Sir J. (with lordly ease): "Bid them enter!" (They troop in unannounced, and sit down against the wall, entertaining one another in dumb-show.) Footman (reëntering): "Sir, a roughly dressed stranger, who says he knew you in Norway, under an alias, requests a few words." Sir J.: "Confusion!—one of my former accomplices in crime—my guests must not be present at this interview!" (To guests.) "Ladies and gentlemen, will you step into the adjoining room for a few minutes, and examine my collection of war-weapons?" (Guests retire, with amiable anticipations of enjoyment. The Stranger enters, and tells another long story.) "I smile still," he concludes—"but even a dead man's skull will smile. Allow me then the privileges of death!" (At this an irreverent Pittite suddenly guffaws, and the audience from that moment perceives that the piece possesses a humorous side. The Stranger goes; the guests return. Reënter Footman.) "Sir, an elderly man, who was acquainted with your family years ago, insists on seeing you, and will take no denial!" Villain (with presence of mind—to guests): "Ladies and gentlemen, will you step into the neighboring apartment, and join the dancers?" (The guests obey. The elderly man enters and denounces Jasper, who mendaciously declares that he is his own second cousin, Joseph; whereupon the visitor turns down his coat-collar, and takes off a false beard.) "Do you know me now, Jasper Shoppun?" he cries. "I am Joseph—your second cousin!" . . . "What, ho, Sir Insolence!" the Villain retorts; "and so you come to deliver me to justice?" . . . "Not so," says Joseph. "Long years ago I swore to my dying aunt to protect your reputation, even at the expense of my own. I come to warn you that——" etc. (The audience, who are now in excellent spirits, receive every incident with uncontrollable merriment till the end of the act. Another long wait, enlivened by a piccolo solo.)

Author—Lavinia, it's too disgraceful—it's a deliberate conspiracy to turn the piece into ridicule. I never thought my own relatives would turn against me—and yet I might have known!

Companion—It wasn't the play they laughed at, dear—that's lovely—but it's so ridiculously acted, you know.

Author—Of course the acting is abominable—but they might make allowances for that. It is so unfair! (The play proceeds. The Heroine's jealousy has been excited by the Villain for vague purposes of his own, and the Hero is trying to disarm her suspicions. She: "But why are you constantly going from Paris to London at the beck and call of that man?" He (aside): "If she only knew that I do it to shield my second cousin Jasper—but my oath! I can not tell her!" (To her.) "The reason is very simple, darling—he is my private secretary!" (Roars of inextinguishable laughter, drowning the wife's expressions of perfect satisfaction and confidence. The Hero wants to go out; the wife begs him to stay; she has "a presentment of evil—a dread of something unseen, unknown." He goes; the Villain enters in evening dress.) Villain: "Your husband is false to you. Meet me in half an hour at the lonely hut by the cross-roads, and you shall have proof of his guilt." (The wife departs at once, just as she is.) Villain (soliloquizing): "So—my diabolical schemes prosper. I have got Joseph out of the way by stratagem, decoyed his wife—my early love—to a lonely hut, where my minions wait to seize her. Now to abduct the child, destroy the certificate of vaccination—which alone stands between me and a peerage—set fire to the home of my ancestors, accuse Josepb of all my crimes, and take my seat in the House of Lords as the Earl of Addelegg! Ho-ha—a good night's work! a good——" Joseph (from back): "Not so. I have heard all. I will not have it. You shall not!" (etc., etc.) Villain: "You would thwart my schemes?" Joseph (firmly): "I would. My wife and child shall not——" (etc., etc.) Villain (slowly): "And the oath you swore to my mother, your dying aunt, would you break that?" Joseph (overcome): "My oath! my aunt! Ah, no, I can not, I must not break it. Jasper Shoppun, I am powerless—you must do your evil will!" (He sinks on a settee; triumph of Villain, tableau, and curtain.)

Author—I wouldn't have believed that a modern audience would treat heroic conduct like that as if it were laughable. It's enough to make one give up play-writing altogether!

Companion—Oh, I wouldn't do that, dear. You mustn't punish posterity! (The play goes on and on; the Villain removes inconveniently repentant tools, and saddles the Hero with his nefarious deeds. The Hero is arrested, but reappears, at liberty, in the next act—about the ninth—and no reference whatever is made to the past. Old serious characters turn up again, and are welcomed with uproarious delight.)

At the end of a conversation, lasting a quarter of an hour, the lady's-maid remarks that "her mistress has been very ill, and must not talk too much." (Cheers from audience. General joy when the Villain returns, a hopeless maniac. Curtain about six, and loud calls for author.)

Author—Nothing will induce me to take a call after the shameful way they've behaved! And it's all the fault of the acting. When we get home, I'll read the play all through to you again, and you'll see how it ought to have been done! A hundred and twenty pounds simply thrown away!

(Retires, consoled by her companion and the consciousness that true genius is invariably unappreciated.)

—*Punch.*

There is no city in the United States exempt from the dangers of malaria. Ayer's Ague Cure neutralizes all miasmatic poisons.

False Economy

Is practiced by many people who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Surely infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

LADIES, CALL AT THE WONDER HAT, FLOWER, and Feather Store, 1024-26-28 Market St., and see our new line of novelties in hats, flowers, laces, ribbons, etc. Large stock. Low prices.

— DR. H. G. YOUNG,
Dentist. Painless extraction.
1841 Polk Street, San Francisco.

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STILL ROLLING
St. Helens, England, is the seat of a great business.
BEECHAM'S PILLS are made there. They are a specific for all **Nervous and Bilious Disorders** arising from **Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver and all Female Ailments.**
THEY ARE COVERED WITH A TASTELESS AND SOLUBLE COATING.
Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box.
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The partially furnished country residence of Frank M. Pixley, at Corte Madera, Marin County.

Inquire on the premises or at the Argonaut Office, 213 Grant Ave.

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Evaporated Cream
A TABLE LUXURY,
A CULINARY ARTICLE,
AN INFANT'S FOOD.
Unsweetened and free from all preservatives. Keeps for any length of time in all climates.
Its Uniform Quality, Convenience and Economy render **HIGHLAND EVAPORATED CREAM** preferable to all other forms of cream or milk for Coffee, Tea, Chocolate, Ice Cream, Charlotte Russe Custards and all uses to which ordinary cream or milk may be put.
Sold by Grocers and Druggists Everywhere
Write for our Infant Food circular and Highland Evaporated Cream booklet entitled "A FEW DAINTY DISHES."
HELVETIA MILK CONDENSING CO.,
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Torrey Razors
—AND—
Strops
Highest in Quality.
Known the world over as incomparably **The Best.** Some troubles are difficult to dodge. Shaving troubles can always be avoided by the use of TORREY RAZORS and TORREY STROPS.
Every Razor sold under a GUARANTEE to GIVE SATISFACTION.
If the dealer will not supply you, DON'T take any other, but send for Catalogue, telling how to select, sharpen, and keep a Razor in order.
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Send for Photograph and general description.
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ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
The Celebrated
CHOCOLAT MENIER
Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION Lbs.
Write for Samples. Sent Free. Menier, Union Sq., N. Y.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Henry Ward Beecher once said that Spurgeon owed his popularity no more to his Calvinism than a camel owed its excellence to its hump. "I replied," said Spurgeon, "that the hump was a store of fat on which the camel lived on a long journey, and that its value depended on its hump."

Dr. L. Ch. Boisliniere, of St. Louis, received a visit from an enterprising burglar a few nights ago. He wandered at will through the entire residence, but was apparently unable to find much of value. But when Dr. Boisliniere the next morning went into his office on the first floor, he found that the burglar had left a note for him written on the slate where the physician's patients leave their calls. It was a very plain and frank communication, and concluded with the following indignant expressions: "Not a —— thing worth lugging away! D—— all the doctors!"

Some time ago, the London *Times* contained an advertisement for an assistant, "capable of teaching the classics as far as Homer and Virgil." Among the answers received was the following: "SIR: With reference to the advertisement which was inserted in the *Times* newspaper, a few days since, respecting a school-assistant, I beg to state that I should be happy to fill that situation; but, as most of my friends reside in London, and not knowing how far Homer and Virgil is from town, I beg to state that I should not like to engage to teach the classics farther than Hammersmith or Turnham Green, or, at the very utmost distance, farther than Brentford. Awaiting your reply, I am, sir, etc."

A French gentleman, engaged upon a profound scientific work, rang for his valet. Then he sat down at his table and wrote a note: "Kindly send some one to arrest the cook. She has stolen my purse." This he directed to the chief of police. The valet appeared, and, while waiting for his master to finish writing, he picked up something that was lying under the table. As he took the note, he said: "Monsieur, here is your purse. I found it under the table." "Ah, just in time. Give me the note, Jean." He added this postscript: "I have found my purse. It is unnecessary to send any one," and handed the letter to the valet, saying: "Deliver this at once. It is important." Then he went back to his work.

Ex-Minister Dallas used to tell the following anecdote of Jerome Bonaparte: He had been playing cards until he lost all his ready money, then pledged his rings, and finally laid his watch on the table. It was a small gold one, the back of which opened with a spring. A lady, overlooking the game, admired the watch, and took it up to examine. On her attempting to open the back, Jerome immediately clasped it, and said that must not be done. His wife, who stood by, insisted upon knowing what was in it; grew angry, reproached him with having some keepsake of a favorite there, and, finally, bursting into tears, quit the room. Jerome then opened the watch, showed to all present that it contained a beautiful miniature of his first wife (Betsy Patterson), with the remark: "You see, I hope, that I could not, with propriety, let her see it." It was notorious that he remained deeply attached to his first wife long after their separation.

A professional gambler named Westfall (says the New York *Mercury*), used to ply his vocation on the south-western railroads. He turned up at Denison, Tex., the southern terminus of the M., K. & T., one day after a prolonged spree, very sick and impressed with the idea that he was going to die, or "pass in his checks," to use his own phrase. He requested that a minister of the gospel be sent to him. Accordingly, a local Methodist exhorter was called in, and proceeded to administer such spiritual consolation as was in his power. "What can he done for me in the hereafter?" inquired the gambler, anxiously. "You must repent your sins, and you will be saved," replied the exhorter. "If I repent, will I go to heaven?" inquired the dying gamester. "I believe you will," was the encouraging reply. "Will I become an angel?" "Oh, yes." "And will I have wings like the angels in pictures?" "Certainly." "Will you go to heaven, too?" asked the gambler. "I hope and believe I will," replied the exhorter. "And will you have wings?" "Yes, of course." "Well," said the gambler, "when I get to heaven and you get there, and we are both angels and have wings, I'll fly you for a fifty-dollar note!"

The duke, with the colonel, was asked to tell about his experience in New York (says the *Evening Sun*). But, as he was modest, the colonel offered to tell of them for him. So he commenced: "You know," said he, "awfter we struck this country, we thought we'd go out to see the country, so we went down to the Bowery Street and we saw a blooming bar-room. The duke and meself went into the bar-room, and we went up to the bar, and, awfter looking over the drinks, the duke called out: 'I say, habrman, give me a hrahndy squahsh,' but the bahrman paid no attention to him. So the duke got impatient, ye know, and said: 'I say, habrman, 'give me a hrahndy squahsh, ye know,' but the bahrman paid him no attention. So the duke grew impatient, and he rapped on the bar, and he said: 'I say, bahrman,' in a very loud tone of voice—'I say, bahrman, give me a hrahndy squahsh,' ye know. Then the bahrman came up to him, and leering at him, ye know, he said, in a very rude voice: 'Ah, go chase yourself,' ye know. But the duke, being a very determined man, said: 'I shahn't,' and walked out."

"Once," said an old Californian to a New York *Tribune* reporter, "when Niles Searls was district judge up in Nevada and Sierra Counties, the late Judge Belden and I were on opposite sides of a case which was to be argued before him. When we reached Nevada City, we found the judge about to depart for Downieville on mulehack to hold court there. He made the novel proposition that we should ride over the mountains with him and argue our case on the way. We accepted the suggestion, secured horses, and started off on either side of the judge's mule. I opened the case and concluded my argument as we reached North San Juan. Then Belden replied. He was very much in earnest, grew quite warm over the case, and didn't conclude until we had passed Nigger Tent. Then Judge Searls ruminated a short time and delivered his decision flat against Belden. Belden was so much worked up about the case that the decision made all three of us a little uncomfortable for a time, and not a word was spoken as we jogged along. Then, just as we rode down to Goodyear's Bar, the judge broke the strained silence with the remark: 'My mule seems very tired.' 'I should think he would,' replied Belden, 'after getting up such a decision as that.'"

About the time the railway was run past Chihuahua, that quaint little city was rather uncomfortably full of hard cases, both Mexican and American, and even the very efficient police force was all insufficient to keep them in order. The railroad-shops and their contingent little settlement lie "on the other side the river," as the phrase runs, and when the men wished to visit the town, they had, after crossing the long railway bridge, a walk of a mile or more, between the station and the town, over a level, unsettled stretch, on which not a few unlawful deeds were committed, especially at night. One evening, at a rather late hour, one of the railroad boys, plodding along toward the Garita del Norte, was met by a countryman, who asked to know the time. Bill had acquired some *tequyla* that day, and he was a bit inclined to be venturous; besides, he was a strong and nimble creature. When he heard the stereotyped question that had preceded the highway robbery of more than one wayfarer already on that same flat, he jumped on the highwayman so suddenly as to knock him down. Bill sat down on the head of his inept interlocutor, and began to discourse of the movements of the stars and other modes of determining the hour without presuming to interrupt gentlemen out on business; this disquisition was varied by Bill's vigorous shouting for the guard at the Garita, and also, meanwhile, he now and then struck a match and held it and his watch before the eyes of his captive, side-face as he lay in the dust. When the officers came, Bill moved on in company with them and the highwayman, to whom, at the last minute in the door of the Carcel, he persisted in repeating the much desired bit of information.

Hay Fever and Catarrh.

Those afflicted with either or both troubles will appreciate this letter from Joshua Harvey, of No. 5010 Elm Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

"I have used ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS for thirty years, and have always found them efficacious in coughs, colds, pulmonary complaints, rheumatism, and pains in the back. I also was subject to violent attacks of catarrh or hay fever; to cure this I cut a strip sufficient to cover the forehead all over and applied it on going to bed. Slept well and got up with a clear head, and nose stopped running, eyes bright, and all pain in the head and nose gone. Sometimes I am attacked with extreme hoarseness, but always relieved by an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER around the throat."

THREE Pozzoni's POINTS
COMPLEXION
POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1.2.3.
THREE White, Flesh, Brunette. 1 2 3 POZZONI'S All Druggists AND Fancy Stores. TINTS

The palate is almost tickled with Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil. The stomach knows nothing about it—it does not trouble you there. You feel it first in the strength it brings; it shows in the color of cheek and smoothing out of wrinkles.

It was a beautiful thing to do, to cover the odious taste of cod-liver oil, evade the tax on the stomach, and take health by surprise.

Let us send you a book on CAREFUL LIVING; free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. $1.

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Save $40.00 on New $140.00
BICYCLES
We will deliver, free of freight, to any point west of the Rocky Mountains, perfectly new $140 grade, cushion tire, Referee Safeties, highest grade, for $100. Lists Free.
A. W. GUMP & CO., Dayton, Ohio.

A picture can do two things for an advertisement—catch the eye and illustrate the text. It may do but one of them. Whether the advertiser uses a monkey and an organ or the Angelus, matters little so far as arresting the attention goes.

If the *text* can be helped by the artist I think it of great importance. Often we see an idea expressed in the picture that twice the space in words could not convey. And, then, each one interprets and amplifies the picture-language exactly in accordance with his own bent of mind, while the written thought would be very likely to be taken literally and without sympathy.—*N. W. Gillam, advertising manager for John Wanamaker.*

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FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.
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Steamer.	From San Francisco for Hongkong. 1892.
Gaelic	Saturday, April 16
Belgic	Tuesday, May 10
Oceanic	Thursday, June 2

Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.
For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
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Through Line to New York, via Panama.
Steamers will sail at noon on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.
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Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.
Steamer sails at noon 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas.
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Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.:
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Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.
ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

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Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., April 9, 24, May 9, 24.
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GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents.
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From May 22, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7.00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	* 12.15 P.
7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
8.00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	1st & 2d class Ogden and East, and first-class locally	9.45 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	4.45 P.
9.00 A.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.
12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore	7.15 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	* 9.00 P.
3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, & Stockton	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10.45 A.
4.30 P.	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
5.00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	12.15 P.
5.00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 P.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	7.45 A.
.....	Niles and San José	‡ 6.15 P.
6.00 P.	Ogden Route Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	9.15 A.
‡ 7.00 P.	Vallejo	† 8.45 P.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	8.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡ 7.45 A.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees, and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
* 2.15 P.	Centreville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	* 10.50 A.
4.45 P.	Centreville, San José, and Los Gatos	9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

* 7.00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations	* 2.18 P.
‡ 7.30 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excursions	‡ 8.28 P.
8.15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations	6 10 P.
‡ 9.30 A.	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations	‡ 2.45 P.
10.37 A.	San José and Way Stations	5.03 P.
12.15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations	3.30 P.
* 2.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way stations	* 10 37 A.
* 3.30 P.	Menlo Park San José, and principal Way Stations	* 9.47 A.
* 4.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.06 A.
5.15 P.	San José and Way Stations	8.48 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
† 11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	† 7.30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 24, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7.40, 9.20, 11.20 A. M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.05 6.20 P. M.

Sundays—8, 9.30, 11 A. M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5, 6.15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6.25, 7.55, 9.30, 11.30 A. M.; 1.40, 3.40, 5.05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.30 P. M.

Sundays—8.10, 9.40, 11.10 A. M.; 1.40, 3.40, 5, 6.25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6.50, 8.20, 9.55, 11.55 A. M.; 2.05, 4.05, 5.35 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.55 P. M.

Sundays—8.25, 10.05, 11.35 A. M.; 2.05, 4.05, 5.30, 6.50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. Week Days.	Leave San Francisco. Sundays.	Destination.	Arrive San Francisco. Sundays.	Arrive San Francisco. Week Days.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M. 5.05 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 9.30 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M. 7.25 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7.25 P. M.	6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 5.05 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydesville and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays, to Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa, $2.25; to Healdsburg, $3.40; to Cloverdale, $4.50; to Hopland, $5.70; to Ukiah, $6.75; to Sebastopol, $2.70; to Guerneville, $3.75; to Sonoma, $1.50; to Glen Ellen, $1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, $1; to Santa Rosa, $1.50; to Healdsburg, $2.25; to Cloverdale, $3; to Ukiah, $4.50; to Hopland, $3.80; to Sebastopol, $1.80; to Guerneville, $2.50; to Sonoma, $1; to Glen Ellen, $1.20.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager.
PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.
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Mr. Mansfield's high comedy is succeeded by a couple of weeks of farce; and simultaneously we have had a second-class melodrama, entitled "Blue Jeans," Mr. Clay Greene's "Golden Giant," a song-and-dance extravaganza called "The Gossoon," and, not least worthy of all, Strauss's "Merry War" at the Tivoli. The theatrical season is nearly over; but San Franciscans have such a horror of spending a quiet evening at home, that all these pieces attracted audiences, and dollars trickled into the various tills with monotonous cadence. Happy city! Flour is selling at four dollars and seventy-five cents a barrel, and as to *circenses*, we are surfeited with an embarrassment of riches.

"Jane" is not a new play, nor is it a very bright play. Something like it used to be performed under the title of "Lend Me Your Wife," which was adapted from the French. It turns on the presentation by a bachelor of his servant's wife to his relatives as his own wife; the resulting *quid pro quos* and droll misunderstandings will at once occur to the reader. It belongs to the class of forced plots. In real life, no gentleman could pass off his housemaid as his wife without immediate detection. We are required by our fealty to overlook the initial absurdity for the sake of the bright lines and the funny situations which grow out of it. To make these tell, considerable ability of the low-comedy order is required, and it is due to truth to say that it was forthcoming at the hands of Messrs. Arthur, Daly, and Colton, and Misses Fisher and Bennett. They are all good comedians, of the Rosina Vokes school.

The curtain-raiser, "Chums," by Thomas Frost, one of the *Herald* prize-plays, is another bright little piece, which turns also on a misunderstanding between two old friends, one of whom suspects the other of having married a mutual flame of the twain. It is full of smart hits and funny situations. To say that it was relished by the audience is hardly to describe the uproarious laughter which it aroused. Miss Katherine Gray is full of verve and vivacity, and Mr. Paul Arthur is as good as usual.

"Chums" has the advantage over "Jane" of being American. Of the latter, as of most of the comedy-farces which come here from the East, the Giant observes, when the first dialogue opens: "Fi! Fo! Fum! I smell the blood of an Englishman!" They are often good and bright, but the average American is wondering about these days whether comedy is inseparable from lords, and ladies, and pounds sterling, and whether it would necessarily be unprofitable to hold the mirror up to nature in our own society.

Is there not good material for melodrama and light comedy in the vicissitudes of conjugal life in the States west of the rivers? The girl in San Francisco who marries with a stated reservation of her rights to obtain a divorce if the union does not answer; the gay young matron, who is as immaculate as Cæsar's wife, but who loves little lunches with congenial companions of her own sex, at which the mysteries of cosmogony are daringly rifled; the patient wife who knows perfectly well at what club her husband spends his evenings, and who presides over it; the dashing blood who is supposed to inhabit empyrean heights, and who is really the hen-pecked slave of a foul-mouthed harridan; the deacon of the church, who could have given points to Dr. Parkhurst; the dashing equestrian, at whom school-girls gaze in rapture, and whose really congenial delight is the company of a bottle of whisky; the husband and wife, who discuss which shall bring divorce proceedings against the other; the woman who is unmarried in California, and very much married, indeed, in New York; the children who are the lawful progeny of their father in Illinois, and nobody's children in Dakota; the pompous gentleman, who enters a room with a bejeweled female on his arm, and presents his companion to her hostess as Mrs. A., the pair having, at last, after ten years' union, followed the example of the rest of the world, and become man and wife—is there not plenty of material here for harmonizing melodrama and side-splitting comedy? Why on earth do we need to send across the ocean for plot or characters?

Our political life has never been exploited, though occasional visits by playwrights to the political world have been quite profitable. What a lot of excellent material a good judge would now pick up at Fresno, or could have picked up a few weeks ago at Stockton! These politicians are cut out for the stage and hardly need any trimming. They are unconscious comedians, ever abounding in excellent "bolly." When an orator gushes about his devotion to the public weal, we all know what he wants for himself. When he declares that no thoughtful citizen can ever lay his head on his pillow again, unless the Democratic party carries the election, we wonder whether he wants a seat in Congress or merely a post as delegate at large. When Demosthenes predicts that confusion and chaos will follow Republican success, and that there is no salvation outside of the circle of Jeffersonian principle, we are reminded of the saying of a shrewd old politician, who, observing a notorious rogue in the assembly chamber at Sacramento, observed, with his familiar snuffle: "Now, I wonder what he's here for—petty larceny or grand larceny? I suspect myself it's petty larceny."

When somebody writes a play holding up to scorn and laughter the ineffable frauds of contemporaneous American politics, he may produce a work that will live as long as "Richelieu."

At the theatres during the week commencing May 23d: Charles Frohman's company in "Chums" and "Jane"; the Tivoli company in "The Black Hussar"; Joseph Arthur's company in "Blue Jeans"; Carroll Johnson in "The Gossoon"; and Oliver Doud Byron in melodrama.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Heyman Violin Recital.

A very large and fashionable audience was assembled in Odd Fellows' Hall last Monday evening to witness a violin recital, given by the pupils of Mr. Henry Heyman, assisted by Mr. G. Sauvlet, pianist; Mr. G. M. Mioetti and Mr. C. Baumgärtel, violinists; Mr. F. Knell, violist; Mr. R. Patek, 'celloist; and Mr. G. Keil, contra basso. The affair was a musical and social success, and was very creditable to Mr. Heyman and his pupils. The following excellent programme was presented:

Andante religioso (four-part violin) Kohler, Mr. Mo. Adler, Mr. Sidney Bernstein, Mr. Ernest Cabrera. Mr. Jabish Clement, Miss Dottie Collier, Miss Emmelyn Guild, Miss Gertrude Gruenberg, Mr. Charles Haake, Jr., Mr. Sol. Hyman, Miss Florence Lewis, Mr. Mortimer Leventritt, Mr. Harry Levinson, Miss Helen Macgregor, Miss Clara McConnell, Mr. Lee Rosener, Mr. Harry Samuels, Mr Leo Sussman, Mr. Benjamin Tuttle, Mr. Oscar Tobriner, Miss Mary Whitney, Mr. Jack Walter, Mr. A Weisbleeth; cavatine, op. 9, Lauterbach, Miss Florence Lewis; concerto, in E minor, op. 10, first movement, David (with piano and string orchestra accompaniment), Mr. Charles Haake, Jr.; duet, "Slumber Song," op. 11, Ersfeld (with string and orchestra accompaniment), Miss Mary S. Whitney and Miss Emmelyn T. Guild; concerto, in G major, No. 11, op. 70, adagio and first movement, Spohr (with piano and string orchestra accompaniment), Mr. Benjamin Tuttle; elegie, op. 35, Lagye, minuetto, Papini, Miss Helen Macgregor; second concerto, op. 22, romance and first movement, Wieniawski (with piano and string orchestra accompaniment), Mr. Harry Samuels; quartet, "Le Retour," op. 178, No. 3, Dancla, Mr. Mo. Adler, Mr. Mortimer Leventritt, Mr. Ernest Cabrera, Mr. Oscar Tobriner; legende, op. 15, Hollaender, Miss Clara McConnell; sonata, in A major, Haendel, Mr. Jabish Clement; ninth concerto, op. 104, first movement (with piano and string orchestra accompaniment), De Beriot, Miss Gertrude Gruenberg; Hungarian Airs, op. 22, Ernst, Mr. Harry Samuels; song without words, op. 53, No. 1, Mendelssohn-David, the violin part played in unison by Mr. Mo. Adler, Mr. Sidney Bernstein, Mr. Ernest Cabrera, Mr. Jabish Clement, Miss Dottie Collier, Miss Emmelyn Guild, Miss Gertrude Gruenberg, Mr. Charles Haake, Mr. Sol. Hyman, Miss Florence Lewis, Mr. Mortimer Leventritt, Miss Clara McConnell, Mr. Lee Rosener, Mr. Harry Samuels, Mr. Benjamin Tuttle, Mr Oscar Tobriner, Miss Mary Whitney, and Mr. A. Weisbleeth.

The Morgan Concert.

Mr. George W. Morgan, organist and his daughter, Miss Maud Morgan, harpist who have a national reputation as artists on those instruments, gave their first concert in this city last Tuesday evening in the First Congregational Church. They attracted a large and appreciative audience, and entertained them with the following programme:

Organ, fugue and chorus from "Israel in Egypt," Handel; harp, "Autumn," from "The Seasons," J. Thomas; organ, allegretto from sonate, No. 4, Mendelssohn; soprano solo, "My Heart Ever Faithful," Bach, Mrs. E. J. Malmgren; organ, fantasie on themes from Wagner's "Tannhauser," George W. Morgan; quartet, *(a)* "The Skylark," Barnby, *(b)* "Stars of the Summer Night," Bailey, choir of the First Congregational Church; duo, harp and organ, "Romance," Oberthuer, Mr. George W. and Miss Maud Morgan; organ, overture to "William Tell," Rossini; bass solo, "David's Song Before Saul," Bordese, Mr. J. F. Fleming; harp, *(a)* berceuse *(b)* patrouille, Hasselmans; organ, march, "Aida," Verdi; duo, harp and organ, "Largo," Handel, Mr. George W. and Miss Maud Morgan.

The Philharmonic Society.

The Philharmonic Society gave its fourth concert of the thirteenth season last Wednesday evening, and entertained a large audience. Mr. Hermann Brandt acted as director, and the society was assisted by Miss Florence Jacquay, vocalist, Mr. Louis Heine, 'celloist, and Mr. Abe Sundland, accompanist.

The third Steinway Hall Concert of the fourth series will take place next Wednesday evening, in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel, where the remaining concerts of the season also will be given. Mr. C. D O'Sullivan and Miss May Worth will be the vocalists, Signor and Signora Ursomando will play, as well as the Hermann Brandt Quartet.

Manager Marcus M. Henry announces that arrangements have been made so that George W. Morgan, the organist, and his daughter, Miss Maud Morgan, will give another of their organ and harp recitals at the First Congregational Church before their return to New York. It will take place on Tuesday evening, May 24th.

— H. C. MASSIE,
Dentist. Painless filling.
114 Geary Street, San Francisco.

"GOING ON THE STAGE."

By Maude Banks,
DAUGHTER OF GENERAL NATHANIEL P. BANKS.

I suppose it would be difficult for the enthusiastic young woman who sits in front of the footlights and who longs to be an actress, to realize that of all the experiences that await her the surest, the strongest, the most lasting is—humiliation! Humiliation at the start; humiliation at the middle; humiliation at the end. And more helpful than lessons in elocution, dancing, or fencing would be the accumulation of force to endure it.

"Oh, no!" says the enthusiastic girl in front; "it all looks so independent, so exciting, so brilliant! That is impossible!"

Yes, I once played with a girl prettier than the average—young, very sweet, and attractive. She always went for the corners; whenever you approached, she involuntarily moved aside to let you pass. When I got to know her better, I asked her why. "Oh," she said, "people have sworn at me so much I have learned at last never to stand in any one's way." There was nothing very independent or brilliant about that. "You can't make girls understand anything," she went on; "everybody told me this was a hard life, but I only laughed."

I always feel like gasping when I hear that somebody has gained a start upon the stage. It means so much! So many cruel rebuffs; such desperate forcing of one's courage; such a lot of tears choked back; such a lot of pride crushed down; such tired feet; such hardening of one's better nature; such barter of one's self-respect! Well, it is done and the worst is past, we think! But one season is not a life-time! No, we may be very good; we may do everything satisfactorily; we may show we are made of the right stuff—back we must go to the manager's door and wait our turn; we must enter with the old humility, attend his leisure or his convenience, smile when he smiles, and pick up the crumbs he throws us with thanksgiving. All this we do to get an engagement. When we have it, we do more. We ransack our brains and we empty our pocket book to get all we may need, for it isn't pleasant to borrow; oftentimes we can't. We carry our own bags; we take the poorest rooms or fight our own fights at the hotels; we go to the theatre alone, and we try to keep on the good side of some man who will walk home with us. If, as is generally the case, we have a small salary, we go to bed cold and hungry, and we are rapped up at four, five, or six in the morning to start for the next town. One day is like another, except Sunday, and when a few long, long Sundays have passed, we are glad to have anybody come and talk with us, even the man we thought too vulgar to speak to when we started fresh from home.

At the theatre we have to run up two flights to a dressing-room and be down in five minutes; we have to help the best scenes go right, and be sure the principals get their calls; we have to, no matter how we feel or what we want—we have to get the laugh, we have to get the tears, we have to get the gallery "hands," which are due to the piece. We are hoarse, and we must speak with a sweet voice; our eyes swim with headache, and we must be sprightly on our toes; we may faint after the fourth act, but we must be in position when the curtain is rung up on the fifth.

The enthusiastic girl in front expects to make a great deal of money with her talents, I suppose. There is a fascinating legend afloat that other people pay for actresses' meals and recreations. But it isn't so; it all comes out of that same thin pocket-book which provides the dresses, the ornaments, the advertising flourishes, and the handsome photographs. Other people do not do anything for actresses without expecting pay—much more costly pay than the last few dollars out of the thin pocket-book. This is the most expensive delusion actresses and would-be actresses have. It costs a great many health, courage, character, and life. When a woman pays with her wits or her smiles, or with anything but money, she will find in the end that on quicker or more certain way could she have taken to bankrupt herself.

Another thing: A dashing, smart, unscrupulous woman will outstrip twenty cleverer, handsomer, better women in getting a position, getting a salary, getting a success of notoriety. It is done every day, and no wonder the enthusiastic girl in front thinks it pays. Does it? Ask the dashing, unscrupulous woman in ten years, in five, in three. No need to ask her; look at her and answer yourself.

I said to a woman once, an actress: "Stage life is pretty hard on a good woman?" "Hard!" she replied, "it is impossible."

I said to a man once, an actor: "Ella R—— (a mutual friend) is going to leave the stage because she says she can't keep respectable on it. What do you think of it?" "I think she is right, but it wouldn't do to say so."

Why won't it do? If it is desperately hard for a woman to keep on her feet, why not say so, and let the butterflies, which, after all, are butterflies and not earthworms, find some other brightness less poisonous to feed on! Many—I daresay, most—pretty, weak girls would rather be good than vicious if circumstances would help them. Well, let us tell them circumstances are not helpful behind the footlights. Let the amateurs at virtue, who shipwreck themselves and our profession, go elsewhere where life is easier, and leave room to the people who can endure as well as act. I know it is a widely accepted theory that one can't do both; but theories have their judgment-day as well as men, and it is time for some kind of a judgment-day here.

Let us say an honest life on the stage is a giant's task, and, perhaps, the giants will come and help us. At any rate, let us say it loud and frighten the butterflies!—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

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NOTICE.
The next Steinway Hall Concert, on Wednesday Evening, May 25th, as well as the remaining three concerts of this series, will take place at the Palace Hotel, in the Maple Room, instead of Steinway Hall.

JULIEN DUPRÉ'S LATEST PAINTING
And several magnificent pictures have just arrived from Europe, and are now being framed in our factory. These will be added to our collection, and will be on exhibition in a few days.
Owing to the necessary preparations for moving to our new building, now in course of erection, we will sell all our Paintings and other goods at Greatly Reduced Prices.
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This sale is of importance to mechanics, working-men, and every one desirous of obtaining a convenient location for a home.

The lots to be sold are the best situated of any tract at West Berkeley, having a large frontage on the West Berkeley Railroad and San Pablo Avenue, and being particularly convenient for those doing business in San Francisco.

Half-hourly trains to the city; time from Potter Station, on the tract, thirty-five minutes. A fine stone depot and railroad park, at which all trains stop, are now being constructed. Commutation tickets, $3 per month.

The proposed new electric road has been surveyed to this tract, being a continuation of the San Pablo Avenue cable line, and will have its terminus at Potter Station. The road is owned by the Southern Pacific Company.

Cement walks now being laid the entire length of the tract; streets graded and curbed; water-pipes will be laid.

Every lot must be sold at the sale. High prices are not expected, and a rare opportunity is offered to buy property that is bound to enhance in value.

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This being his last sale of the season, as soon after this sale M. B. Mihran will leave the city, the entire stock—the finest yet imported—will be sacrificed for any price it may bring in the auction. A real golden opportunity to get big bargains in genuine Turkish goods, in which everybody is invited to participate.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Does your wife open your letters?" "No; I told her she might."—*Truth.*

Amy—"Mahel, do you ever think about marriage?" *Mabel*—"Think is no name for it. I worry."—*Ex.*

"Mamma sent me to get a hair-brush." "What sort of a hair-brush do you want?" "I want one with a soft back."—*Life.*

He (about to graduate)—"In the bright lexicon of youth there's no such word as fail." *She* (a little older)—"No; it isn't a slang word."—*Life.*

Willis—"Did the doctor do anything to hasten your recovery?" *Wallace*—"Oh, yes; he told me he was going to charge me five dollars a visit."—*Ex.*

Ted—"He's full of impracticable ideas." *Ned*—"I should say he was. The only one of his schemes that didn't go up was a flying-machine."—*New York Sun.*

In Boston: *Jackson Parke*—"Do you know Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay?" *Athenia Hubbs*—"No. I don't care for these French writers very much."—*Puck.*

Mother—"And the serpent, as a punishment for tempting Eve, was made to crawl all the rest of his life." *Bobbie*—"Well, mamma, how did he get along before?"—*Ex.*

Jones (very cross)—"Throw that thing away, do." *Brown* (very happy)—"Look here! I don't often give sixpence for a cigar, but when I do——" *Jones*—"You get fourpence change!"—*Ex.*

Penelope—"Have you seen Jack Dashing lately?" *Perdita*—"About two weeks ago." *Penelope*—"Well, when you see him again, remind him that we are engaged, will you dear?"—*Life.*

"Papa, the paper says 'the marriage took place at high noon.' What is high noon?" "High noon, my son, is—um—is noon among the—er—among the higher classes."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Glanders—"It is said that paper can be used effectively in keeping a person warm." *Gazlay*—"That is very true. I remember a thirty-day note of mine once kept me in a sweat for a month."—*Ex.*

Little Nell—"What does the organist at our church have a lookin'-glass fixed over his head on the organ for?" *Little Dick*—"I guess that's so he can tell the choir when the minister is lookin'."—*Good News.*

Managing-editor (to reporter)—"Are you engaged to be married, Mr. Scarehead?" *Mr. Scarehead*—"Er—yes, sir; I——" *Managing-editor*—"Kindly draw on the office for ten dollars, get married immediately, and let me have two columns on 'Married Life in a Great City,' by twelve o'clock. And—er—congratulations!"—*Puck.*

Bloobumper—"I read to-day an account of how a female forger donned man's attire and for a long time eluded arrest, but at last she gave herself away." *Spatts*—"She stopped to look in a milliner's window, I suppose?" *Bloobumper*—"No; in a moment of absent-mindedness she asked a woman if her hat was on straight."—*Bazar.*

The trials of a millionaire: "I am the unluckiest man alive." "What's the matter?" "Why, I heard that she was engaged, so I went around and proposed to her so that she wouldn't think I had been trifling with her." "And wasn't she engaged?" "Yes, but she broke it off. She said my love was more sincere than his."—*Life.*

Boy life on a farm: *Farmer's boy*—"Kin I go fishin', dad?" *Farmer*—"Is th' parstur' fence all laid up?" *Farmer's boy*—"Yes, dad; every panel of it. Kin I go?" *Farmer*—"Is th' seed-corn shelled?" *Farmer's boy*—"Ev'ry ear of it. Kin I go?" *Farmer* (reluctantly)—"Yes; dig yer hait in th' garden, 'n' throw th' stones up side o' th' fence."—*Puck.*

Carl Millöcker's popular light opera, "The Black Hussar," will be revived at the Tivoli next week, with the following cast:

Hackenback, Ferris Hartman; Minna, Tillie Salinger; Rosetta, Gracie Plaisted; Barbara, Grace Vernon; Piffkow, Phil Branson; Helbert, Warwick Ganor; Waldmann, E. N. Knight; Thorilliere, Emma Vorce; Mifflin, A. Wuldorff; Hetman of the Cossacks, G. Napoleoni.

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A Free Prescription.

Man with the gloomy liver,
Cease to deplore thy fate;
Get out toward the river
And go to—digging bait!
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Rose's Kisses.

Rose kissed me to-day;
Who will kiss her to-morrow?
That's always the way—
When she kisses to-day,
I ask with dismay,
Not unmixed with sorrow:
Rose kissed me to-day;
Who will kiss her to-morrow?
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A Temporary Interruption.

Two pairs of lips just meeting—
A noise outside the door—
Two persons quickly separate
As they would meet no more.
It proves to be a false alarm—
Two persons as before.—*Puck.*

A Woman's Tact.

He got a message from his wife.
It knocked him off his pins.
With tears of joy, he read these words:
"Instead of triplets, twins."—*Puck.*

A Difference.

No bird we find in last year's nest
And therefore may we score it;
But—'tis the small boy knows it best—
It's different with the hornet.
—*Washington Star.*

Settled at Last.

She comes into the restaurant.
She sits down in a chair.
She tosses up her bangs and then
She reads the bill of fare.

She reads it up, she reads it down;
She reads it crosswise, too;
She reads it near, she reads it far;
She reads it through and through.

She takes it up, she puts it down;
She looks around in doubt;
She hums, she drums, she sighs, she starts;
Her lips begin to pout.

The waiter stands with sphinx-like stare
For hours, it seems to me.
And then—she says she *thinks* she'll have
A cup of nice hot tea.—*Life.*

Forgotten.

She measured out the butter with a very solemn air;
The milk and sugar, also; and she took the greatest care
To count the eggs correctly and to add a little bit
Of baking-powder which, you know, beginners oft omit.
Then she stirred it all together and she baked it full an hour;
But she never quite forgave herself for leaving out the flour.
—*The Club.*

Tobacco and Microbes.

A murrain on all of them! Out on the Sciences!
Plague on Research and her pestilent crew!
The creatures that utilize brains and appliances
To shatter old idols, nor offer us new.
They mirror me death in my every comestible;
Find a disease in my dearest pursits;
Condemn as disastrous, depraved, and detestable
All I put on, from my hat to my boots!

They babbled of microbes, bacilli, bacteria,
Jabbered of germs, and expounded of spores,
Till we fancied the breath of our lives was diphtheria,
Bread, animalculæ, beer, infusores.
Thou, and thou only, wert kind and salubrious,
Saint Nicotina; and, careless again,
Lapped in thy clouds, all their lispings lugubrious
Laughed we to scorn. 'Twas in vain! 'Twas in vain!

Can it be true, oh, thou last of the goddesses?
Thine aroma divine, so the blasphemers say,
Is the produce of beastly bacterial bodies, is
Naught but the fragrance which comes of decay!
Is each dream-laden pipe but a separate holocaust,
Steaming with savors of perishing germs?
Is the scent that I pay for, inhale, puff, or swallow, caused
Only by rot, to use plain-spoken terms?

Nay, thou bringest only Lethean beatitude,
Peace, and contentment, and balm for all harms;
Still will I worship thee, sweet one, in gratitude,
Mocking at scientists' senile alarms.
Fluid, or solid, or gas, 'tis all one to them;
All they've examined, and all they condemn:
O ye Knights of the Weed, tell me, what shall be done to them!
Were it not well to obsquatulate them?
—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

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City and County of San Francisco, }

We, the undersigned, GEORGE IRISH BAILEY and HERBERT BIRD WELLER, both residing in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, do hereby certify that we are partners transacting business in this State at the City and County of San Francisco, under the firm name and style of BAILEY & WELLER, and that the names in full of all the members of such partnership, and their respective places of residence, are hereinabove set forth.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands, this twenty-eighth day of March, A. D. 1892.

GEORGE I. BAILEY,
H. B. WELLER.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, } ss.
City and County of San Francisco, }

On the twenty-eighth day of March, A. D. One Thousand Eight Hundred and Ninety-Two, before me, JAMES L. KING, a Notary Public in and for said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared GEORGE IRISH BAILEY and HERBERT BIRD WELLER, known to me to be the individuals described in, whose names are subscribed to, and who executed the foregoing instrument, and they severally duly acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, the day and year last above written.

SEAL. JAMES L. KING,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
308 California St., San Francisco.

(Indorsed.)
Filed April 23, 1892.
WM. J. BLATTNER, Clerk,
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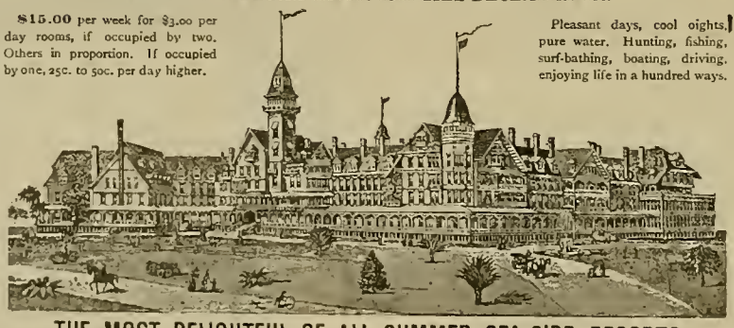

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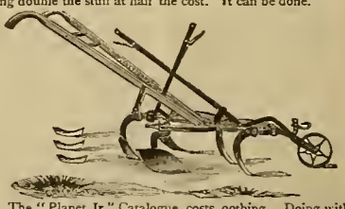

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supplying; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

Those sanguine persons who are forever felicitating the world on the passing away of the age of faith and declaring that it has been succeeded by an age of reason, deceive themselves. There have been scenes recently in the principal city within the United States that would have given a resurrected trader a comfortable, home-like feeling. And, we dare-say that under like inducement, the scenes would be repeated here in San Francisco. The "Grandmother of God"—as the reverent Mgr. Marquis describes the lady, a portion of whose remains he has in his charge—has been visiting the American metropolis. She was domiciled in a glass case at the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, in East Seventy-Sixth Street. She was on her way from Rome to the Church of St. Anne de Beaupré, of Quebec, to work miracles, but stayed over to do good in New York for some days. The *Sun* describes what happened on Sunday last:

"Early yesterday morning the crowd began to gather, and, when mass began, the church was packed until motion in it was impossible, while several thousands were in the streets. Mgr. Bernard O'Reilly preached upon miracles and relics, and gave a history of the relic now in evidence. After the sermon, the relic (a fragment of St. Anne's wrist) was exposed, and until six o'clock the glass cover was pressed by eager lips as rapidly as the priest, who sat at the edge of the chancel, could lift it. The church was filled and emptied about one hundred times before six o'clock. It is estimated that about fifteen thousand persons were in and around the church at different times during the day."

The charge for tickets to the morning exhibition was one dollar and in the evening fifty cents. More than five thousand dollars was taken in at the box-office. Evidence of a kind conclusive to the Catholic mind as to the genuineness of the relic was offered:

"The proof that this is part of the body of St. Anne," said Mgr. O'Reilly, "is the fact that miracles are performed through it. Since it has been here, no less than three miracles have been performed. A deaf man has been restored to hearing, a young girl has been cured of the palsy, and the third miracle I will not mention, because the person who experienced it is here."

These words created the greatest excitement in the church, as the faces of the people and the eager way in which they bent forward witnessed. And when Mgr. O'Reilly said: "Think of it! We have here a part of the body of the Grandmother of God! Flesh of His flesh and bone of His bone!" the excitement was shown by audible murmurs and by an uneasy rustling that ran again and again through the church. Mgr. O'Reilly then said: "I will bless you with this relic." And he took it in his hands and held it up. The whole congregation fell on their knees, and many of the older men and women wept.

The telegraph has since informed us that when Mgr. Marquis departed for Quebec with the Wrist of the "Grandmother of God" in his "right-hand trousers pocket," the lame, the halt, and the blind poured out of the church after him, begging for one more sight of the hallowed and potent bit of matter.

We do not know how many medical colleges there are in this country, nor the number of physicians and surgeons and drug-stores and apothecaries, but the total must mount into the hundreds of thousands, and the cost to the community he enormous. Now, it is obvious that if the wrist of the Grandmother of God and other relics of the kind can cure disease, not only as well but much more efficiently than medicine and surgery, the time, and money, and intellect devoted to all branches of the healing art are wasted. Every Catholic altar at which mass is celebrated has a little chamber in which are deposited fragments of sainted cadavers, all warranted by Holy Church to work miracles. What, therefore, is the use of depending upon human instrumentalities when the Almighty stands ready to make everybody well? That the church would favor the transfer of faith and revenue from the doctors to itself there can, of course, be no doubt; for to-day, as in the night of the remote past, it abates not a jot of its thrift or its claim to effect supernatural healing. Had the church the power, it would be but logical for it to enforce its pretensions in practice, as it was wont to do when it owned the earth and the minds of all men whose bodies it could reach and burn. There is venerable precedent for the church's guidance in this matter. Dr. Draper, in his "Intellectual Development of Europe," vol. 1, chap. xiii., thus records it:

"When Constantine the Great and his successors, under ecclesiastical influence, had declared themselves the enemies of worldly learning, it became necessary for the clergy to assume the duty of seeing to the physical as well as the religious condition of the people. It was unsuited to the state of things that physicians, whose philosophical tendencies inclined them to the pagan party, should any longer be endured. Their education in the Asclepions imparted to them ideas in opposition to the new policy. An edict of Constantine suppressed those establishments. . . . The sick, who were placed in the benevolent institutions, were, at best, rather under the care of kind nurses than under the advice of physicians, and the consequences are seen in the gradually increasing credulity and imposture of succeeding ages, until, at length, there was an almost universal reliance on miraculous interventions. Fetiches, said to be the relics of saints, but no better than those of tropical Africa, were believed to cure every disorder."

The faith which made traffic in such relics the most prosperous and profitable trade in mediæval Europe, and which excited the wrath of Luther and his followers in the sixteenth century, is not wanting now, as the New York crowds and miracles attest. It is Dr. Draper, again, who speaks of "that great mass of common men that in every age impede the progress of civilization." Ignorance, like dirt, is persistent, and it is from this mass to-day—which is as dense and ready to be as devout as were its forefathers, who knelt in Constantine's time at the shrines of saints—that the Roman Catholic Church draws its worshipers and strength. It is this mass which kneels and sobs at the sight of a bone held up by an Irish priest in a New York church, in May, 1892. The immense success—financial, curative, and spiritual—that has attended the American trip of the "Grandmother of God" will, it may be supposed, result in a relic home throughout the country, or rather in such portions of it as possess the conditions necessary for the performance of miracles—that is to say, in those localities where European immigrants are most plentiful and education is at its lowest. Although every Roman Catholic church in San Francisco owns relics, this climate, for some occult reason, has had a most unfavorable effect upon their energy. Since the American occupation, not a single miracle, we believe, has been performed here through their agency. If we are in error as to this, we trust Archbishop Riordan will kindly correct us. Why this singular inactivity of our local relics? How comes it that they are unable to hold their own with the sacred shin-bones and toe-nails of Europe? The church itself exhibits a deplorable want of faith in their efficacy. It maintains a large hospital here, which is to it a source of considerable revenue; but the patients, instead of being given relics to kiss, are subjected to the secular treatment of physicians and dosed from a pharmacopœia that knows nothing of dried saint, condensed hermit, or desiccated virgin. Can it be that our esteemed and reverend friend, Archbishop Riordan, and the prelates and priests of his diocese, have become infected with the Protestant heresy that the age of miracles is past, and that belief in the medicinal virtue of relics is possible only to persons sunk in ignorance and enslaved by gross and degrading superstition?

We plead for miracles in San Francisco. We have relics here that ought to do as good work as the wrist of St. Anne has done in New York. We have thousands upon thousands of faithful Roman Catholics, educated in our parochial schools, ready to adore the relics and to believe in cures. The local church, thus supplied with all the means for manifesting heaven's mercy and power, will be recreant to its faith and cruel to the sick and maimed of California if it does not step forward with the sacred bones intrusted to its care and put them to their proper use. More faith, brethren, more faith, and less fear of the sneer of the scorner. The field is white unto the harvest, and the *Argonaut*, like unto them of Macedonia, raises the strenuous cry, "Come over and help us!"

The Republican National Convention will meet at Minneapolis on the seventh of June, and the Democratic at Chicago on the twenty-first of June, there being a sort of custom, or unwritten law, that the party in power shall hold its convention first. Who the respective nominees are to be is an extremely interesting question, though it must be said that the uncertainty is confined chiefly to the Democratic side.

Henry Watterson, in a recent article, gives an entertaining historical retrospect, drawing a parallel between Cleveland in 1892 and Martin Van Buren in 1844, and showing that the choice of a great majority of the voters of the party need not necessarily be the choice of a nominating convention. Watterson figures it that Cleveland, while the choice of the party, can not be elected, the stumbling-block in the way of his success being New York. He says in this connection:

"Mr. Cleveland carried New York in 1884 by a bare plurality. He lost it in 1888 by a majority away up in the thousands. The party was fairly united in the first instance and entirely united [illegible] second.

Now it is split wide opeo from one eod of the State to the other, and Mr. Cleveland's following would be overwbelmed. The oumbers are agaiost Mr. Clevelaod, and at the ballot-box it is oumbers that count."

But in spite of Watterson's warning, the tide seems to be setting very strongly in favor of Cleveland, so far as the nomination is concerned, as was evidenced at the Fresno convention, where the anti-Cleveland Democrats were whipped into line and made to eat the crow against which their proud stomachs revolted. Unless something unforeseen shall happen, Cleveland will probably be the nominee of the Chicago convention, with practically no one against him.

As to the Republican situation, Murat Halstead sums it up very concisely. He says:

"Presidcot Harrison is before the country as a mao of the highest order of ability, of perfect integrity, of incessant industry, of extraordinary aptitude for the calm and swift dispositioo of matters of moment, of ready and tenacious grasp upoo tbe public busioess, of digoity of deportment and weight of character, cooservative, yet eoterprisiog, plucky, aod still safe, souod to the core on all the greater questioos of public policy; equipped with the most comprehensive intelligeoce, a rare mastery of details, and the intuitive as well as ioformed executive capacity that enables him to carry great burdens with relative ease."

Of late there has been a desperate effort to make it appear that there is a revolt in the Republican ranks which may defeat President Harrison for the nomination. Platt, Quay, Cameron, and a few lights of lesser degree bave combined to beat Harrison, and the only scheme they can devise which seems to have any possibility of success is to nominate Blaine. Platt has a grievance against the President, because he, Platt, was not permitted to have absolute control of the Federal patronage in New York, and he is struggling desperately to put Blaine into the race, not that he loves Blaine more, but Harrison less.

There is, we think, one factor on which the Platt combine has not reckoned, and that is Blaine himself. Some months ago, Mr. Blaine wrote a plain and unequivocal letter to J. C. Clarkson, chairman of the Republican National Committee, declining to permit himself to be considered a candidate for the Presidency. He has neither said nor done anything since that could indicate a change in sentiment on that question, and he is not a man given to vacillation. It will be remembered that, in 1888, he never varied from his Florence letter, though the importunities of his friends made it necessary for him to write the Paris letter, and subsequently to telegraph to the convention in session, repeating his declination. We can not see why Mr. Blaine should be suspected of being more infirm of purpose in 1892 than he was in 1888, more especially as the nomination was his to command by merely signifying his willingness to accept it when he wrote to General Clarkson. It is scarcely credible that a man like James G. Blaine should allow matters to go along until the very eve of the convention without announcing a change in his determination, and then yield to the solicitations of men who have only selfisb and personal aims to serve in attempting to defeat President Harrison.

We can not belive that the Platt-Quay-Cameron cabal can possibly succeed in its schemes. From the present outlook, the Republican nominee will be Benjamin Harrison, and his opponent will be Grover Cleveland, as in 1888. If sucb shall be the case, there can be no serious question as to the result of the election. The Democratic party has nothing to offer the people of the United States to induce them to restore it to political power. The promise of tariff reform is a transparent sham, for if the present House of Representatives, with its enormous Democratic majority, has accomplished nothing, and even attempted next to nothing, what is to be expected from another House where the majority will unquestionably be much smaller? The McKinley Bill is not unpopular, as the Democratic newspapers profess; but, on the contrary, has been steadily winning its way to public confidence, and is as good an issue as the Republican party could ask. Unless there be a political earthquake between now and November, President Harrison will be reëlected by a sweeping majority.

One of the great maritime ports of the world is Glasgow, on the Clyde, in Scotland. Historically it has not a particularly glorious record. But commercially, its chronicle is splendid.

A hundred years ago, the Clyde River was a shallow stream whose bed was intersected with sand-banks; it is said that the water was about two feet deep at Glasgow. About the close of the last century, when the town had a population of 50,000, engineers began to deepen and straighten the bed of the Clyde. Wharves and docks were built, the waters of the river were confined into a channel about 500 feet wide, and thus a depth was obtained sufficient to float the largest vessels of that day. The business of iron ship-building was soon after started; and, by concentrating on it the patient skill of the Scotch people, Glasgow succeeded in attaining a supremacy in the industry which she has never lost. Ever since the carrying trade was transferred from sailing to steamvessels, the swiftest and stanchest of the latter have been built on the Clyde. Other ship-building ports have competed, but they have never equaled Glasgow.

There was a time when the dwellers on the Clyde reckoned that Glasgow would become the chief commercial port of the western coast of Great Britain, as well as the chief shipyard; but that hope has been dispelled. It has been necessary for Glasgow to surrender the lead in maritime trade to Liverpool. But though from the date of the discovery of this necessity Glasgow concentrated her efforts on building ships rather than sailing them, she enjoys a maritime trade which has reached imposing proportions.

During the year ending June 30, 1891, the official report of the navigation of the Clyde shows that 14,855 steamers entered the Clyde, and 14,692 steamers cleared from Glasgow, while 1,044 sailing craft entered and 1,224 sailing craft cleared. The largest proportion of these vessels were engaged in the coasting trade, and arrived from or cleared for ports in Scotland, England, and Ireland; but 911 of them entered from foreign ports, and 1,230 of them cleared for foreign ports. Among these, the following table shows the movement to and from United States ports:

	Arrived.	*Cleared.*
Baltimore	37	5
Boston	31	31
New Orleans	1	1
Newport	4	0
New York	105	82
Philadelphia	27	16

Besides these, Glasgow sent out and received steamers from Australia, Brazil, Buenos Ayres, Chile, China, Japan, the East Indies, Mexico, Canada, and pretty nearly every port in the Mediterranean and the North Sea.

This active mercantile movement, conducted in close competition with so near a rival as Liverpool, shows what energy will do, and must be taken into consideration when we seek the causes of the population of Glasgow, which is more than twice that of San Francisco. Glasgow's wealth has been mainly acquired by her extraordinary proficiency in ship-building, and this, again, has been attained by paying the higbest rate of wages to the most efficient workmen, and offering periodical premiums for the most superior work. But if Glasgow did not have a maritime trade of her own to employ the vessels which her ship-yards turned out and could not sell, she would not be so rich as she is.

The policy of Glasgow, in her ship-building industry, has been precisely the opposite of the policy which the labor unions inculcate. The latter insist that all workmen shall be placed on the same level—the skillful and the awkward, the industrious and the lazy, the careful and the careless; that all shall work the same number of hours and receive the same pay. At Glasgow, on the other hand, the rule of particular selection is invariable. The man who turns out tbe best work gets tbe best pay; the man wbo turns out the poorest work gets the least pay and the fewest jobs. It is by adherence to this rule tbat the Glasgow yards turn out ships and machinery whicb the world has tbus far vainly tried to equal.

The quayage and docks of Glasgow extend over 11,000 lineal yards. The Clyde has been deepened so that ships drawing twenty-four feet of water can ride at anchor in the channel. Fifty millions of dollars bave been spent on the river and harbor, while its annual revenues aggregate $6,500,000. Into the narrow channel of the Clyde have been launched great transatlantic steamships, such as the *Etruria*, the *City of New York*, the *City of Paris*, and others—launched broadside on, as tbere was not room enougb in the "river" to launch them in tbe usual way. In a single year over 400,000 tonnage has been launched at Glasgow.

Yet this great city with three quarters of a million of inhabitants has sprung into prominence in less than half a century. And consider under what disadvantages! Out of tbe muddy creek on which she lay, she has made a magnificent harbor. While San Francisco, lying between a trackless ocean and a vast harbor, dreams ever of railroads, and never of the sea.

MARRIED.

LEE TAD—FRENCH.—In Brooklyn, Miss Grace French to Lee Tad.
LEE WING—FIELD.—In Brooklyn, Miss Field to Lee Wing.
WO SING—PHILBROOK.—In Brooklyn, Miss Philbrook to Wo Sing.
LEE KAI—BRIGHT.—In Philadelphia, Miss Bright to Lee Kai.

The ministers of the Evangelical Churches of Boston and vicinity, at their most recent monthly meeting, acted on the Chinese question in a manner that has drawn considerable notice. The Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon stated that twenty Chinamen were members of his church, and that they were, "as a body, the best Christians he knew of." Then he offered the following resolution, which was adopted with enthusiasm:

"The Evangelical Alliance of Boston, representing, we believe, the general Christian and patriotic sentiment of New England, hereby records its indignant protest against the Chinese Exclusion Bill recently passed by the Congress of the United States and signed by President Harrison. We consider the bill as un-American and un-Christian, and pronounce its passage in this centennial anniversary year of our history as a stain upon our national honor.

"Voted, That a copy of this resolution be transmitted to the Chinese Minister, Tsui Yin, at Washington, with the assurance that as Christian ministers and as American citizens we will do all in our power to have this obnoxious act repealed, and that our best efforts shall be put forth to protect the rights of his countrymen now living in America."

A copy was sent, also, to President Harrison. Our Chief Magistrate's reply, if he made one, has not been published.

There is nothing new, of course, in these manifestations of clerical sympathy with our troublesome friend John. They attract far more attention in the East than here. We are used to them. It is customary on the Pacific Coast to attribute them to that bias in favor of wealth and against the masses to which clergymen of pew-renting churches are unhappily prone, or, more generously, to their ignorance of the Chinese and the rashness of expression which must be looked for in a class of men who have convinced themselves and their flocks that to contradict them is an offense nearly related to the sin of blasphemy.

But a new light is breaking, which reveals a possible motive that has heretofore been overlooked. Next in importance to the question, which he would rather not answer himself: "Why have the churches lost their hold on the masses?" the Eastern preacher holds that other: "Why don't our young men marry?" This latter query concerns him deeply. To see the girls of his church sitting before him year after year, in number undiminished and withering into dry and ancient spinsterhood like flowers on unwatered bushes in a neglected garden, is necessarily saddening to a pastor, who is, in a manner, their common father. Anything that tends to diminish the scant supply of men, he and the maidens naturally regard with disfavor. They are advocates of free trade in husbands, and prefer Chinamen to no men at all. The large matrimonial results attending upon the Eastern practice of appointing a female teacher to every Chinese pupil in the Sunday-school has given a tremendous impetus to this branch of missionary work. The agitation against so close a mingling of Mongolian coolies and white girls of decent social position, which was raised recently by the press and some clergymen who had acquired knowledge of John's morals in China and California, excited the wrath of most of the preachers, and also of the teachers, who protested, one and all, that their interest in their pig-tailed charges was purely spiritual. Nevertheless, marriages between white teachers and yellow pupils increase, to the great satisfaction of the clergy (who willingly tie such knots) and, no doubt, to that of the fastidious brides also. Within the past few weeks there has been a boom in such pairings. Miss Grace French, of Brooklyn, aged twenty, devout, good-looking, and daughter of well-to-do parents, has taken for a husband her Sunday-school favorite, one Lee Tad, a laundryman, who in his courtship succeeded in overcoming the slight handicap of a first wife and two children in China. Another teacher in Philadelphia is now Mrs. Lee Kai, and Miss Field and Miss Philbrook, belonging to the same church as the late Miss French, bave become Mrs. Lee Wing and Mrs. Wo Sing.

The thought of such unions fills the Californian, male and female, with shuddering disgust. In the South, marriages between white women and black men are not more abhorred. But geography and supply and demand have a great deal to do with the social point of view. An aged lady, named Mrs. Carto, is the superintendent of the Sunday-school which has given three brides to the deserving heathen. "Why shouldn't they marry Chinamen?" she demanded of the questioning reporters. "I'd rather marry a Chinaman myself than a white man. They don't spit, or chew, or smoke, and they know how to treat ladies like gentlemen." What necessity exists for converting pagans already so virtuous and skilled in courtesy, does not appear to have been mentioned by this ardent missionary. The report of her remarkable and instructive observations goes on:

"Miss Field has done nothing to be ashamed of. There's very few young women that will get so good a husband. I say again, I'd rather marry a Chinaman than a white man any day."

"So would I," chimed in a buxom, brown-haired young woman, who, with half a dozen others, had crowded round Mrs. Carto while she was gesticulating.

"And I, too," said a tall, blonde girl. Two or three others joined in the assertion with an air of great conviction.

Now, when such is the prevailing sentiment of the marriageable lambs of the flock, and as even Chinamen are comparatively scarce in the East, it is not surprising that the pastors of the churches in New York, Boston, and elsewhere in the manless belt should regard with anxiety and indignation all legislation such as the Exclusion Law. But the brethren are in error when they permit themselves to lose all self-restraint, as did those of the Boston Evangelical Alliance and the New York Methodist Missionary Society. The state of things is really not so alarming as they, with their limited knowledge of our resources, think. California alone has sixty thousand or more Chinamen who can be drawn upon as required, and such a supply ought to last a good while. Rather than our sisters should go unwed, we, in our munificent We think, will engage to pay the Eastward fare of the brides we need be; though it would be but fair, it appears to us, considering the superior attractions of the California Saints—were the New York, Brooklyn, Boston, and P

churches to take up collections and establish a permanent fund for this purpose. What the complexion of the Eastern church-goer will be like a quarter of a century hence is a matter which concerns the Atlantic side more than it does us; but to prevent disappointment on the part of pastors and the bevies of sweet things palpitating to be brides, the fact may be stated that the Chinaman seldom fails to transmit his bias eyes, simian jaw, and restricted frontal development to his offspring.

The new understanding which the frequency of these marriages gives us of the motive which impels the Eastern dominie to favor unrestrained Chinese immigration will tend to abate sectional feeling and reëstablish a complete *entente cordiale* between the Atlantic and the Pacific. We have the Chinamen—the preachers and the sisters of their congregations want them, and we are eager to oblige. All cause of friction, therefore, disappears, and the Chinese question is settled to the joyous pealing of wedding-bells.

If the Archbishop of Canterbury should suddenly announce his utter disbelief in the doctrine of the resurrection, and should declare that he had become converted to the belief in annihilation of body and soul at death, his profession of faith would scarcely create more consternation than the recent address of the Marquis of Salisbury, Prime Minister of the British Empire, in which he declared, in effect, that the British policy of free trade was a delusion, and that all the progress of the world was to be found among the protectionist countries. That he knew the consequences of his declaration was manifest from his saying that he fully expected to be excommunicated; but, in spite of imminent danger of a political *auto da fé*, he retracted not a single word of his speech, and persisted in saying that England, under free trade, could not compete with the protectionist nations of the world.

When the history of the corn-law and free-trade agitation in England comes to be written by an impartial and unprejudiced historian, those bright and shining lights of free trade, Richard Cobden and John Bright, must suffer a diminution of their traditional and historic brilliancy. It will be shown, as Morley has already hinted, that the real genesis of the cheap loaf was not a catholic and all-embracing charity for wage-workers in England, but a desire to provide cheaper food for employees, in order that the profits of employers might be greater.

This, however, has passed into the realm of ancient history. Circumstances favored the establishment of free trade in Great Britain, the immediate cause of her succeeding prosperity being the wonderful development of manufactures consequent upon the improvements in the use of machinery and the application of steam as a motive power. The proximity of coal and iron, added to the development of the discoveries of Watt and Stephenson, gave Great Britain an advantage which made her the workshop of the world, and the statesmen of that country, by a strange sort of confusion of cause and effect, attributed English prosperity to free trade, when it was really due to the evolution of mechanical industries under peculiarly advantageous circumstances.

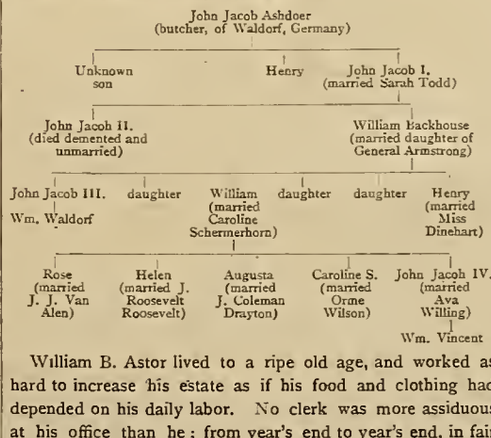
Lord Salisbury, who is more concerned with the present and the future of England than with her past, has the courage of his convictions, and in his Hastings speech told his hearers very plainly that Cobden and Bright were sadly mistaken in their predictions as to the effect of free trade on the world at large. He said, among other things:

"Forty or fifty years ago, everybody believed that free trade had conquered the world, and they prophesied that every nation would follow the example of England and give itself up to free trade. The results, however, are not exactly what they prophesied. Foreign nations are raising, one after another, a brazen wall of protection around their shores which excludes us from their markets, and, so far as they are concerned, do their best to kill our trade, and this state of things does not get better. On the contrary, it constantly seems to get worse."

An amusing corollary to this Hastings speech of Lord Salisbury's is the plank in the platform of the California Democratic State Convention, which demands the unconditional repeal of the McKinley Bill. Did the statesmen who assembled at Fresno, under the guidance of Barney Murphy, William D. English, W. W. Foote, and other bright and shining lights of the Democratic party of California, pause to reflect that the McKinley Bill, as it is called, is the only existing law of the United States which imposes a customs duty on foreign imports, and that its repeal would create in this country absolute free trade, a thing unknown in any civilized country in the world?

The action of the Fresno convention, however, is neither here nor there, since its platform will soon be superseded by that of the national convention which is to meet at Chicago, but every sensible and thoughtful American citizen should ask himself this question, without regard to partisan platforms or politics: If Great Britain, after half a century's trial of free trade under exceptionally advantageous conditions, has forced her prime minister to the conclusion that it is detrimental to her interests, what encouragement is there for the United States to take up free trade, and discard protection, under which our advancement has been such as to excite the wonder and admiration of the world?

The will of the late William Astor has been filed for probate in New York. It disposes of an estate which a conservative estimate values at seventy millions, and provides that six-sevenths of the whole—or sixty millions of dollars—shall go to his son, John Jacob Astor. The purpose of the original Astor, who died in 1848, was to found a dynasty, and he left nearly the whole of his property, which was then valued at twenty millions of dollars, to his son, William B. Astor. The Astor family tree is as follows:



William B. Astor lived to a ripe old age, and worked as hard to increase his estate as if his food and clothing had depended on his daily labor. No clerk was more assiduous at his office than he; from year's end to year's end, in fair weather or foul, in sickness and in health, he put in his regular day's work. But he departed from the purpose of the founder of his family by dividing his estate by his will. How much money he left no one knew. Some reckoned it at fifty millions of dollars, others at one hundred millions of dollars. He left three sons. Of these, he disinherited one, Henry; the estate he divided equally between the two others, William and John Jacob. Legacies provided for the women of the family; nine-tenths of the fortune went to the two sons.

Of these two sons, one, John Jacob, died a short while since, leaving the great bulk of his property to his son William Waldorf Astor. Again the women were provided for by legacies which involved no appreciable diminution of the main estate.

The other son of William B. Astor, William, has now died; and, following the family rule, he has left legacies to his women folk, and bequeaths all the remainder of his estate to his son John Jacob. Thus the great Astor property is united in two hands. How much it amounts to no one can tell. The estimate of seventy millions of dollars, which has been placed on the fortune of the late William, is said, in New York, to be an under-valuation. One hundred millions are mentioned as being nearer the mark. But, if William Astor's property was worth seventy-five millions of dollars and William Waldorf Astor's property is equally valuable, the two cousins, who are quite young men, are worth between them one hundred and fifty millions of dollars. If they live to the ordinary term of life, they may double their money before they die, and if they follow the Astor rule of leaving the bulk of their money to one son each, their heirs may, between them, possess a fortune of three hundred millions of dollars. Their example may be followed indefinitely, and it is entirely impossible to say how much wealth may be in the possession of two Astors at the close of the twentieth century.

It goes without saying that the accumulation of such a fortune will not be permitted without serious misgivings by the American people. In the ordinary course of events, the rewards of the wage-earner are likely to be less as the country fills up. Dense population involves low wages. When, during the next century, the Astors are increasing their possessions at the rate of many millions a year, it is on the cards that the number of those who endure the evils of poverty will also be increasing at the rate of as many millions a year. Such divergent tendencies are almost certain sooner or later to involve conflict. It was to avoid this danger that the founders of our government frowned upon laws of entail and primogeniture. They could not prevent a man leaving his property as he chose at his death, but they required entails to be renewed by each generation, reckoning that sooner or later some testator would break the entail and distribute his belongings. The Astors seem disposed to defeat this prudent provision of our jurisprudence. It is a daring undertaking. No people in the world have ever submitted to starvation in the presence of enormously rich neighbors. When that occurs, the natural law of spoliation is apt to come into play—as the church can testify; and the Astors had best beware of it. Better men than they have been robbed of their property by hungry mobs.

They have realized, before this, that they are not exempt from the natural laws of social life. William Astor married, in 1853, Caroline Webster Schermerhorn, a belle of that day, and a scion of New York aristocracy. Shortly after their marriage, they found that their tastes were uncongenial, and, though they were never formally separated, they generally lived apart—he in Europe, she in New York or Newport. Her sole pleasure was society; he hated it, and loved to lead the life of a recluse. For thirty years there has been little intercourse between them; and he, probably, was as unhappy a man as could be found in a day's journey. It does not appear that he had any friends or intimate acquaintances, though he had so many millions.

Reference has been made to Henry Astor, the disinherited son of William B. Astor. He, when a young man, fell in love with a country girl, named Melvina Dinehart, whose father owned a small farm, but who, at the time the young people plighted their troth, was working as a day-laborer on the Astor farm at Rhineheck. The whole Astor family rose up in arms against the misalliance; but Henry was firm. He would not accept family dictation, and married his love. His father punished him in the old baronial way. He cut him off with a shilling, and the brother who died some weeks ago went out of his way to emphasize the endurance of the family resentment by providing in his will:

"It is my will and intention that neither my brother Henry Astor nor his issue shall, as heirs-at-law or next of kin, receive any portion of my estate."

Luckily for Henry, his grandfather, the old John Jacob Astor, had left him a field and a few shanties in the city of New York, and these have increased in value so that he has become well-to-do, and he has built him a fine house in a village of his own, which he calls Astorville. He has no children, but he lives happily with the love of his youth, and probably does not grudge his brothers their millions. There is a quaint humor in the report of an interview with him by a New York reporter. Said the reporter:

"Have you any intention of contesting the will?"

"I have no such intention."

"Would you mind telling me your opinion of the provisions of the will, as they affect various members of the family?"

"I have no opinion," said Mr. Astor, quietly, "for I have not read the will."

"Permit me to tell you that you and Mrs. Drayton have been treated alike, cut off with nothing. Do you think Mrs. Drayton was treated fairly?"

"I don't know Mrs. Drayton," was his reply; "I never saw her in my life."

Mr. Astor was then told of the provisions for John Jacob, the son, for Mrs. Astor, and for the other daughters.

"I don't know any of them," Mr. Astor replied; "never saw one of them in my life."

"Have you never seen Mr. or Mrs. William Astor since your marriage?" was asked.

"I saw him once on the street—on the opposite side."

If Henry Astor had only seduced the farmer's daughter, and then abandoned instead of marrying her, he would, doubtless, have been in good standing in the Astor family to-day. But he married her; and so blue is the blood of this parvenu millionaire family that they treated Henry Astor as an outcast because he would not be false to the girl he loved.

There has been a slight rise in the price of silver bullion lately—a rise of about one cent per ounce. Whether this is attributable to the action of the popular branch of Congress in relation to silver, or to the incipient effect of the movement in Europe among the great nations for a monetary conference to consider and agree upon the exact status of silver as money, is not yet clear. At home, there are two moving forces, acting directly contrary to each other. The free-silver men demand the parity of silver with gold, to the extreme point of making the silver dollar of 412½ grains the equal of the gold dollar of 25¾ grains, although silver is selling in the open market at rates that put the actual value of that dollar at from sixty-seven to sixty-nine cents. The gold-bugs oppose the remonetization of silver altogether as the legal exchange for values, and insist that it shall be simply as currency of convenience, receivable in payment of small-trade transactions, but not as legal tender of the country in financial transactions. Between these, the earnest bimetallists contend for the money of the constitution—gold and silver; but for the just standard, in the law regulating the precise coin value of the mintage with regard to each precious metal. A dollar should be worth its face value.

It is many years since the people of California have shown such hostility toward the Southern Pacific Company. Every day the feeling is growing more widespread and more bitter. The suspicious course of the Railroad Commission—a Republican board—and the failure of the recent Republican State Convention even to mention the transportation question in its platform, have impressed the people with doubts concerning the relations of the Republican party leaders to the railroad. This feeling has been increased by the strong anti-railroad plank which the Democrats put in their platform. It is the opinion of many close observers that this feeling will cause the defeat of the Republican congressional, legislative, and municipal tickets. California is, on national issues, a Republican State. But this anti-railroad Democratic wave may engulf even the Presidential electoral ticket. The Republican National Committee had better look [illegible] California fences. It is time.

ON THE TOANO GRADE.

Dark and dumb and cold as death itself lay the dry mesa. It was late at night. The coyotes had ceased to howl. The owls no longer gave forth their dismal hoots. No breath stirred the leaves of the dry greasewood and sage. The cold stars shone out as they only shine through the rare, clear air of the desert. The slim horn of a cold moon, dropping down over the far-away buttes, glinted the wheel-worn edges of two steel rails that ran away into the blankness on either side of the spot. Near the railroad track stood a ghostly telegraph-pole, and its wires also ran away into the blankness. If there were any sounds at all in the air, they came from these wires. But they must have been mere whisperings, for the man who lay awake under them heard them not.

The man was frightfully, strainedly awake. But by his side, and under the same blanket, lay another man who was sound asleep.

It is best for a super-sensitive man to sleep, and sleep soundly, if he must needs lie out on the desert under the stars. It is an awful thing for such a one to be cursed by sleeplessness at such a time and in such a place.

The horrible stillness, the dumbness of nature weighed upon the wakeful man, who lay there upon his back, looking up at the myriad eyes that peeped through the dark roof of the world. He felt the oppressiveness of it all as keenly as he felt the numbing of the chill night air.

He turned on his unyielding bed of sand, and heard the crackle of a sage-twig under his body. A pistol shot would have sounded no louder to his overwrought ear. Why did the sound not awaken the sleeper at his side? If only he would awake, or even turn. But, poor, tired man, he had tramped many a long mile over the burning plain, through alkali-dust, and by sage and cactus wastes. Let him sleep.

The sleepless one raised his hand to his face, on which the skin was tightly drawn. How hot the unwinking eye of heaven had blazed upon him through the day. It seemed to have seared his cheek and forehead.

"God! If I had but one glass of rum—one glass!" he groaned, half-aloud.

And then he went over his life, and made himself to see clearly why he had become so dependent upon a fiery fluid for his peace of mind. It was the thirst—the cursed thirst—that had built itself up within him out of the very elements with which he had thought to appease it. And the consequences of that thirst! His mind ran back to his home. How she must hate him—that patient wife, who had borne with him so long! Did she? Was it hate that blazed from her eyes when they had had that final quarrel, and he had left her, never to return? He could not bring himself to think that it was. He was so frightfully alone—so much in need of being in some one's kindly thoughts that——

The man at his side *did* turn at last. But he settled down at once to peaceful slumber. He had not awakened. If he only would awake, his cheery Irish hanter would make the night less hideous for a time, perhaps; but let him sleep. He should not trespass on his good nature by arousing him. Although only the acquaintance of a day, he had, in his genial Celtic way, been more than kind. He had given a most unworthy and undeserving man food from his slim store, and now he was sharing with him his poor, thin blanket. An unworthy man—yes, most unworthy. Had he not left his wife to shift for herself? Had he not wholly deserted her? Yes, but she no longer loved him. He had been such a drag upon her—such a burden. She was better off without him—far better. The inmoving tide of this heavy thought bore down upon him more than all the oppressiveness of the night silence on the desert, more than that fearful thirst. It was better that she should live without him—far better. He was unworthy. How cut off he seemed from the whole world! The little warmth he felt from the man's body, lying by his own, made its impress on his mind. In spite of all his desire for independence when he had started off on that wild journey, with only a few coins in his pocket, his hot assertion that he could go his way without reference to others seemed now to have been a part of his old weakness of character. Even the strongest must lean upon some one. None could go their way wholly alone. How interdependent was the whole race of man.

And she had leaned on him. Perhaps she did still, in a way. For might she not be looking for him to come back? It was not likely that she even dreamed he was a thousand miles away. What were a thousand miles, after all? He had not been long in passing them over. It would not take long to retrace them.

With these thoughts tingling in his brain, he could no longer lie there. He must be up and in motion.

So he arose and lamely made his way to the railroad track, leaving his friend of a day to sleep it out alone. He stepped between the rails and halted there, facing the telegraph-pole. To the right, was the way of the free man, without wife or home. To the left, the way led back to her.

"I have almost killed her by my recklessness," he thought; "why should I go back to complete the job?"

He glanced over his right shoulder.

"But that may mean the same thing. She is alone and helpless. Still to go back means—God!" he sobbed; "why can't I be a man."

His eyes sought the stars.

"Yes, I can be."

He took off his hat and raised high his hand. Then he spoke, while yet looking up, and the still night air heard his words:

"I swear that hereafter I will hold my desire for drink in check, and that I will strive to make myself worthy of the good woman who bears my name. So help me God. Amen."

Then down the back track he strode fiercely, clenching his hands as he swung them at his sides.

Two hours later he stepped upon the platform of the station at Toano. There he stopped to rest. It was still dark, and no one was about to look at him suspiciously as upon a tramp, and to tell him to be off.

From a small building across the way lights were shining. Through the open doorway he saw men sitting about a stove. He heard their loud jokes and hearty laughs. How warm and comfortable they seemed. And he was bitterly cold. He went nearer to the place. As he approached it, a man came and stood in the doorway. Strange to say, this man greeted him with a cordial "Hello, pardner!"

He made some sort of reply, in a shaky voice, for his teeth were chattering.

"Trampin' to Frisco?"

"Yes."

"Wal, it's good walkin', ain't it?"

"Oh, yes." Why should his teeth chatter so?

"Say, now, pardner, I kin tell you suthin' that beats walkin' all to pieces."

"What is it?"

"Why, 'bout half a mile up the railroad there's a heavy grade on a curve. When the emigrant-train goes up there she don't go fast—not much faster'n a horse and wagon. You kin jump on without any trouble or without any of the train hands noticin' you, as they would at a station, and you kin go into a keer and sleep all the rest of the night. When you wake up in the morning you'll be at Mesilla, seventy-five miles from here. That's two big days' journey for a man travelin' afoot."

It was worth trying.

"When will the train be along?"

"In 'bout an hour."

"Thank you."

"Say," and the voice grew kindly, "ain't you pretty blame cold? Come inside awhile and warm up."

He followed the man into the house. There was a bar there, and some men were before it, drinking. His new friend led him up to the bar.

This would not do. There was his resolve to consider. Well, he was on his way back home—that much was settled. And as for drinking, there would be just this one glass, to warm him up. He was really very cold, and numb, and needed it. As it was to be just one and the last, it was well that it should be a large, warming draught. So he poured the glass nearly full. He felt the fire of it as it went down. Yes, it did warm one—that was certain. He had eaten so little that the hot liquid swiftly set up its reign in his tired brain, and when his new comrade urged another and still another upon him, he could not refuse.

"Now, I reckon you better git up the track if you're goin' to git that free Pullman pass o' yourn from Toano to Mesilla, with no change o' keers," remarked his entertainer, glancing at the clock.

He started up. "Good-bye," he said; "God bleth you."

His tongue was thick, though his gait was fairly steady. He could walk very fast now, and soon he was up the grade and at the curve. How strong his nerves were. No longer did the night weigh upon him. What a different man he was from the creature who had limped along the ties a few hours ago. How much firmer of purpose.

The light from an oncoming locomotive shot up the track. The iron giant coughed, wheezed, and panted. It was truly a hard pull up the Toano grade. He stood by the side of the track as the dazzling head light glared upon him for a moment. How firm he was, but how he would have trembled had he gone there unbraced for the ordeal. He did not tremble now. It was a long train. The cars, with their dull lights, passed slowly at first, but they gathered speed as they went along. He would not wait for the last, for that was the caboose, and in it was the conductor. What speed the train had gathered! Still it was not going very fast, he thought. Now was the time. It would be two-days' foot journey nearer to her. He wou'd soon be at home.

He grasped a hand-rail, lifted one foot up, missed the step, and was thrown with relentless force under the wheels.

There was a wild cry, a crunching sound, and the train had passed, leaving the light dust it had stirred up to settle down again upon the sagebrush-leaves.

"Say, Bill, I heard some one yell."

It was a trainman who spoke, and it was the head brakeman who heard him.

"So did I—it was under the car. Another tramp gone to Kingdom Come."

"We ought to stop—hadn't we?—and see about it?"

"Stop on the Toano grade? How wild you talk. You must have been drinking." FRANK BAILEY MILLARD.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1892.

Ex-Mayor Carter H. Harrison, of Chicago, now editor of the *Times* of that city, had a narrow escape a few mornings ago. While in the saddle he rode past one gate at a railway crossing in the Windy City, but was detained on the track by the lowering of the other. A train was rapidly approaching, and the animal on which he was mounted reared and plunged excitedly. But the rider controlled his horse until the gate could be raised, and then dashed under it with lowered head just as the train swept by.

According to foreign papers, while the Duchess of Sanfelice was walking along the Via Firenze, in Rome, recently, the cord holding her necklace of pearls broke, and the gems, valued at fifty thousand dollars, rolled into the sewer. An alarm was sent to the department of streets, and laborers were instructed to search for the pearls, the Via Firenze, in the meantime, being closed. The hunt was successful, and all but four of the jewels were found.

A new feat in mind-reading was recently performed by A. W. Scott, of Tompkinsville, Ky. He was blindfolded and put to work at a compositor's case to set type, which he did, with accuracy and celerity, though utterly ignorant of the location of the boxes containing the various letters.

OLD FAVORITES.

How Sleep the Brave.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And freedom shall a while repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

—*William Collins.*

The Knot of Blue and Gray.

Upon my bosom lies
A knot of blue and gray;
You ask me why. Tears fill my eyes,
As low to you I say:

"I had two brothers once,
Warm-hearted, bold, and gay;
They left my side. One wore the blue,
The other wore the gray.

"One rode with Stonewall and his men
And joined his fate to Lee;
The other followed Sherman's march
Triumphant to the sea.

"Both fought for what they deemed the right,
And died with sword in hand;
One sleeps amid Virginia's hills,
And one in Georgia's sand.

"The same sun shines upon their graves;
My love unchanged must stay;
And so upon my bosom lies
The knot of blue and gray."—*Anon.*

Decoration Day.

Sleep, comrades, sleep and rest
On this Field of Grounded Arms,
Where foes no more molest,
Nor sentry's shot alarms.

Ye have slept on the ground before,
And started to your feet
At the cannon's sudden roar,
Or the drum's redoubling heat.

But in this camp of Death
No sound your slumber breaks;
Here is no fevered breath,
No wound that bleeds and aches.

All is repose and peace,
Untrampled lies the sod;
The shouts of battle cease
It is the Truce of God!

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep!
The thoughts of men shall be
As sentinels to keep
Your rest from danger free.

Your silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers;
Yours has the suffering been,
The memory shall be ours.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

Somebody's Darling.

Into a ward of the whitewashed halls,
Where the dead and the dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's Darling was borne one day—
Somebody's Darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of the fair young brow,
Pale are the lips of delicate mold—
Somebody's Darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow,
Brush all the wandering waves of gold;
Cross his hands on his bosom now—
Somebody's Darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for Somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer both soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take—
They were Somebody's pride, you know;
Somebody's hand hath rested there—
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in their waves of light?

God knows best! he was Somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting band.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him—
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling, child-like lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's Darling lies buried here."—*Anon.*

Judge Gresham was showing some friends how badly cracked were the walls of his office in the Federal building in Chicago, recently, when three of the mantel slabs which he had touched lightly fell with a crash to the floor. A few minutes before this incident, his electric lights were extinguished by the breaking of a wire, due to a fresh split in the wall; and the same day a window-sash over his door became dislodged and dropped.

John Eckerd, of Pottstown, Pa., has received a letter written by Horace Greeley more than thirty-eight years ago. The note referred to some books which Mr. Greeley had presented to the Pottstown library, in which Mr. Eckerd was then interested. The letter was still sealed, and was found in one of the books.

SELF-SUPPORTING WOMEN.

"Van Gryse" writes of the Independent Vestals of New York.

One of the most interesting figures in New York life of to-day is the self-supporting woman—a figure to be found from the highest to the humblest society; a figure which is worthy of the observation of the deepest student of metropolitan life and manners.

A little while ago, the self-supporting woman was a wonder and a novelty. She was at once a heroine and an anomaly. For the poor girl of one or two generations back there were only two alternatives—grinding and helpless poverty or marriage. She had to marry the first man who asked her, or consent to a life of starved parsimony or begrudged help. If she became that most desolate of all human creatures—an old maid, dependent upon the charity of her relatives—she was made to regret the pride or delicacy that had induced her to refuse her suitor, and had signed and sealed her to the bleak, grim life of a poor relative.

The penniless girl of to-day, with the experience of her limp and brow-beaten maiden aunts before her, has realized the cruelty of her position and has taken a bold step for life and liberty. The modern unmarried woman of five-and-twenty, with a clear mind, an independent spirit, a refined temperament, and the experience of nineteen centuries behind her, would rather scrub floors or sweep crossings for a living than consent to the degradation of what is commonly called "marrying for a home." She has seen her weaker sisters, too feeble to struggle hand to hand with life, resign themselves to a loveless marriage with spiritless acquiescence or sick despondency. She has no wish to follow in their footsteps. She will marry, as she herself says, "if the right man comes." But to marry for a roof over her head and butter to her bread—perish the thought! A great deal better take her chop and cup of coffee cooked over an oil-stove in a freezing hall-bedroom. Here she is her own mistress, and no one can growl if the coffee is thick and the chop tastes of kerosene.

So, year by year, the army of self-supporting women grows apace. Though they are courageous, shrewd, and independent, there is nothing of the woman's-rights female about them. They are neither hard nor aggressive. They are as far removed from that unattractive class of women who do not wash their hands, cut their hair off short, and wear men's hats, as they are from the class who spend their days reading French translations, changing their dresses, and kissing their pet dogs. They are not self-supporting for the sake of being talked about, and do not crave to see their beauty and their courage sung in the Sunday papers. They have taken up their rôles not as women seeking notoriety and advertisement, but as women seeking freedom from a condition of society that for centuries has crushed their pride and wounded their delicacy.

Some of these women have a more or less easy time of it. That is to say, their talents or abilities, in whatever art or profession they direct them, receive quick recognition, and the woman, be she artist, writer, dressmaker, bookkeeper, or sick-nurse, finds herself in receipt of an income on which she can live comfortably and maybe put away something substantial against the always-to-be-looked-for rainy day. Almost all the great dailies in New York employ women at good salaries. From them is expected the methodical regularity, the mechanical precision in their work that a man would give. But they are serious women, earnestly trying to support themselves, not working merely until some man will be so kind as to marry them, not on a chase for romantic adventures, or dime-novel love affairs. They work conscientiously and carefully, not often discouraged, and always painstaking and sincere.

These successful ones, comfortable and hopeful, are among the happiest of women. They have their lives laid out before them, busy with a pleasant toil in which their hopes and energies are centered. They are free and independent. The carping cares of the housekeeper are not theirs. If the domestic joys of the woman who marries happily are not for them, at least they have none of her intolerable anxieties and unceasing, petty trials—anxieties and trials that would be almost unbearable to their more daring and independent natures. Their work is a joy to them, their freedom a perpetual source of self-gratulation. It must be, indeed, a *grande passion* which will induce a woman so placed deliberately to take upon herself the responsibilities and cares of marriage.

The sick-nurses, who are recruited from the ranks of the laboring women to the ranks of the highest classes, are, as a rule, very comfortable. A good nurse has a steady income insured to her, which, while it is not going to make her rich, is going to keep her well. The competent nurses, especially those who are tried in surgical cases, pass from case to case with few and sometimes no rests between. Almost all these have a room or rooms in a convenient boarding-house that they look upon as "home." Sometimes their home does not see them for weeks. Sometimes, between engagements, they drop into their quarters and take a few days' rest, enjoying absolute idleness and giving their nerves a chance to smooth down.

A few weeks since, while looking through one of these well-kept and centrally-located boarding-houses, I caught a glimpse of a nurse's "home." The landlady, pushing the door ajar, invited the visitor to inspect the room, inhabited by two nurses who were "hardly ever there." The room was large and full of sun. It contained a good deal of furniture, large chairs and sofas, two folding-beds, and a desk. The mantel-piece and tables were covered with photographs in fancy frames, some of them members of this gentle craft, in their trim uniforms of broad, white aprons, plain dresses, and little, close white caps, with ruffled edges. The faces under these caps were, in one or two cases, exquisitely pretty, and were the faces of women who were both young and refined. In one corner of the room stood a tea-table with a brass kettle, and a semi-circle of fancy cups. Here the nurses, in their *heures perdues*, brewed an afternoon draught, and probably, being but human, indulged in cheerful gossip.

But to realize the earnestness, the determination, of the women who are self-supporting, one must look at the other side of the picture. When money comes easily and the work is appreciated and successful, the life of the girl who works at a profession or art is a life to be envied. She does not attest her independent spirit by clinging to a work which is pleasant to her, remunerative, and creditable. It is the women who are not well paid, are not successful, are not on the high road to prosperity, who show what power this independent spirit really has. When one sees a good-looking girl of twenty-four or five, working hard and living from hand to mouth, wearing the shabbiest kind of clothes, and cooping herself up in a hall-bedroom under the leads, while she struggles along at her art-studies, or tries to make both ends meet on a six-hundred-dollar-a-year salary, one begins to realize that the self-supporting woman is a serious being, taking herself seriously, and as determined to render herself independent as is her sister, the summer girl, to make a good matrimonial settlement.

It would not much benefit that gay *cigale* of hotel piazzas and white-silk parasols to ask help of the poor *fourmi* of cheap hall-bedrooms and meals cooked on oil-stoves. The *fourmi* who has not yet made a success of her bold determination to support herself, is a poor little being from a worldly point of view. Her poverty is extreme, her spirit is unbreakable, but there must be moments when, aloft in her sky-parlor, she feels her courage melt away and her heart die within her. She has not many friends, for her poverty prevents her going anywhere, and even the people in the boarding-house know little or nothing about her, for she does not wish them to see into the secrets of her humble housekeeping.

Many of these girls and women are students at art schools and at medical colleges. Some are teachers, with very few pupils, or artists, who paint cards and frames and menus for large stationery stores, or struggling *littérateurs*. What they live on would not support a rich young lady's pet pug. The hall-bedroom, high up, very cold in winter, very hot in summer, can be had with dinner for four dollars a week. This leaves breakfast and lunch to account for. The dweller in the upper air-currents carries in with her, in the very bottom of her trunk, a little oil-stove and a few provisions. She has a biscuit from her tin box and a cup of coffee made over her stove for breakfast, some potted meats, and, in summer, a trifle of fruit for her lunch. One of these girls recently announced, in a letter to a Sunday paper, that her board, lodging, and laundry cost her five dollars and thirty cents a week. This would be hard to beat, even among the students in Paris.

But it requires more maneuvering than the uninitiated guess to keep up this little housekeeping. In a good boarding-house, well-kept for nice people, it is not the custom for the inmates to cook in their own rooms. The *fourmi* has got to smuggle in her supplies, and invent plausible stories to account for her not partaking of breakfast. Lunch she may be supposed to get outside in some woman's restaurant. So when she lights up her oil-stove, gets out her tin of biscuits and her pound of coffee from the *cache* in her trunk, she generally has to open the windows of her airy domicile, and brew her morning cup with her hat and jacket on. If the aroma of coffee or a broiling chop—carried in the evening before in her coat-pocket or her muff—floats out through the key-hole and down the stairs, the landlady's tap on the door will interrupt the matutinal meal, and the poor *fourmi* will be requested to seek lodgings elsewhere.

Beyond a doubt she has moments of melancholy, and bewails her hard lot. Often her existence is singularly lonely, for some of these sky-parlor vestals are girls of good family and standing, who have chosen to work out their own salvation, and are too proud to let the outside world see how hard the fight is. Their families, mostly in suburbs or outlying cities, hear from the wanderers that all is going well—even get merry letters from them, in which they look at the humorous side of their poverty—and never really suspect that the beloved-ones are at that moment warming a tin of soup over a rusty alcohol-stove, or, perhaps, if it chance to be late of a cold night, have gone to bed with their entire wardrobe lying spread over the couch, for hall-bedrooms in upper stories are not, as a rule, very generously heated.

The spirit in a woman which will induce her to undergo this sort of penury rather than be dependent or marry for a home, is a spirit that will not readily die. Such women are all desperately in earnest. The successes of their sisters, whom they see working hard for a valued independence, have inspired them with an unfaltering determination to try and reach the same envied goal. To women of this self-reliant and daring type to be self-supporting, to be free, to be employed in a work which is congenial and absorbing, would be to realize the best of life. It is a type belonging to the end of the century and developed by the higher importance lately given to women's education. These women have nothing false or showy about them. They do not want to vote, or wear men's clothes, or have a voice in public matters; but they do want to carve out a life for themselves, and to belong to themselves. They are honest in their point of view. If they marry, they will take up the responsibilities of matrimony and work as earnestly in the domestic sphere as they did in the outside one of the world of affairs and business. The course of independence and self-support they planned must then be given up forever. And when success begins to dawn before them, this would be a hard thing to do. But theirs will never be the class from which the Mrs. Jellabys and Mrs. Hominys of our day are recruited.

NEW YORK, May 18, 1892. VAN GRYSE.

The German emperor's imperial train, which has at last been finished, cost altogether seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Its construction occupied three years, and it is a very elaborate example of railroad luxury. There are twelve carriages, all connected by "corridors," which presumably are vestibules, and they are all magnificently upholstered. The library car, for instance, is hung with Gobelin tapestry, and the drawing-room is furnished entirely in white satin. Two of the carriages are for the sole use of the emperor's children and their nurses.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Commodore Henry Bruce, of Massachusetts, who entered the United States navy in 1816, has been "unemployed" for fifty-five years.

Rudyard Kipling has been called a good many hard names by the New York papers, but the Omaha *Bee* stings him with the most offensive title. It calls him "Mr. Barnyard Stripling."

Charles H. Reed, who died in Baltimore recently, was known to every newspaper reader in the country, a decade ago, as the lawyer who defended the assassin Guiteau. The last years of his life he passed in solitude.

Captain Lewis, of the *City of New York*, and Captain Watkins, of the *City of Paris*, have not yet decided whether to become American citizens, as they must do in order to retain official positions in the Inman service under the new law. Each of them is now a lieutenant in the royal naval reserve.

The illness of young Erving, who accompanied the Rev. Parkhurst in his now famous expedition in New York's dens of iniquity, is attributed to the breaking of his engagement to the daughter of a millionaire newspaper proprietor. The young lady is said to have refused to have anything to do with Erving since the publication of his experiences in the haunts of vice.

M. Rochefort denies the story that he is to leave London and make Switzerland his home. He says he could not go to that country without passing through France or Alsace-Lorraine. In either case the French authorities would capture him. M. Constans long ago made a request of the German Government for his extradition in the event of his making his appearance on its territory.

Henry M. Stanley has definitely resolved to stand as a candidate at the general election. The explorer will, in future, devote himself entirely to politics, having seen enough of the world, and considering that as a married man his rovings should cease. He has observed the workings of all governments, civilized and savage, and he has concluded to embrace Liberal-Unionism as his political creed.

Indianapolis people are anxious to have it understood that their objection to having Dr. John A. Wyeth, of New York, invited to a medical congress in the Hoosier capital does not spring from the fact that he was a Confederate officer during the Civil War, but because he wrote and published only a year ago what they term "infamous libels" on the Union officers in charge of the prisoners at Camp Morton, he himself being among the men confined there.

Ex-President Hayes passes most of his working hours in the library of his beautiful country home—"Spiegel Grove," as it is called—on the outskirts of Fremont, Ohio. His interest in public affairs is as keen as it ever was, but he takes absolutely no part in politics. Since the death of his wife, his only daughter, Miss Fanny Hayes, has been the head of his household, and his two younger sons remain at home with him. His oldest son, Richard, is a lawyer in Toledo, and his second son, Webb, is in business in Cleveland.

Henry Labouchère says: "I believe Prince George of Wales to be a very good specimen of a hearty, kindly lad, with high animal spirits and not without the ordinary stock of brains. But when a writer in the *English Illustrated Magazine* informs us that 'more than one of his captains have remarked that they never felt so secure, or could turn in with less concern at night, than when Prince George was officer of the watch,' I can not help hoping that these captains were not such utter flunkies as the observation would imply."

According to foreign papers, there is now good reason to hope that Guy de Maupassant, the French author, will soon recover his mental powers. He is now allowed to go walking in the gardens of the institution where he is confined several hours each day, and to receive two or three friends once a week. He is, however, obliged to abstain from reading, but he seldom expresses any desire to see books. A few weeks ago, however, he asked for pen and paper to write out the plan of a new novel. It is almost needless to say that his wish was not granted. He has a good appetite, and sleeps long and soundly.

The marriage of Count Herbert Bismarck to the Countess Hoyos is likely to be one of the most brilliant events of the Vienna season. The wedding will be attended by a great gathering of the leading nobility of Austria and Hungary, among whom the family of Hoyos stands very high. The Countess Margaret is twenty-one, and is one of seven children, the eldest of whom, Countess Leopoldine, married Baron Ludwig von Plessen, of the German diplomatic service. Count Herbert Bismarck was an intimate friend of Baron Plessen, who invited him, two months ago, to pay him a visit at Fiume. During a fortnight's stay with Count Hoyos he made his *fiancée's* acquaintance. Although forty-three years of age, Count Herbert scrupulously obtained his parents' consent before formally concluding his present engagement.

The author of that much-talked-of book, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," lives near Dorchester, in his beloved "Wessex." He is an acting magistrate, and in discharge of the duties of his position he has many opportunities for studying life among the poor and lowly. When he is engaged on a story, it is his practice to retire to his study immediately after breakfast, and not emerge until his day's work is done. Most of his work is rewritten at least once, but there are chapters that go in just as they were dashed off in the first draft. Mr. Hardy is fifty-two years old, and did not definitely make literature his profession until 1872, after the success of "Under the Greenwood Tree." Before that he had read divinity, and studied and practiced architecture. Several of his novels have been translated into French and Dutch, and at least one has been dramatized and played.

"THE SALON OF CEILINGS."

"Parisina" writes of the Pictures in the Champs Elysées.

Why it should be so, I can not tell, but every Salon has its special feature. The struggle after novelty is sure to result in the repetition of a certain order of subjects. There have been exhibitions of which the horny-handed son of toil was the hero; others where martyrdoms predominated; one year hospital and surgical operations were the fashion, at another battles raged; last season, the Old Testament had provided scenes for several of the most conspicuous pictures; the Pharaohs had their turn, also the Merovingians, and so on and so on. The Salon to be opened to-morrow we will designate, if you will, "The Salon of Ceilings." Never did I see so many ceilings grouped together in one building before. Now, a painting intended to be seen from below, when hung in front of you against a wall, has a very uncomfortable effect. All the perspective is wrong. In vain you try by subjecting your body to varied contortions to view it right; it will not come right, anyhow. I have a crick in my neck now, and a vision of floating clouds, flying figures, with limbs foreshortened, the very thought of which makes me giddy.

It is a ceiling that first claims attention on entering the palace—a ceiling by Aimé Morot, executed for one of the ball-rooms of the Hôtel de Ville—an apotheosis of dancing, past and present. Here, in the foreground, on a big-bellied cloud, a Louis the Fifteenth marquis and marquise are dancing a minuet—toes pointed, hands clasped, rouged lips simpering. A little further back, a more stately couple are footing it in the brocade and buckram of the Grand Monarque's time. Then comes a group of Muscadins and Merveilleuses, and finally, in the far distance, a crowd of modern ladies and gentlemen are waltzing beneath the glare of the electric light.

For the Hôtel de Ville, likewise, is Benjamin Constant's allegory of "Paris Inviting the World to its Fêtes." The gay city is enthroned beneath the stars, her messengers are flying forward, blowing trumpets and scattering flowers over the Place de la Concorde, while in one corner of the canvas rockets are fizzing. Constant has borrowed Besnard's palette for the occasion—allegories, roseate clouds, and rockets being little in his way. I believe it is the first time, too, that Gabriel Ferrier paints a ceiling, and surely it is François Flameng's début in the business. The flowers of spring, summer, and autumn, personified by a pair of cherubim and two very massive females—one fair, one dark—and Flora floating in the blue, with a sieve full of fresh blossoms, is Ferrier's contribution to the decorations of our town hall. It is for an anonymous amateur that Flameng has painted the gods of Olympus on a canvas some thirty feet square.

But enough of ceilings. "Have you seen the Detaille?" is the question every one will be asking to-morrow. I sat before it yesterday, and I am not ashamed to confess that after gazing at it for some time my eyes were dim with tears. General Barbanègre and a handful of brave fellows have been besieged by the Austrians (campaign of 1815), and have only consented to surrender with the honors of war. The besieging forces are drawn up before the gate of the citadel—Archduke John and his staff are there in gallant array. Between the lines walk a little group of veterans, covered with wounds, stained with powder, two drummers leading the way. Detaille has seized the moment when, the duke having greeted his enemy and asked him, "Where is the garrison?" General Barbanègre has made his historic reply, "It is here!" and every man's hand has gone up to his cap, filled with admiration for the fifty heroes who had kept thirty thousand men at bay.

Roussel has also painted an episode of the wars of the First Empire: a detachment of Austrian Hussars, bearing the dead body of Marceau on their shoulders, and the French troops drawn up to receive it in silence and sorrow. Less perfect in detail, the effect, nevertheless, is solemn and grand. Very powerful and striking is Luminais's "Passage of the Meuse by the Franks in the Fourth Century"—the wide, turbid river and the rough rafts bearing the barbarian hordes to the pleasant land of France, where in future they were to make their home. "The Conquerors" is the title given to the biggest canvas in the Salon—a stupendous work, finely conceived, but faulty in execution. Imagine a vast host apparently advancing toward you out of the night, between quadruple rows of pale corpses; the column is headed by Cæsar, with Pharaoh on his right and Alexander on his left, each in his chariot. Besides these, there are recognized Attila, Hannibal, and Napoleon.

Of course the big pictures attract our attention first, though talent is not to be measured by a foot-rule. After all these sad and lugubrious subjects, it is quite a pleasant change to turn to Tattegrain's "Solemn Entry of Louis the Eleventh into Paris," and to see how, in the year of grace 1461, the good people of Paris enjoyed a show. There they are, burghers and artisans, in their best, cheering lustily their newly crowned king. Ladies look down from crowded windows, even the roofs are covered with spectators. We generally think of Louis the Eleventh in his older days, and not as a courtly youth, in a white silk robe, riding a white charger beneath a yellow canopy. And it is amusing to see him peering curiously at the three beauteous maidens, who the chronicler tells us played the part of mermaids in the fountain, with no clothes on their shapely limbs save the scales that inclosed the lower parts of their bodies. The fountains run wine, and the mermaids carol a pretty compliment to his majesty. This was before the time of Tristan l'Hermite and Olivier le Dain had spread terror through the land, and when Louis himself thought more of a *beau brin de fille* than of a regiment of saints.

Talking of saints, Henri Martin has illustrated a line of Musset's: "He followed Virtue, which seemed to him more beautiful." A stalwart fellow, in the garb of righteousness, turns from Vice to follow Virtue, which is very proper and pretty of him. Perhaps the moral drawn would be told better if Vice were made a little more attractive; but with her gaudy dress of peacock's plumes and low brow, bound with poppies, she is anything but irresistible, while the bevy of dancing figures surrounding her are as strange in attire as they are uncouth in form. The young priest painted by Gustave Surand, a promising pupil of J. P. Laurens, has more merit. He is on his knees before the altar of the Virgin, praying with all his might to be delivered from temptation, which hovers around him in the shape of seven lovely females—the Seven Capital Sins, of course. The contrast between the actual scene—the lovely chapel, with its gilded image, stained-glass windows, waxen tapers, and the lean, black-robed figure of the man himself, all painted with an excess of finish—and the misty dream-forms is very striking.

Olivier Merson has painted "A Man Passing Fortune on the Road." He is blind, poor beggar, and so hurries on, while she slumbers peacefully beneath a tree, her wheel at her side, the cornucopia containing all the pretty gifts of life overturned and wasted. The idea is, perhaps, not very new, but the execution is marvelous, broad in effect, though in reality small—almost as a Meissonier. Merson also exhibits an Annunciation in the same scale—a mediæval Virgin draped in blue, and a very white angel.

The same subject is treated most happily by Charles Sprague Pearce—a pure, lovely, child-like figure, that of the Virgin, exquisitely fresh and graceful, in her long, loose white robe. Among the symbolic pictures may be numbered a "Flight into Egypt," with the shadow of the cross in the twilight sky, by P. A. Laurens—a young artist; and, in quite another order of ideas, Maignan's "Carpeaux"—the sculptor lies dying in his studio, and, as life ebbs away, he dreams of the creations of his brain, and out of the gathering gloom float the figures of his famous group on the façade of the Opéra, the Flora of the Tuileries, while Europa, from the fountain, scatters gold palms over his head. Certainly there is a mystic spirit abroad.

But the old French favorites—the nymphs and goddesses—are there, too. Bouguereau's nymph has hit upon a wasp's nest. Cupids cling about her neck and her skirts, harry her right and left, and there are others swarming in the distance. "Phœbe Awakes" is a fine composition; the shadow of a cliff is thrown athwart the sea-shore, and from this shadow Phœbe, a beautiful female, is emerging from the companionship of other lovely beings, reclining about the rocks. Collin shows us nymphs capering on the sunlit sands—wild nymphs, with dancing elf-locks. Verdier has personified the Echo—a bill-side is alive with round-limbed dryads playing at hide-and-seek among the birches, and melting away into mist-wreaths in the distance; while Lefebvre's "Daughter of Eve"—a comely fair one, prone in a cave—is eating oranges in guise of forbidden fruit. This is merely an excuse to paint a fine flesh study. Lucien Doucet entitles the very modern nymph in her bed-chamber "A Study"—quite in the Rubens style, too. Yet methinks there are fewer nudities than usual.

There are portraits and to spare. No, never did I see such an overwhelming array of portraits. The very proper gentleman depicted by Lefebvre, looks askance at Eve, as he holds his "topper" and his cane ready to sally forth. A fresh summer frock and a sun-bonnet, with a pale face beneath, make a charming picture against a background of green; so has Collin represented Mme. Trois-Etoiles, who has certainly a family likeness to more than one of the nymphs on the yellow sands. Commerre paints a lady by lamp-light; Mlle. Beaury Saurel gives us a doctoress in a black gown; Charles Sprague Pearce has portrayed the sculptor, Paul W. Bartlett, who, in his turn, has modeled Pearce in a medallion; and Miss Hayward has been painted in the gown she was graduated in at New York. The portrait of the Pope, which Chartran went to Rome to paint, is a masterpiece, with its rich crimson draperies setting off the ascetic figure of His Holiness. A jolly fellow, with a Bardolphian nose, has been dressed for the nonce in a steel jerkin and velvet cap by Roybet, but there is no mistaking the face. "Gyp"—the biographer of the immortal Bob—dressed for walking in hat and veil, is signed Louise Abbema. Bonnat has reproduced the heavy paunch, blear-eyes, massive jaws, and dirty finger-nails of Renan.

Let us now see what our American artists have done. Henry Mosler has two pictures: a wedding-feast in Brittany, very bright and rich in color, and much painstaking in the reproduction of national bric-à-brac; also a girl preparing to milk her cows. W. Gay, too, has gone to Brittany for inspiration, and has brought back a large picture in which he depicts the corner of a church with women on their knees—most harmonious and restful in its effect. That dashing young American girl, leaning against the bulwarks of an ocean steamer, watching the white sails of the pilot-boat, is by Henry Bacon. "The Night Market in Morocco," by Th. Shields Clarke, is a curious picture: the woman squatting on the ground and the two children with the oranges and lemons lit by a lamp, the flame of which is hidden by one of the children, is a fine bit of *chiaroscuro*. Edwin Lord Weeks carries us once more to India, and we witness the funeral of a Hindoo of Benares; the solemn procession is following the quay, and the widow, clad in yellow, is beating her breast and weeping—no wonder. Few can paint tropical heat like Weeks. Miss Gardner is sweet and tender as usual. The two children wading through a stream is the property of Mrs. Ross, of Chicago—a very pretty piece of property, too. Hard by hangs Carl Gutherz's "Angel of the Tomb"—no grisly shadow of death, but an apparition radiant with jewels and fine linen. F. A. Bridgeman has attempted a very ambitious subject, and carried it out most successfully: Pharaoh and his host pursuing the Israelites into the Red Sea. Down the steep banks they come, urging on their horses; you seem to hear the thunder of their hoofs and the cries of the pursuers, and to imagine the coming catastrophe. Yes, American art is well represented this year in the Champs-Elysées.

PARISINA.

PARIS, April 29, 1892.

The Czar of Russia has made himself bald by a habit he has of rubbing the top of his head with his hand. This was due probably to his desire to know whether it was there.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Foreign Immigration.

The sentiment is growing and spreading that other immigration, of different races from the Mongolian, should be restricted or excluded. The earlier American sentiment that the United States offers welcome and refuge to the oppressed of every race and clime, and assures haven and protection to the persecuted and refugee, is no longer popularly entertained. The strain upon the public patience has become too great; the burden and evil are beyond reasonable endurance, are increasing in intolerance. It is notorious over the civilized world that the United States is the common dumping-ground for the nations of Europe; that here they deport and deposit their scum and filth, ship here their criminal and pestilential and most dangerous classes. There are preventive laws—laws which prohibit the landing of deported paupers, and criminals, and diseased; but despite such laws, these most obnoxious classes are every month increasing in number. The great mass of these very undesirable immigrants are of races and nationalities which naturally preclude them from the possibility of good future citizenship. The United States needs more population, but not that way. We can depend upon the young men and women who are already here to attend to that.

The Monetary Conference.

The International Monetary Conference, of which so much is expected, will doubtless be a pleasant gathering, but it will be nothing more. The various governments can not coerce each other—they can not even coerce their own subjects in regard to currency values. The strictest penal laws establishing such values have always failed. Our own government, our own State, presented familiar examples during the Civil War period. The government ordained that the greenbacks should be legal tender—one hundred cents for every dollar. Nevertheless greenbacks sold in the open market for gold, down as low as forty cents on the dollar. In California, the Specific Contract Law compelled payment in gold of notes and bonds drawn accordingly, and the government legal notes could not be forced upon the creditor at their face value. The gold dollar of one hundred cents was in every case exacted. Similarly was it in California with silver at a subsequent period. The silver dollar of the mint was current for only ninety cents, despite the constitutional and statutory ordainment of its legal-tender quality. With these conditions and actual facts as good data, there is small ground for contemplation that the action of the projected International Monetary Conference—as to gold and silver—will have definite results beyond an agreed arrangement among the nations to govern international financial dealings. The status of gold and silver, at home, with every country, will be only indirectly affected.

American Tin.

Opponents of the tariff, who attack it in details, charge that the increase of duty on tin plate operates as a hardship to canners and all in the country engaged in tinwares and the general use of the metal, and ridicule the idea that in the United States the product of tin-mines will ever be at all equal to the demand. With ex-Governor Campbell, of Ohio, they hold that the tin-mining industry should be "chased out of the country, to Wales," where, he remarked, "it properly belongs." Governor Campbell is a Democrat of the ancient school, as are those who hold with him as to tin. In the early days of the Union, a similar sentiment against iron manufactures was expressed by the Tory element, in order to discourage industry in the infant States and keep the trade to the benefit of English iron manufacturers and importers. It was duly understood by the patriotic people, and prompted them to greater encouragement and patronage of the home industry, which the government fostered by protective duties. From the feeble condition of American iron-works, early in the century, the United States has progressed to the leading position, and is the greatest producer and manufacturer of iron in the world. Protective duties largely contributed to the development of the mining and manufacture of iron in the United States. Without protection to the infant industry, at the foundation of the government, it would have languished and could not have attained the ranking position it now enjoys, surpassing that of Great Britain. Likewise is the present and future of American tin-mining and the manufacture of tin. It is only within a few years that the existence of tin-mines in this country was made known. Until the last two years, tin manufacture was not in the catalogue of American industries. Now there are about a dozen tin-mines in process of working, the largest of which is in California—greater than any tin-mine in Wales or Cornwall, yielding a larger percentage of metal from the ore, and this of a superior quality. There are fourteen tin manufactories in operation and nearly twenty more in construction. Before the close of the current year, the output will be seventy thousand boxes of tin-plate. In less period than the iron industry has progressed from insignificance to the commanding position of the world, it can be reasonably predicted that the tin industry will correspondingly advance. The increased duty on tin-plate from the rate of the preceding tariff will protect and foster the industry. In place of chasing it out of the country—as Campbell, of Ohio, flippantly remarked—into Wales, where he said it belongs, the tin-plate industry of the United States, now taken root and protected in its development, will grow to the fullness which will, the same as the iron industry, supply the home demand, and likewise will the price be gradually reduced as the trade flourishes.

Protection and Reciprocity.

Lord Salisbury wants Great Britain to drop free trade and take up protection and reciprocity. It is more important there than here, for the tariff can not, in the United States, materially affect the price of breadstuffs or meat. But every article of foreign production is directly and materially affected by the tariff. A principal article of common use in every household is sugar. The home product is a small fraction of the enormous quantity required for the home market. Under the former tariff, the average duty on sugar was three cents per pound. The reduction in price since the McKinley tariff, with reciprocity, was adopted, has been made distinctly apparent. The ordinary householder now buys of the grocer sugar for from four to five cents per pound, instead of paying for it from eight to twelve cents, as sugar was sold a few years ago under the old tariff. On sugar imported from non-reciprocal countries, the duty varies, according to quality, from 7.10 to 2 cents per pound. The cultivation of beet-sugar of home production—the same as cane-sugar—is encouraged by a bounty of two cents per pound. Coffee is another foreign product in general use, in which every household is concerned—the masses and the classes. By the McKinley tariff and reciprocity, coffee imported from countries which have entered into the reciprocal agreement is admitted free of duty; that from non-reciprocity countries is charged duty of three cents per pound. It is with coffee as with sugar—the great proportion of supplies come from reciprocal countries, duty free. This reciprocity opens these foreign markets to American products—breadstuffs, fruits, and other articles at greatly reduced rates of duty; and likewise to American manufactures—machinery, agricultural implements, etc.—by which the export trade is largely expanded and increased, with commensurate profits to American producers and manufacturers. Hides form another valuable article of import trade. A brief statement of the effect of reciprocity, in relation to sugar, molasses, coffee, and hides, will suffice to show the satisfactory fruits so far—and other countries are gradually coming into the arrangement. Already ninety-five per cent. of the whole foreign supply of sugar is imported from reciprocal countries—a matter of above $100,000,000 a year—free of duty. Of the $97,000,000 of coffee importations, more than $76,000,000 come from countries in reciprocal relations; and similarly, $19,000,000 of the $28,000,000 of imported hides. Honduras has lately accepted reciprocity, and Mexico is preparing to do so. On the termination of the revolution raging in Venezuela, it is believed that that country, from which comes about $10,000,000 of coffee annually, besides sugar and hides, will enter the list, and in time, doubtless, Colombia and Hayti, and the other countries of South and Central America. In round numbers, of the total importations of last year, of sugar, molasses, coffee, and hides, valued at $232,000,000, eighty-four per cent., or $195,000,000, came from countries that have made treaties of reciprocity, and all these imports have come into American ports free of duty, to the material benefit of consumers in the United States by reduction of prices. It is Republican protection with advantageous reciprocity.

AN ERRANT GALATEA.

Narrating her Desertion of a Wig-Making Pygmalion in Paris.

For nearly a month now, every one passing a hair-dresser's shop in the quarter of the Madeleine had seen, behind the glass of the great window, a beautiful blonde head, coiffed with a little blue capuchon. An adorable head it was, with tendrilly tresses of shining gold, languishing eyes, and half-parted lips, seeming to need and to await but a kiss to warm them to ardent life. Draped, sides and back, with deep-crimson hangings, lighted only by the tempered flame of shaded gas-jets ranged along the glasses' edge like the footlights of a mimic stage—here, for an hour every evening this charming, half-smiling countenance peeped from the folds of the sombre drapery like a roguish child playing hide-and-seek with the passers-by.

It was the novelty of the season in the advertising line, and the trade of the *coiffeur* so much increased thereby that it really looked as if the police would be needed to keep the street free. Naturally, the members of the Cercle Cleopatre, strolling daily through the Madeleine Quarter, en route to the club-rooms, were roused by the sight to a point of absolute enthusiasm. Cards, even, gave place to discussion of the figurine's beauty.

"So ideal and yet so human, with her great dark eyes, dimpled chin, rosebud mouth, and little turned-up nose," declared, enthusiastically, the big blonde Marcel, of the Fiftieth Cuirassiers; "so ideal, yet so human, I say, that if I didn't know that she is a figurine of wax—— But, see here, Leopold," Marcel broke off suddenly, turning to address a figure lounging carelessly in the corner by the fire, wrapped in reverie and a cloud of tobacco smoke, "you are a judge of beauty—women's beauty, particularly. Blankston, yonder, stands by the figurines of Vienna, and I by those of Paris. I'll wager him five hundred francs that you agree with me."

"Done," said Blankston—"done, Marcel; put up your money. The figurine of the Madeleine Quarter is pretty, I grant you, but those of Vienna——"

"But as the figurine of the Madeleine Quarter and I have not met as yet," objected Leopold, in his deep, lazy tones, "some one else must stand as referee in the issue between you."

Not seen her yet—the prettiest thing in Paris? Incredible! Ridiculous! He must go at once—that very moment—and flatten his nose against the glass of the *coiffeur's* window.

"Moreover," Marcel added, "I'll go along with you. That pretty figurine and I can never see too much of each other."

Leopold carelessly and laughingly assenting, the two friends arm in arm descended the club stairs, Blankston and the others agreeing, meanwhile, to await their return, and, still arm in arm, turned their steps down the boulevard toward the hair-dresser's shop of the Madeleine Quarter.

When they arrived there, they found the window empty.

"Well, by Jove!" cried Marcel, "who'd ever believe it? That little figurine has hours, it seems, like a fine lady of fashion. Never mind, we'll go in—we'll get a close view of her. It will spoil the charm, perhaps, but still we'll go in."

"Into the shop, you mean?"

"Precisely, into the shop, under the pretext of buying something. Ah! a happy thought, a capuchon—a capuchon, my boy, like that which coifs the figurine's own head!"

The shop was guarded by a *dame de comptoir*, majestic and polite.

"Madame," Marcel began, "passing your window once, I saw a certain style of head-dress, and I am charged—charged, you know—with a—with a family commission——"

"Exactly, monsieur, I understand; but—the style of the head-dress, please."

"Oh, capuchon, I believe you call it——"

"Corn color or ivory white, monsieur?"

"Neither, madame; it was blue and on a head in that window, there, but which now"—Marcel returned, his eyes roving searchingly from side to side—"I do not see in the shop anywhere——"

"But I know, I know, monsieur, just what you want."

"Then, madame, if you'll be good enough to show us the head, we'll be able to tell you at once——"

"Entirely unnecessary, monsieur; we'll find it without that; besides, the head of which monsieur speaks is—is absent at this moment."

"Absent, madame—the head?"

"Yes, monsieur, being—being dressed, you know."

"Very well, then; we'll wait and see it."

"That would be useless, monsieur; the head will be seen no more this evening; but the plates, the styles, are here. I'll get them for you, and I am sure, monsieur——"

"No, the plates won't do at all. I could tell nothing from them; we'll come again, later on, when the head is here." And not staying for further argument, Marcel and Leopold departed as they had come.

"Well?" and "Well?" rose in a chorus from all the tables when again the friends appeared, a little crestfallen at their bootless errand.

"Didn't see her. She's gone to bed."

But, all the same, before separating that night, Marcel and Leopold made an engagement to meet again before the *coiffeur's* window at seven o'clock the following evening. This time they were sure of not being too late.

"Positively, Leopold, she's prettier than ever," Marcel cried, excitedly, when, at last, his friend arrived, for, of course, it was Marcel who had come first and awaited the other; "a little more color, maybe, than when I saw her last; the eyes, too, perhaps a little more languishing; but did you ever in the world, Vienna or any place else, see a figurine as pretty as this?"

"Nor so life-like, either," Leopold assented, stirred for once from his usual calm. "Why, the nostrils really seem to breathe, and the lips—the lips actually to smile as if going to speak."

"And presently," Marcel continued, "if we wait long enough, we'll see her walk, too. She stays only an hour; they told me all about it to-day; then the gas goes dark, the figurine melts, the gas comes up again, and *pouf!*—like the stage of the pantomime—the window's empty!"

And, as Marcel had said, presently down went the gas, flickered, and came up again, and the window contained only the sombre drapery.

Not only the Cercle Cleopatre, but all of Paris—as one sheep follows another over the fence, till the whole flock has passed—was occupied now with the pretty figurine of the Madeleine Quarter. But the eagerness of the city changed nothing in the habits of the hair-dresser's shop; the pretty figurine, in her coquettish capuchon, faced with vieux-rose, showed herself neither more nor less often in her velvet and crystal caging, and, worse than all, for the importunate and curious ones, when they entered the shop and demanded of the majestic *dame de comptoir* a nearer view of the wonderful wax image, she answered, firmly and always, that the key was not in her possession, and blandly pointed to the side of the room, impenetrably inclosed to the ceiling behind stout wooden paneling.

Marcel made up his mind one morning, and entered the shop, determined to acquire the beautiful object of his desires, no matter at what cost. The stately saleswoman met him, and sought to sell him everything in the world but that which he had come to purchase. Marcel was not to be turned from his purpose.

"No," said he; "it is the head that I want—that is to say, the head that last evening was in the window, for the window at present is empty."

With many hems and haws, the saleswoman finally declared that she had no authority to negotiate such an affair.

"To whom, then," persisted Marcel, "shall I address myself, madame?"

"To the patron, monsieur, though I warn you that it will be entirely useless, for nothing in the world would the patron part with it."

"That is my affair, madame. And when can the patron be seen? I wish to settle the matter as soon as practicable."

"Impossible to say, monsieur; the patron goes out every morning not to return sometimes till—till exceedingly late."

"But he must surely eat, and he returns for meals, does he not?"

"No, not at all; he lives in the suburbs and comes only to the shop irregularly to keep an eye on it."

"His home address, then?" urged Marcel, stubbornly.

"Out of the question, monsieur; it is forbidden to disclose it."

Marcel was not to be stopped by trifles. He took up his stand in a café opposite the hair-dresser's shop and waited. About twelve o'clock he saw a little he-curled, pomaded, and perfumed being enter the place and begin to strut around with the air of the master. He quickly crossed and stated his business.

It was badly received, truly. "If such outrageous, such indiscreet steps continue," fumed the artistic *coiffeur*, "I shall close up my shop immediately, m'sieur. Never before, and I have dwelt in every capital in Europe with—with my head, m'sieur—never, never, I repeat, have I suffered before a persecution that equals this!"

"But, monsieur," said Marcel, "you look at this matter in a very strange manner. Allow me a word of explanation. You are a merchant and possess an object that I find to my taste and which I offer to buy from you. What could be simpler?—particularly as I am willing to pay whatever price you choose to ask."

"And I tell you, m'sieur," returned the enraged little man, stamping around like one possessed, "no matter what price you offer, my—my object is not for sale. Anything else that you please in my shop—paints, powders, perukes, capuchons, trinkets—anything, anything I say, but—but the figurine in my window!"

The case was hopeless. Marcel departed, defeated and furious.

She was regularly in her place for perhaps a week more, when the window was empty, and, queerer than all else, the window remained empty. Comte Gaston Leopold, too, had strangely disappeared, and was to be found at neither house, club, opera, nor any other place that once had known him. Marcel inquired for him of friends, and besieged the servants who answered the door.

"M. le Comte had left Paris very suddenly," they responded, "without saying where he was going or how long he would remain."

A departure like this, in the midst of the season, naturally led to many comments and suppositions. But in Paris one thinks only of those that one meets every day, and forgets completely those that one does not see.

A month passed, and then, one evening at the club, Marcel and Blankston's wager upon the *coiffeur's* figurine brought up the subject again.

"But she's there no more, you know," sadly declared little Frisbie.

"Eh? What? Gone for good, the pretty little figurine?"

"So it seems."

And so eventually it proved; the window was rearranged now and filled with a miscellaneous collection of all sorts of things apropos of women's toilets—fichus, flowers, combs, brushes, pads, and huckles—anything that you could ask, in fact, but not so much as one golden curl of the little figurine's pretty head.

"But she wasn't there always at first, Frisbie, you know," cried a voice at the back, "only occasionally; perhaps we miss her——"

"No, she comes no more, I tell you. I've watched and waited; it is a total eclipse. Deuced hard on me, besides, for that pretty little figurine was a genuine mascot to me. When I stopped to look at her and she smiled upon me, luck was always—as now it is the reverse—in my favor."

"And as for me," said another, "when she gave me a look——"

This was too much; disturbed in his rubber, the old Comte Danneville brought the chatter to an end with a sharp rap on the table. A *coiffeur's* figurine smiling and gazing at passers-by? Pooh! what rubbish! Not to be tolerated a moment in a serious game of piquet!

Marcel alone remained thoughtful, and, next morning, breakfast over, he betook himself hurriedly to the café that once before had served him as an observatory. The window opposite was still minus a figurine, and appeared even not to expect one; the place once graced by the beautiful head was otherwise occupied.

Watching and ruminating over this strange turn of affairs, Marcel suddenly saw coming and going in the shop the artistic *coiffeur*; but, heavens! was it really he, or only his shadow? The little man had aged full twenty years. He was neither powdered, painted, pomatumed, nor curled. His costume, even, betrayed a complete forgetfulness of self, and the majestic *dame de comptoir*, working in a corner, watched him out of the tail of her eye like a terrified beetle.

Marcel, moved by curiosity, crossed the way. The *coiffeur* recognized him instantly:

"I would like to speak with you privately, monsieur," began Marcel, civilly, "if you can spare me a moment."

"A dozen, monsieur," the *coiffeur* mournfully replied, promptly, leading the way into a sort of back cuddy, lighted by gas only and walled to the top with "hangs," "switches," and boxes of hair.

"Excuse me, monsieur," said he, "for bringing you here, but—but I guess what you are going to say, and as I can not speak without crying, I—I do not wish to be seen from outside."

"Certainly, certainly," Marcel returned, seating himself like a man who this time intends to have his say out; "you received me pretty badly the other day, when first I approached you, but by-gones are by-gones, and I wish to know what has become of—of her."

"Ah, monsieur, monsieur!" cried the *coiffeur*, interrupting him, "how right you were! She was Beauty herself, she was Life, she was Love! If she seemed so enchanting to you, a mere passer-by, judge, then, what she seemed to him who had consecrated himself to her; who had passed his mornings in decking and dressing her, in combing and brushing her magnificent tresses, his days in adoring her, his nights in watching her peaceful slumber! Monsieur, I am a dead man! There is neither surcease nor consolation for a similar sorrow! But, come, speak, monsieur; what is it that you wish to say to me?"

"A very simple thing. From what you have said—and from your window—I take it that you have been robbed; that the—head once in your possession has been stolen from you. Well, I'm a downright man and go straight to the point: You will have to replace her, and I wish you to order two instead of one."

The *coiffeur* stared like one bewildered.

"What is it you say, monsieur? *Two instead of one?* You know nothing, then? You have not divined? You have, therefore, not appreciated the extent of my loss?"

"On the contrary, my good fellow," Marcel responded, cheerfully, "I have appreciated it fully, and respect all sorrows; but, really, since you have once been able to find one, you will be able to find others. Such is my reasoning. I am a practical man, you see."

The *coiffeur* paused a moment, speechless, then began to talk breathlessly.

"Monsieur, monsieur, you do *not* understand! I found her, you know, at Vienna; she was then only sixteen years old; we loved each other; she made my fortune! I was jealous, and she—she adored to be well coiffed, well appareled, and to show herself! *Dame!* what else could you expect? She saw that she ravished all eyes, and I permitted her to show herself with all my new modes. It pleased her so much to be admired that she would have passed all her life without moving had I allowed her, but, at the end of an hour, I made her come in.

"Moreover, I watched always near her. How she did it is incomprehensible—there, without speaking, without stirring, through a great, thick glass! How was it possible to arrange, to concert an elopement? Well, monsieur, it was that which has happened! One night, instead of getting into the carriage that came every evening to take us to our dwelling, she sprang into another standing beside it, and set off at a gallop.

"Briefly, I say to you, monsieur, I am a lost man! It is more than twenty days now, and I have discovered nothing—nor have all the police of the city and country that I have set on her trail—I shall be dead, I shall be dead, monsieur, before they find her!"

Marcel began to put two and two together: the little figurine gone, Comte Gaston Leopold gone, too; both of them gone at one and the same time, and gone for the same length of time, also! The little figurine that had looked at one, that had smiled at another; the soft, dreamy-eyed, Madonna-faced, ideal, human-like *coiffeur's* figurine of wax!

"Monsieur," said Marcel at last, slowly and impressively, "which of us has lost his senses? What have you been talking about? Who the devil, anyway, *was the figurine of your window?*"

The *coiffeur* threw up his hands to heaven with a gesture of resigned despair.

"What! You don't know yet, monsieur," said he, "though I've told you clearly? The figurine of my window, which you wanted to buy, monsieur—the figurine of my window, I repeat, was—was my wife, Elise!"—*Translated for the Argonaut by E. C. Waggener from the French.*

Dr. Pze Smith says of gout that not all drinks will produce it, for it is rare in Scotland. Not all wines will produce it, for it is rare in Spain and Italy. Not all malt liquors will produce it, for it is rare in Vienna and Munich. But it belongs to the most civilized times and nations, to the stronger sex, to the most vigorous period of life, to the higher classes of society, and to the most able.

It is computed that during the last ten years the average annual expenditure of Americans in Italy has been thirty-five millions of dollars.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The new novelette, by Henry B. Fuller, of Chicago—whose "Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani" has attracted so much attention among literary people—will begin in the June *Century*. The scene of Mr. Fuller's second book, "The Chatelaine of La Trinité," is laid among the mountains of Switzerland, his chief characters being the lady of the Castle of La Trinité and a young American girl.

Of a lady in Rome, who has bequeathed her whole fortune to the editor of a newspaper, "the perusal of which has given her many happy hours," James Payn writes:

"From what I have seen of Italian newspapers, she must either have been exceptionally fortunate or very easily pleased. Still her motives did her honor, and one hopes her example will be followed. Let us trust for the honor of human nature that the story is true; but there is an addition to it concerning which we may be allowed to doubt. 'The Italian editor,' we are told, 'has refused to avail himself of this windfall, and has distributed the legacy among various charitable institutions.'"

D. Appleton & Co. will publish immediately "The Last Words of Thomas Carlyle," containing his "Excursion (Futile Enough) to Paris," and his solitary novel, "Wotton Reinfred." The book will be the first of Carlyle's to receive an American copyright.

Some interesting facts about George Augustus Sala were given in a recent article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

"The most readable chapter in Mrs. George Augustus Sala's 'Famous People I Have Met,' is that which tells how 'G. A. S.' produced his 'D. T.' 'leaders.' After the subject has been selected and thought over for a little time, the article is dictated, the time so occupied being about an hour and a half. He never stammers, never harks back, and rarely recasts a sentence. He just talks slowly and deliberately, 'like a book,' only interrupting the flow of his phraseology from time to time by quietly saying to his amanuensis: 'colon,' 'semicolon,' 'full stop,' 'inverts,' 'dash,' 'hyphen,' 'caps,' 'underscore,' and so on, as the case may be. G. A. S. has a library of some fourteen thousand books, twelve hundred of which are exclusively works of reference. What pains he takes to be sure of his facts is evident from the following: I have often seen him spend twenty minutes, and even more, in hunting up a single allusion, or the origin of a word, or a name, or a date, in order to obtain perfect accuracy in that which he writes; and frequently he will vanish from the study altogether, and go through room after room full of books, even to the remotest bedroom, to discover the particular volume which will set him at rest on some doubtful point."

The autbor of "Cape Cod Folks" has written a new book. Its title is "Vesty of the Basins." Miss Maria L. Pool's clever serial, "Mrs. Keats Bradford" (first published in the *Sunday Tribune*), is also coming in book-form.

Mrs. Burton Harrison's Book, "An Edelweiss of the Sierras," will soon be brought out.

The London *Saturday Review* kindly says of the characters in Hamilton Aïdé's American novel, "A Voyage of Discovery," that "some of them are nice people, one or two very nice, and we hope for the sake of the United States that there are plenty of such to be found therein."

It is reported that a document signed by Miles Standish is to be sold at auction, in Boston, next week.

Lord Randolph Churchill's African book will be issued here by D. Appleton & Co. Its title is "Men, Mines, and Animals in South Africa," and it will contain a portrait of the author, with a map and sixty-five illustrations. The book relates to scenes in the diamond-mines and gold fields, hunting in Bechuanaland, life in Mashonaland, and adventures with lions and elephants, with comments upon manners and customs.

Of Rudyard Kipling and his recent letter on the shortcomings of New York as a metropolis, Eugene Field writes in the Chicago *News*:

"Mr. Rudyard Kipling, an undersized, bespectacled, brainy, and loquacious cad, has humbled the proud city of Gotham to the very depth of despair. It is funny to hear her lugubrious howls and to see her agonized contortions. Kipling enjoys it, for it gives him notoriety, and that is part of his stock in trade. In what the young man has to say of New York there is much truth. There is exaggeration and perhaps malicious exaggeration, but there is enough truth to hurt, and it is under the truth of what Kipling says that Gotham winces. There can be little doubt that Kipling is a cad; he is a British cad and, therefore, a cad of the most despicable type. But of his intellectual keenness and vigor and of the freshness and charm of his literary style, no competent critic will make question, we think. New York herself is just caddish enough to have groveled and wallowed in worship of Kipling if that cad had only opened fire upon some other part of the country."

James R. Osgood, the publisher, died last week. Mr. Osgood was the head of the London firm of Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.

"The Pursuit of the Well-Beloved" is the taking title of Thomas Hardy's forthcoming novel. William Black's new story is to be called "Wolfenberg"—which suggests Crawford's "Greifenstein." Miss Braddon's new book has "The Venetians" for a title.

The author of "Obiter Dicta" has a new volume of essays in print.

The following comments on Lord Tennyson's method of writing poetry is from the London *Globe*:

"*Woman* has given us an awful shock. In a column of brevities entitled 'This and That,' it publishes this week the following statement: 'Lord Tennyson, it appears, makes it a constant practice to employ a rhyming dictionary when writing his poems.' There it is in all its bald simplicity—not a word of introduction, not a particle of comment, to relieve the hideous horror of the news. Yet only think what it implies. For sixty years the world has been believing that this man was a great poet, with a delightful fancy, and an almost miraculous way of hitting upon the right word to express the most delicate shades of meaning. And now it would seem that we must give the credit to an unhonored compiler of a rhyming dictionary. We have pictured to ourselves the poet composing his wonderful creations; the words flowing spontaneously from his pen in a stream, pellucid and almost unbroken, the only aid to his imagination being a well-colored clay-pipe. Now we must change this pleasant picture for what seems, by contrast, a simple caricature—Lord Tennyson, rhyming dictionary by his side, grinding out English verses as Tommy in the fourth form grinds out Latin elegiacs; looking out an agreeable jingle and then putting in enough words to fill up the line in a sort of literary mosaic. This is the man who has been hailed as Poet Laureate, and created a peer by his sovereign. Why, if everybody had their own, it is the maker of the rhyming dictionary who should wear the laurels and be called 'My lord.' Perhaps, however, we are going too fast. It may be that Lord Tennyson, even if he has a rhyming dictionary, does not use it constantly, or even often; indeed, it may be—though it is ungallant to say so—that *Woman* has been deceiving us, and that there is not a particle of truth in the whole story."

In connection with the announcement that Professor Nichol is engaged upon a "Carlyle" for the English Men-of-Letters Series, it may be worth noting that the regulation sum paid for these volumes is one hundred pounds. There has only been one exception—Froude's "Bunyan." Mr. Froude would not undertake the work for the ordinary fee, and was consequently paid two hundred pounds. The highest sum paid by Mr. Walter Scott for similar monographs is forty pounds. Mr. Austin Dobson got this for his "Goldsmith," and Mr. Edmund Gosse received the same for his "Life of Congreve."

A letter written by Martin Luther was sold in London two weeks ago for one hundred and thirty dollars.

Mr. Harold Frederic cables as follows to the New York *Times*:

"Queen Victoria's place in the estimation of the purely literary world will scarcely be raised by the intelligence that she has decided that Marie Corelli is better worth reading than any other modern novelist. Her majesty has had all these remarkable works collected and bound in Windsor form, and will have nothing else read to her. She also says, or permits it to be reported she says, most astonishingly laudatory things about them, which Corelli's publishers have spread broadcast. We have to-day many judicious paragraphs in various papers recounting how her newest novel, 'The Soul of Lilith,' which is to be issued to the vulgar herd on Monday, has already been presented to the queen in a special pale-blue morocco binding and unique type, and how enraptured the queen is with the gift. The professional reader, whose unhappy task it was to read the manuscript, assures me that it is the most unspeakable mess of nonsense, bad writing, and bald plagiarism he ever saw in his life. He describes it as a back-writer's clumsy imitation of Crawford's 'Witch of Prague.'"

This is what the librarian of a public library in India once wrote to an English acquaintance—apropos of deficiencies to be made good: "Mr. R. Kipling always asks for more books by Walter Besant than we have."

New Publications.

"Afterward," a novel by Mary Harriet Norris, has been published in the Golden Library by the Price-McGill Company, St. Paul; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Helen Young," a novel by Paul Lindau, has been translated into English by P. J. McFadden and is published in the Globe Library by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Dixon on Ingersoll," being ten discourses by the Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., with a sketch of the author by "Nym Crinkle," has been issued in paper covers by J. S. Ogilvie, New York; price, 25 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"A True Knight," by A. D. Hall and Robert L. Dowling, the actor, is a novel founded on the lives of Damon and Pythias. Published in the Edgemore Series by the Edgemore Publishing Company, Washington, D. C.; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Flying Hill Farm," by Sophie Swett, is a good story for young boys and girls, full of lively incident to hold their interest and teaching a lesson of uprightness and honesty. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, $1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

A hand-book of "Physical Education," by R. Anna Morris, intended for use in schools, gives a variety of graduated exercises and Delsartean movements and postures, with the piano-score of several tunes to which they may be performed. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, $1.00; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Bible, the Church, and the Reason," by Professor Charles Augustus Briggs, of the Union Theological Seminary in New York, contains seven lectures in which are set forth the "Briggs heresies," which have created such a stir in the Presbyterian Church. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, $1.75; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Sybil Knox," by Edward E. Hale, is a story in which a pretty widow, living in the American colony in Rome, sets about discovering the whereabouts of a lost German emigrant, in whose disconsolate wife she is interested. In this she has the assistance of one John Condert, who is in love with her. Another feature of the story is the wrecking of a railroad company by a very modern financier. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, $1.00; for sale by William Doxey.

"In Beaver Cove and Elsewhere" contains eleven short stories of life in the Carolinas and other parts of the South. They generally turn upon some heroic or pathetic incident, such as may happen among the moonshiners and other rough mountain people, white and black; one of the best concerns a woman who becomes engaged to marry a Northern man, and then discovers that she has a taint of negro blood in her veins. Published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York; price, $1.00; for sale by the booksellers.

The volume of "Essays on German Literature" which H. H. Boyesen has just published, comprises six papers on Goethe, his life and his works, his English translators and the English estimate of him, and his relations with women; one on Schiller's life and works; three on the German novel, one of them being devoted to "Carmen Sylva"; and three on the romantic school in Germany, its social and literary aspects, and Novalis and the blue flower that is the watchword of his school. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, $1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The latest addition to the literature of the controversy over "bleeding Kansas" is "The Kansas Conflict," by Charles Robinson, late governor of Kansas. He first went to Kansas in 1854 as agent of the Emigrant Aid Society, he led the Free State party all through the conflict, and he was the first governor of Kansas and its "war governor." His book is an emphatic presentation of the Free State view, and an uncompromising arraignment of John Brown, James H. Lane, and their adherents. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, $2.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"God's Image in Man," by Henry Wood, is classed by its author as "some intuitive perceptions of truth," and is theosophical rather than theological in its speculations. The subject is divided into "The Nature of God"; "Revelation Through Nature"; "Direct Revelation"; "Biblical Revelation"; "Revelation Through the Son"; "The Universality of Law"; "The Solidarity of the Race"; "Man's Dual Nature"; "The Unseen Realm"; "Evolution as a Key"; and "From the Old to the New." Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, $1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Tales of a Time and Place" is the title of a volume of short stories by Grace King, who has been called Cable's only rival in depicting scenes of Louisiana life. Their titles are "Bayou L'Ombre," "Bonne Maman," "Madri'ène; or, The Festival of the Dead," and "The Christmas Story of a Little Church." Whoever has read one of these tales will buy the book and read them all, for they not only describe the somnolescent life of Louisianian plantations most vividly, but are tales of strong dramatic interest and pathos. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, $1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Six essays, by Oscar Fay Adams, on manners and customs in America—more especially the bad manners and inconsiderate customs of women—have been published in a little book entitled "The Presumption of Sex." They are "The Presumption of Sex," "The Mannerless Sex," "The Vulgar Sex," "The Ruthless Sex," "The Brutal Sex," and "Our Dreadful American Manners," and hold up to scorn the selfish and inconsiderate actions of some women in their intercourse with fellow-beings in cars, streets, theatres, and other public places, and certain effects of the hurry of American life on the manners of both men and women. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, $1.00; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Duchess of Angoulême and the Two Restorations" is the twelfth volume of Imbert de Saint-Amand's Famous Women of the French Court Series which have been given to us in translation—this one by James Davis. Its subject-matter comprises the first Restoration, the efforts of the Duchess of Angoulême to stem the tide of Imperialism, the return of Napoleon from Elba, the Hundred Days, the second Restoration, and the vengeance taken by the government on the Imperialists—a stirring series of events which M. de Saint-Amand describes most graphically, with clean-cut pictures of the actors in those historic scenes. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, $1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

A picture of a man lying dead upon his bed, while before him, in an attitude of stiff surprise, stands an artist's lay figure, decked out like an Albanian bandit—such is the frontispiece of "A Capillary Crime and Other Stories," by Frank D. Millet. In the first story we read of a mysterious death, which is finally explained by an ingenious application of the phenomenon of capillary attraction; in "The Faded Scapular" we have a weird tale of ghostly influence; in "Yatil" is set forth the superstition of the evil that follows the constant recurrence of the letter *Y*. There are seven of these tales, and all are dramatically told and full of the shudder-producing quality. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, $1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

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VANITY FAIR.

The following withering blast against American customs, manners, and morals is from the pen of a particularly atrabilarious Briton, writing in the current *Blackwood's*: "In the United States the boys and girls grow up like half-broken colts and fillies. They are beadstrong, and apt to take the bit between their teeth; they shy, and balk, and bite, and kick, and buck-jump; their mouths are wretched. They interfere, overreach, and stumble. The girls are often so perverse as in 'pure cussedness' to delight in skating upon all kinds of social ice. Many break through and get socially drowned, while others have to retire until their dirty linen is washed and dried. These latter may have another chance, and may even do well; but, as a rule, the colors of their attire have run, and they may be considered as of the *demi-monde*. The stories of the lives of unfortunate sisters, some of whom are inmates or frequenters of disorderly houses, reflect unfavorably upon the unrestrained intercourse between the sexes, especially at that age when girls are budding into womanhood, and have not mature discretion and strength of will. The *demi-monde* finds very many recruits from the ranks of divorced wives. Owing to the unconventionality of society in the United States, a great number of black sheep of both sexes are found in the best society cliques. Social frauds are very numerous. The number of outrages upon girls and women is appalling. It may pretty safely be asserted that no other country shows such a record, even in proportion to the number of inhabitants. The number of shootings is enormous. But by the refinement of the law they are not all murders, even although death ensues. There are more murders during one week in the United States than in the whole United Kingdom during one year. The number of suicides is awful, and reveals the fact that the United States is full of suffering humanity, hopeless, and driven to despair. It is almost every day one reads of a rejected lover shooting or otherwise killing the woman he would marry, his wife, and maybe his children, too, or his mistress, and immediately afterward killing himself. Some years ago, a case similar to that of Mazeppa, who was bound upon the back of a wild horse, which was then set free, was reported from the western prairies; and there have been lately several cases of lovers dying simultaneously by poison, gas, shooting, or drowning. In their domestic and family relations, the citizens do not set a good example to the rest of mankind.

"The marriage bonds sit very lightly upon the people. They are easily assumed, easily broken, easily unloosed. School children get married before they begin to earn a living. Papa said to Della: 'You must not have anything more to do with Eddie'; and papa said to Eddie: 'You had better forget all about your little sweetheart Della.' They afterward meet, and Eddie says to Della: 'Papa says we must not meet any more.' Della says to Eddie: 'So did my papa.' Eddie says: 'Let us elope.' They elope and are married. Girls under the age of consent elope with older men, tell lies, and get married. A great many get married just because they want to know what married life is, and because they know they can get a divorce whenever they want to be free. The antecedents of men and women are generally taken upon trust, and women, without inquiry, marry a man who says he is not married, or that he has been married, but has got a divorce. As might be expected, in the United States many soon find that they are not lawful wives. It is noteworthy that many women thus deceived get other husbands. The notoriety of their first venture may draw numerous offers of marriage from unknown men, and there may be an offer of engagement to exhibit in a dime-museum—a 'dime' is ten cents. Some women fall in love with a man who is merely separated from his wife, and if he will only go through the marriage ceremony with them, they afterward live with him as his wife. Others are not particular about any marriage ceremony, and others do not believe in it under any circumstances. Some married women, who leave their husbands to live with another man, like to be able to show a decree of divorce, but do not really care whether it is genuine or bogus. Milton used the phrase 'civilized adultery,' and, basing the opinion upon the Bible, no more appropriate term could be applied to the domestic relations of a vast horde of men and women in the United States. The reader, with a little exercise of imagination, can picture to himself how complicated a family relationship must be when the children can be classified as 'mine,' 'thine,' 'ours.' With very few exceptions, all the boys and girls, from their infancy upwards, absorb the poisonous atmosphere around them, and can rarely trace back to first knowledge their familiarity with the details of divorce lore. There is nothing to wonder at in the fact that, with comparatively very few exceptions, the boys and girls of the United States are precocious, and are wanting in the natural youthful pureness and freshness of mind and manner. The youth of the United States soon drop out of the category, 'For of such is the kingdom of heaven.' They are exposed to so many risks that it is not safe to keep them ignorant of the ways of the world, and mothers have to put their daughters upon their guard even before they enter their teens. It is customary for men to discuss many subjects in the presence of, and even with, ladies, which could not even be referred to in the United Kingdom. It is the ambition of many men to excel in indelicate talk, and to make use of some new and catching gross expression; and so words in the English language acquire a new meaning, or an obsolete word, which has long ago been banished current conversation, is revived and becomes the fashion. Married women and the *demi-monde* soon learn these new meanings, and girls are apt pupils. Slang words used in the United Kingdom with an innocent meaning are, in the United States, expressive of gross indelicacy."

A French physician has been investigating a subject that should be of interest to women who care to be thought charming, and the importance of his investigation is such that we reprint its results, as summarized in the *Medical Record*, although the matter, by reason of its anatomical and physiological character, will not be discussed in mixed circles of the sexes: "The physician in question has often had his curiosity excited by those mysterious noises which sometimes roar around the equatorial zone of charming woman, especially if she has been indulging in unlimited bonbons, and set himself about solving the problem of their origin. He thinks he has done so, and his conclusions form one more indictment against the destroyer of the health, the grace, and the beauty of form of the gentler sex—we mean the corset. The pressure of the stays causes, he says, a constriction of the stomach, dividing it in two lobes, and, during respiration, the gases and liquids contained in the organ pass alternately from one to the other lobe. Thus, during expiration, the diaphragm ascends, removing pressure from the upper lobe, while the lower lobe is compressed by the abdominal muscles. The air and fluids are thus forced into the upper lobe, and rumble and whistle as they squeeze through the constricted zone in the grasp of the corset. During inspiration the conditions are reversed, and the noisy current runs the other way. The sounds cease as soon as the stays are taken off, and reappear when they are again applied." Doubtless many a woman has been annoyed by these "mysterious noises around the equatorial zone," and wished that she could put an end to them; but when she learns that they are due to the corset, she will only sigh, and say to herself, "Pshaw! nobody hears them!"

Nearly all of the people who are making the trip to Europe for the first time provide themselves with letters of introduction, upon which they invariably base more or less extravagant hopes of hospitable reception and social successes. This is unfortunate, the *Tribune's* "Ex-Diplomat" declares. For unless the letters in question happen to be addressed to Americans resident abroad, their bearers will, in nine cases out of ten, often be exposed to bitter disappointment and mortification. Society in England, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain is thoroughly selfish, and the majority of its members resent the arrival of a letter of introduction on account of the obligations involved thereby. Their one object is to dispose of the latter as speedily as possible, with the least possible expenditure of money, time, and trouble. Nor should the American tourist, visiting Europe for the first time, look for very much in the shape of a return for the generous hospitality with which he has received European tourists in the United States. Hospitality in the Old World, save in Russia and in Scandinavia, is of a far more stunted, narrow, and grudging character than in the new, and, whereas here on this side of the Atlantic it is regarded as a pleasure, across the sea it is looked upon as an obligation. In America, a foreign visitor will be made to feel everywhere that by his presence he is conferring a pleasure upon his entertainers. Let the latter visit Europe, and they will find the guest who made his home at their house for days, weeks, and even months, will consider that he has made an adequate return for all their lavish hospitality if he invites them perfunctorily to a dinner-party, or sends them tickets for the opera on an off night. Fortunate, indeed, if he does not endeavor to avoid making any return whatsoever. I remember walking up the Boulevard des Capucines one day with a man bearing one of the grandest names in Europe, and possessed of a large fortune. He had but recently returned from a prolonged tour in the United States, where he had been magnificently entertained. Suddenly, as we were strolling along, he rapidly turned aside, and disappeared into a shop. On following him and asking the reason of his abrupt flank movement, he explained that he had just caught sight of a Western millionaire at whose house he had stayed during the three weeks that he had spent at Chicago. He was desirous at all costs to avoid him, lest he should be under the obligation of making some sort of return for the hospitality which he had received. This is by no means an isolated case.

An elderly woman of fashion said, the other day, to an *Evening Sun* reporter: "I have counted sixty girls who will never marry. They are in the service now. They are at every ball, every function—that is the new word. They drive their own ponies, and at other times it takes two men, two horses, and a coach to pull them about. They are pretty, they have all the attractions of youth, but they will never marry." When asked why this calamity seemed so inevitable, she replied: "Their fathers are rich, but they will not cut up well when they die. Old-fashioned love-making has gone out. Money seeks money. It is the age of consolidation and corporate companies. Beauty avails nothing but to attract attention. When an engagement is announced, you read that Mr. Martingale has fifty thousand dollars of his own and will inherit a quarter of a million from his uncle; and Miss Beeswax has already inherited through her grandmother, Mrs. Rosin, a fortune that renders her independent of her father. Men know to a dot that the sixty girls I have counted on my fingers will not only be poor themselves, as things go, but that they will have poor sisters. One such fact injures a girl's charms; two kills them. I will tell you what is the truth. In Boston, it is notorious that girls of the highest class are marrying into social ranks beneath them—the men whom they once would have held in scorn. The men of their own set—the clubmen—will not marry except for some great social advantage. The men of the cliques below find the social ladder worth mounting. For the girls there is no alternative."

That was a rather melancholy experience of a certain young man, the other day (says the Boston *Transcript*), who had a little bit of a controversy with a young lady, and who was so sure of his side of the dispute that he accepted her offer to bet five pounds of candied violets. The girl, of course, was betting on a sure thing, and the young man thought he was, too. But when it came to the settlement, it turned out that she was right. "And now," said she, when will you bring me the violets?' "To-morrow night," he said. He had a dim idea that candied violets were rather expensive, but he had never had occasion to buy any, and did not know how much they cost. The next day he went to Huyler's, and said, boldly, to the young woman at the counter: "Please give me five pounds of candied violets.' "Five pounds of candied violets?" she asked, incredulously. "That is what I said," answered the young man. "But do you know how much they cost?" she asked. "No," said he; "how much do they cost?" "Four dollars a pound," answered the girl. As this is a modern story, and as modern stories are generally left unfinished, the reader will not be informed here whether the young man bought the violets or not.

It is interesting and comforting to know that no woman now living can be held accountable for the long-train abomination. This pleasing fashion was introduced into England nearly five hundred years ago by Anne, Queen of Richard the Second. It was the same enterprising lady who introduced the enormous head-gear of which our theatre bonnets are the direct descendants. Anne, who seemed to have a thirst for experiments, went even further than this. She introduced the side-saddle for woman horsemanship and abolished the cavalier style of riding then in vogue.

As has been before pointed out, it is unfair to accuse the modern young woman of all the notions and whims extant. Her brother has his share. A writer in the New York *Times* tells of a young man who went abroad for three months since Christmas on a business trip, and who so dreaded heterogeneous laundering that he carried with him one hundred "done up" shirts; and "what is more remarkable," said his mother, "he brought them all home again."

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Harriet Pullman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pullman, and Mr. Frank J. Carolan, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan, of this city, will take place on Tuesday evening, June 7th, at the residence of the bride's parents, which has recently been enlarged and renovated. Owing to the death of Mr. Pullman's mother, there will be no reception, but the intimate friends of the families will be verbally asked to the ceremony. No wedding invitations will be issued but announcements of the wedding will be sent out afterward. The maid of honor will be Miss Florence Pullman and the bridesmaids will comprise Miss Lisette Colt, of New York, Miss Fay Alger, of Detroit, Miss Evelyn Carolan, sister of the groom, Miss Hester Kimball, Miss Mamie Odell, Miss Florence Clarke, and Miss Emily Chumasen, all of Chicago. Mr. Edgar Carolan will act as best man, and the ushers will be Mr. Emerson E. Tuttle, Mr. John Edwin Doane, Mr. Pierrepont Isham, Mr. Sawyer Pullman, and Mr. George M. Pullman, Jr., all of Chicago; Mr. James W. Girard, Jr., of New York; Mr. C. Osgood Hooker, Mr. A. H. Small, and Mr. Alexander Hamilton, of San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Marie Giffin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Giffin, and Mr. Daniel T. C. Perkins, son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Perkins, will be quietly celebrated at Pomona, Cal., on Monday, June 29th. None but relatives and intimate friends will be present. Mr. John O. Blanchard will act as best man for Mr. Perkins.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Davis have issued invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Susie Augustina Davis, and Mr. Frank Vincent Wright, of San José, which will take place in Grace Church at half-past eight o'clock on Wednesday evening, June 8th.

Miss Nellie Simrall, of Kentucky, who visited here last year, will be married in June to Professor Linley Caseley, of Columbia College. He is the son of Chief-Justice Caseley, of New Jersey.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Plum, daughter of Mr. Charles M. Plum, to Mr. James Irvine, son of the late Mr. James Irvine.

The wedding of Miss Louise Payot, daughter of Mr. Henry Payot, and Dr. Henry L. Curtis, of Philadelphia, will take place in July at the residence of the bride's father on Ellis Street.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Mr. Isaac Slaven, of New York, to Mrs. Kate Hart, of this city.

Mrs. Anne Buckler Toland, of this city, and Mr. James Rich Steers Lake, of New York city, were united in marriage on May 16th by Rev. E. B. Spalding in the Church of St. John the Evangelist, in this city.

The Misses Morrison, of San José, gave a delightful lunch-party at their residence last Wednesday in honor of Mrs. M. P. Handy, of Chicago, wife of Major Handy, promoter-general of the Columbian Exposition.

The roerobers of the Country Club will give a bull's-head breakfast at their preserve in Marin County on Sunday, June 5th.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Brigadier-General Thomas H. Ruger, U. S. A., accompanied by his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Charles G. Lyman, U. S. A., will soon proceed to Vancouver Barracks, Wash., on official business.

It is thought probable in military circles that Colonel William R. Shafter, U. S. A., of Angel Island, will receive the appointment to the vacancy caused by the retirement of General David Stanley, U. S. A., which will take effect on June 1st.

Lieutenant Stephen M. Foote, Fourth Artillery, U. S. A., is in Washington, D. C., preparing his report in connection with the survey of the Inter-Continental Railway, upon which he has been engaged. Mrs. Foote accompanied him as far as Fort Leavenworth, and will remain there for some time on a visit to her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Brooke.

Lieutenant Ogden Rafferty, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Camp Eagle Pass, Texas, and assigned to Alcatraz Island.

Lieutenant J. L. Hayden, First Artillery, U. S. A., will be on duty at the West Point Military Academy after August 20th.

Lieutenant J. H. Pendleton, U. S. M. C., has been detached from the marine barracks at Mare Island and has gone to Sitka, Alaska, to command the marine guard of the United States ship *Pinta* and the marines stationed at the barracks at that point.

Captain Charles A. Booth, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Department of California to Fort Sheridan, Ill.

Captain John J. O'Connell, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted four months' leave of absence. He will soon leave for the East and Europe.

Lieutenant Harry C. Benson, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A. has been ordered to rejoin his troop in the Sequoia National Park.

Dr. Ernest Norfleet, U. S. N., has returned from Alaska and is at Mare Island.

Major and Mrs. Wilson, U. S. A., and Miss G. Wilson are pleasantly located at The Colonial, on Pine Street.

Lieutenant C. H. Boneteel, U. S. A., and family have secured rooms for the season at The Colonial.

Admiral and Mrs. Belknap, U. S. N., left for Washington, D. C., last Friday.

— AT THE PRESENT TIME THERE IS QUITE A controversy among ladies in society circles as to which caterer makes the best iced cream. The consensus of opinion is that Ernst H. Ludwig, the Model American Caterer, of 1206 Sutter Street, provides the most wholesome article. He has discarded his foreign machines, which other caterers still use, considering them relics of a by-gone age, and has purchased one of the celebrated "Samson Power Freezers" and a gas-engine which enables him to freeze fifty quarts of cream in thirty minutes. He uses the very best cream, which is the prime essential for this delicacy. In the new machine the cream does not come in contact with zinc, hence there is no danger of poisoning.

DIALECT VERSE.

The Daguerreotype.

You hev to hold it sidewise
Fer to make the lightness show,
'Cuz it's sort uh dim an' shifty
Till you git it right—'bout so!
An' then the eyes winks at yeh,
An' the mouth is cherry ripe,
Law! it beats your new-style picters,
This old digerrytype!

Thar's a blush acrost the dimples
Thet hurrows in the cheeks;
From them clumps o' ringlets
Two little small ears peeks,
Thet brooch thet jines her neck-gear
Is what they used to wear;
A big gold frame thet sprawled around
A lock o'—some one's hair.

'Twas took 'fore we was married,
Thet there—your maw an' me.
An' times I study on it,
Why, 't fazes me to see
Thet fifty year 'ain't teched her
A lick! She's jest the same
She was when Sudie Scriggens
Took Boone C. Curds's name.

The hair is mehby whiter
'An it was in '41,
But her cheeks is jest as pinky,
An' her smiles 'ain't slacked up none.
I reckon—love—er somethin'
Yerluminates her face,
Like the crimsont velvet linin'
Warms up the picter-case.

'S I say, these cyard-boa'd portraits,
They make me sort uh tired,
A-grinnin' forf upon yeh
Like their very lips was wired!
Give me the old digerrytype,
Whar the face steals on your sight
Like a dream that comes by night-time
When your supper's actin' right!

—*Eva Wilder McGlasson in Harper's Weekly.*

Across the Bloody Chasm.

I was for Union, you, agin it.
'Pears like, to me, each side was winner,
Lookin' at Now and all 'at's in it.
Le' 's go to dinner.

Le' 's kind n' jes set down together
And do some pardnership forgittin';
Talk, say, for instance, 'bout the weather,
Er somepin fittin'.

The War, you know, 's all done and ended,
And ain't changed no p'ints o' the compass;
Both North and South the health 's jes splendid
As 'fore the rumpus.

The old farms and the old plantations
Still occupies the'r old positions,
Le' 's git back to old situations
And old ambitions.

Le' 's let un on this blame' infernal
Tongue-lashin' and lap-jacket vauntin',
And git back home to the eternal
Ca'm we're awantin'.

Peace kind o' sort o' suits my diet,
When women does my cookin' for me,
Ther' wasn't overly much pie eat
Durin' the Army.

—*James Whitcomb Riley in the Century.*

Jemimy.

She's turned her silk, Jemimy hez,
'Twas gold and green at fust;
She trimmed it with an edge o' gold
So grand she liked to bust!
'Twas gold all that long summer through,
An' nex' one too, but then
She turned her silk, Jemimy did,
An' jest hegun agen.

This time 'twas green she trimmed it with,
An' when she set an' sung
She hridled up ez pleased ez when
That air old silk was young.
A big green bow in front she wore,
A breast-pin gold an' green,
An' in her silk, new turned and trimmed,
Was fine as any queep.

Wall, two more summers slowly went,
An' now Jemimy's took
An' turned that cracked old silk agen
An' tried to make it look
Ez fresh an' clean an' nice an' new
Ez if straight from the store;
She's fixed it up with yeller lace
An' looped it up before.

Laws sakes! when she kem in the pew
I thought I should a died!
I laughed, I couldn't help but laugh,
But she—she up an' cried!
I saw her sobbin', an' her tears
Wet her old hymn-book pages—
'Twas "Hide me, oh, my Saviour, hide!"
We sung; 'twas "Rock of Ages."

An' if I wore that silk o' hern
I'd want to hide away;
But sumthin' struck me to the heart
When she knelt down to pray—
'Twas in that very silk she came
A-hurryin' when Jim died;
She had it on when Ruth was boro,
An' kep right by my side.

An' up an' down through many years
It's gold and green I trace,
Allers a-doin' sumthin' good
An' lightenin' up the place.
She's turned her silk, Jemimy hez,
But somehow there's a look
O' sumthin' shinin' in her eyes,
Like angels in the book.

I guess in heaven a seamless robe,
All white an' pure an' fine,
Jemimy'll get, a hundred times
Ez beautiful ez mine.
I'm dretful sorry that I laughed—
When meetin's done I'll go
An' kiss her tender ez I kin,
An' humbly tell her so.

—*Cora Linn Daniels in Judge.*

— THE MIRAMONTE TRACT, NEAR MOUNTAIN View, in Santa Clara County, is thirty-nine miles from San Francisco and five miles from the Stanford University—just the right distance from town for a country villa and charmingly located. The tract of two hundred and fifty acres will be sold at auction in ninety-three subdivisions by McAfee, Baldwin & Hammond on the grounds, next Saturday, June 4th. Particulars of the sale and the excursion will be found in the advertisement in another column.

— DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT TO BUY? CALL AT 116 Sutter Street and they will solve the problem with their large line of novelties and ornaments.

— KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS character from handwriting in ink, *unruled* paper. Send 50 cents; stamps or postal notes.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Mrs. George Augustus Sala's volume, "Famous People I Have Met," starts with her husband. If other wives' estimates of the importance of their husbands were used as a basis, the book would run into several large volumes.

Mme. Patti's maid makes the statement that the perfume of violets causes a hoarseness in the diva's throat such as might be due to a bad cold. No plants of any kind and no cut flowers are ever allowed to remain in the prima donna's bedroom.

Fannie Kemble at eighty-two is a sadly broken woman. She can not write a letter except when a friendly hand guides the pen across the paper for her, and all the spirit and vivacity for which the great actress was once famous have left her. She no longer enjoys music except to listen to it, and her reading is limited to the Bible and a few religious books.

Sarah Bernhardt's latest vagary is thus recorded:

When Sarah Bernhardt was in Memphis, she took a singular interest in the case of an unfortunate lunatic, Alice Mitchell, now confined there on a charge of murder. It is stated that Bernhardt's investigation of all the details of that notorious crime was not inspired by curiosity, but by a business instinct. She gathered all the newspaper reports, questioned physicians and lawyers, studied the characteristics of the young assassin, and made entries in her note-book. Her object, it is said, is to convey these repulsive memoranda to Victorien Sardou, with a view to his writing a play around the character of Alice Mitchell in which she can appear. Considering the nature of the antecedents of the murderess of Freda Ward, one might suppose that Sardou would hesitate to write, and that even Bernhardt would shrink from playing a drama whose motive is too indecent to describe.

The following facts about Mme. Adam, the clever Frenchwoman who edits the *Nouvelle Revue*, and whose recent entertaining article on French girls has awakened so much comment, are of interest:

She is fifty-six years old, and still very handsome. Her eyes are deep blue, her hair blonde, her figure graceful. Mme. Adam's day is somewhat rigidly divided into periods for work and recreation. Habitually retiring between three and four A. M., she rises at nine o'clock, breakfasts at eleven, attends to correspondence till three, reads manuscript for her journal from three until seven, when she dines, always simply and at home. At nine o'clock P. M., she is ready for society, which she keenly enjoys. Midnight finds her again at her desk, where she works steadily until the arrival of her bed-time, just as the cocks begin to crow. She reads and writes with a basket of fruit by her side, and a repast of this is part of her preparation for sleep.

Miss Isabel Hapgood has this to say of Count Tolstoï's wife:

"The Countess Tolstoï makes no profession of the religious enthusiasm that sustains her husband in his life of self-denial among the peasantry. At the same time, she has shared his isolation, furthered his various schemes, brought up nine children, fitting the younger members herself for the life of struggle with which their father has endowed them. She holds frank views of her husband and his theories. With some humor, she observes that all her husband's disciples are small, blonde, sickly, and homely—all alike as a pair of boots—and remarks, with equal candor, that he changes his opinions every two years. But this faculty for clear seeing has not affected her notions of wifely duty. A beautiful and accomplished woman, she leaves her lonely life only to further some of Count Tolstoï's purposes, and, when at home, endeavors to keep the reformer as bodily comfortable as their narrow means and his theories of the moment will permit."

The social clouds that have been hovering over Lady Clancarty (better known as Belle Bilton the dancer) seem to be slowly lifting. Says the *Sun's* London correspondent:

"English society, we are told, is beginning to recognize the fact that the wife of an earl and the mother of a future earl can not be entirely ignored. Moreover, the Duchess of Portland and the Duchess of Bedford have avowed their intention of taking her under their broad wings next season, and seeing that she is properly received. Already a number of society people "accept" her, so far as dining with her or bowing in the park goes. His lordship, the earl, is devoted to her, her twin boys consider her a model mother, and, altogether, matters are very auspicious. The best thing in her favor is that she receives social advances with all humility, declares that she has turned her back on the past, and that all she asks is support and a fair field to do honor to her new name. The same Duchess of Portland who is reaching out a helping hand to Belle Bilton, is frowning very disapprovingly upon the high-kicking of Lady Russell. But the duchess says that is a different matter entirely—that Countess Russell has not the excuse of early association and pressing need."

The following will be of interest to women who care for fishing:

The introduction of rubber flies, grasshoppers, and worms will undoubtedly increase the number of fisherwomen. The women who fish have never been many, owing to the fatal necessity of baiting their own hooks. Fishermen are always obliging about fixing bait for a maiden effort. But after an occasion or two, unless women learn to take care of their own hooks, a man will steal off and go fishing as if he were only twelve years old. On the lakes, where they troll for white bass with pieces of red flannel on their hooks, women fish with the zest of men. The same women will stay home and wash rather than string worms on hooks for fish that are too epicurean to be caught by cloth and rubber. When women do fish, they are very successful. Men regard it as a disrespectful sort of luck, and sometimes say so. The other day, fishing in the Lake of Killarney, an English woman, Mrs. Pike, caught a thirty-five-pound salmon with a trout-rod. She was spinning an imitation minoow, when it was seized by a large fish, who was off. To save the tackle, Mrs. Pike had to follow. After traversing a mile of water and an hour and a half's excitement, she succeeded in landing the salmon. This is the largest salmon that has been caught in Killarney in fifty years.

Stanley, the intrepid explorer, seems to be moderately hen-pecked, according to this story:

Mrs. Dorothy Tennant Stanley has obtained a candidature, in a safe Tory district, for her husband at the now rapidly approaching general election. Her patroness has been the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who really brought about the Stanley nuptials, and whose young husband stands high in the confidence of Tory leaders. William Ashmead Bartlett Burdett-Coutts (commonly called Alphabet Coutts) is member for Westminster, which is always carried by Tory money gathered in the borough. It is an open secret that the hooor for her husband cost the baroness ten thousand pounds to the Tory election fund. She is ready to be bled freely in order to put her pet Dorothy in the same condition as herself—wife to an M. P. It is whispered, however, that Stanley is not anxious for the honor. Mrs. Stanley, since her return from the States, has redoubled in interest as a social lioness, and at her own receptions, and at those where she is a guest, she is often called upon to exhibit her album of black-and-white drawings, made while the Stanleys were in the States and in Canada. She is reported to have caught upon her pen point in her sketches the characteristics of American facial types and peculiarities as forcibly as she had previously fastened upon those of the London gamins.

The American girl's voice is thus discussed in the *Evening Sun*:

"Mme. Marchesi, the great singing teacher of Paris, says that the reason the American girls are so successful as singers is because, as children, they were never afraid to speak out. Their loud and unhesitating speech had kept the vocal chords facile, used to work, so that when the occasion for training came they responded quickly, and stood the necessary wear and tear of practice. The English girl, on the contrary, as a child is taught not only to speak low, but to restrain her utterance—enthusiasm and vivacity being underbred. The result is that her voice, although so agreeable in quality, is monotonous, and that her vocal organs, having been long kept within limits, accomplish with difficulty the wide range required in singing. At the present writing there is unquestioned anxiety expressed, through correspondence in the English journals, concerning the growing importance of American prima donnas, and the growing unimportance of English singers. Aside from the rank taken by Albani, Eames, Nordica, Nevada, Van Zandt, Sanderson, in the great operatic centres of Europe, there are Ulmer, De Lussan, Agnes Huntington, Esther Palliser, Leonora Bradley, singing in London in lighter operas, and Belle Cole, Mrs. Eugene Oudin, and numbers of American women singing in private London houses to the exclusion of Englishwomen. One paper attributes the success of the American girl to the fact that she hastens to Paris for training, while the English girl studies at home. Another states that the American girl has what the English girl lacks—that is, temperament. A third says that America, being a much larger country than England, there is naturally a larger range of voices, as if it were a question of area. The fact is that the only singer to whom England can possibly lay claim of late years is Melba—and Melba is an Australian."

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SOCIETY.

The Blair Lunch-Party.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair and her daughter, Miss Jennie Blair, gave a charming lunch-party at their residence on Van Ness Avenue last Wednesday in honor of Mrs. George J. Harding, *née* Jones, who is here on a visit to her mother, Mrs. O. C. Pratt. As Mrs. Harding will return to Philadelphia on June 20th, and Miss Blair will leave for Europe five days earlier, the affair was one of unusual importance to the guests. Sunlight was excluded from the dining-room by the closely drawn curtains, and illumination was given by beautiful lamps and candelabra with pink tapers and shades. The dining-table was massed with fragrant sweet peas, delicately shaded and fronded with sprays of maiden-hair ferns, while at each cover was a corsage bouquet of these pretty blossoms. Spread over the table was a cover of Nile-green silk, fringed with lace, the color of which was in perfect harmony with the flowers that so daintily adorned it. An elaborate menu was served under the direction of Ludwig, and a couple of hours were devoted to its enjoyment. The affair terminated very pleasantly with music and conversation in the parlors. Those present were:

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair, Mrs. George J. Harding, Mrs. Webster Jones, Mrs. Henry E. Bothin, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. A. P. Hotaling, Jr., Mrs. Gaston M. Ashe, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Elise Kelley, Miss Fanny Crocker, and Miss Belle Smith.

A Lawn-Party at Fort Mason.

The officers and ladies stationed at Fort Mason gave a lawn-party there last Thursday afternoon, and it proved to be one of the most pleasant affairs that has ever taken place there. Almost all of the officers and ladies at the other posts around the harbor were present, in addition to which there was a fair sprinkling of naval officers, a few civilians, and, of course, many of our society belles. The military hands from the Presidio and Angel Island were present, and played concert and dance-music all of the afternoon. There was a canvas-canopied pavilion for those who desired to dance *al fresco*, and the tennis-courts had their votaries.

Mrs. Selden A. Day and Mrs. Harry O. Perley comprised the committee of reception, and were assiduous in their attentions to the many guests. It was a cold, blustering, foggy day, and anything but pleasant around the waste of sand contiguous to the fort, but the post seemed like an oasis, with its parterres of bright flowers and its forest of trees and shubbery, all of which were protected from the elements by the high fence. Consequently, within the enclosure it seemed like a summer's day, and the light-tinted toilets of the ladies were not at all out of place. Choice viands and punches were bounteously provided for the refreshment of the visitors. It was quite late when the affair ended.

The Crocker Auxiliary.

The members of the Crocker Auxiliary gave their final entertainment of this season last Monday evening in the Old People's House, corner of Pierce and Pine Streets. It is the kind mission of the ladies who comprise the auxiliary to cheer the declining years of the aged inmates of the home through the medium of these entertainments which are highly appreciated. An audience of about two hundred people were assembled in the parlors that evening. Miss Helen Heffron, Mr. Richard J. Whelan, and Mr. J. H. Desmond were heard to much advantage in vocal solos, and a series of stereopticon views, loaned by Dr. R. H. McDonald, were shown. They comprised views of the principal points of interest seen in a tour of the world, and the descriptions were well given by Mr. A. W. Scott, Jr. Afterward Mr. Whelan delivered two humorous recitations, refreshments were bounteously served, and dancing was enjoyed by the guests until midnight.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge and Miss Jennie Blair will leave for the East on June 15th, and on July 13th will sail for Europe. They will go direct to Carlsbad, where Mr. Dodge will take the cure, and afterward will pass several months in traveling over the continent.

Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst and her niece, Miss Annie Apperson, left New York last Wednesday for Europe.

Mrs. A. E. Head and Miss Anna Head are in Paris.

Colonel and Mrs. Isaac Trumbo will depart for Minneapolis on Monday.

Mrs. Charles B. Alexander will return to New York on Monday, after a pleasant visit here and at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Clark W. Crocker, Miss Fanny Crocker, and Miss Etta Birdsall, of Sacramento, will leave for Europe on June 21st.

Mrs. W. L. Elliott and Miss Elliott will occupy the residence of Mrs. Moses Hopkins, in Redwood City, until next October.

Mrs. Mamie C. Hastings has gone to San Rafael with her family, and will remain there during the season.

Mrs. Moses Hopkins, Mrs. Bliss, and Miss Florence Lockwood left last Monday for the East en route to Europe, where they will travel for several months.

Miss Mary L. McNutt has been entertained in Menlo Park during the past week by Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Adams.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott and family are occupying their beautiful home in San Rafael, where they will remain during the season.

Miss Louise Moulder will leave New York to-day for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedell have closed their city residence and gone to San Rafael for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Danforth will pass most of the summer at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mrs. L. S. B. Sawyer and her little daughter, Clara, have been in San José during the past two weeks as the guests of the Misses Morrison. Several dinners, luncheons, and teas have been given in Mrs. Sawyer's honor. Last Sunday a four-in-hand coaching-party was given to Quito Farm, the country-home of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Goodrich. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Goodrich, Mrs. L. S. B. Sawyer, the Misses Morrison, Mr. L. G. Nesmith, Mr. S. C. Houghton, Count Marazzi, Mr. J. W. Findlay, and Mr. R. E. Morrison.

Mrs. Leland Stanford left last Monday for Washington, D. C., in her private car. Mr. and Mrs. Stephen T. Gage accompanied her as far as Ogden, and from there went to Salt Lake City to remain a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher F. Ryer have been enjoying a visit at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Mr. George H. Roe and family have returned from the East, and will pass the summer at Blythedale.

Mr. L. J. Rose, of Los Angeles, is at the Hoffman House in New York city.

Judge and Mrs. Stanley and Miss Eliza B. Garber have taken apartments at the Hotel Vendome, in San José, for the summer.

Mrs. A. Morse and Mrs. N. Nason left last Thursday to make a prolonged visit at Sissons.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Huntington and family will arrive from New York next month, and will pass much of the season at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. J. M. Brereton and Miss May Mitchell Spring will leave on June 1st to visit the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. A. J. Pope will divide the summer season between her villa in Napa County and the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle are paying a visit to Chicago.

Mrs. N. G. Kittle has taken a cottage in San Rafael for the season.

Among the many who have engaged rooms at the Hotel del Monte for June and July are Mr. and Mrs. C. F. McDermott and family, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Main, Rev. and Mrs. R. C. Foute, Mrs. Richard Tobin and family, Mrs. H. S. Foote, Miss Sherrard, Mr. J. B. Sherrard, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Woodrow, Mr. and Mrs. A. Stillman, Misses Stillman, Mr. E. W. Churchill and family, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Miss Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Scholle, Mrs. M. B. M. Toland, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis, Mr. Norris Davis, Dr. and Mrs. James Ward, and Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies.

Mrs. Luke Robinson and Mr. Frank Robinson are passing a few days at the Hotel del Monte. Later in the season Mrs. Robinson and family will go to Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Young and family are at Larkspur Inn for the season.

Mr. A. A. Nickerson and Dr. Harold Sidebotham, who have been enjoying a visit here and at Mr. Nickerson's placer mines near Groveville, have returned to their home in Montecito, Santa Barbara County. Dr. Sidebotham, who married Miss Mand Nickerson, has given up his practice, and is now largely interested in the culture of the olive. Miss Myra Nickerson will arrive here next week, and will pay a visit to Miss Mamie Holbrook at Menlo Park.

Mrs. Richard Ivers and Miss Aileen Ivers are in London.

Mrs. John D. Yost, Miss Yost, and Miss Jennie Sanderson will leave New York next Tuesday for Paris.

Mrs. David Bixler has arrived in Germany.

Mrs. William Wainwright and Miss Anna Wainwright are visiting at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. Basil Ricketts has gone to Honolulu on a month's visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Ignatz Steinhart and Mr. Joseph Friedlander will go to San Rafael next week to occupy a cottage there during the season.

Mr. Irving M. Scott is still lingering in Washington, D. C., and will remain there until the conference report on the Naval Appropriation Bill is issued.

Mr. and Mrs. Will E. Fisher will go to San Rafael next week for the season.

Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan will leave for the East, via Panama, about June 15th, and will then proceed to Paris to study vocal music.

Mrs. James de la Montanya, Jr., has returned from a pleasant visit to her parents, Judge and Mrs. F. E. Spencer, in San José.

Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg and Miss Nellie Smedberg have gone East, and will be away until next autumn.

Mrs. David Hewes is convalescent after her recent severe illness.

Miss Aileen Goad is visiting her cousin, Miss Hattie Belle Goad, at her home in Colusa.

Mr. George L. Carroll is stopping at the Hotel Holland in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Fletcher Tilton will pass the summer at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Heller have arrived in Paris.

Mr. A. B. Williamson is at the Hotel Bartholdi in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil E. Gardner will pass the summer months at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Mr. J. M. English is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Mr. H. E. Hall has been in Boston during the past fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart will pass most of the next two months at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Miss Jennie Catherwood is visiting relatives in Paris.

Mrs. Theresa Casserly and Miss Daisy Casserly will pass the season at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker will leave next week to occupy the Barroilhet villa at San Mateo. Miss Beth Sperry will accompany them.

Mr. Alexander Hamilton and Mr. Osgood Hooker left for Chicago last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Chretien have been enjoying a visit at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Sampson Tams, Mr. John Boggs, Miss Alice Boggs, and Mr. Everett N. Bee will leave on June 6th to visit the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis will pass June and July at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. William H. Avery will leave to-day for Paso Robles, and will return on Monday with his wife, who has been there a couple of months for the benefit of her health.

Mrs. H. J. Campbell and Mrs. F. A. Wilkins are at Home Farm in Sonoma County.

Dr. and Mrs. C. G. Kenyon will go to Larkspur Inn for the season.

Mrs. H. L. Van Wyck and family and Mrs. Boyd are passing the summer at Agua Caliente in Sonoma County.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Mau have engaged rooms at Larkspur Inn for July, August, and September.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and family will leave early in June to pass the summer at Mount Shasta.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa are at the Hotel Windsor in New York city.

Hon. Romualdo Pacheco will sail for Central America on June 4th, to resume his official duties there.

Miss Ruth Benjamin, of this city, and Mrs. George, of Chicago, left for New York on May 21st. Miss Stella B. Walthall and a party of friends will leave here next Tuesday and will join Miss Benjamin in New York. The entire party will sail for Europe about the middle of June. Miss Benjamin goes abroad to study art and will be away a year or more, principally in Paris. Miss Walthall will study music and will return during the latter part of this year.

Miss Alice Mau and Miss Tillie Feldmann will leave next month to visit Miss Mau's sister in Helena, Mont., and will be away about six months.

Mr. Gus Wilde is passing a month in Sausalito.

Mr. Al. Bonnell is enjoying a three weeks' visit at Los Angeles.

Mr. Harry E. Wise will go to Portland, Or., next week on a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Ponton de Arce, Mrs. Ricardo Villafranca, and Miss Marie Ponton de Arce will receive on Wednesdays at their residence, 1704 Sacramento Street.

Dr. R. W. Payne has been at the Hotel del Monte during the past week.

Dr. and Mrs. Winslow Anderson passed last Saturday and Sunday at Byron Hot Springs.

Captain Charles Goodall, Mrs. Charles Miner Goodall, and Miss Teenie Goodall have arrived in New York city and will leave there on June 9th for Europe.

Miss Sarah D. Hamlin has returned from her tour of the world and is visiting Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Norris at their residence on Sacramento Street.

Mrs. Grant Boyd and Miss Nellie Boyd will pass the season at the Napa Soda Springs.

Rev. and Mrs. Abel Stevens have made arrangements to pass the season at the Hotel Vendome, in San José.

Mrs. J. H. Gilmore and Miss Daisy Gilmore were at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city a week ago.

Mr. and Mrs. John O'Neil Reis have decided to pass the summer at the Hotel Vendome, in San José.

Miss Crane, who has just completed a four years' course at Mills College, will pass the summer with her mother and brother at their cottage in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Edwards will be at the Hotel Vendome, in San José, during the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Mixer, of Chicago, are paying a visit to this city and are stopping at The Colonial.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, Miss Maud Hopkins, Misses Helen and Edna Hopkins, and Miss Evelyn Carolan left for the East last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow have given up their Eastern trip, owing to the recent death of Mr. Winslow's father.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills and Miss Mills will be at the Hotel del Monte during the next two months.

General William H. Dimond, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Dimond, and the Misses Mae and Eleanor Dimond will leave for the Yosemite Valley on June 7th.

Mrs. William Haas and family and Mrs. D. Neustadter and family will pass the season at Del Monte.

Governor and Mrs. Markham, and General and Mrs. Allen left last Thursday evening for the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin C. Tubbs will be at the Hotel del Monte during June and July.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCormick and Miss McCormick will pass the summer at Larkspur Inn.

Mrs. Charles R. Peters has removed from 1016 Sutter Street to 1220 Hyde Street.

Miss Maud Hollingsworth has returned to her home in Woodland after a pleasant visit to friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Crooks are enjoying a visit at Moscow Cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Lugsdin and Miss Lugsdin have been enjoying a visit to the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Davidson and Miss Davidson will pass the summer in San Rafael.

Major and Mrs. William Cluff have left to visit the Yosemite Valley. When they return, they will pass the season at their country place, Spring Hill Farm, in Alhambra Valley.

Miss Clara Sutro will pass the season at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Willey and Mr. Frank D. Willey are occupying their cottage in Sausalito, which is directly opposite the Pacific Yacht Club house.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hamilton, of Oakland, will pass the summer at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mrs. J. H. Whited, of Fresno, is paying another visit to the Byron Hot Springs.

Mrs. S. W. Dennis, Miss Dennis, Mrs. A. M. Jewell, and Miss Jewell are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Unruh, at Arcadia.

Dr. J. Franklin Brown has arrived in London.

Mr. Daniel Murphy, of San José, has been passing the week here. He will leave early in June for his ranch in Mexico, and soon afterward will go to Europe.

Mrs. F. L. Whitney and Miss Grace Whitney will pass next month in Cloverdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Symmes and family will pass the season at Pescadero.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries have returned from Salt Lake City, and will pass the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. Louis Sloss, whose life was despaired of early in the week, is now convalescent. He is at his cottage in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Bigelow and Miss Bigelow have gone East, via New Orleans, and will be away a couple of months.

Mrs. D. O. Timlow and Mr. W. F. Timlow, of New York city, are stopping at The Colonial.

Mr. James D. Phelan has arrived in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Taber, Mr. and Mrs. W. Wilkinson, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jaynes are among the recent arrivals at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Mr. Edward S. Spring and family will be at Larkspur Inn during June.

Mrs. I. S. Van Winkle and Miss Van Winkle are making a short visit to Portland, Or.

Senator W. A. Piper is passing several weeks at the Hotel Vendome, in San José.

Dr. and Mrs. Clinton Cushing have moved from the Palace Hotel and are now keeping house at 1812 Gough Street.

Dr. Henry Gibbons, Jr., is at the Coleman House, in New York city.

Mrs. W. M. Gwin, Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, and Miss Gwin are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Payne are occupying their villa at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Searles are passing the season at Larkspur Inn.

Dr. Alfred E. Blake has erected a comfortable villa on his tract at Menlo Park, and will reside there, with his family, all the year round.

Mr. A. H. Small left for Chicago last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Boyd, *née* Kittle, will occupy their cottage in San Rafael to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. Winsor L. Brown went to the Hotel del Monte early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mitchell and family are at Larkspur Inn for the season.

Dr. Albert Abrams will go to the Yosemite Valley next Thursday on a visit, and will stop over at Wawona for several days.

Mr. E. A. Bruguiere and family will pass the next two months at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. George W. Childs and party will go to the Yosemite Valley on June 13th.

Mr. W. W. Foote is visiting the Byron Hot Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Castle and Miss Minnie Weill will occupy a cottage in Santa Cruz during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Gunn and family have secured apartments for June and July at Larkspur Inn.

— "THE MEPHISTO" IS THE VERY LATEST style of hat from the great Paris milliners. It has been in San Francisco only a few days, but already it adorns the heads of some of the prettiest and most stylish ladies in town, and The Maze—the great emporium at Market and Taylor Streets, which is the only place where "The Mephisto" is to be bought in town—has already had to telegraph East for a new supply to meet the demand its immediate popularity has created. It is made in various colored straws, but its distinguishing features are the pointed stove-pipe crown and the two Mephistophelean plumes that make the wearer look—if not "real devilish"—very piquant and pretty. At The Maze a model may be seen, and all the materials for making it up are kept in all colors.

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Telephone 38. Telegraph or write, or, better still, call and see us any day, and satisfy yourself beyond question. Take Sausalito Ferry and Cars to Larkspur. Round trip, 50 cents. Respectfully, Herburn & Terry.

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THE CALIFORNIA

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IN A SAFETY RIDING-HABIT.

A Tale of the Hunting Field.

It was a wonderful garment, but it had its drawbacks. The sad accident, which almost ended fatally in the case of the Hon. Lavinia Clutterbuck, had thrilled the country-side, and a similar one might occur to any lady at any time; so Colonel and Mrs. Martindale had laid their heads together. Mrs. Martindale had openly declared her desire to forbid hunting on the part of her daughters; but their father, though stern and perturbed, was not inexorable. He was open to argument, and his daughters hung about his neck and threatened tears, always their strongest argument; so he reflected that he had three more lady olive-branches still in the school-room, and he interceded on behalf of their elder sisters. The maternal veto was withdrawn, subject to a compromise; they might hunt, but only in safety habits of an approved pattern. No offer was made by either parent to assist in the purchase of the requisite articles; but that was nothing to the Misses Martindale. Their dress allowances were limited; but their ingenuity was great.

"We must alter our old ones," said Maud. And, after a short correspondence in the sporting papers—which produced a shower of circulars, explanations, and diagrams, forwarded to "Anxious Inquirer" by the editors—the village tailor commenced his work. His skill was necessary for the proper manipulation of Melton cloth; his wife assisted in the "trying on." Maud's came home first; and, as since their elder brother had entered upon a somewhat costly career at college, they had only been able to hunt in turns, her sister awaited the result.

"Of course," she said, turning in front of her pier-glass, "it's all right when you get there."

"Yes," said her sister, gravely; "but you have got to get there first. Can't you fasten it up—all those hooks and eyes must be meant for something?"

"Of course," said Maud Martindale; "they are meant to be fastened when you have no chance of coming off. At the meet it won't look as if it had been altered at all. When the hounds are running, I can undo it somehow, and no one will mind then whether it flaps about a bit or not."

"No one will mind, if you don't," said her sister, still looking at her rather doubtfully. "Unless," she added, "Captain Horsforth disapproves; men are very particular about that sort of thing. I should tell him, if I were you, that the governor insists. You might mention it at dinner. I heard him go up to dress, by the way, ten minutes ago."

So they made their toilet together in haste and went down to dinner; and Captain Horsforth, who was staying in the house for a fortnight of his long leave, made many futile efforts, by means of diagrams drawn on the table-cloth with the end of a spoon, to explain his idea of what a woman's appearance on horseback should be to combine tolerable safety with a workman-like and sporting appearance—which latter condition he seemed to think the more important of the two.

"Captain Horsforth seems to have a great deal to say to Maud this evening," said Mrs. Martindale to her husband. "I should like to see Maud happy."

"So should I," said Mr. Martindale; "he's a dandified sort of chap, but I think he's a gentleman." He determined, however, to let matters go their own way, though he had three daughters still in the school-room and a corresponding number of farms unlet.

Next morning it was quite evident that Captain Horsforth had a good deal to say on the subject of Maud's get-up. He poured it into her private ear as he helped her to mount, and her sister, who stood near ready to back her up if appealed to, heard a little, and felt she might leave her to take care of herself.

"You must keep it fastened all the time," he said; "it looks awful."

"But Lady Bittlestone hunts in one," said Maud. "I think it a very clever arrangement. You unhook it, and you look fairly right, and can't catch in anything; you fasten it up, and you look perfectly right at once."

"Well, you can unhook it all but the hooks at the bottom of the skirt."

"But then there's a great loop which *must* catch," she said, plaintively; "and the best rider may come to grief sometimes. Besides, Lady Bittlestone says——"

"I should not wish you to resemble Lady Bittlestone in any way," said Captain Horsforth. "I did not even know you knew her. You ought not to."

"Captain Horsforth, I really don't belong to you that I am aware of!" said Maud, rather hotly, for she always stood up for her friends. "And I shall know whom I please—at present," she mentally added, turning her horse to follow her father, who was riding down the drive.

Captain Horsforth mounted and rode after her. He had got very red, and, if she had waited, there was no knowing what he might or might not have said; but she did not. She rode along beside her father; and Captain Horsforth reflected that, charming as she was, she had faults of temper which he had not before suspected. Now, whether in love or not, Captain Horsforth had no notion of letting any young woman interfere with his day's sport; so, after getting to the covert-side, he left father and daughter and rode off to exchange greetings with the master, who was an old friend of his. Miss Martindale bit her lip; she had counted on him for a "friendly lead," at all events, to begin with. He might have stayed near her till the hounds began to run in earnest, and they had not even found yet.

"Is that habit of yours safe, Maud?" said her father, hurriedly. She frowned and looked toward Captain Horsforth; her father was always rather fussy early in the day, and made out that he took a great deal of care of his daughters. "Is it all right?" he said, again; "I've no time to look at it now. There's generally a fox in these outside spinneys of Bittlestone's; his keeper knows there's nothing but rabbits to hurt, the beggar. Hullo! undo that lower part at once, miss."

Maud bit her lip again as she glanced down at her habit, and nodded. She never quite relished a direct command; but, just at that moment, there was a holloa from the other side of the wood in front of them, and Mr. Martindale started off to gallop in an unexpected direction, as old gentlemen sometimes do who have known their country for years and to whom a good start is half the battle. As a matter of fact, he and his daughter, who followed him as best she might, were in the same field with the hounds almost immediately, and a glance over her shoulder had shown her that Captain Horsforth was not very far behind her. Whatever her feelings for Captain Horsforth really were at that moment, his appearance had but one effect upon her: she set her horse at the very stiffest place in the fence opposite to her, even pulling it a bit out of its previous line to do so. She was going to show him that if he did not choose to give her a lead, she would give him one or take her own line. As a matter of fact, he was quite unconscious of her presence, and, after taking a comprehensive glance at the obstacle ahead, was keeping the even tenor of his way toward a far more negotiable spot, twenty yards to the right of her. As Captain Horsforth landed in the plowed field on the other side of the low stile he had selected, in spite of the rather balky wooden-step which preceded it, he heard a scream on his left. Then he took it all in. He very nearly collided with a man who had followed him too closely to be polite; but he did not even swear at him. He was a man of prompt action, and in less than three seconds he was holding the reins of a horse which was not, but which certainly might have been, careering across country with Miss Martindale hanging head downwards to the pommel. It was a quiet animal, and, moreover, it had been on its nose and up again in a very clayey soil. Captain Horsforth was out of the saddle in a twinkling; but before he was on his feet there was a tearing sound of parting threads and attachments, and Miss Martindale was extricating herself from her hat and trying to gather herself into as dignified a position as a lady can under such circumstances.

It is difficult, however, for a lady to look dignified whose skirt has come off, and who is attired only in riding-tights and boots.

"My God!" said the captain, "if your horse had bolted!"

"You have saved my life!" was her answer, with the anger dying out of her eyes as she saw the genuine concern in his.

He helped her up. He helped her to mount. It would have been useless to attempt to hook-and-eye her habit, for the hooks and eyes were gone. It was also useless to attempt to catch his horse, for it was just disappearing at the opposite side of the field. They found a rustic leading it an hour later, as they wended their way home together.

"And, after all," said her sister, "what could the man do but propose."—*St. James's Gazette.*

Mistress (to new housemaid, fresh from the country)—"Now, see, Mary, this is the way to light the gas. You turn on this little tap, so, and then apply the match, so. You understand?" *New housemaid*—"Yes, ma'am; quite, ma'am." *Mistress* (next morning)—"Why, what a horrible smell of gas! Where can it come from? We shall all be suffocated!" *New housemaid* (with much pride)—"Please, ma'am, what shall I do next? I've made all the beds, and dusted the room, and turned on all the gases ready for the night, and——"—*Boston Globe.*

Lonely Walker—"I'd like to have my life insured." *Agent*—"Well, there's the tontine ten-year plan, endowment plan, mutual benefit, old-time life, and——" *Lonely Walker*—"Well, isn't there a plan by which I could get fifteen cents to-day in advance—on account?"—*Judge.*

Pity the Sorrows of a Poor old Man

Or woman bowed with the infirmities of age and more particularly lumbago. But more practical, more friendly than pity, is this sound piece of advice to such persons, as well to all delicate people and convalescents: Try a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest sustaining tonic which people of declining years, and the feeble generally, can adopt. Kidney and rheumatic troubles and lumbago, which are peculiarly incident to age, are counteracted by this superb corrective, which also removes indigestion, malarial complaints, biliousness, la grippe,

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A WONDERFUL MEDICINE FOR

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To cure these complaints we must remove the cause. The principal cause is generally to be found in the **stomach and liver**; *put these two organs right and all will be well.* From two to four Pills twice a day for a short time will remove the evil, and restore the sufferer to sound and lasting health.

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THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital	$3,000,000 00
Surplus	1,000,000 00
Undivided Profits	3,317,485 11

September 30, 1891.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.
IRVING F. MOULTON.....2d Assistant Cashier.

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Letters of Credit issued available to all parts of the world. Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

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H. WADSWORTH, Cashier.

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CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.

Cash capital	$1,000,000
Assets	2,632,228
Surplus to policy-holders	1,550,589

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager, San Francisco.

CITY OFFICE: 501 Montgomery Street. GENERAL OFFICE: 401 Montgomery Street.

28th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1892

Home Mutual Insurance Co.

N.E. cor. California and Sansome Streets.

Capital (Paid up in Gold)	$300,000 00
Assets, January 1, 1892	878,137 01

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON
VICE-PRESIDENT.....H. L. DODGE
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY
GENERAL AGENT.....ROBERT H. MAGILL

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Mrs. Ponsonby, visiting Paris, is receiving her friends at a "little evening," and, thinking to have a pleasant change after talk, suggests to a guest: "And now, M. Duhois, shall we have a rubber?" "Ah, madame," said M. Duhois, with perfect politeness, but piteously, "a thousand thanks, mais—je—je—n'aime pas le massage!"

When, in 1883, Professor Freeman was examining Battle Abbey, he found himself dogged by a person, who, as he thought, somewhat officiously obtruded his offers of assistance. After vainly trying to shake him off, he broke forth with: "I don't want your help. The Duke of Cleveland promised that I should not be interfered with by the gardeners." "Exactly so," was the reply; "I hope they have obeyed my orders. I am the Duke of Cleveland."

In the smoking-room of the steamship *La Bourgogne*, westward bound, this story was told to a New York *Sun* writer. Mr. Isaacstein, of New York, returned home very late one night, and Mrs. Isaacstein asked: "Shakey, where you got all dot tobacco stain on your shirt-front?" "Blaying drawboker mit three shentlemans from New Englant, Rachel!" "Vell, couldn't you turned your head to one side ven you spit?" "Not mit dose fellers."

From Sunday to Monday, when he is in England, Labouchère usually retires to his country-house on the banks of the Thames, at Twickenham. Every summer he gives a lawn-party to which all fashionable London goes. It was at one of these parties that Labby delivered himself of the appended joke. Said a visitor: "Why, what a splendid place you have here, Mr. Labouchère. Your lawn right on the river. Just think of it!" "Yes," he replied; "we have the lawn on the river in the summer and the river on the lawn in the winter. What more could we want?"

"There are a great many quaint characters in the mountainous regions of Kentucky," said Congressman Wilson to a New York *Mercury* reporter. "I'll tell you a little story by way of illustration: Shortly after I was admitted to the bar, and was riding the circuit, I was appointed by the court to defend a middle-aged fellow who was indicted for the murder of his mother. I took my client to one side for a private consultation, and plumped the direct question at him: 'Did you kill your mother?' 'Yes,' he replied; 'I did kill her.' 'Why did you do it?' I asked him. 'I killed her,' he answered, 'because she wasn't worth wintering.'"

A North Country Scotch boy had dislocated his leg, and was taken by his mother to a "bone-setter," in whom she had great faith. The leg was duly examined, and it was found necessary to haul it very severely in order, as the bone-setter said, "to get the bone in." The lad was liberal with his screams while this was going on, but eventually the bone was "got in," and the patient was told that he would be all right in a few days. "Didn't Davie do the thing well?" said the joyous mother. "Aye, he did, mither," answered the lad; "but I wisna sic a fule as tae gi'e him ma sair leg."

This story about General Custer is picked up by the Buffalo *Courier*: The gallant cavalryman believed in having martial music on all possible occasions. He would have the band out at five o'clock in the morning and the last thing in the evening. One day, when the narrator's regiment had just come into camp, General Custer ordered the band out. The men were tired, and reported that they had lost the mouth-pieces to their instruments. "Very well," said the general; "you may take pick-axes and shovels and help repair the roads. You may find the missing mouth-pieces while you are working." It is unnecessary to state that the band played soon after.

The Alliance, in a small Tennessee town (says the Nashville *American*), is in the habit of meeting in the same hall as the Knights of Pythias. One night, not long ago, a member of the Alliance saw a light in the hall, and, supposing his order was in session, sauntered up and knocked on the door. The door was opened, and an inquiring face appeared. "I plow, I hoe, I spade," solemnly remarked the Alliance man. "The devil you do!" replied the man on the inside, closing the door. The Alliance man told the story to his fellows. They were alarmed. "Why, you have given away our password!" they exclaimed. "Yes," complacently responded the hero of the story, "but I found out theirs."

Neither man nor boy is ever at a loss for excuses, for not knowing what they have no mind to know, or for not doing what they have no mind to do. The wittiest that is recorded in college annals, is the reason given in the senate house for not answering the question: "Who were the minor prophets?" "I do not fill this in," wrote the candidate, "because the inquiry is so invidious. A school-boy has now improved upon this by handing in a written medical certificate to excuse his non-attendance. "I certify," the medical authority was made to say, "that this boy is unfit to attend school for three hundred and four days." The school-master thought it odd, the interim being so long and, at the same time, so particular in its date; and, upon inquiry, it turned out that the doctor had written "3 or 4" days, which the boy had altered to three hundred and four.

Two years ago (says the Chicago *Mail*) a Chicago drummer stopped at Decatur, Ala., and while sitting on the broad hotel piazza talking with the proprietor of the hostelry, noticed a fine fighting-cock strutting about the street. "Pretty fine bird," remarked the Chicagoan, sententiously. "Yep," replied the hotel-keeper, "best in these parts, I reckon." "I'm something of a chicken-fancier myself," continued the drummer. "So? Glad to know it, sah." "Tell you what I'll do—I'll play you a game of seven-up for that rooster," said Chicago. "Do it with pleasure, sah," replied his host. The cards were produced, and the drummer won. The rooster was turned over to him and was brought to the World's Fair city. A few days ago, the Chicagoan again registered at the same hotel in Decatur. The proprietor immediately recognized him. "Aren't you the man who played me a game of cards two years ago for a rooster?" he asked. "Yes, sir." "Wall, I've been thinking about you, sah, quite a powerful lot since that time. Do you know, sah, I've never been able to remember what you staked against my rooster, sah, on that occasion. That was the first real Yankee trick I ever experimented with, sah, and you will oblige me now by nominating the sort of poison you prefer."

The character of the old Illinois courts, in which Abraham Lincoln practiced, was very primitive (says a writer in the *Century*). In one case, a livery-stable horse had died soon after being returned, and the person who had hired it was sued for damages. The question turned largely upon the reputation of the defendant as a hard rider. A witness was called—a long, lank Westerner. "How does Mr. Sn-and-So usually ride?" asked the lawyer. Without a gleam of intelligence, the witness replied: "A-straddle, sir." "No, no," said the lawyer; "I mean, does he usually walk, or trot, or gallop?" "Wal," said the witness, apparently searching in the depths of his memory for facts, "when he rides a walkin' horse, he walks, when he rides a trottin' horse, he trots, and when he rides a gallopin' horse he gallops, when——" The lawyer was angry. "I want to know what gait the defendant usually takes, fast or slow." "Wal," said the witness, "when his company rides fast, he rides fast, and when his company rides slow, he rides slow." "I want to know, sir," the lawyer said, very much exasperated, and very stern now, "how Mr. So-and-So rides when he is alone." "Wal," said the witness, more slowly and meditatively than ever, "when he was alone, I wa'n't along, and I don't know." The laugh at the questioner ended the cross-examination.

Their only Medicine Chest.

William W. B. Miller, Deerlodge, Montana, writes: "I have been using BRANDRETH'S PILLS for the last thirteen years, and though I have had nine children, I have never had a doctor in the house except three times, when we had an epidemic of scarlet fever, which we soon banished by a vigorous use of BRANDRETH'S PILLS. I have used them for myself, two or three a night for a month, for liver complaint, dyspepsia, and constipation. In diarrhœa, cramps, wind colic, indigestion, one or two BRANDRETH'S PILLS fixed the children at once. A box of pills is all the medicine chest we require in the house. We use them for rheumatism, colds, catarrh, biliousness, and impure blood. They never have failed to cure all the above complaints in a very few days."

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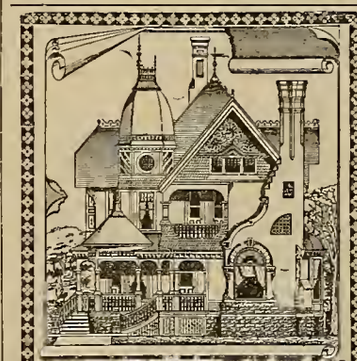

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Gaelic	Saturday, April 16
Belgic	Tuesday, May 10
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Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

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Through Line to New York, via Panama.

Steamers will sail at noon on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

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Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamer sails at noon 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas.

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Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.:

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From May 22, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7.00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	* 12.15 P.
7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
8.00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	1st & 2d class Ogden and East, and first-class locally	9.45 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	4.45 P.
9.00 A.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.
12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore	7.15 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	* 9.00 P.
3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, & Stockton	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10.45 A
4.30 P.	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
5.00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	12.15 P.
5.00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 P.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	7.45 A.
.....	Niles and San José	‡ 6.15 P.
6.00 P.	Ogden Route Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	9.15 A.
‡ 7.00 P.	Vallejo	† 8.45 P.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	8.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡ 7.45 A.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees, and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
* 2.15 P.	Centreville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	* 10.50 A.
4 45 P	Centreville, San José, and Los Gatos	9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

* 7.00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations	* 2.28 P.
‡ 7.30 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excursions	‡ 8.28 P.
8.15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations	6.10 P.
‡ 9.30 A.	"Sunday Excursion" Traio to Menlo Park and Way Stations	‡ 2.45 P.
10.37 A.	San José and Way Stations	5.03 P.
12.15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations	3.30 P.
* 2.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way stations	* 10 37 A.
* 3.30 P.	Menlo Park San José, and principal Way Stations	* 9.47 A.
* 4.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.06 A.
5.15 P.	San José and Way Stations	8.48 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
† 11.45 P	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	† 7.30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 24, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7.40, 9.20, 11.20 A. M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.05 6.20 P. M.

Sundays—8, 9.30, 11 A. M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5, 6.15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6.25, 7.55, 9.30, 11.30 A. M.; 1.40, 3.40, 5.05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.30 P. M.

Sundays—8.10, 9.40, 11.10 A. M.; 1.40, 3.40, 5, 6.25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6.50, 8.20, 9.55, 11.55 A. M.; 2.05, 4.05, 5.35 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.55 P. M.

Sundays—8.35, 10.05, 11.35 A. M.; 2.05, 4.05, 5.30, 6.50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		Destination.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days.	Sundays.		Sundays.	Week Days.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M. 5.05 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 9.30 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M. 7.25 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7.25 P. M.	6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 5.05 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydesville and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays, to Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa, $2.25; to Healdsburg, $3.40; to Cloverdale, $4.50; to Hopland, $5.70; to Ukiah, $6.75; to Sebastopol, $2.70; to Guerneville, $3.75; to Sonoma, $1.50; to Glen Ellen, $1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, $1; to Santa Rosa, $1.50; to Healdsburg, $2.25; to Cloverdale, $3; to Ukiah, $4.50; to Hopland, $3.80; to Sebastopol, $1.80; to Guerneville, $2.50; to Sonoma, $1; to Glen Ellen, $1.20.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager.
PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.
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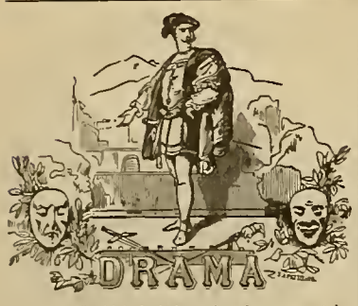

"Chums," which is being played as a curtain-raiser at the Baldwin, was one of the New York *Herald* prize plays. Some months ago, James Gordon Bennett offered a prize of two hundred dollars for the best original one-act play, and five hundred and ninety-eight plays were sent in as competitors. These were submitted to a jury consisting of A. M. Palmer, Daniel Frohman, Charles Barnard, Augustus Thomas, and William Seymour, who awarded the prize to a play called "Hearts," and made honorable mention of nine others, to wit: "Left at the Post," "Chums," "The Missis," "White Roses," "Helen," "All is Vanity," "Philopena," "Atlanta," "Nepenthe," and "Victim of Science." The winning play has been produced by T. H. French, who gave one thousand dollars for it; it proved a failure. Others, like "Chums," have found their way to the boards; but not one of them seems to have made a hit. Several are smart, like "Chums"; but none seem likely to take a place in dramatic literature.

It is quite remarkable that there should be so many as five hundred and ninety-eight people engaged in play-writing in a country where original plays are seldom seen on the stage; and equally surprising that so many writers should have struck the same dead level of mediocrity.

Mr. Bennett meant well, no doubt, when he offered his not very munificent prize of two hundred dollars for a champion play. But a one-act piece, to play three-quarters of an hour or an hour, does not afford much scope for the playwright. In the whole range of French, English, and American dramatic literature there is not one single one-act piece that is famous. Hundreds of such plays have been written, and are still played at European theatres during the hour when spectators are shuffling with their seats, settling themselves down for an evening's enjoyment, bowing to their friends, ogling the boxes, and dusting their lorgnons. Some of them are sparkling and bright. Many of them have been thrown off in idle moments by the great writers for the stage. But they are what chemists call "by-products," whose usefulness is secondary. No one expects to build a reputation on a one-act piece any more than a writer would expect to found a reputation on a pamphlet. One reason for this is that it is not easy to evolve a plot or to delineate a character within the narrow limits of a single act; and another is that just as the spectator of a one-act play is beginning to understand what it is all about, the curtain falls.

Eastern critics announce that several of the rejected plays are better on the stage than the ones which Mr. Bennett's jury accepted. That is quite likely to be the case. Managers are by no means infallible. From the time of Goldsmith to the present day, they have always produced pieces in fear and trembling, and with no clear conviction as to the fate of the work. As a rule, managers are not critics. The ability to judge of the merits of the piece is an entirely different quality from the ability which enables a manager to adjust his expenses to his receipts, and to make sure that the box office will supply funds enough to pay salaries, rent, gas, and so forth. The latter is a mercantile attribute, and is as likely to be found in one who is profoundly ignorant of letters as in the heaven-born dramatist. The men who have made fortunes by managing theatres have been of the shopkeeping class. Sheridan, Colman, Macready, failed; in our day, the success of a manager appears to be almost in proportion to his lack of literary culture and taste. After some years' experience, he acquires some perception of what an average audience wants, and he tries to give it to them. But his gauge is the box-office, and that only begins to register when the play is on the boards.

It would be absurd to say that there are no rewards in this country for the successful author, when the account-current between Bronson Howard and his managers for royalty on "Shenandoah" foots up ninety-six thousand dollars, and Mrs. Humphry Ward is credited with receiving one hundred thousand dollars for "David Grieve." Very few toilers in other callings can make so much as that by a single undertaking. It is not given to everybody to write a "Shenandoah." But a much less sum than ninety-six thousand dollars would be affluence to a young, struggling writer. The splendid rewards which the masters of the guild can command, smooth the path for their humble followers. The number of theatres is increasing so rapidly, and the appetite for good plays is developing so universally, that the great playwrights of the day will soon be able to dictate their own terms, and we may be sure that they will demand all the traffic will bear. Then managers, to avoid bankruptcy, will have to seek cheaper wares, and the beginners will have a show. There was once a junior partner in a law-firm who was sent to the East to take the opinion of a great leader of the bar on a law point in a case involving a large sum of money. The young man explained his case, and the great lawyer, after giving him a few answers in a pleasant, conversational way, changed the subject to the climate of California, and chatted on that for half an hour or more. When the interview ended, the young man inquired what sum he should have the pleasure of charging his client for the consultation. "Oh, well," said the old man, crossing his legs, "I suppose you may send me a check for three thousand dollars." Seeing an expression of amazement come over his visitor's face, he went on: "You see, my boy, I've got to think of you young fellows. If I should charge moderate fees, where do you think you chaps would get clients?"

STAGE GOSSIP.

At the theatres during the week commencing May 30th: Francis Wilson in "The Merry Monarch"; the Tivoli Company in "Erminie"; Frank Daniels in "Little Puck"; Oliver Doud Byron in "Hero"; Emma Juch in "Pinafore"; and "The Fast Mail."

Frank Daniels will be here for a fortnight with "Little Puck," which has been patched up with new songs and specialties and so may be worth seeing again.

Belle Thorne, who has been hiding her light under a bushel for some months, is to reappear at the Tivoli next week in "Erminie," which will be elaborately staged and well cast.

Richard Mansfield is being sued for one thousand dollars by George Edgar Montgomery for breach of contract in regard to "Don Quixote," a play Montgomery wrote for Mansfield.

Mrs. Bernard-Beere will come to America next year, under Marcus Mayer's management, and her leading man will be Maurice Barrymore, at three hundred and fifty dollars a week.

It is reported from Colorado that a theatrical company, traveling through the mining towns in the West, is playing "Hamlet" under the title of "Was His Nibs Off His Nut?" and that the play is drawing tremendously.

Jeffreys Lewis is at present living in New York, but she will come to San Francisco in a few weeks to become the leading lady of Stockwell's Theatre. She will be seen in her favorite plays, "La Belle Russe" and "Forget-Me-Not," and in some new ones.

Of the imaginary report from Berlin that a brother of the emperor is madly in love with a young woman named Marie Jansen, Eugene Field says in the Chicago *News*:

"This announcement dispels the popular illusion that ours is the only country in which a bearer of that poetic name has cut a wide swath with her personal and intellectual charms. If that German princeling could only see our Marie Jansen, his heart would throb like a Frankfort sausage in a pint of boiling water."

Amelia Glover, the skirt-dancer of "The City Directory," was married a few days ago to John H. Russell, one of the proprietors of that show. And it is said that Will Collier, who was the Stage Manager in the same farce, but is now playing Judge Willie Hoss in "Hoss and Hoss"—Charles Reed being the other—has recently married Louise Allen, one of the Allen Sisters, who is a member of his company.

Miss Irene C. Everett, a beautiful and accomplished society girl of this city, who has given evidence of much dramatic talent here at entertainments for charitable purposes and at private gatherings, left last Wednesday evening for New York city in company with Mr. and Mrs. Bell, of the Mansfield Company. Miss Everett has been engaged by Charles Frohman to appear with his company next season, and will come here with them during the latter part of this year.

We have the assurance of Manager J. Charles Davis and of Charles E. Locke that the statement that Emma Juch is a baroness and heir to ten millions of dollars is not a fairy tale; but, nevertheless, she will remain in town, on professional business, another week, appearing as Josephine in "Pinafore." By the way, this earliest of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas is almost old enough to be new, and with a good company its pretty music might revive the "Pinafore" craze for a time.

The Bostonians are in New York again, and are repeating their former success with "Robin Hood." Camille d'Arville and Carrie Hamilton still alternate in the rôle of Maid Marian, but the Californian songstress is somewhat eclipsed by Miss d'Arville. The latter is not unknown in New York; some time ago she sang in a comic opera with Lillian Russell, and there was a lively jealousy between them—chiefly on Miss d'Arville's side. However the public may take her, she seems to be a fruitful source of bickering behind the footlights.

Francis Wilson will be here on Monday with "The Merry Monarch." His company will be the same that supported him in the East, with the exception of Marie Jansen, who refuses to leave New York. There is some talk of her heading a comic-opera company next season, but that is much less probable than that she will join the Casino forces. In her place in Wilson's company is Lulu Glasser. No one ever heard of her before, but she is announced as "only eighteen years old, possessing a beautiful voice and refined and sparkling manners." Wilson is a comic-opera star, however, so that he needs no very notable name in the cast beside his own. Careful stage-management, handsome scenery, elaborate costumes, and pretty coryphées have been important factors in the popularity of his operas, and it is not probable that he has come to San Francisco without them.

Bathing at the Sea-Shore.

With the advent of the summer season comes the hegira of society people to fashionable watering-places. Naturally the prime feature at bathing resorts is the swimming, which is an exercise as well as a pleasure that will put the bloom of youth on many a pallid cheek. Everybody should know how to swim, especially ladies, as a matter of precaution and safety, and where can one learn better than at Del Monte, Santa Cruz, and similar resorts? An essential of swimming is the bathing-suit, and it is as necessary for one to be appropriately clad for pleasures in old Neptune's domain as on land.

Every year there are indications of an outbreak against the use of certain kinds of bathing-suits, and especially against those that display the human form divine as much like nature made it as an undraped Parian statue is. In certain places in Europe there are regulations regarding bathing attire; as, for instance, in Holland, where the garment worn by ladies is a simple chemise, of white linen, cut décolleté without sleeves, and fitting very snug. This would scarcely be allowed in even this wild, Western country, unless, perchance, the lady wore a long wrap over it, and was accompanied to the water's edge by her maid, who would hold the wrap while her mistress disported in the waves, and afterward guarded her form with it when she emerged from the surf.

It will be remembered that the purely pious residents of Ocean Grove made severe war last July against the bathers, because the bathing-dresses were so seductive. At Newport and Narragansett there was also trouble, as the suits that were décolleté at both ends were as numerous as the leaves on the brooks of Vallambrosa. Concerning these matters, a representative of this paper called upon Mr. Newman, of the firm of Newman & Levinson, 125-131 Kearny Street, who, besides being an authority on bathing-suits in particular, manufactures the majority of the swell suits that are worn at our watering-places. Mr. Newman was of the opinion that strict propriety would be the rule this summer.

Almost all of the prettiest suits he is making now for ladies are knitted of pure and spun-silk and wool, made in two parts, with a plaited skirt, separate trunks, and short sleeves. In some cases, a particularly charming effect is produced by arranging the Jersey to resemble a chemisette around the neck and shoulders. Of course, the material *par excellence* is the silk, and it is that fabric that is considered just the proper thing. The principal colors are black, cardinal, and navy blue, but, of course, the range of shades is illimitable. White, pink, écru, terra cotta, and, in fact, any color desired may be obtained. Gentlemen's suits are of the same material and colors, open at the shoulders, where they are either laced or buttoned. Then there are the Jersey knit union bathing-suits, which are very popular with both sexes, and will be all the rage at Eastern resorts. Some are made with a fancy front, with a vest, and either long or short sleeves. Then there are others with a V-shaped front, with a revere, and with a fancy tucked border. In the selection of suits, Mr. Newman said that ladies, as a rule, would often have ideas of their own as to the proper finish.

Some were embroidered, others trimmed with braid or ribbons, and sometimes with lace to produce dainty effects. All of the samples shown were stunning, and one can not wonder that ladies are anxious to have them. We can well imagine how pretty our society belles will look at the sea-shore in these suits, with tasseled caps covering their coiffures and dainty cloth-shoes covering their little feet. One can readily understand how radiant they will look—as fresh and beautiful as a budding rose, capturing the hearts of admiring on-lookers as easily as they do in a ball-room when *en grande tenue*.

Now to accomplish this, it is absolutely necessary to have your own bathing-suit, not alone as a sanitary precaution—for who wants to wear a suit that others have worn?—but to insure a perfect fit. To wear a suit not your own is like wearing a dress belonging to your chum; it is instantly recognized by your friends. Then, again, it adds so much to one's style, and the style of a person is the keynote of his or her social position, and stamps the standing of the person. At the present time, Newman & Levinson have orders ahead for several hundred bathing-suits of all styles, colors, and combinations, and have been obliged to largely increase their force of employees in that department. The firm and its method of dealing with its customers is so well known to society people that comment about them is unnecessary from us, further than the statement that, if you want to be "in the swim" properly, you will see their styles before purchasing elsewhere.

There is one thing in particular that fathers and mothers should bear in mind, if they happen to be blessed with children, and that is that they must not only see that the young idea is taught to shoot, but that it is of the utmost importance that they should be taught to swim. Just think of the enjoyment they will derive from it, of the confidence they will have in themselves when they can breast the billows and take a header through the curling breakers. Imagine the great benefit it will be to them in case of a marine disaster, such as the sinking of one of our ferry-boats or the capsizing of a yacht. Take that view of it and then look at the matter from a hygienic standpoint—of the play the exercise gives to every muscle of the body in unison—and you will soon convince yourselves that a knowledge of the art of swimming will be a necessity for them. In this connection, we may remark that Newman & Levinson have not neglected the children, as they have neat and pretty styles in bathing-suits for them also, in cotton, knitted wool, and silk. It is advisable to order suits at least one week in advance to insure the best and most careful attention, although, in cases of extreme necessity, a suit can be made perfectly in two days.

LADIES, CALL AT THE WONDER HAT, FLOWER, and Feather Store, 1024-26-28 Market St., and see our new line of novelties in hats, flowers, laces, ribbons, etc. Large stock. Low prices.

MUSICAL NOTES.

A Steinway Hall Concert.

The third Steinway Hall concert of the fourth series took place last Wednesday evening in the maple-room at the Palace Hotel, as Steinway Hall is no longer available for concerts. The attendance was large and select, and the programme was an excellent one, the selections being as follows:

Concerto for piano, string accompaniment *(1)* allegro moderato, *(2)* grave, *(3)* allegro spiritoso, Durante (1684-1755), Signor Vincenzo Ursomando, the Hermann Brandt Quartet and Mr. S. H. Brown; songs, *(a)* "The Angel of Death," Cowen, *(b)* "Lovely Spring," W. Coenen, Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan; piano solo, sonata, *(1)* allegro assai, *(2)* un poco andante, *(3)* prestissimo, Turini (1749-1812), Signor Ursumando; songs, *(a)* "Romanza," ("Zimre and Azor"), Spohr, *(b)* "Chanson du Papillon," Cambra (1700), Miss May Worth; string quintet, op. 163, *(1)* allegro ma non troppo, *(2)* adagio, *(3)* scherzo-presto, *(4)* allegretto, Schubert (by request), Messrs. Hermann Brandt, John Josephs, Louis Schmidt, Louis Heine, and Fred Gutterson.

The next concert of this series will take place on Wednesday evening, June 29th.

The American College of Musicians is an association of the foremost men and women in the profession throughout the United States, who are desirous of raising the standard of musicians, and especially of the teacher, and who, for that purpose, hold annual examinations, whereby new members are admitted after rigid examination in their special branch. The principal men in the association are, for instance, William Mason, E. M. Bowman, Alfred Parsons, John C. Fillmore, etc. The next annual examinations will be held in Chicago, commencing on Tuesday, June 28th, at nine A. M. Mr. Robert Bonner, the secretary, 60 Williams Street, Providence, R. I., will give full particulars to applicants.

The ladies and gentlemen who will sing the solo parts in Mr. J. H. Rosewald's opera, "Baroness Meta," which will be presented at the Grand Opera House, in November, under the auspices of the Woman's Exchange, are: Miss Maude L. Berry, Miss Julia Newman, Miss Frida Sylvester, Mrs. Charles Dickman, Mr. A. C. Hellman, Mr. A. M. Thornton, Mr. Victor Carroll, and Mr. Solly Walter.

Mr. George W. Morgan, the organist, and Miss Maud Morgan, the harpist, will give a concert in Metropolitan Hall on Thursday evening, June 2d. A very interesting programme will be presented, including Mr. Edgar S. Kelley's arrangement of the war march from Wagner's "Rienzi," which he dedicated to Mr. George W. Morgan.

A Woman's Letters.

The correspondents of the woman of fashion are in luck just now. Whether they are men or women, and whether they receive love-letters or notes of regret, there is an added pleasure or a chastened sorrow in reading what she has to say on such pretty paper as she uses now. For tinted paper has "come in" again, and the letter-writer who cares to be considered modish uses only the delicately colored note-paper that Sanborn, Vail & Co. have just imported.

The show-windows of their great store on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue, are as beautifully gorgeous as a bright-hued butterfly, and everybody is going to them for a summer supply of writing-material. Of course all kinds of paper are included in the firm's stock, and they are of all shades; but perhaps the most popular are the "royal purple," the "Venetian rep" in sapphire tints, and the "Queen's Distaff" in heliotrope. Then, for other essentials of correspondence, there are sealing-waxes in all tints to match the paper; gold pens and pencils from Mabie, Todd & Co.; paper-knives, and an infinity of pretty luxuries that have become necessities for the well-appointed writing-desk.

While you are getting your summer stationery, you will do well to take a look at the copper-plate work that Sanborn, Vail & Co. are doing now. No such beautiful and artistic work in the engraving and printing of visiting-cards, wedding invitations and announcements, and the like has ever been done in San Francisco, and the result is that Sanborn, Vail & Co. are getting the cream of the trade.

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ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 1, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the seventh day of June, 1892, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

JEROME A. HART, Secretary.

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San Mateo	10:15	1 00
Redwood City	10:30	70
Menlo Park	10:38	50
Mayfield	10:45	30

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The telephone is an arrangement by which two men can lie to each other without becoming confused.—*Texas Siftings.*

Aunt—"Do you think such an inexperienced young man can cut off my leg?" *Nephew*—"He says he is willing to try."—*Ex.*

Spinks—"Goodno's pretty type-writer has left him. What was the matter?" *Binks*—"She caught him kissing his wife."—*Judge.*

It may be said generally of novelists that men know more than they tell, and that women tell more than they know.—*Charles Dudley Warner.*

"Mercy!" cried Juliet. "This glove is tight." "I, too, should be intoxicated," rapturously responded Romeo, "were I a glove upon that hand." —*Bazar.*

First workman—"We are to have an extra assessment this month." *Second ditto*—"What for?" *First workman*—"To pay cab-hire for the walking-delegate."—*Puck.*

Collector—"Mr. Trager, will you subscribe toward the decoration of the soldiers' graves?" *Mr. Trager*—"No, sir! The men whose graves I want to decorate ain't dead yet."—*Life.*

"So you went to sing in the choir?" "Yes." "What part?" "Well, I went in as first-bass, but they changed it to short-stop when they heard my voice."—*Washington Evening Star.*

"Doctor, what is the meaning of the peculiar formation just back of baby's ear?" "Combativeness, perhaps." "Why, some one said it was love of domestic life." "Oh, well, it's all one and the same thing."—*Life.*

Mrs. Youngwife—"Could you tell by my manner that I had been married but a short time?" *Mrs. Thirdly*—"Easily." *Mrs. Youngwife*—"How?" *Mrs. Thirdly*—"Well, you seem to believe everything your husband tells you."—*Boston Post.*

Shopping by proxy: "I'm going down-town to shop a little. Is there anything I can do for you?" "Yes; look in my bureau-drawer, and you'll find my purse. Take ten dollars and spend it for me." "What shall I buy?" "Oh, anything."—*Bazar.*

Strawber—"Terrible thing about Spindle, wasn't it? The poor fellow didn't turn up at his own wedding." *Mrs. Strawber*—"Heavens! What was the matter?" *Strawber*—"He was fool enough to put off the ushers' dinner until the night before the wedding-day."—*Judge.*

Colonel Gorehunter—"Ah, my dear Miss Pinkerly, this is an unexpected pleasure, to have you alone for a few moments. Wouldn't you like to hear how I got through the enemy's lines at Chattanooga?" *Miss Pinkerly*—"I can easily imagine, colonel. You probably bored your way through."—*Evening Sun.*

Johnny—"And are the angels always well and don't get cross at all?" *Mamma*—"Yes, Johnny." *Johnny*—"An' they never fight, nor do anything wrong?" *Mamma*—"No." *Johnny*—"An' they always have the same kind of weather, do they?" *Mamma*—"Yes." *Johnny* (after a moment's pause)—"Then what in thunder do the mamma angels talk about when they go to call on each other?"—*Life.*

Distressed female—"Oh, please, sir, give me something all the same!" *Benevolent gentleman*—"Why 'all the same'?" *Distressed female* (weeping)—"Oh, sir, don't you recognize me? I'm the blind man's wife." *Benevolent gentleman*—"Yes, I remember you; but what's the matter?" *Distressed female*—"Oh, sir, we're in fresh trouble. My poor husband has recovered his sight."—*Drake's Magazine.*

"Miss Frolique's diamonds——" began the advance-agent. "Can't run that for less than seven dollars a line," interjected the dramatic editor. "Aw, I wasn't [illegible] any guff about [illegible] good story [illegible] Kalamazoo, [illegible] Per-

DCLXVII.—Bill of Fare for Eight Persons, Sunday, May 29, 1892.

Okra Soup.
Deviled Crab.
Lamb Chops, Tomato Sauce. Potato Croquettes.
Sweetbread Patties.
String Beans. Baked Tomatoes.
Roman Punch.
Roast Ducks, Currant Jelly.
Asparagus, Mayonnaise Dressing.
Ice Cream. Strawberries. Fancy Cakes.
Coffee.

— KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made; makes delicious desserts. Indorsed and used by Mrs. D. A. Lincoln, author Boston Cook Book.

The graduating exercises of Miss Lake's School took place on Friday evening, May 20th, and were well attended. The following notes are of interest:

The graduates numbered ten. Several fine essays were read. Hon. Henry S. Foote made a pleasing address to the graduates, and the exercises concluded with the conferring of diplomas on the following young ladies: Miss Marie Baird, Miss Anna Hunt, Miss Clara Heyman, Miss Eleanor Joseph, Miss May Sharon, Miss Ada Scheeline, Miss Belle O'Connor, Miss Nannie Van Wyck, Miss Beatrice Bachman, and Miss Neva Winters.

"I shall not open the door, Havardson," said the Boston wife at two o'clock A. M., "until I have satisfactory evidence that you have not been spending the evening in riotous conviviality." "Your precaution, my dear," replied the Boston husband, who stood shivering on the outside, "is natural but unnecessary. I have been in attendance at an unusually interesting session of the Zoroaster Club." With clear, distinct enunciation he then repeated rapidly this passage from Emerson's essay on Plato: "Sea-shore, sea seen from the shore, shore seen from the sea." And the door was thrown open at once.—*Chicago Tribune.*

At the Hyde Park meeting of domestic servants, male and female, convened by the London Domestic Servants' Union, the secretary gave the estimate that there were 10,000 domestic servants walking about the streets unemployed. The last census returns showed 73 000 coachmen and grooms, 56 000 male domestic servants indoors, and 1,230,000 female domestic servants, or 1 359,000 in all.

The population of the city of Rome, which by the census of 1881 was 273,000, is now over half a million, having nearly doubled within the past ten years. Since the city became the capital of united Italy, thousands of new edifices have been built, and it has been greatly changed otherwise. The seven hills themselves are undergoing a process of leveling, and the valleys are being filled in.

Of gamblers pure and simple, devotees of the board of green cloth, there is at least one example of prudential sagacity. Colonel Panton (after whom Panton Street, London, was named), having had the luck to win in one night enough to realize fifteen hundred pounds a year, retired into the country and lived a pastoral life ("no cards") to the end of his days.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are widely known as an admirable remedy for Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Coughs, and Throat troubles. *Sold only in boxes.*

There are ways and ways of putting things. The other day, a New York ice-dealer received a note which said: "Your ice-house burned last night. So were the contents." Some persons might not have regarded the last sentence as strictly necessary.

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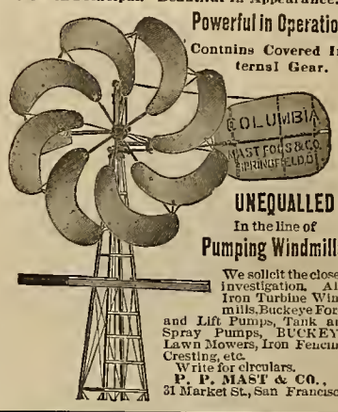

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STATE OF CALIFORNIA, } ss.
City and County of San Francisco,

We, the undersigned, GEORGE IRISH BAILEY and HERBERT BIRD WELLER, both residing in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, do hereby certify that we are partners transacting business in this State at the City and County of San Francisco, under the firm name and style of BAILEY & WELLER, and that the names in full of all the members of such partnership, and their respective places of residence, are hereinabove set forth.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands, this twenty-eighth day of March, A. D. 1892.

GEORGE I. BAILEY,
H. B. WELLER.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, } ss.
City and County of San Francisco,

On the twenty-eighth day of March, A. D. One Thousand Eight Hundred and Ninety-Two, before me, JAMES L. KING, a Notary Public in and for said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared GEORGE IRISH BAILEY and HERBERT BIRD WELLER, known to me to be the individuals described in, whose [illegible] and who [illegible] the foregoing [illegible] edge [illegible]

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6,268 sold in '90
20,049 sold in '91
60,000 will be sold in '92

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, ... EDITOR.

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A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supplying; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

The movement in England for the substitution of measurable protection in the tariff, in place of the general free trade inaugurated by Sir Robert Peel, when prime minister, and ably advocated by Richard Cobden and John Bright, although warmly supported by Prime Minister Salisbury and the Tories, most of the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists, and a very few of the Gladstone Liberals, will not prevail. England is unalterably devoted to her free-trade system. She is sustained by her manufactures, which she exports to every quarter of the globe, and she depends upon other countries for the raw material for her cotton and woolen factories. She is her own furnisher of iron and coal, against either of which she has no competitor, except in the manufactures of iron and steel; and until the recent development of the tin industry in the United States, Great Britain held control of that manufacture. But the protective system has enabled the United States to surpass England in iron and steel manufactures, and now the tin industry of the old country is endangered to her by the discovery of mines of greater product of superior tin in this country. The agricultural products of England are altogether inadequate to the needs of her population. She has to import the necessary breadstuffs and provisions to feed her millions of workers. The United States is unrivaled in all the world in the magnitude of her products, in their variety and excellence. This country can sustain itself without importations, if the occasion should occur. England could not exist without enormous importations of the necessaries and comforts of life. Isolated by oceans and by seas, of small comparative area, with a dense population, it is impossible for England to prosper without importing necessaries. Should the emergency come, the United States could shut her ports against the world, or be cut off by every nation, and still grow and prosper under the rule of protection to the extremity of prohibiting commercial relations. The United States has a seaboard upon the two greatest oceans; she possesses a vast territory, fruitful of the products of almost every clime, and containing the most intelligent, most energetic and enterprising population upon the globe. Her commercial system is adapted to her condition. No other country possesses similar or comparable position. But her producers, and manufacturers, and workers require protection against the cheaper labor of other nations, and, therefore, the American protective system, with the auxiliary of reciprocity, is adopted. England can not copy the protective system of the United States and survive. She must adhere to her present system, by which everything essential to the raising of revenue is enormously taxed, and whatever contributes to the prosperity of her manufacturers is admitted free of duty. Breadstuffs she must have from abroad, and she must depend mainly upon the United States for these, for raw cotton, also. For nearly a century she has endeavored to obtain breadstuffs and raw material for manufacturing from her own vast domain in India and elsewhere, in order to be absolved from her dependency upon the United States, but in vain. She must depend upon the United States. With protective duties against this country—which would be justly met by kindred action—England would destroy her own largest and most lucrative trade. The American protective system is the impregnable bulwark against every foreign competition to affect or impair home products, home industries, home labor—the protection of every class of citizens. England can not adopt the American system; she is restrained by her isolation.

Had one or two judicial decisions such as that rendered by Judge Hebbard, the other day, in the case of Fox *versus* The Hale & Norcross Directors, been given ten or a dozen years ago, the Comstock would not be to-day a half-deserted mining-camp and the San Francisco stock market a drivelling reminiscence. For such a decision would have checked, and possibly put an end to, the wholesale, systematic larceny which has disgraced the management of the mines of the great silver lode from the beginning up to the melancholy present. A success like that which Stockholder Fox has achieved would have given stockholders the courage to invoke the law for their protection from the handits who, after robbing them at the mines, threw them down on Pine Street and rifled their pockets of whatever remained in them. Possibly, also, the hold of the thieves on the courts and newspapers of Virginia City would have been broken, and some of the most eminent financiers of the coast been inspired with a desire to get out of the penitentiary instead of an ambition to get into society.

Stockholder Fox, in behalf of himself and others, brought suit against the directors of the Hale & Norcross Mining Company to recover $2,100,000, which he claimed had been appropriated by them by fraud, conspiracy, and breach of trust. Judge Hebbard found for the plaintiffs in the sum of $1,011,835 and held the defendants to be guilty as charged in all essential points. Considering that some of the convicted and mulcted directors are very prominent men in the mining world, and among the most esteemed of our capitalists, the remark of the judge that he "approached his task deeply conscious of the fact that the decree in this case must seriously affect the reputation of the defendants herein," was natural enough; but his concern for consequences to reputations did not deter him from doing justice. No doubt the Hale & Norcross directors feel that they have been badly used—that they have been singled out to be punished for crimes which have, year in and year out, been committed with impunity by other mining directors, who remain unmolested in the possession of their booty and enjoy the undiminished esteem of business circles.

The unfortunates, besides being directors of the Hale & Norcross mine, were also directors of the Nevada Mill and Mining Company, and, following the most respectable precedents, proceeded as directors of the mine to work it for their benefit as directors of the mills. Out of a mass of 88,887 tons of ore taken from the mine during 1887–8–9, of the value by car-sample of $3,505,361, the Hale & Norcross stockholders got less than nothing. The mill owners (the directors of the mine, that is to say), took it all, and more. It is true that one dividend of $112,000 was declared, but then two assessments of $112,000 were levied, leaving the stockholders $112,000 behind. It was proved that these ingenious directors ordered that no ore worth less than $12 or $14 a ton should be shipped from the mine, and that though the exorbitant charge of $7 a ton for working was credited to the mills, nothing remained for the stockholders. The details of the conspiracy show that there was no check whatever upon thievery at either the mines or mills, that the bookkeeping was of a kind suitable to this state of things, that at every turn dummies were made use of to represent the filching principals, that annexes to the mills were kept running night and day on rich tailings and slimes, coolly appropriated as "perquisites," that bullion was carried to Carson in furtive night journeys and was lost track of there, and that all demands of stockholders for accountings or explanations were utterly ignored. After suit was brought by Fox, the most determined efforts were made by the directors to head off the attempts of the court to get at the truth. One fled the State to keep out of its jurisdiction, and others testified, as Judge Hebbard remarks, "only with extreme reluctance."

The decision has given a real shock to mining operators. It is to them a combined earthquake and cloud-burst. Under it, they deem it no longer possible to "work a mine," and they are right. The decision is destructive of the most time-honored customs. The Comstock method of "developing a property" ever has been enriching to everybody, barring the stockholders. Smith & Jones get control of a mine. They put in their clerks, or other dependents, as a board of directors. Then Smith & Jones organize the Slippery Gulch Milling Company, with another board of dummy directors. They also organize the Sagebrush Lumber and Supply Company, and, when they have opened a bank in San Francisco or employed their brokers and cappers to attend to the Pine Street end of the swindle, the "work of development" proceeds. Smith & Jones, of the lumber and supply company, furnish Smith & Jones, of the mine, with lumber and supplies at their own prices; Smith & Jones, the millmen, mill the ore of Smith & Jones, the miners, at their own prices; private contracts are entered into with the railroad companies, under which two kinds of charges are arranged—those which the stockholders of the mine have to pay, and those which are really paid. The press is "worked," the public roped in on Pine Street, assessments levied, and Smith & Jones become millionaires.

They not only take everything that comes out of the mine, but they steal half of the assessments, or all of them. Theft marks every stage of the game, not alone on the part of Smith & Jones, but on the part of their employees. Superintendents get a private commission on all articles purchased from merchants, everything they use in their homes the stockholders are compelled to pay for. Foremen, in collusion with secretaries and clerks, "stuff the pay-roll" by adding fictitious names thereto, and whatever there is in or about the mine that they need they take. Steal, steal, steal is the one impulse that controls everyhody from Smith & Jones down to the miners and pick-boys. Even the advertising of delinquent assessments is made a means of robbery. Subtraction, division, and silence is the principle upon which every mine on the Comstock Lode has been and is operated.

The decadence of Nevada is usually attributed to the exhaustion of the Comstock, the fall in the price of silver, and exorbitant railroad charges. No doubt these causes have contributed; but the main reason why Nevada has run down and become stagnant is that it has been exhausted by thieves. The wonder is not that the State has sunk so low, but that it did not go out of sight long ago. There are plenty of good mines over there, and with common honesty in management and reasonable railroad rates, hundreds now idle could be made to produce. But a bonanza is needed, under present conditions, to pay a mine's expenses—that is, to furnish the seventy-five per cent. of margin for theft.

Judge Hebbard is the best friend Nevada ever had. He has done more for the mining industry there and throughout the Pacific Coast than any other man who has arisen. Not only has he called a band of rich and respectable looters to financial account, but he has added enormously to the risks of brigandage. Other suits like that of Stockholder Fox are sure to follow, and, in the end, it may be made as dangerous to rob a mine as a house. When that time comes, Nevada will freshen up like a dry field under a shower of rain, the mining industry become one in which honest men will stand some chance, and mining stocks be slightly more attractive as an investment than the cards of the monte-dealer.

One of the most active places of trade in Europe is Rotterdam, in Holland. It is situated on the Maas, about eighteen miles from the sea, and is about two-thirds the size of San Francisco, having a population of 209,000. When Rotterdam wanted to increase its maritime commerce, by encouraging the advent of large ocean steamers, inconvenience was felt in consequence of shallows and shifting sand-banks in the Maas; accordingly, some twenty years ago, a canal or water-way was begun in the bed of the river itself, from Rotterdam to Maasluys, near the mouth, and now, a depth of twenty to twenty-three feet is secured in this water-way at low water at all seasons. This enables vessels of 4,000 and 5,000 tons to get up to the wharves without difficulty. The result has been a steady increase in the number of vessels plying to and sailing from Rotterdam. Omitting all reference to fishing-boats, the in-and-out clearances at the Hook, or mouth of the water-way, in the year 1890 amounted to 9,637 vessels of 6,034,632 register tons; of these 8,425 were steamers, 425 of which drew over twenty-one feet of water. Thus a steamer passed the Hook almost every bour of the twenty-four every day during the year.

The list of steamships regularly plying from Rotterdam to foreign ports will appear amazing to San Franciscans. Fifteen lines sail to various ports in Great Britain—London, Southampton, Plymouth, Bristol, Liverpool, Gloucester, Glasgow, Dublin, Aberdeen, Leith, Newcastle, and Hull. Several of these lines dispatch a steamer daily, others every other day, others semi-weekly or weekly. There are lines to Hamburg and Bremen, in Germany, and the Hamburg ocean-line to Australia touches at Rotterdam. There is a weekly line to Stockholm and a fortnightly line to Christiania. To France there are lines plying to Dunkirk, Havre, Bordeaux, and Marseilles. Two lines run to Portugal, one to Oporto, one to Lisbon. There is a monthly line to East Africa, a fortnightly line to West Africa and the Congo State, and a monthly line to Cape Natal. The Dutch colonies in the East Indies are reached by a weekly line, and, besides this, a steamer is dispatched every month to the Straits Settlements and Hongkong. A monthly line runs to Montevideo and Buenos Ayres, and, to wind up the list, a steamer sails once a week to New York and another once a fortnight to Baltimore.

The effect of this active commercial intercourse with the foreign world is reflected in the accumulated wealth of Rotterdam. Though it is a little inland town, with only some 200,000 people, it is one of the richest places in the world, and is constantly heard of as taking the whole of some foreign loan. There are times when even London, Paris, New York, and Frankfort send to Rotterdam and Amsterdam to borrow money. They can always get it there.

But a single example shows how the maritime enterprise of Rotterdam is attracting the trade of the world. Congo State has only been an exporting country for a few years; but, under the enlightened direction of King Leopold, it is beginning to find that it can produce many articles for which there is a foreign demand. Its exports last year amounted to $1,715,000. As its closest relations are with Belgium and England, it might have been expected that most of its exports would have gone to those countries. But of the whole $1,715,000, $1,425,000 went to Holland. So much for enterprise and the extension of maritime intercourse.

In the last decade, the foreign importations of Holland have increased fifty per cent.—from 5,880,188 tons of 1,000 kilogrammes each to 8,262,943 tons. But the imports of Rotterdam have increased nearly sixty per cent.—from 2,204,000 tons to 3,469 000 tons. This is exclusive of lime, coal, and stone.

One singular evidence of the thoroughness with which the Dutch of Rotterdam are stretching out for foreign trade is found in the report of the chamber of commerce of that city for 1890, which lies on the table of the *Argonaut*. It has been translated into English and published, at the cost of the chamber, for the information of English-speaking peoples. It is a pamphlet of one hundred and thirty-odd pages, and contains a complete summary of the shipping trade of Rotterdam for 1890, as compared with previous years; a review of the trade in coffee, tobacco, sugar, hides, oleomargarine, indigo, cereals, and petroleum—for all of which Rotterdam is a distributing centre; a full account of canal and river navigation in Holland; a summary and critical review of recent Dutch commercial legislation; a sketch of the commercial position of the Dutch colonies in the East Indies. The writer is evidently a sound political economist, who deals with commercial principles from the standpoint of advanced science. What would the members of our chamber of commerce say if it were suggested to them to put forth a similar annual report, to make the world acquainted with the opportunities which this port offers for the employment of capital and the development of maritime intercourse? They would probably regard the author of such a suggestion as a crank, and if he proposed to have the report translated into foreign languages so as to draw foreign attention to this city, they would deem him a madman. Yet it is by doing these things that Rotterdam has grown rich.

And Rotterdam has grown rich, like Glasgow, by *making* herself a port. She is eighteen miles from the sea, and was forced to dig an artificial water-way in a shallow river. San Francisco is on the sea, and needs no artificial water-ways. She neglects even the natural ones.

The persistency with which the average American refuses to believe in contemporaneous miracles, in the face of overwhelming testimony as to their reality, is a suggestive sign of the times—a proof that there is, indeed, a season of obscuration for Mother Church, and a justification for her hostility to those nests of skepticism—the godless public schools. The most astounding wonders have been worked day after day recently, during a period extending beyond two weeks, at the Church of St. Jean le Baptiste, East Seventy-Sixth Street, New York, through the blessed mediation of St. Anne, Grandmother of God, whose holy wrist has been there on duty. No less than forty thousand persons, most of them ailing and seeking relief, visited this shrine. Many of them, as they gratefully attest, were made whole, and as much as sixteen thousand dollars was taken in by the priests in attendance. That these healing miracles are genuine there can be no douht at all, if human testimony is to be credited. The New York newspapers publish the names and addresses of those who, having kissed the case containing the wrist of St. Anne, rose up restored to health and rejoicing. Here are a few, taken from the dailies of May 20th:

"Mrs. John Brown, of Huron Street, Greenpoint, who has suffered great pains in her arms and chest for more than two years, avows she has been much improved by the relic.

"Mrs. Ellen Brown, No. 1,753 Third Avenue, two years ago one of the finest singers in St. Bridget's Roman Catholic Church, corner of Avenue B and Eighth Street, gradually lost all control of her voice. Three days after venerating the relic, she avers, her voice was fully restored.

"Street-Cleaning Commissioner Thomas S. Brennan, who had such a narrow escape from death on the New York Central Railroad, was suffering with nervousness from the shock to his system when he entered the church. After kissing the relic, Mr. Brennan told one of the priests that he experienced much relief.

"Mrs. Duffy, No. 416 West Thirty-Second Street, claims to have recovered from many ailments after viewing the relic.

"Mrs. Ann Fitzgerald, of East Twentieth Street, for years afflicted with hoarseness, says she found much relief after adoring the relic.

"Mrs. Hennessy, of St. Patrick's Academy, Brooklyn, has suffered intense pain for many years by frequent headaches. She says the ailment is hereditary. After venerating the relic, she was given relief.

"The Rev. Father O'Connor, pastor of the Dobbs Ferry Roman Catholic Church, who, on Easter Sunday, after celebrating mass, was seized with pains in the forehead and gradually lost his sight, was almost totally blind when he kissed the relic. To a reporter, he said that he found much relief and had such faith in the relic, that he hoped to be able to celebrate mass on Sunday.

"Mrs. Anna Byrne, a woman about forty-five, of Shady Side, N. J., who has been confined to her room for over ten years, and was brought to the church in an invalid's chair, claims to have been greatly benefited.

"William O'Connor, of No. 243 East Seventy-Seventh Street, for years a sufferer from rheumatism, says he has been greatly relieved by the relic, and hopes in time a permanent cure of his painful ailment will ensue."

It will be observed that while some of these patients were cured entirely, others were only "relieved," but these latter doubtless owe their comparative ill-fortune to sin—such as want of faith, irregularity in church attendance, niggardliness in their contributions, and the like. That the fragment of St. Anne's body is competent to cure instantly and completely, we have the very best of authority, including His Holiness, Pope Leo the Thirteenth, Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, Cardinal Taschereau, of Quebec, importer of the relic from Rome, Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, ex-Street Superintendent Murray, of New York, Commissioner Brennan, of the street-cleaning department of the same city, and Thomas Crimmins, the eminent New York contractor. At the house of the last named a private séance was given. As will appear from the following list of distinguished persons present on the occasion, St. Anne's remains are of peculiar efficacy in the cure of those of the Irish nation:

"Besides Mr. and Mrs. Crimmins, there were present Thomas Crimmins, the venerable father of the contractor, who for ten days past has constantly knelt before the relic in the church; Judge Morgan J. O'Brien, Mrs. O Brien, who is a sister of Mr. Crimmins; Daniel J. Dowdney, Mr. Crimmin's nephew; Peter A. Lalor, Miss Lalor, Mrs. Costello, Commissioner James S. Coleman, Brother Azarius, a professor of the De La Salle Institute on Fifty-Eight Street, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry Haggerty. Mrs. Haggerty is a sister of Mr. Crimmins, and has long been an invalid. The relic was put to Mrs. Haggerty's lips fifteen minutes after it had been pressed to the lips of a poor parishioner of St. John the Baptist."

From this closing statement it will be seen that there is no false pride among the real aristocracy of the American metropolis. The ceremonies attendant upon relic-worship, as conducted by the Catholic Church in the United States, are exceedingly impressive. Colonel Cockerill's journal thus reverently describes them as they were gone through with at the residence of Contractor Crimmins, in the presence of the humble Mrs. Haggerty (sister of Mr. Crimmins):

"When Mgr. Marquis arrived with the relic, the parlor was filled. Bearing the little box, he bowed his knee before his grace the archbishop, and, extending the case with its little fragment, said:

"'Your reverence, I present to you the blessed relic of St. Anne.'

"The archbishop bade him rise. 'The honor of holding the sacred relic belongs to you,' he said.

"Then Archbishop Corrigan knelt before Mgr. Marquis and kissed the case. After that was done, each person in Mr. Crimmins's parlor in turn kissed the glass, as the archbishop had done. After this brief ceremony, the box was taken back to the home of the priests, in Lexington Avenue."

The skeptic will scoff at these cures and feel no awe whatever at the scenes in the parlor of Contractor Crimmins (brother of Mrs. Haggerty); but those who are familiar with history know that the worship of relics is as old as the race. Egypt had her fetiches, the Jews possessed the brazen rod of Aaron, Buddha's big tooth, extracted centuries before the Christian era, and now grown to the size of an elephant's tusk, is to this day preserved in a temple at Candy, under the guardianship of the British Government, and is believed by the benighted Buddhists to be as efficacious in a medical and surgical way as the wrist of St. Anne is held to be by Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Corrigan, Mrs. Haggerty (sister of Contractor Crimmins), and all other good Roman Catholics in the United States in this year of grace 1892.

Why should the New York miracles be regarded with incredulous scorn, when the most venerated of the Patristic writers vouch for the truth of similar and far greater marvels? Are we at this late day to question the veracity of such pillars of Rome as St. Gregory, of Nazianzus, his canonized namesake of Nyssa, St. Chrysostom, both the Cyrils, St. Ambrose, and St. Jerome? Heaven forbid! St. Irenæus, with other fathers, went far beyond relics; he holding that all Christians possessed the power of working miracles, such as casting out devils, healing the sick, and even raising the dead. Certainly it would be little short of blasphemous to assert that the good St. Epiphanius was a liar or a superstitious old fool, besotted by the credulity of his ignorant age. Yet he tells us that some rivers and fountains were annually turned into wine, in illustration of the wedding of Cana, and that he himself had drunk from one of these fountains. St. Augustine records that Gamaliel revealed in a dream to a priest named Lucianus the spot where the bones of St. Stephen were buried; that they were taken to Hippo, St. Augustine's own diocese (for, like Corrigan, he was a bishop), and that there they raised five persons from the dead.

What have skeptics to say to such proofs as these, which are but as a few grains picked from the seashore of Roman Catholic history? No doubt in their wicked pride of intellect they will agree with Lecky, who, in his "History of European Morals," says:

"When men are destitute of critical spirit, when the nation of uniform law is yet unborn, and when their imaginations are incapable of rising to abstract ideas, histories of miracles are always found and always believed, and they continue to flourish and to multiply until these conditions have altered. Miracles cease when men cease to believe and to expect them. In periods that are equally credulous, they multiply or diminish in proportion to the intensity with which the imagination is directed to theological topics. A comparison of the histories of the most different nations shows the mythical period to have been common to them all; and we may trace in many quarters substantially the same miracles, though varied by national characteristics and with a certain local cast and coloring. . . . From a vast concurrence of [scientific] evidence, from a uniformity of experience in so many spheres, there arises in the minds of scientific men a conviction, amounting to absolute moral certainty, that the whole course of physical nature is governed by law, and that the notion of the perpetual interference of Deity with some particular classes of its phenomena is false and unscientific, and that the theological habit of interpreting the

catastrophes of nature as divine warnings, or punishments, or disciplines is a baseless and a pernicious superstition."

This is equivalent to asserting that Pope Leo the Thirteenth, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Corrigan, Mrs. Haggerty (sister of Contractor Crimmins), and the whole Roman Catholic Church of to-day, including the persons cured and relieved by St. Anne, Grandmother of God, on East Seventy-Sixth Street, New York, are still intellectually dwelling in the night of the dark ages, and as much out of tune with modern thought as would be St. Augustine himself could he be resurrected by aid of a shin-bone of St. Stephen, and in their devoutest beliefs are as wanting in harmony with the results of scientific discovery as a megatherium—revived and made to breathe the uncongenial atmosphere of the present geological era—would be with its environment. But since Mother Church is infallible, she must be right about miracle cures, and scientific men and other reasonable beings all wrong. Under the protection of the Grandmother of God, the faithful can afford to smile at the unbelief of the heretic, and wait in pious confidence for the turning back of the wheels of time, the obliteration of knowledge, and the restoration of the world to that pious state of darkness in which Augustine and the rest of the sainted fathers (fountains of all truth worth knowing) left it—the intellectual darkness which still broods over Contractor Crimmins, the brother of Mrs. Haggerty, and which befogs the mind of Mrs. Haggerty, the sister of Contractor Crimmins—in short, that glorious epoch of darkness when the earth was flat and the Holy Roman Catholic Church owned it.

Mr. Thomas C. Platt, of New York, the Republican Hill of that State, unappreciated by the administration, has eased the pain of his sore mind and gratified the Democracy by "roasting" the President in an interview with a reporter. Mr. Harrison's prime defect as a man and chief magistrate of the United States is, in Mr. Platt's eyes, that he does not confess by word and deed that he owes his exalted station to Mr. Platt and other gentlemen who perform the patriotic and, no doubt, incidentally profitable function of "running the machine." The Platt notion is that the first duty of a President is to reward with office and power the vote-herders who have exerted themselves toward his election, with the expectation of that reward always prominently before their unselfish gaze. "Ours," says Mr. Platt, making a concession that, all things considered, is surprising, "is a government of parties, and not a government of men." This is mere theory, however. Mr. Platt's practical belief is that this is a government of politicians, with Mr. Platt at the head of them, standing with clubs ready to smash any administration which does not act in abject accordance with this elevated doctrine.

Mr. Harrison has also incurred the misfortune of Mr. Platt's disapproval, because he has been so egotistical as to regard himself as the head of his party, its elected candidate, the executive of its policy, and the President of the United States. Here is the Platt indictment:

"The President's error lies in the assumption that he has done it all. He asks the country to see in him the inspector and creator of all that has brought progress and happiness to the people since he began to reside in the White House. He attributes to himself all the glorious achievements of the Fifty-First Congress, quite ignoring the superb genius whose strong arm and clear head turned havoc into order and made a feeble Republican majority of three or four the most prolific and successful body of law-makers that ever sat in Congress. The McKinley Bill, the Customs Act, the Shipping Bill, the Pension Law, the Navy Construction Laws, the Fortifications Laws, the Army Reform Acts—all the wonderful legislation which the Republican majority of that Congress formulated and which Thomas B. Reed's resolute will enabled them to enact, Mr. Harrison gives to himself and says: 'See what I have done.'"

If Mr. Platt had been a lieutenant in the army, or a sutler, during the war, he would doubtless have felt incensed at the commanding general being given credit for winning the battles in which he, Lieutenant Platt, had taken part, and would have denounced him to the rank and file as a monopolist of the glory that every private and subaltern had helped to achieve. It is curious that others have not detected this strange disposition in Mr. Harrison to rob his associates in the administration of their due share of renown. It is true that he has failed to issue proclamations commending his Cabinet officers, Congress, and the diplomatic corps whenever they have accomplished things beneficial to the party and the country; but, then, it is not customary for our Presidents to do this, and had Mr. Harrison broken the rule, Congress, his Cabinet, and the people, as even Mr. Platt will admit, might have deemed the breach of custom highly impertinent and grotesquely egotistical as well. A special proclamation thanking Mr. Platt for electing him to the Presidency would, however, have saved Mr. Harrison whatever disturbance he may now experience from Mr. Platt's hostility.

This assault upon the President, which the Democracy are gloatingly told is "hot caustic, laid on thick," is an ingenuous revelation of the utter want of public purpose behind the anti-Harrison movement, of which Platt, Quay, and Clarkson are the generals. It is simply a revolt of bosses who, having found the President to be the owner of himself, and not disposed to burden his administration with them and their friends and dependents, have drawn their knives and gone in for revenge. The absurd Platt interview is an angry and *naïf* confession. This band of mercenaries naturally draw under their leadership the more respectable elements of opposition—for no man ever occupied the White House for four years without displeasing some portion of his party. Mr. Harrison, however, is peculiarly fortunate in his conspicuous enemies. Their character is an antidote to their poison. That these disappointed, vengeful spoilsmen should hitch their wagon to the Blaine star is not remarkable. They seek a mantle of strength and dignity wherewith to cover the nakedness of their ignoble cause. Were the matchless popularity of Mr. Blaine to create a demand for his nomination that neither he nor the convention could resist, the Platts and Clarksons, four years from now, would be out with their knives again precisely as at present. With them, politics is a hunt, and the Presidency the game. When it is captured, and they are not permitted to sit down and feast, they feel that they have been cheated of their rightful prey, and rage like savages accordingly.

If Mr. Harrison needed anything to strengthen him in the esteem of all reputable, patriotic citizens, malignant and self-defeating attacks such as that of Mr. Platt would supply the want. But his administration—firm, sensible, business-like, and unflinchingly American—speaks to the country for itself.

A morning contemporary is raking over the ashes of the woman question, with especial regard to the avenues of employment for women. It has published letters from working-girls, servant-girls, employers of household labor, and employers of industrial labor; and yet it is due to truth to say that these letters do not shed much new light on the subject. The dual problems of the future of the working-girl, and of the exigencies of the future household, are as far from solution as ever. We are steadily confronted with the paradox of a condition in which, on the one hand, the working-woman is unable to earn an honest living, and, on the other, the housekeeper is unable to find suitable help to run her household.

San Francisco differs from the Atlantic cities in this respect, that there is at the East a steady influx of female labor from Germany, England, Ireland, and Scandinavia; and, though this is generally raw labor, it can be converted by education into skilled domestic labor. Thus, without drawing upon the domestic reserves, the housekeeper in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia is able to secure all the labor she needs to run her household without raising its price above an average of say forty cents a day, with board and lodging. Here, we have no European supply, and the Restriction Acts have practically bestowed upon the Chinese who were here ten years ago a monopoly of the domestic labor market, so that, by a combination among themselves, they have raised the market value of domestic labor to something like an average of seventy-five cents to one dollar a day, with board and lodging. This could not have been effected if the natural increase among the females of the working-class had been utilized in the house-servant market. But, for many reasons, the native-Californian girl will not go out to service.

In the first place, in obedience to the same instinct which induced house-servants in the East to call themselves "helps," and not "servants," they regard domestic service as degrading. They prefer, at less wages, the wild freedom of the shop-girl or the factory-girl, who can not be ordered about like a menial, and who, if she correctly discharges her duties, runs no risk of being scolded. Again, a girl going out to service in this city is likely to find that one or more of her fellow-servants is a Chinaman. For these and other reasons, the native Californian girl abandons the field of housework to the Chinaman and to the few English, Swedish, and German girls who travel so far afield as to reach this coast, and, consequently, the wages of common house-servants are higher here than anywhere else in the world.

It can not be said that the Californian girls have been attracted to shop-work or service in stores by the rewards these avocations offer. The average pay of a shop-girl is nearer four than five dollars a week of six days. Expert saleswomen sometimes earn twice as much as this, and deft milliners, hatmakers, embroiderers, shoe-stitchers can make a dollar a day. A type-writer can be hired for a dollar a day, though type-writers in good positions often get fifty or sixty dollars a month or even more. A female type-setter, who can set as many ems as a man, gets the same wages; it is possible for her to earn seventy-five or eighty dollars a month. But these are the exceptionally fortunate women-workers. Take the whole range of those who would go out to service if they did not prefer working in store, shop, or factory, and it will be found that their average earnings will fall short of five dollars a week.

For this they must dress themselves, lodge themselves, and feed themselves. An exhaustive inquiry into their condition, conducted three or four years ago, led to the conclusion that the thing was impossible. They were bound to stint either their backs or their stomachs. As a rule, two or three of these girls club together and occupy one small room, with one bed in it. They reduce their food consumption to the narrowest possible limits, breakfasting on a lump of bread and a cup of bad coffee, repeating the meal at lunch, and dining at those restaurants which furnish a dish for five cents. Of course, health can not be maintained on such scanty nutriment as this, and when disease follows the breathing of vitiated air at night, the system has no stamina to resist its attacks.

Where a girl can sleep at home, her chances are better. She saves the cost of lodging, and may, perhaps, occupy more wholesome quarters. But when a girl has once enjoyed the delights of freedom, she is reluctant to resume her old place under the paternal roof. She will put up with some discomfort for the sake of being undisputed sovereign in her narrow attic. It rarely occurs that a girl who has once left her mother's home to go to work, and manage for herself, returns to the old roof.

And yet the struggle to clothe herself is desperate. To save, nickel by nickel, out of what is left of a five-dollar piece, after board and lodging are paid, enough to buy hats, skirts, boots, underclothes, and a jacket is a frightful undertaking. A pair of boots alone represents a month's economies. A new gown is half a year's work. And then, there is something more in life than mere eating, working, and sleeping. There must be some dilution of amusement, or the machine will stop for want of lubricating oil. Here is where the danger comes in for the shop-girl. Pleasure, amusement, and dress are all within her reach; but at what a price!

Social philosophers, observing among girls of the working class the growing distaste for domestic service—a distaste which is intensified by the spread of education—and noticing, also, the increasing cost of maintaining a retinue of servants, have sometimes wondered whether the future will not lead to a general modification of the house life of the future. It seems that servants are going to cost more than people can afford, and that if people could afford the luxury, the right kind of girls are going to refuse to go out to service. In other words, the present household system bids fair to go out of use through the exhaustion of its material. When that takes place, a development of hotel and restaurant life must follow. In the twentieth century, a few rich men may continue to sleep under their own roofs. But nearly everybody, it would seem, will have to get his meals at an inn.

The San Francisco and Salt Lake Railway Company has been incorporated, by E. L. G. Steele, A. Hayward, Daniel Meyer, William Babcock, and E. F. Preston. These gentlemen are all heavy capitalists, and say that they mean business. It is intended to complete the road within three years. This is a good opportunity to find out whether the people of this State are in earnest in their opposition to railroad oppression. The projectors of the new road should endeavor to raise the funds from the people. Let them issue bonds of small denominations, and make the subscription a popular one. The United States did not scorn to issue fifty-dollar four per cent. bonds, and this government is a larger corporation than the new railway company. Properly managed, more than enough money could be raised in this way.

The despair of the people of this State over the present railroad situation is shown by this curious fact: it is seriously proposed to start a freight-wagon line through the San Joaquin Valley to compete with the railroad. It costs one hundred dollars to ship a thresher and harvester by rail from Stockton to Fresno, one hundred and ten miles. A four-horse team can haul it there, it is estimated, for seventy-five dollars. Magee's *Real Estate Circular* states that thirty four-horse teams could be put on such a line for sixteen thousand dollars, and says further that the line will probably be established. Whether it be or not, the mere fact that it is seriously discussed shows the present condition of affairs in California.

The men of 1992 will smile when they read that, in 1892, the State of California was at the mercy of the railroad—California, a long and narrow State, lying upon the ocean, with eight hundred miles of sea-coast, with a valley four hundred miles long lying parallel to the ocean, and two great rivers running through this valley, these rivers meeting and pouring their waters into a vast bay where sat a commercial city whose western side was on the ocean. But when the men of 1992 read further, and learn that the two rivers were not only almost unused, but that the men of 1892 did all they could to ruin them for navigation, and that the commercial city on the ocean did not know that the ocean was there, they will wonder what manner of men were these of 1892.

OLD "HARD LUCK."

How He Went Out On Number Three.

Every one admitted he had a good heart in him. Even his bitterest enemy, Kid Alderson, was willing to make that concession, but qualified it by adding that he "was so blamed unlucky and peculiar, a body never knowed when he *was* in to clear."

This singularity extended to his name. "H-o-s-s-e-l-k-u-s, accent on the *sel*," he was wont to explain, with something like a shade of weariness, when a new operator faltered on his long patronymic.

Eben J. Hosselkus was engineer of Engine Seventeen-Forty-Three.

With the meagre data available, it is difficult to determine whether the name Hosselkus belongs to the Anglo-Saxon, Indo-European, or Teutonic family; but no such uncertainty attached to the origin of its unfortunate bearer. He was an unmistakable Yankee; rather below the medium height, lean and wiry; his mild, light-blue eyes were overshadowed by bushy and frowning eyebrows, and his grizzled mustache bristled with a singular ferocity, which the weakness of mouth and chin immediately belied. The whole man was decidedly contradictory. When first addressed, his manner was brusque and his voice gruff; but, after a few terrible expletives, his tone would soften and his most positive assertions invariably ended with an appeal for confirmation. "Now ain't it so, for a fact? Now wouldn't you say so, 'f you 'uz me?" he would ask, while his wistful eyes wandered from face to face in search of support or sympathy, perhaps.

He was the oldest engineer on the division, and the most unfortunate. Two decades of brakemen and conductors had twisted and distorted his luckless surname in every conceivable way; but to all appellations, from "Old Hoss" to "Hustle-Cuss," he ever accorded the same ready response.

Of late years he had been known simply as "Hard Luck." When a train-crew would reach the end of the division, wan and famished from a protracted sojourn at some desert siding, the first inquiry of their sympathetic brethren would be: "Who was pullin' you?" "Old Hard Luck, of course," was the seldom varied reply.

Old Hosselkus had probably suffered more "moving accidents by flood and field" than any other man ever lived through. And yet he was a thoroughly competent engineer. He was an earnest student of mechanical engineering, and could explain the mysteries of "link motion," the principles of the "injector," and the working of the Westinghouse automatic air-brake in a singularly lucid manner. Nothing pleased him better than to enlighten a green fireman upon some knotty point, and the walls of the round-house and bunk-house are still covered with his elaborate chalk and pencil diagrams of the different parts of the locomotive.

As far back as he could remember, it had been the dream of Hosselkus's life to be a regular passenger-engineer—in railroad parlance, to "pull varnished cars." This was the goal upon the attainment of which the best efforts of his life had been concentrated, and still, after twenty years' service, he seemed as far as ever from success. Many times he had almost achieved it, but always something had happened to prevent, some unaccountable and unavoidable piece of ill-luck. Finally, his name became so synonymous with disaster that the "Company" hesitated to intrust the valuable equipment of an express-train and the lives of the traveling public to him. Thus, as the years went by, old Hard Luck had become accustomed to crawling out from under the disgruntled engine of a side-tracked work-train or way-freight to acknowledge the patronizing wave of the hand, as some former fireman of his whizzed by with a passenger-train or an "officers' special." Despair, however, had no place in his heart, and he still reveled in the fancied joys of pulling the fast express, and dreamed of that happy time when, to the customary inquiry as to the time of his departure, he would be able to answer: "I go out on Number Three."

There is a great difference in engineers; some can step off the foot-board at the end of a long run looking as fresh and clean as at the start, while, to judge from the appearance of others, one would imagine they had made the journey in the ash-pan. Hosselkus belonged to the latter class. It would have required some more powerful solvent than simple soap and water to have removed the soot and grime that had gradually accumulated in the wrinkles and hollows of his countenance during years of arduous service. There was some excuse for him, however, seeing that so much of his life had been spent upon superannuated "ten-wheelers," which, as every one knows, are awkward machines to oil, on account of their wheels being so low and close together. Then, too, he had so many accidents. He scarcely ever made a round trip without "slipping an eccentric," "bursting a flue," or "burning out his grates," not to mention more serious mishaps, such as derailments, head and hind-end collisions, or running into slides and wash-outs. Much practice had made him almost perfect in "taking down a side," or disconnecting a locomotive, while some of his exploits in the fire-box, plugging flues, rivaled the exhibition given by the Hebrew children in that seven times heated furnace of Holy Writ.

But while his extensive experience upon the road had developed habits of self-reliance and a certain readiness in emergencies, it was not calculated to impart that gloss or polish which enables one to shine in society. Hard Luck's only appearance within the charmed circle had been when he acted as pall-bearer at the funeral of a division superintendent, and upon that occasion he had scandalized his colleagues by appearing without the conventional white gloves, and a hurried and embarrassed search of his pockets only brought to light a bunch of "waste" and a "soft hammer," articles which, though almost indispensable on a locomotive, are not essential to the success of a well-ordered interment.

Gamblers say that if one is but possessed of sufficient capital, the most persistent run of ill-luck may eventually be broken, and so it proved in Hosselkus's case.

An "officers' special," carrying the leading magnates of the road upon a tour of inspection, was expected, and Engine Seven-Seventy-Seven, the fastest locomotive on the division, and Bill Pearson, an engineer with a record, had been held in readiness for some time to take them out.

The engine, with a full tank of the best coal, had already been run out of the round-house, and the train-dispatcher had the freights safely side-tracked, and satisfactory "meets" with the passenger-trains about figured out, when he was interrupted in his study of the train-sheet by a nervous ring at the telephone. The dispatcher answered it himself, and the foreman of the round-house announced that Pearson was sick, and unable to take the special out.

"That's bad," mused the dispatcher, but added, a moment later: "Well, send the next best man, and get a move on; they'll be here in ten minutes."

"They ain't none," replied the round-house.

"No other engineer?" shouted the dispatcher.

"Well, there's only Perkins on the yard-engine and Hard Luck just in on Scott's work-train—might double him out again—that's all."

The dispatcher rushed into the adjoining room to consult the superintendent.

It was in the midst of the busiest season, and every available engineer was out upon the road.

"Hard Luck? nonsense!" said the superintendent when he was informed of the situation. "Tell Pearson he must take the special out—this is a nice time for him to get sick!"

The round-house was notified and replied that Pearson was "foamin' awful—his wife's got him jacked up and two doctors workin' on him," yelled the foreman.

"This is terrible! *terrible!*" groaned the superintendent. "Perkins is only a boy, we can't put him on, and Hosselkus will never get over the division without something happening—never in the world!" and the perspiration started upon his forehead. The whistle of the special aroused him to the necessity of immediate action.

"Tell them to put Hosselkus on, and get him out as quick as possible—we are in the hands of Providence anyway, I suppose," he added to himself.

All was hurry and excitement when the special pulled in. The engine that brought it in was cut off and hurried out of the way, while the huge, well-groomed "Three-Sevens" backed slowly down in charge of Hosselkus, whose heart swelled chokingly as the brazen clangor of her bell pealed out.

But the beginning was ominous. The engine was unfamiliar to him and worked more stiffly than he had expected, so that when he hacked down to be coupled on, he struck the train with a momentum that jarred its occupants uncomfortably.

"Lord! *Lord!*" moaned the superintendent as he wiped his clammy brow and sought to divert the directors' attention from the mishap by suggesting some needed improvements in the "Company's" water supply.

Presently he excused himself and went ahead to the engine to interview Hard Luck. He found him with an oil-can in one hand and a bunch of waste in the other, engaged in the important duty of "oiling 'round."

Hosselkus had had no time to change his greasy jumper and overalls for cleaner ones, his hasty wash had merely imparted a smeary look to his countenance, and the badge on his cap was upside down, but his eyes sparkled beneath their shaggy brows, his mustache bristled savagely, and the whole man was nervously alert as, with a squirt of oil here, a dab of the waste there, and feeling carefully each key and bearing to detect any signs of heating, he worked his way around the mighty racer. He was just finishing his round when the superintendent came up.

"Now, Hosselkus," said the latter, appealingly, "*do* be careful and try and get us over the division in some kind of shape—make time, and, for heaven's sake, don't break down on the road. If you make a first-class run, I'll see what we can do about getting a passenger run for you."

Hosselkus put away his tallow-pot, wiped his hands on the bunch of waste, which he then carefully placed in his pocket to serve as a handkerchief, and at length spoke: "Colonel," he said, "don't you lose no sleep over this excursion—we'll git there in the biggest kind of shape—this mill has got it in her, an', if I can't coax a move out of her, I'll run a stationary the rest of my life. Now, these kid-engineers of yours, they ain't up in mechanics like they'd oughter be—not but what they're good boys—mind you, I'm not sayin' a word agin 'em—but they waste her stren'th—they don't really savvy the theory. Now——"

"Yes, yes," hurriedly interrupted the superintendent; "I know, but we must be getting out of here, and don't forget that passenger run—it's manslaughter, if not murder in the first degree," he said to himself, as he hastened back; "but if we escape with our lives, he shall have the run."

The conductor waved his hand, Hosselkus opened the throttle slightly and the steam shrilled through the cylinder-cocks as the special moved down the yard. Slowly he threaded the net-work of tracks, cut-offs, and blind switches, and then more rapidly by the long siding opposite the row of cottages, where the families of the conductors and engineers lived. And instinctively he felt the eyes of the women upon him, and knew that they were saying: "Well, if there ain't that crazy fool on Pearson's Three-Sevens, with a passenger special! Wouldn't that kill you?" for women are jealous divinities—they would not that man should have any other gods or goddesses before them, and, as Hosselkus worshiped only a locomotive, a thing of steel and iron, they made of him a by-word and a reproach. But at that moment, Hard Luck cared but little for their disdain; he only thought of his triumph, and the discordant clanging of the bell of the Three-Sevens sounded in his ears as a pæan of victory. "At last — at last," seemed to say its brazen tongue.

The last switch was passed, and Hosselkus, forgetting the lightness of his train, opened the throttle so suddenly that the engine fairly leaped forward, while the passengers' necks received a violent wrench.

"This engineer of yours, colonel," said the general superintendent, spitting out the end of a cigar he had involuntarily swallowed, "is just off a pile-driver, is he not?"

The colonel laughed a joyless laugh. "The fact is," he replied, "the regular man was taken sick at the last moment, and we had no one but this fellow to put on. He is an old engineer, but not used to the engine. I think he will improve when he gets the hang of it."

"I hope so—I hope so," said the general, fervently, as he lit a fresh cigar; "there is evidently room for improvement."

But presently even the anxious superintendent was forced to admit they were moving. Telegraph-poles, that had appeared and disappeared with majestic deliberation, began to flit by the windows with a frequency and abruptness very unusual in those stately objects; quicker and less rhythmic came the click of the wheels as each rail was passed, and the leaps of the engine at each revolution of the driving-wheels were merged into a continuous, convulsive shudder. The passengers no longer experienced the sensation of being drawn along, but felt as though projected through space, and the more timid clung to their seats to avoid soaring off through the roof. Trainmen who could traverse undisturbed the reeling roofs of a fast freight, made their way through the swaying cars with difficulty.

Old Hard Luck was evidently "getting there," and the superintendent prayed silently that he might maintain the speed to the end.

At the first stop he went forward to congratulate the engineer. The fireman was under the engine "hoeing out," and Hosselkus, sooty but triumphant, was "oiling 'round."

"How'd's that suit you, colonel?" he cried, as his superior approached; "the old girl's a-crawlin', ain't she?"

"You're doing fine, Hosselkus—fine, but keep it up—pound her on the back, for the porter tells me the wine is getting low and they're liable to see something to beef about. Keep 'em a rollin', and the passenger run is yours." The colonel had risen from the ranks, and at times, unconsciously, lapsed into the old main-line dialect.

"Don't you worry none, we'll git there. Gimme this mill, colonel, an' none of the other boys on the division 'ud ever get a smell of my smoke. An' she does it so easy, reminds of your maw's old rocker—just handle her right, don't crowd her, that's the main point. Now my theory's like this, we'll say the cylinder——"

But the colonel had fled. Hard Luck carried his theory with him, for he never succeeded in obtaining a listener to whom he could expound it.

No accident occurred, however; the speed was maintained, and the special reached Oleson's Siding so far in advance of the train-dispatcher's calculations that quite a wait was necessary while Number Three, the east-bound express, toiled up the grade.

Hosselkus lit the head-light, for the sun was impaled upon one of the peaks of the distant Sierras, whose eastern slopes were already purpling with shades of evening.

It was the last stop. Below him wound the tortuous Goose-Neck Grade, with the division terminus at its foot. The run was nearly ended.

Having finished oiling, Hosselkus leaned against the cylinder-head and gazed abstractedly down the track. A brakeman was seated on the head-block of the switch, throwing stones at an adjacent telegraph-pole, and moodily speculating upon the probabilities of "getting in" in time for supper, while an occasional breath of wind from the valley brought with it, from far down the grade, the puffing of the engines on Number Three.

He had succeeded. The record would be broken beyond a doubt; but as the cool breeze of sunset blew in his face, he suddenly became aware of the fact that he was tired, and he remembered then that he had been on the road for over forty-eight hours.

The smell of heated tallow struck him, for the first time, as being a singularly unappetizing odor, and he looked over the huge machine with something akin to dissatisfaction in the expression of his face. He sighed, and the brakeman asked if she was coming—meaning the train.

"No," replied Hard Luck; "she ain't showed up 'round the bend yet—I 'uz just thinkin'."

"Thinkin' how the other engineers 'ud have to take siding when they get the figgers of this run, I s'pose?"

"Naw! I 'uz thinkin' 'bout my fireman, little Doherty, that 'uz killed the time I run into the burnt bridge at Rose Creek. It 'uz dark as pitch an' blowin' sixty mile an hour. I had the ole Eighty-Three, with thirty loads of iron an' material for the front. The Eighty-Three's air-pump 'uz no good, an' I didn't purtend to hold 'em. We come down into the creek like h—ll heatin' tan bark—the bridge had burnt an' fell into the creek; I felt her droppin', socked on what air there was, squealed for brakes, an' throwed her over—the next thing I knowed I 'uz sloshin' round in the creek, dodgin' flat cars an' railroad iron. Lord! I thought them cars never would quit pilin' up—there 'uz twenty-seven stacked up inside of two car lengths. The caboose an' four or five cars stayed on the track, an' I crawled out an' started back. God! but the wind blowed cold that night, an' Doherty—we couldn't get him out—took the wreckin' train half a day to get down to him—when the engine went over she fell on his side an' held him down in the water. He 'uz drowned but not burnt none, which 'uz some comfort. But how his wife did take on—you could 'a' heard her for a mile. When Pete 'uz alive, she never 'peared to take to him much; but you never see a woman so set on any one as she wuz when he 'uz dead. They say't she used to drink 'fore Pete 'uz killed, but I judge she 'uz a whole lot worse afterwards. I tried to do the right thing by her, fixed up a house an' squared her at the grocery store, but she always had it in for me, seems like. She'd fill herself up till she 'uz blowin' out the stack, an' then she'd lay for me, an' when she saw me comin'—they'd taken me off the main line then an' put me on the yard-engine—she'd flop herself down on the track in front of the engine an', callin' me all the murderin' Irish names you ever heard of, yell for me to run over her an' finish the fambly.

"Then she took sick, an' some say't she really had 'em,

but I judge it 'uz a fever like, brought on by grief an' stuff. She 'uz runnin' wild, an' the doctors couldn't slow her down none, so one night, at eleven-fifty-three, just as Number Six 'uz comin' in, she took down her signals, split the switch, an' pulled out light for the other side. I heard her when she put the blower on, an' judgin' that she'd got her orders, I says to her: 'Ole lady, you're past the slow hoards now, with a clear track an' no limits, but 'fore you open her out, just look back an' gimme the high sign to show't we clear all friendly an' no kick comin'.' But she never gimme the sign—she made motions with her lips, but all I could hear 'uz somethin' like murderin', an' she 'uz gone. Sometimes I think that queered me—I never had much luck 'fore that, hut I ain't never had none since, till to-day. An' they wonder why I can't get over the road, an' they wonder why I'm always breakin' down—why, it's hard luck, that's what it is, just dead, hard luck—somethin's got a hoodoo on me. No, sir, I ain't never had a day's luck since ole Mam Doherty run by my flag. I tell you, wimmen is queer machines an' complicated—mighty complicated. They're some like these new-fashioned compounds, an' 'tain't every man can handle 'em proper.

"I ain't never had no experience in that line. Oncet, when I 'uz firin' for Jake Griggsey, his sister rode with us for a ways, an' she 'uz a joe-dandy, with straight stack an' high drivers—she set on my seat, with her feet up 'side the boiler, an' she had on low shoes an' stockin's with holes in 'em—not wore-out holes, but these kind that's put in with a punch or somethin'. I got that rattled I burnt every blamed grate in the Forty-Four, an' she dropped her fire an' laid us out for an 'our'n a half. I felt flatter 'n a wheel that's been slipped for seventeen miles. I never had no more dicker with wimmen folks since. That's nineteen year ago, an' I ain't got the run yet. It's queer the way a man gets set on a thing—some men take to wimmen, some to cards, an' others to everything most 'cept hard wnrk; but I always judged that to pull a string of varnished cars 'ud be all the joy I'd want. The colonel's promised me a run if I took 'em through in good shape; hut it wouldn't surprise me if something happened at the last minit to knock it in the head—I've been side-tracked so often you see. I'm gittin' middlin' old, an' I'm dead tired—got a stitch in my side, too; feels like my heart had a cut journal or somethin'. I get that often, though—went to a doctor oncet, an' he jacked me up, felt my pulse, an' said he judged that I'd die on my engine one of these fine days. Well, here she's a-comin'."

Hosselkus clambered to his seat; and, as soon as the express-train had cleared the switch, it was opened by the brakeman, and the special was once more under way.

Leaning uncomfortahly now to this side, now to that, and with angry grinding of flange on rail, it swept around the curves with ever-increasing speed. A crashing roar, a flare of yellow sunset light reflected from rocky walls, told of a cutting safely passed, while hridge, and culvert, and trestle bellowed again as the engine cleared them at a hound.

The Three Sevens devoured the way. Again and again Hosselkus proved the correctness of his theory hy the terrific hursts of speed with which the mighty machine responded to his every impulse; but his nerves were no longer responsive to the exultant thrill of triumph. A sickening foreboding griped his heart; yet, whenever he would have shut off steam and slackened speed, an unconquerable impulse restrained him; for, in the exhaust of the engine and the roar of wheels, he fancied he heard one word repeated over and over again, with maddening persistency: "Hurry! hurry! hurry! hurry!" And the fireman, as he shoveled in coal and struggled to maintain his difficult footing, noted with wonder, not unmixed with uneasiness, that Hosselkus was working steam on grades where it was usual to "let them down" under the restraining pressure of the air-hrakes.

The lagging summer twilight gradually deepened until the illuminated faces of clock and steam-gauge stood out with pallid distinctness in the gloom of the cab. Lights in lonely section-houses shot past, and occasionally a great flare of red rushed upward from the momentarily opened door of the fire-box. The dazzling light of the furnace revealed old Hard Luck crouching forward on his seat, one hand on the throttle, the other grasping the reversing lever. His features were set, and sharpened, and so pale that through its grimy enameling his face looked positively blue. An occasional swift comprehensive glance took in clock, steam-gauge, and water-glass, and then his eyes were again fixed upon the arrowy torrent of ties that streamed into the glare of the head-light and disappeared beneath the pilot with unbroken, dizzying swiftness. At last a white post flitted by and Hosselkus relaxed. He glanced at the clock, and the next moment a long, wailing blast of the whistle warned the yardmen at the division's end.

The record was broken; the passenger run was his at last; old Hard Luck had actually got over the division without a mishap and in time never hefore equaled, but instead of exulting over it, as he shut off steam, he found himself marveling how faint and far away the whistle had sounded; had he not felt the vibration of the escaping steam, he would hardly have believed it was the Three-Seven's stentorian voice. Undoubtedly there was something wrong; he would have to fix it the first thing in the morning. The engine lurched over the switches, and Hosselkus cursed the sudden fog that had dimmed the switch-lamps so he could hardly tell red from white, hut at length he pulled up hefore the Railway Hotel—fortune favored him to the last, he made a splendid stop.

With a great sigh of relief he leaned hack on his seat, while the eating-house gong banged and thundered a hospitahle welcome to the belated guests.

"You made a magnificent run, Hosselkus. I'll fix it with the master-mechanic—you go out on Numher Three to-morrow," called out the superintendent, as he hurried hy.

Presently a yardman uncoupled the engine and waved his lantern. "All right!" called out the fireman, who was standing in the gangway.

The engineer made no move.

"What's the matter?" inquired the switchman, climbing into the cab; "why in——" The light of his lantern fell upon the engineer's face; he paused suddenly, for it was white beneath the grime.

Hard Luck was taken from the engine, laid upon a bench, and a physician hastily summoned. Engineers, with smoky torches, and trainmen, with lanterns, crowded around with bated breath, while the doctor listened long and attentively for a sound of life, but only the air-pump on the Three-Sevens sighed softly, as the light rings of smoke from her stack floated up, and up, and up in the quiet air, where still a tinge of twilight lingered.

"Dead!" said the doctor, and the tension was relaxed.

Then they all praised their late comrade, and all agreed that the old fellow had a good heart in him, anyway—that is, all but the doctor, who, as he rose and carefully wiped his spectacles, muttered something about "Organic weakness—told him so."

The next day, as the superintendent had promised, Hard Luck went out on Number Three—but he went in a box, lashed to the platform of the baggage-car. E. MUNSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1892.

LATE VERSE.

For England's Sake.

Give us war, O Lord,
For England's sake,
War righteous and true,
Our hearts to shake.
We are drinking to the hrim
What will poison heart and limh,
And our eyes are growing dim.
For England's sake!

Give us war, O Lord,
For England's sake,
War righteous and true,
Such as our fathers knew,
Our hearts to shake.
Ere the tricks and arts of peace
Make our manliness to cease.
While our world-wide foes increase.
For England's sake!

Give us war, O Lord,
For England's sake,
War righteous and true,
Our hearts to shake.
Faith and loyalty grow cold,
Faction's tongue is waxing hold;
More and more we stake on gold,
For England's sake!

Give us war, O Lord,
For England's sake,
War righteous and true,
Such as our fathers knew,
By wbich their greatness grew,
Our hearts to shake.
That amid the stress and strain,
And the discipline of pain,
We grow Englishmen again,
For England's sake!

—*Paul Cushing in the National Observer.*

Reveille.

Fly, poppied drowse, away!
Across the marshes sweep,
Chasing the fallen moon, the shadows gray.
Make me not laggard, Sleep!

Against the morning move,
Fronting the reddening miles;
Touch the white eyelids of the girl I love,
And fill her dreams with smiles.

—*John Hay in June Cosmopolitan.*

Love Song from "The Sisters."

There's nae lark loves the lift, my dear,
There's nae ship loves the sea,
There's nae bee loves the heather-hells,
That loves as I love thee, my love,
That loves as I love thee.

The whin shines fair upon the fell,
The blithe broom on the lea:
The muirside wind is merry at heart:
It's a' for love of thee, my love,
It's a' for love of thee.—*A. C. Swinburne.*

For a Birthday.

How many years have suhtly wrought,
With patient art and loving care,
To rear this pleasure-house of thought,
This fahric of a woman fair?

'Twere vain to guess: years leave no trace
On that soft cheek's translucent swell;
Time, lingering to behold that face,
Is cheated of his purpose fell.

Why ask how many, when I find
Her charm with every morrow new?
How be so stupid? Was I blind?
Next birthday I shall ask how few.

—*James Russell Lowell in June Cosmopolitan.*

The Battle.

The night had passed, the day had come,
Beam-born, into a cloudless sky;
We heard the rolling of the drum,
And saw the war-flags fly.

And noon had crowded upon morn
Ere conflict shook her red locks far,
And blew her brazen battle-horn
Upon the hills of war.

Noon dwindled into dusk—one blot,
Along the west, of phantom suns;
We heard the scream of shell and shot,
And hooming of the guns.

On batteries, that belched their grape,
We saw the thundering cavalry
Hurl headlong; iron shape on shape
Launch spear-like on and die.

And dusk had settled into night,
Rain-riddled; and I slept again,
To dream of many a hivouac-light,
And vast fields heaped with slain.

—*Madison Cawein in Harper's Weekly.*

So far, the Russian famine has cost the imperial treasury three hundred millions of roubles.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lord Tennyson is the oldest English author, his first hook having been puhlished in 1830. Mr. Gladstone comes next, his pamphlet, "The State in its Relations with the Church," appearing eight years later.

The Honorable Mrs. "Dick" Malone, of Rath, who has just been divorced from her hushand in consequence of her having shown undue preference for a French nobleman, is a member of the Yarde-Buller family. Her brother Walter is married to an American girl, the daughter of General Kirkham, of California.

From the collection of works of art which he has decided to sell, Alexandre Dumas will reserve a water-color, representing a "Knight of the Middle Ages," as a souvenir of a famous billiard-match he once had with Meissonier at Poissy. The artist loved billiards, hut was always beaten by M. Dumas, who won the picture from him.

The richest and prohably oldest delegate to the Minneapolis convention will be John I. Blair, the New Jersey railroad millionaire. Mr. Blair took part in nominating the President's grandfather, "Old Tippecanoe," a little more than half a century ago. Mr Blair will soon he ninety years old. He is said to be worth fifty millions of dollars.

"Carmen Sylva" says that since her husband took the throne of Roumania he has raised the artillery from one battery to seven hundred pieces of cannon, and carried the estimates up from seven millions of dollars to thirty millions of dollars. He has also "a magnificent palace furnished in carved wood, instead of a house looking like a harn."

Abraham Lincoln, like any ordinary man, wrote love-letters to Miss Mary Todd, the young woman to whom he was married at Springfield, Ill., in 1842. The messenger employed in this sentimental correspondence was Mrs. Epsir Smith, a colored woman, who has just died in Chicago, at the age of eighty years. Mrs. Smith was formerly a slave in the family of General Edwards, one of the early governors of Illinois.

Princess Ludwig of Bavaria, sister of the late King Alfonso of Spain, has just published, for a charitable purpose, a work entitled "Royalty Alhum." The contributors include Empress Frederick, the Emperors of Germany, Austria, and Russia, the Queens of Italy, Spain, Portugal, Roumania, the Netherlands, and Great Britain, the Kings of Sweden and Portugal, hesides a number of Austrian, German, and French princesses. It must he very bad.

Commodore William P. McCann, who has recently been retired from active service, procured his midshipman's warrant by his personal intercession with President Zachary Taylor. The appointment was originally secured for his brother George, who was deemed by his family too delicate for a life at sea, while William was too old to be eligihle. Not daunted by that obstacle, the future commodore went to Washington alone, walked in unannounced upon the President, and pleaded his cause so earnestly that he returned with the warrant made out in his own name. The most important episode in Commodore McCann's naval career occurred in 1863, when, while in command of the *Hunchback*, he silenced the batteries of Camp Anderson.

Francesco Lamperti, the once famous Italian singing-master, who died a few weeks ago, was the son of a prima donna of some excellence. Having studied at the Milan Conservatory, Lamperti went to Lodi and organized an opera company among the peasantry there, in order to test some theories of his own regarding voice-culture. So successful was the result of the training he gave them, that his fame spread far and wide. Pupils flocked to him, and, in 1850, he was induced to return to Milan as vocal chief of the Couservatory. There he remained until 1876, when he retired on a pension, but still taking private pupils, some hundreds of whom came from the United States. By an odd coincidence, about a week before Lamperti's death, the *Argonaut* printed a long and interesting letter from one of his former pupils, describing the maestro's method of conducting his classes and giving many particulars about his life.

Count Herbert Bismarck is engaged to marry Countess Margaret Hoyos. Her father is an ex-naval officer, who resigned from the service with the rank of lieutenant-commander in order to marry Alice, the daughter of Mr. Whitehead, the millionaire inventor of the torpedo bearing his name. Countess Alice Hoyos, Count Herhert's future mother-in-law, is the only heiress to her father's vast wealth. Count Herhert Bismarck, therefore, marries a very rich woman. She is somewhat to he pitied, for not only is Count Herbert almost a quarter of a century her senior, but, moreover, he is a hard drinker, hard liver, extremely arrogant and vain, besides enjoying the reputation of having behaved with the most remarkable lack of chivalry, and even honor, toward the women who had been indiscreet enough to admit him to their intimacy. It was this that led Lady Dudley to refuse him the hand of her daughter, Lady Edith Ward, a couple of years ago. Neither she nor any one else could altogether condone or forget his behavior toward the lovely Princess Carolath-Beuthen. The latter, after having been completely and irrevocably compromised by his indiscreet attentions at Berlin, forsook both her husband and her child in order to elope with him. After they had heen a fortnight together at Venice, he suddenly deserted her, leaving her friendless and alone in a strange city, without any ready money save such as she was ahle to procure by the sale of some of her jewelry. She withdrew to Paris, where she lived for some years in the greatest penury. Finally, some of her relatives placed her in possession of a small allowance, which is sufficient to enahle her to live very quietly and in great retirement near Dresden. Count Herhert will, on the death of his father, become Prince Bismarck and Duke of Lauenhurg, and will inherit an income of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a yea

A WESTERN MAN'S OPINIONS.

He tells "Van Gryse" that New York Women are Like as Peas.

A recent visitor from the West, making a sojourn in Gotham, was heard to remark that while he thought the women in New York were especially stylish and attractive-looking, they made little or no impression on him, because he found them all so much alike.

He had gone out quite a good deal in a very "good set," and met any number of pretty girls, all dressed to perfection, all very nice, all very well-mannered, but all as much alike as so many healtby babies. One of these charmers would undoubtedly have captivated him, but when he found that to know one was to know all, their attractions lost savor.

In great perplexity, he went about till be found some friends whom he had known intimately and well for many years, and to these he communicated his puzzled surprise.

"It really came to the point," he said, "when I couldn't tell them apart. I could no more say which was Miss Smith and which was Miss Jones than I could have spread my wings and flown as a bird to my mountain. And yet I'd talked to Miss Smitb and Miss Jones eacb for half an hour, and I was entertained, too. But, you see, there's nothing to distinguish one from the other. I never saw women so much alike in my life. It isn't alone that they look so much the same, but they talk the same, they think the same.

"In the first place, they botb had on just the same sort of dress. You know, in our Western shindigs, one girl's well-dressed and another's badly; one girl wears a low neck and another wears a high. It's a sort of go-as-you-please affair. Here they all seem to conspire to be dressed as like each otber as peas in a shell. If one's going to wear a train, they all wear trains; if one's going to wear a diamond pin, they're all going to wear diamond pins. These girls' clothes were some way different, I suppose, to a woman's eye, but to a man's, they were just alike. There was no great dissimilarity that you could fix on to distinguish them by—no red sash, or bow-knots, or frills, or anytbing striking. Result: I couldn't remember them by the dress.

"Then the faces—they were both pretty—pretty pretty, you know. They had the same sort of features, and thin faces and splendid teeth. They wore their hair exactly alike, brushed up loose, with no curls. They both were rather thin as to figure, with very small waists and tiny hands. They both leaned back in a sort of easy, languid way in their cbairs, and talked in the clearest, most cutting voice you ever heard. I never heard sucb an intonation—bells weren't in it beside those voices.

"But when it got down to talking, it was worse. They both talked in the same way about the same things. They both asked me how I liked New York, and if it was my first visit. They asked, then, if I was going to Europe. After that followed a polite query as to my opinion on tbe West, and if I didn't think it very ghastly? They had been as far as Chicago, and got so homesick that papa had had to bring them home! They had never trifled with the West since—was I going to the World's Fair? New York was immensely relieved that that boring show had gone to Chicago.

"Then came more talk, divided between the two, that I can't locate. There was a good deal about theatres. Had I been to Koster & Bial's? Tbey had—which one had, I don't know, but one of them had, and said it 'was very slow.' Had I seen 'The Gray Mare'—I didn't know wbether that was an equine at the Horse Show or a play, so I said: 'No—was it worth the trip?' which I thought safe. Did I go to those dreadful packs at the Madison Square Garden and hear Patti go througb her usual performance of 'The Last Rose of Summer' and 'Comin' Thro' the Rye'? One of the questioners—again I don't know which—said she thought Patti had been a long time coming through that rye. I laughed, and she looked at me with gentle astonishment.

"Then they got on out-door sports, and one of them said tennis was all out of it now. But I know distinctly that this was not the one who asked me if I had ever ridden 'across country.' I told her I spent my entire boyhood riding across country, and she said, witb quite a good deal of animation, 'How do you manage about tbe fox in the West?' That stumped me, and after some explanation, I found out she referred to fox-hunting. Finding that our ideas of out-door sports were not precisely similar, she changed the subject to that of restaurants, and asked me if I 'didn't think Del's had gone to the dogs?' I said 'Entirely,' seeing by the question that that was the answer expected. Yet I am ready to swear that this was not the same girl who said that the Holland House restaurant was 'perfectly distracting,' and added, by way of explanation, that 'We New Yorkers, you know, think as much of a good restaurant as we do of a good clergyman.'

"Now, what is the reason that those girls, their appearance, and their talk should have been so singularly alike? Is it an evidence of a higher civilization? If so—give me the wild and woolly every time. Why, every woman in that room that evening was on exactly the same plan, looked the same, except when age modified her, talked the same, for I wandered round and kept overhearing bits of conversation on every side, and dressed the same. They couldn't have been more alike if they had been buttons from the same mold. Variety—the spice of life—was nowhere in sight."

The Westerner's criticism, while it is somewhat sweeping and in the broad, slap-dash, Western style, has truth. But tell this to the class of New Yorker of which the criticism was made, and he will be delighted as at the receipt of the choicest compliment. Variety—the spice of life—is not what these people are after. They desire to be *comme il faut* first, and everything else afterward. To do what everybody else does, in just the same way that everybody else does it—that is their scheme of conduct.

Anything to equal the conventinnalities that hedge in New Yorkers of this kind, can not be imagined. They are the slaves of their own desire to be entirely well-bred. New York men or women of this kind would cut their best friend if the laws of their society demanded it. They are as afraid of being frowned upon by "their set" as they are of being conspicuous or doing something that "is not good form."

The women all strive for that similarity of appearance and manner tbat perplexed the Western visitor. A certain style is pronounced the correct caper—every woman whose soul is set upon such things adopts the style. She talks like her neighbor, and dresses like her neighbor, and thinks like her neighbor. She does the same things that her neighbor does, goes to the same places, spends her days in just tbe same ways. When she is going to a dance or a party, she hears what her neighbor is to wear and dresses accordingly—ball-toilet, demi-toilet, dinner-toilet—it must be exactly of the same sort as her neighbor's, or she bas offended against the canons of good taste.

This is a small weakness, however, though it has robbed society of the piquancy of variety. The conventionalities of "a set" go further. They bind the men and women down to perpetual association with dull acquaintances, from whom there is no getting away. A set is very chary about its new members. They have to be of the same cut as the old, or else the set will have none of them. They have to know how to give the high hand-shake far up in the air, and be able to talk calmly of their swell connections. They have got to be as annoyingly orthodox in their opinions and their ideas as everybody else in the set. No queer people are wanted; no women with odd ideas or men who are not just exactly the old kind. They have to go to church on Sunday—let their religious opinions be anything or nothing; they have to dress like everybody else; they have to be as like as grains of sand.

There are members of "good society," from the Four Hundred to the members of exclusive suburban cliques, who do not agree with all around them, and, now and then, feel that they would like to strike a blow for liberty. But they dare not. One woman, whom I remember, was extremely anxious to continue an acquaintance with a girl who was studying to be a singer. The girl was a hard worker, honest, devoted to her profession, poor, and clever; she dressed with the flashy, bad taste that one so often notices in the singing people, and knew no one. The lady's set disapproved the acquaintance, let the disapproval slowly but surely become apparent. The lady weakened, faltered, dropped her friendship, and passed her would-be friend with her eyes glued to the ground. Afterward she bitterly complained of what she had been forced to do; but said in defense of her conduct that "she could not afford to set herself up in opposition to society's opinion."

This, however, is a common occurrence with women who have the disposition to be friendly and kind-hearted, with a fully fledged, highly developed appreciation for their position in the *beau monde*. They would not lose the latter for all the friendships that ever lent a spice to life. But there come times when they feel strongly drawn to some one outside the mystic circle, and then there is the gentlest little battle, in which the set is always victorious. At times they will pursue the friendship and deny the friend, not emphatically, like St. Peter, but timorously and vaguely, leaving a loop-hole or two of escape.

These are the frightened ones—not, by any means, leaders of the battalion. Some time since, I beard of one of them. She was tbe dearest of women—gentle, amiable, sweet-tempered, pretty, quite an ideal personage; but she had a strongly developed streak of awe in her—awe of the community of which she was a member. She picked up a friend—a stranger—a rather stunning-looking lady who took a great fancy to her, and was especially kind when she was ill, bringing her fruit and flowers. The timid one liked her—no one could have helped it; found herself growing extremely fond of ber. And yet—what could she do? The stranger, no one could deny, was a most presentable person, distinctly handsome, dressed superbly, and had a charming disposition—but, then, the set, they might disapprove. There was only one thing for it, and that was to "lie low," like Brer Rabbit, till one saw what the set intended doing.

So she lay low, called on the lady at long intervals, but was always charming to her, because she was nice, and then, you know, the set might approve of her. Outside she went about, and when people said, "Oh, you know that Mrs. So-and-So, don't you?" always answered, vaguely: "Yes—yes—I just know her—very slightly—I know nothing of her, of course. But she seemed to me quite a nice person." When the set fell in with the stranger, weighed her in tbe balance and found her entirely acceptable, her first friend, to whom she had given the flowers and the fruit, was enthusiastic in the warmth of her renewed regard. That there had been the least possible coldness, the stranger felt; but she never discovered what had caused it, and at last came round to thinking she had imagined it.

VAN GRYSE.

NEW YORK, May 24, 1892.

It is quite evident now that the Nicaragua Canal is to be a fixed fact, that it will be constructed by American workmen through the potent agency of American coin, and that when the waters of the Atlantic join those of the Pacific, cutting the New World in twain, the successful achievement of this giant project will be a lasting monument to American enterprise. Mr. Sidney W. Curtis, of New York, the financial agent of the Nicaragua Canal Construction Company, is in this city, in the interest of the company, to secure subscriptions to its issue of five million dollars of gold bonds, bearing six per cent. interest. Tbese bonds are secured by an assignment, in trust, to the Manhattan Trust Company, of New York, as trustee, and are redeemable in five years at par, or, at the option of the Construction Company, are convertible at maturity into the bonds of the Maritime Canal Company. A bonus of twenty per cent. in stock of the Maritime Canal Company is offered with each subscription to these bonds. By a wise provision the coupon bonds have been placed at one thousand dollars, five hundred dollars, and one hundred dollars each, so that people in moderate circumstances are enabled to invest their savings in the project. The bonds may be secured from the Bank of California.

COMMUNICATIONS.

From a Spanish Palace.

[The following bright and chatty letter about a tour in Spain is from a bride whose wedding took place in San Francisco not many months ago. It is telling no secrets to say that she was one of the handsomest brides who were wedded this spring. That renders her identification easy. The letter shows that she is enjoying her honeymoon.—ENS.]

EL PALACIO, JEREZ DE LA FRONTERA, SPAIN, MAY 2, 1892.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I write this from Jerez, the land of sherry. It is one of the loveliest spots in Spain, and the cleanest we have yet visited. We came down here on the invitation of Mr. B——, and have been his guests for over a week. It is a beautiful house, well meriting the name of *palacio*, built in the style of Louis the Fourteenth, with a long marble terrace facing on the garden—statues between all the windows in niches overgrown with ivy. To the left of the house, two tennis-courts of soft velvety turf, and in the middle of the lawn five great date-palms, planted there when the palace was built, five-and-twenty years ago. The hall is in white Carrara marble, the walls covered with old Flanders and Florentine tapestry, the drawing-rooms paneled in light oak, tinted cream color, and the ceilings painted in the style of those at Trianon. On every table, in every corner, choice bric-à-brac, the walls hung with beautiful old paintings. Without doubt, it is the most artistic and the most luxurious home I have ever seen.

There are many other English familes besides the B——s living here, and they form quite a jolly little circle. Charming people—hospitable and kind to all visitors. The great wine-cellars, called *bodegas*, are very interesting to visit. Long aisles, lined on both sides with musty-looking casks containing the precious wine of the country. I know little or nothing about wines, but it seems to me there can be very little wine in this world better than old Jerez. The fine wine comes from the vines that grow on the white soil. Never have tbey been known to get a good butt of wine from any other kind of soil.

We had a great ball here Thursday night at the Casino (Spanish for club). It was a very curious sight. Every girl was brought in by her chaperon and put down near other girls at one end of the room. The mammas then went over to the other side where the married ladies were congregated. No woman here ever dances after she is married. I saw several sweet young brides sitting among the dowagers, and not even their husbands gave them a turn. The programme was composed of a lancers, a waltz, and a quadrille all through. No one but the foreign colony danced the waltz; the natives looked on—they do not know how.

The girls are sweet-looking, with wasp-like waists and straight backs. They are considered lovely if they have a dainty little mustache and side-whiskers. I honestly believe that it some of them would shave they could grow a fine beard. They are watched very closely by their mammas, and never can leave the ball-room excepting to go to the cloak-room, where they leave their cavaliers at the door, go in and put on a fresh coating of powder or paste, and come out with faces like clowns. They all powder a great deal, but seem to use no paint. The result is they look like ghosts, with their great black eyes shining in their white faces.

Our host took us to a bustard-hunt two days ago. The bustard is a species of wild turkey, I believe. We drove some fifteen miles over the hills into the wheat country, and there found our horses, which had been sent on the night before. The men of the party dismounted in the wheat and hid themselves, while I and the four beaters rode across the fields and drove the birds toward them. The bustard flies very fast, and we had some very hard riding through the standing wheat and over the rough pasture land. One of the beaters came to grief—his horse stumbled and fell on him. He was not seriously hurt, however; but it frightened the other men, and they would not beat up the birds well after that. We lunched in the broiling sun, out in the fields.

A little marquis in the party had furnished me with a rifle, and, by the purest chance in the world, I got two good shots at the birds. My skill is not very great, however, and I missed. There was a cry of disgust from the three other sportsmen, for I had had the only good chance at the birds. After eight hours in the saddle we found the carriage again, and were glad to lie back in the cushions and rest. It was a very hard day, and, though I am accustomed to the saddle, I do not believe I ever went over such a rough country before, certainly not at such a pace.

We had a lovely moon on our way home, and our host kindly drove us by the ruins of the old Moorish fortress on the top of one of the hills. It looked beautiful in the soft light, so quaint and so romantic. It was the home of Malgarejar, the great Moorish prince, who owned a most beautiful Arabian mare, the fleetest horse in Spain at that time. He and his men would swoop down into the valleys on either side and pillage and destroy the little villages and towns of the Christians, carrying the girls and the women away to their fortresses to lives of imprisonment and degradation.

The Moorish type is very marked in some of the people, and their influence is still noticeable. In the treatment of their women, for instance, they are almost Oriental. No woman, married or single, can go out on foot alone. Every man she meets will speak to her. If she is accompanied by a man-servant or an old female servant, she is safe from their remarks. All the windows of the houses are barred with iron, like those of a prison. When a young fellow fancies a girl, he must manage to see her when she goes out—to church, to a dance, etc. He is never allowed inside the house until he has formally asked her hand of her father. It is a frequent thing to see a man standing below a window at night, talking to a girl througb her window-grating. That is the only way he can court her.

They have no confidence in either their daughters or their wives; they are watched on every hand and their lives are often very unhappy. Poor women! I do not wonder that they become steeped in hypocrisy of every kind—and that the forbidden fruit seems very sweet to them. They are hardly to be blamed when they do wrong. It is natural to do wrong if no one trusts you or has any confidence in your knowledge of good or evil. They are no more to be blamed for what they do, than a poor little caged bird once it has a chance to get out and be free.

At a pigeon-shoot last week I met Mazzantini, the greatest *matador* of Spain. He told me he bad been offered some fabulous sum to go to Chicago next year for twelve bull-fights. The contracts are signed, and he expects to go. Will the Americans allow such a thing? I can hardly believe it! It is the most barbarous, the most outrageous sight I have ever beheld—poor old horses, blindfolded, put there to be torn and ripped open by the long horns of an infuriated animal! Beautiful bulls, which for generations past have been bred to be ferocious, are turned into a ring, from which they can only be taken out dead—holes as large as my fist jabbed into them by the lances of the *picadores*, the sharp hooks of the bright-colored *banderillas* fastened into the fat of their shoulders. Goaded and tortured on every side, until bleeding and exhausted they rush at the *matador*, standing alone in the ring; often so weak from the loss of blood that they stagger. The final blow is given, the *matador* runs his long sword in between the bull's shoulder-blades into his lungs and heart. Sometimes he dies instantly; at others, the stroke is not successful and the bull bleeds to death.

We Americans are the most civilized people of the world. Shall we allow this nation, the last of all the Christian world, to drag *us* down to their level, and imbue our people with the thirst for blood which generations of education and culture have hardly succeeded in effacing from our characters? I beg, I pray, I implore you to say that it shall not be.

L. L.

"The Hero of the Commune."

HIGHGATE, LONDON, N., May 9, 1892.

DEAR SIRS: In an issue of the *Argonaut*, dated some two or three months back, you published a poem, by Margaret J. Preston, entitled "The Hero of the Commune." It was evidently founded on an incident in the career of Marshal Ney. The poem places him, at the age of ten, in the hands of French soldiers who are going to shoot him as a communist or revolutionist. What I wish to point out is this: Ney was born in 1769, and the Revolution did not take place till nearly twenty years after. Ney, also, at the age of thirteen was an officer in a regiment of hussars. If you could publish any authority for the incident related in Miss Preston's poem I should be very grateful. I have been hunting up Ney's biographies and Carlyle's "French Revolution," but can not fix it. Believe me to be yours very faithfully,

ARTHUR L. HAYDON.

[We do not think that the poem refers to Marshal Ney. The scene is evidently laid in 1871, when the Communards were routed by the Versailles troops. When the officer says:

> "*Parbleu!* who said that his name was Ney?
> Ha! France will hear of him yet some day!"

He evidently was struck by the then famous name. Had an officer in 1789 been struck by the fame of the name of Ney when it was unknown (Marshal Ney's father was a cooper), he would have resembled that celebrated character in one of Ponson de Terrail's novels, who begins a sentence carelessly thus: "We men of the Middle Ages." To the day of his death, De Terrail never heard the last of that. It is embalmed in literary history with Jules Janin's mention of the lobster as "the cardinal of the seas."—ENS.]

A London Family Looking to California.

5 CHESTOW PLACE, BAYSWATER, LONDON, W., MAY 2, 1892.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: As yours is evidently one of the principal papers of San Francisco, I write to ask you to be kind enough to tell me where I can get the most reliable information as to what kind of city "Frisco" is. My two brothers and I intend to emigrate, and wish to obtain as much information as possible before deciding where to go.

My brothers are ironmongers—industrious, practical, well-educated men. I am a teacher, but am as good a dressmaker as teacher. We can all sing, and I play the piano very well.

If you think there is any opening for us, would you be good enough to tell us, and also the best medium for advertising? With many apologies for troubling you with this letter, I remain, yours faithfully,

MARGARET HOUSE.

[We publish the foregoing in order that any who are interested in the coming to San Francisco of such a respectable, industrious, and desirable English family as the above, may communicate with them. There are many places in the State where they could go, with advantage to themselves and others. As to the best medium for advertising, every daily paper in San Francisco has a larger circulation than all the others.—ENS.]

DI VERNON'S DAUGHTERS.

Some Account of the Fair Horsewomen of Rotten Row.

Surely never did a "season" open and continue with more glorious weather than that which (barring a slight east wind now and then) has flooded the West End with sunshine since May began. Rotten Row is a sight to behold, and alone worth a six-thousand-mile journey by sea and land to witness. Such horses, shining like satin, with the perfection of grooming, food, and care! Such equestriennes, sitting as no women on earth but Englishwomen know how to sit and can sit on a horse's back, and dressed as no women on earth but Englishwomen know how to dress and do dress—on horseback! I limit perfection in English female attire to that. Wherever and whenever else they are dowdy, slovenly, rough, ill-assorted, or uncouth in their apparel—and all the world knows they are one or other, or all together, when following their national taste—just so soon as they don their riding habiliments, nothing can come near them. I speak not literally, of course. And that their "style" in this respect is copied by all ladies of good taste, goes without saying—ladies of other countries I mean, naturally. It is a pity that some of these foreign imitators of dress can not as easily and successfully copy the horsewomanship of their models. Their chamois trousers, ankle-short skirts, glove-fitting habits, tightly grasped "crops," and single "diamond-pointed spurs" would be less ridiculous and *outré*. When I read and hear of the stunning get-up of New York women, for what their mammas used to call "riding horseback," I can not help comparing them to a man deluding himself into the belief that by attiring himself in proper prize-ring fashion, he could immediately fight like John L. Sullivan.

But you just ought to see the Englishwomen in Rotten Row. And not only see their dress (you can see that in New York), but their riding—which you can not see in New York, begging the New York ladies' pardon. As for their dress, imagine the very shortest of short skirts, beneath which, as a sharp canter sweeps the trifling drapery backwards, is seen the broad hem of the trouser-leg just reaching the instep (or the place where the instep ought to be) of a—er—um—candor compels me to say it—big foot. There is no doubt about that. Englishwomen's feet are big, whether on horseback in a patent-leather "Hessian" or "Wellington," or in a white-satin shoe at a Drawing-Room. However, white for size, any day in the week, and a riding-boot, being black, does not make an Englishwoman's foot look so "all out doors" as the satin shoe does. There is some advantage in that. But it is big enough in all conscience, however you clothe it. But the foot is the only flaw in the spectacle, which in dozens gladdens your eyes in Rotten Row of a morning. You soon forget it altogether as you gaze upward at the perfect figure above—the slender, round waist, the flat back, unbroken by the faintest protrusion of shoulder-blade, the swelling bust, the rounded (not round) shoulders, neither square nor high but gently curving inward and upward without break or bend to the swan-like neck, upon which is poised the small and high-bred head. Not a seam, not a wrinkle do you see, from waist to collar, and you think that the trite description of a perfect garment on a perfect figure, being as though the figure had been melted and poured in, must have originated at sight of one of these Rotten Row equestriennes.

Tall, silk "stove-pipe" hats do not seem to be the fashion this season. In their place is seen the soft and decidedly more sensible "deer-stalker." But while sensible, the effect is peculiar. There seems to be something wanting, and the women have a stunted, curtailed look, like a ship with her topmasts lowered, or a man with a frock-coat and a cap. It is only the custom of the eye. One had grown so used to the inevitable man's high bat above a habit on a woman that it is difficult to get reconciled all at once. How the old fashion ever came into use is a puzzle. It could not have been for the becomingness of the thing, for a woman looks like the very deuce in a man's high hat. It could not have been for comfort, for women are different, and a top-heavy hat is difficult for them to keep on with their quantities of hair rolled up inside of it and sticking out under the edge.

So much for the dress. As for the riding, there is the firm, confident seat—the erect carriage, with elbows close in and well down, shoulders thrown back, head evenly balanced, chin up, and hands the very lightest, whether the gait be walk, trot, canter, or gallop. In each and every instance, the perfection of grace and skill shows itself. Yet, stay. Let me make one exception. It is when they trot, for it takes a dyed-in-the-wool Englishman or woman to admire the style of it. Whenever I see an Englishwoman trot, I am forcibly reminded of the old nursery lines: "A farmer went trotting upon his gray mare, bumpety-bumpety-bump!" and I can not but think how sensible are those Englishwomen who take their horse exercise in the park before breakfast. It would try the digestion of an ostrich after a meal.

Why, oh, why will women spoil the effect of what would otherwise be perfect by the outlandish motion of the British trot? They never seem to realize what guys they look.

The young men, actual and would-be, this season affect a get-up that is vastly out of good taste and good sense when applied to a morning canter in the park, and appear in breeches and boots or leggings, as if they had some hard 'cross-country riding to do instead of a straight-away amble over the tan. The old gentlemen, on the contrary—hearty old hucks, who know what hunting was in the good old days before the cads and snobs spoiled it—still adhere to their strapped trousers, silk chimney-pots, and frock-coats when they ride up and down the Row, just as they did "five-and-forty years ago, sir." It is a real treat to see these wholesome veterans, neat and trim as new pins, fresh from their morning cold tub, clean-shaven and pink-cheeked, albeit their tidy three-inch whiskers are as white as is their carefully parted hack hair, their stick-up-pointed shirt-collars inclosing their jaws on each side above the black-satin stock. Many are hearded to the full, but they are of just one generation later date than the others, though they look as old. The great-grandfathers of the American early manhood of to-day were, I imagine, much of a piece with these chin-reaped old Englishmen, who would as soon think of letting a hair grow there or on their upper lips as they would of shaving their heads.

It is a class of men which is fast fading away, thanks to the be-bearding of the professions, which has of late become so much the fashion; for now judges, doctors, barristers, and clergymen wear beards and mustaches like other people. Yes, and naval officers, too. Only in the army is the beard prohibited, both among officers and men. However, mustaches are there allowed; yet, oddly enough, mustaches alone can not be worn in the navy. Even in the army, the permission to infantry officers to wear mustaches is not of very many years' standing. And so the "old boys" of the future, unless fashions go topsy-turvy again, will be very different in looks from those of to-day. There will be no Gladstones, Harcourts, or Goschens. All will be Salisburys, Balfours, and Randolph Churchills. There is some consolation, perhaps, to be extracted from the reflection that Morley and Lord Rosebery are still to be counted among the clean faces. Long may they keep their razors strapped, and continue to use them. It is only a matter of—taste, I was going to say, but I will put it fashion instead, which is nearer the mark. Fashion rules everything during the season. Just now the fashionable time to ride in the park is between half-past ten and one. It would be a crime to stay till half-past one; though, a few years ago, the correct hours were from twelve to two. But lots of people go there before ten, or even nine; but they go there for health and amusement, not for fashion. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, May 14, 1892.

THE WISE DOCTOR.

A Tale of Teherán.

The Shah of Persia (1500 A. D.) was a widower and he had a son, a handsome, gentlemanly prince, eighteen years of age. This good Shah had also a grand vizier, a haughty and ambitious person; and a doctor, who was a very clever man.

The grand vizier hated the doctor, and the sight of the grand vizier was very disagreeable to the doctor.

The doctor had a very pretty wife, the handsomest woman at court, it was said, and a great flirt. It is scarcely necessary to add that the doctor was very jealous.

At the time that this tale begins, the court was greatly excited over two events: the marriage of the grand vizier and the illness of the Shah's son.

The grand vizier was about to marry a beautiful Persian girl, and although he was nearly forty years old, his bride was hardly seventeen.

As for the young prince, he had been ill for two months—very ill. Pale, emaciated, weak, taciturn, he was a piteous sight. He had no appetite, and he could not sleep at night. It was heart-breaking.

And, curious to relate, vainly did the doctor examine the prince's tongue, feel his pulse, apply the stethoscope. The vital parts were all in good condition; but still the prince grew weaker.

His worthy father sent for the doctor, and said:

"Doctor, you must know what is the matter with my son. Perhaps you fear shocking me; but I want to hear the truth, and I command you to tell me."

"Mighty Shah," replied the doctor, "I am able to satisfy you, for I know what is the matter with your son."

"So you have discovered the malady; and it is called?"

"Love, mighty Shah. The prince has no appetite, he can not sleep, and he has lost his spirits, because he is in love; and he will not be able to sleep, neither will he recover his appetite and spirits until he marries the woman he loves."

"And what woman does he love?"

"That is more than I can say. The prince will not tell me her name."

"I will ask him myself."

"I doubt whether he will reveal the secret, even to your majesty. But be not afraid, doctors have means of discovering the secrets which patients do not wish to reveal. Before this day ends, I pledge you my word that I will find the woman who has aroused such a violent passion in the bosom of the prince. Your grand vizier is to be married this very day, and you will have a reception at your palace in the evening. All the ladies attached to the court will be there. I merely ask you to make them pass in single file before your son. I will stand beside him, and hold one of his hands carelessly, with my finger resting lightly upon his pulse. Be sure, noble Shah, that when the loved one passes I will be notified by the force and rapidity of the beats."

"That is a capital idea; and when you have made the experiment, if I permit my son to marry this person, you are sure that he will be cured?"

"He will be cured."

Everything passed off as had been arranged. The reception-hall of the place was crowded. Every one attached to the court was there. The doctor's beautiful wife, elegantly dressed, created a sensation—she outshone even the graceful Persian girl whom the grand vizier had married that day.

The Shah was on his throne, and the prince, still pale and sad, was seated on his right. The doctor stood near, holding the prince's hand.

The Shah announced to the courtiers that he was going to allow them all the immense honor of kissing his hand. This condescension of the sovereign was enthusiastically greeted.

The ceremony began, the ladies first approaching, and after them the gentlemen. Of course, in passing before the Shah, they passed, also, before the prince.

At the conclusion of the reception, the Shah retired to his private apartments and summoned the doctor.

The doctor arrived, staggering, hollow-eyed, and looking very sad. The Shah, without noticing the appearance of his physician, cried:

"Well, doctor?"

"Your highness, the experiment was successful!"

"Good! Then you know the woman who has excited the passion of my son?"

"I know her," replied the doctor sadly, with a deep sigh.

"Why do you tell me that in such a sad voice?" asked the Shah, very much surprised.

"Because I have no reason to rejoice," replied the doctor, sighing more deeply than before. And he continued, in broken tones: "Mighty Shah, the woman whom your son loves is my wife."

"By the trunk of my white elephant," said the Shah, gayly, "she is charming, and I understand my son's love."

"I, too," sadly murmured the doctor.

"Let us settle the matter," said the Shah. "Your wife being indispensable to the happiness of my son, you will give her to him——"

"Your majesty," interrupted the doctor, whose heart seemed to be breaking, "it is impossible! I love my wife."

"The sacrifice will be so much more meritorious."

"I can never agree."

"But it is your duty."

"That is questionable."

"Questionable? I could decide the question in my favor, but I wish to act fairly. Are you willing that I should propose the question to my grand vizier?"

"With all my heart."

"And you promise to do as he decides?"

"I promise," replied the doctor, faintly.

The Shah sent for the grand vizier.

A minute later, the grand vizier entered, very majestically, as is suitable for a prime minister; after bowing lowly before the sovereign, he looked at the doctor in a manner which did not augur very well for that individual, and waited.

The Shah briefly explained the situation, and the grand vizier, evidently charmed, cried:

"What, sire, does the doctor hesitate?"

"He hesitates," said the Shah.

"Can it be possible?" thundered the grand vizier, as if overpowered by indignant feelings which he could not control. "What! when the happiness of the prince is at stake—what do I say—when his life is at stake! Why, under these circumstances, the sacrifice is a duty which should be performed with joy and rapture. Shame on you, doctor; it is a crime to hesitate. Everything for the sovereign. Everything for the heir to the throne. Everything——"

"You see," said the Shah to the doctor, "you can't do anything else——"

The doctor, stupefied, tried to stammer an objection.

"No, no!" cried, vehemently, the Persian monarch; "you promised to accept the grand vizier's decision. My son shall marry your wife. You will obtain a divorce at once."

The doctor, glancing timidly at the grand vizier, said to him:

"Is that your real opinion; and if you were in my place, would you make the sacrifice which is demanded of me?"

"Gladly!" replied the grand vizier, with a tone of devotion which went right to the heart of the Shah.

This answer seemed to transform the doctor. His eyes sparkled and his thin lips shaped themselves into a smile. He turned toward the Persian monarch, and, falling upon his knees, exclaimed:

"Mighty Shah, pardon me. I have deceived you."

The Shah started and the grand vizier frowned.

"Deceived me?" cried the Shah.

"Yes, your royal highness. To be sure, my wife is pretty enough to turn a prince's head; but she did not have that good fortune."

"It is not your wife? Who, then——"

"Who?" exclaimed the doctor, with a malicious glance at the grand vizier, which caused that gentleman to turn pale. "I will tell you. She is a young and beautiful girl—a girl endowed with many gifts, since she has captivated the heart of the most powerful man in the kingdom, your majesty, of course, excepted."

The Shah looked at the grand vizier, who was no longer pale, but purple. "In a word," continued the good doctor, in clear tones, and turning toward the grand vizier, "it is this gentleman's wife."

Who was surprised? The Shah. Who was dumfounded? The grand vizier. And who was delighted? The doctor.

"This being the case," said the Shah to his prime minister, "you will obtain a divorce."

"Never!" shouted the grand vizier.

"Can it be possible?" thundered the doctor, imitating the tone and gestures of the grand vizier; "what! when the happiness of the prince is at stake—what do I say—when his life is at stake! Why, under the circumstances, the sacrifice is a duty which should be performed with rapture. Shame on you, sir; it is a crime to hesitate. Everything for the sovereign. Everything for the heir to the throne. Everything——"

Well, the grand vizier was a sight just then. Never was there seen a more woe-begone countenance. The Persian monarch burst out laughing.

As for the good doctor, he rubbed his hands together hard enough to take the skin off. He finished his adversary with these words:

"You said just now that you would gladly do that which I hesitated to do. Your devotion was heroic. Now you know that a public man (in Persia) is not allowed to contradict himself every two minutes."

The grand vizier was conquered. He cast a terrible glance at the doctor, and, turning toward the Shah, said, slowly:

"Master, your will be done."

So the young prince married the pretty Persian girl and recovered his health.—*Translated by Richard H. Buel from the French of Henri Chivot.*

It is said that an incredibly large number of Frenchmen apply every year for licenses to wear the decoration of the Lion of Persia. Were it not for the income derived from the sale of brevets of that order, the Persian Embassador in Paris would not be able to maintain his embassy.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce, *in re* "Uncle Tom's Cabin," that it is their purpose to pursue to the extent of the law any person who shall print, publish, sell, or expose for sale any unauthorized edition of said book during the existence of the copyright, in behalf of Mrs. Stowe, whose chief income is derived from "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The table of contents of the June *Century* is as follows:

"Portrait of Roswell Smith" (frontispiece); "Budapest—The Rise of a New Metropolis," by Albert Shaw, Pictures by Joseph Pennell; "The Nature and Elements of Poetry"—IV., Melancholia, by Edmund Clarence Stedman; "Mount Saint Elias Revisited," by Israel C. Russel; "The Chosen Valley"—II., by Mary Hallock Foote; "Early Political Caricature in America," by John B. Bishop; "The Chatelaine of La Trinité"—I., by Henry B. Fuller; "Carpaccio" (Italian Old Masters), by W. J. Stillman; "The Great Unknown," by J. B. Holder; "The Girl and the Problem," by Viola Roseboro'; "A Simple Case," by Will Payne; "Land of the Living Cliff Dwellers," by Frederick Schwatka; "Thumb-Nail Sketches"—The Clavecin, Bruges, by George Wharton Edwards; "Christopher Columbus"—II., In Search of a Patron, by Emilio Castelar; "The Naulahka"—VIII., by Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier; "Characteristics"—VII., by S. Weir Mitchell, M. D.; "Roswell Smith": Verse, by Edmund Gosse; Biographical, by Washington Gladden; The American Tract Society, by G. L. Shearer; The Congregational Club, by Amory H. Bradford; and Berea College, by P. D. Dodge; and verses by Mrs James T. Fields, W. P. Foster, J. J. Roche, Orelia K. Bell, Titus Munson Coan, Charles H. Webb, L. Breckenridge, and Ben King.

Colonel Richard M. Johnston has selected from his "Dukesborough Tales" six stories which describe the remarkable career of Bill Williams. They form a continuous whole, and will be published immediately in Appleton's Town and Country Library with the title "Dukesborough Tales: The Chronicles of Mr. Bill Williams." The volume will be issued in both paper and cloth, the latter having a portrait of the author.

William Morris has a new romance in hand. The *Athenæum* says it will run to a greater length than either "The House of the Wolfings" or "The Roots of the Mountains."

The offer of one hundred pounds to the person who correctly guesses the author's title—said to be related to the text—of an illustrated shilling tale issued, not long ago, from the Leadenhall Press, is said to have fallen flat. Of an edition of ten thousand copies of this book, preliminarily christened "Guess the Title," the *Publishers' Weekly* hears that near nine thousand remain on hand. The competition will be closed on June 30th.

The *Popular Science Monthly* has the following table of contents for June:

"New Chapters in the Warfare of Science"—XVI., The Retreat of Theology in the Galileo Case, by Andrew D. White; "First Actions of Wounded Soldiers," by George L. Kilmer; "The Yucca Moth and Yucca Pollination," by C. V. Riley, Ph. D.; "The Survival of the Unfit," by Henry Dwight Chapin; "The Ancient Civilization of America," by Professor J. S. Newberry; "What are Diatoms?" by Emily L. Gregory; "The Relation of Biology to Sociology," by Dr. Lewis G. Janes; "Wanted—A Railway Court of Last Resort," by Appleton Morgan; "Pestiferous Plants," by Professor Byron D. Halsted; "Korean Mountains and Mountaineers," by Charles W. Campbell; "Dust and Fresh Air," by T. Pridgin Teale; "The Colors of Water," by Carl Vogt; "The Animal View of Man"; "Sketch of William Huggins"; and Editor's Table: The "American Experiment" in Education; The Law and the Doctors.

Among new books announced are the following: "An Edelweiss of the Sierras and Other Tales," by Mrs. Burton Harrison; "Stories and Interludes," by Barry Pain; "The Blue-Grass Region of Kentucky," by James Lane Allen; "The Earl of Derby," by George Saintsbury, in the Queen's Prime Ministers Series; and "James Russell Lowell," by George William Curtis, illustrated with portraits.

"The Writings and Speeches of Grover Cleveland," edited with an introduction by George F. Parker, is announced.

Professor McMaster is at work on the fourth volume of his "History of the American People," which will probably be published in 1894. This volume will deal with the literary side of national life, with some account of long-forgotten magazines and novels, book fairs, booksellers, publishers, etc., as well as with the religious condition of the people from 1783 to 1820. It will be published by D. Appleton & Co.

The author of "Obiter Dicta" has a new volume of essays in print. Mr. Birrell is a son-in-law of Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson, the London poet, his wife having been the widow of Lord Tennyson's son Lionel.

New Publications.

"The Story of Dick," by Major Gambier Parry, is a wholesome and fairly interesting story for boys. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, $1.00; for sale by William Doxey.

A handy and well-appearing edition of "The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," by Jerome K. Jerome, has been issued by Henry Altemus, Philadelphia; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

"The McDermot? A Story of Ire'and in the 18th Century," by Jonathan Periam, has been issued in paper covers by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Pushed by Unseen Hands" contains several short stories, by Helen H. Gardener, developing the effects of heredity. Many of them are dramatic and clever, and all are decidedly uncanny. Published by the Commonwealth Company, New York; price, $1.00; for sale by the booksellers.

"Old Dacre's Darling," an English novel by Annie Thomas, has been published in their Series of Select Novels by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Tennyson's Life and Poetry," by Eugene Parsons, is a pamphlet containing an essay which gives the pamphlet its title, another on mistakes concerning Tennyson, and a list of translations of his poems into seven European tongues and one dead language. Published and for sale by the author, in Chicago; price, 15 cents.

A precursor of the Columbian Fair is "The Standard Guide to Chicago," written and compiled by John J. Flinn. It describes about all that the stranger wishes to know in six hundred pages, and the text is reinforced with many views and maps. Published and for sale by the Standard Guide Company, Chicago; price, $1.00.

A reprint of Smollett's translation of "The Adventures of Gil Blas of Santillane," by Le Sage, has been published in the Rose Library; and "Love Knows No Law," translated from the French of Léon de Tinseau by Camden Curwen, is the initial volume of the Fair Library. Published by the Worthington Company, New York; price, 50 cents and 25 cents, respectively; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Technique of Rest," by Anna C. Brackett, is an outgrowth and development of her magazine-article of a year and more ago. It is comprehensible and practical, and will prove a boon to many tired women who have not known how to make the most of their periods of freedom from the yoke of labor. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Methods of Instruction and Organization of the Schools of Germany," by John T. Prince, Ph. D., agent of the Massachusetts Board of Education, is intended for the use of American teachers and in normal schools. It is a comprehensive study of the subject, and contains much by which our American educators would do well to profit. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, $1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

W. E. Henley, who wrote a play, "Deacon Brodie," in collaboration with Robert Louis Stevenson, and is now emptying the vials of his wrath on everything American through the channels of the *National Observer*, is a poet of rare purity of thought and beauty of diction, as one may see who reads "The Song of the Sword and Other Verses. By W. E. Henley." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, $1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Governor and Other Stories," by George A. Hibbard, has a claim above many of its competitors as popular books for light summer reading—it is not at all monotonous. It contains half a dozen short stories, and they cover a wide range in topic, scene, and style: one is an idyl or pastoral, another is a hair-raiser, and so they vary. Their titles are: "The Governor," "A Deedless Tale," "As the Sparks Fly Upward," "A Matter of Fact," "A Fresh-Water Romance," and "The End of the Beginning." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, $1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Seven short stories attesting Mrs. Burton Harrison's versatility and cleverness are contained in "A Daughter of the South and Shorter Stories." The longest tells of a Creole girl who, her family losing their money, lives for a time in Paris and discourages a hated Yankee, because of a certain handsome Southerner, but eventually goes to New York to make her début on the stage and marries the Northern colonel. Another tells how a magazine's junior editor falls in love with the fair author of a rejected manuscript. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, $1.00; for sale by William Doxey.

"The Dead Nymph and Other Poems," by Charles Henry Lüders, is in some sense a memorial of that promising young American poet. In its one hundred and thirty pages are given nearly fourscore poems, all of them short and many of them sonnets and quatrains. They all show an intense love and appreciation of nature and a keen literary judgment that has subjected each verse to careful study and polish until it has become graceful, pretty, and natural. A brief note on the author by Frank Dempster Sherman concludes the volume. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, $1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"A Voyage of Discovery," by Hamilton Aidé, is a dissertation on the people of the United States, put in the form of a story. The party of English people who come to "do the States" are fêted in New York and Boston, where they study all the types "in society," spend three days in Chicago in the same task, make a brief stay at Colorado Springs, and end their venture in San Francisco. Mr. Aidé makes his hero, a titled Briton, fall in love with a San Francisco girl, but he gives the young men of the Golden Gate particular fits. He says they are loud, vulgar, jealous, quarrelsome, "some of them fairly educated," narrow—everything that is bad; and he makes his San Francisco girl say that all young men in San Francisco send blackguardly anonymous notes "all the time." "Many members" of the Bohemian Club, however, "were charming enough to make" the Briton "forget that they were fellow-townsmen of vulgarians." Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, $1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

The Denver *Times* has been prosecuting a peculiar action at law. Its price was recently reduced to two cents, at which figure newsboys were ordered to sell, but one of them continued to ask five cents, whereupon he was arrested.

Blakely Hall, as a newspaper man, has his hands full. Mr. Hall edits three papers from his Fifth Avenue office: *Truth*, *Sport*, *Music and Drama*, and the *Homestead*. He is, also, the dramatic editor of the New York *World*.

Word comes from Philadelphia that men from New York are about to take *Godey's Lady's Book* in hand, with plenty of capital and an able editor, by which it is believed that the magazine can be raised again to something like its historic prosperity.

One of the most interesting characters of Parisian journalism was Alfred Grévin, the famous caricaturist of *Le Journal Amusant* and *Le Petit Journal pour Rire*, who died a few days ago. Of him Mrs. E. C. Crawford writes to the *Tribune*:

"In the death of Alfred Grévin, the world loses its best record of the gay life of the gayest capital. He created a new school of caricature, in which he had many pupils and imitators, but no rivals.

"His choicest and favorite type was the Parisienne. He began picturing her in the *Journal Amusant* and afterward in the *Charivari*. He literally invented her, for, like Mrs. Harris, there was no such person. She was not a bit pretty. But she had a piquant, tip-tilted nose and bright eyes, her dress was coquettish, and her whole expression was captivating. No such person had ever been seen. But Grévin kept on portraying her, week after week. And, at last, the women of Paris began to model themselves after her.

"This interesting creature ranges, in his sketches, all the way from the *cocotte* to the *grande dame*. In each case she has some of the special characteristics of her class, but in all cases she is unmistakably Grévin's Parisienne. His success in this line led to another profitable line of work, namely, the designing of dresses. Theo and Judic and other comic-opera stars used to get him to sketch all their costumes for them; and more than one actress of the great theatres was often glad to do likewise. In the invention of costumes for masked balls, he was the envy and the despair of Paris. And, indeed, in the designing of elaborate gowns for ordinary use in society he had no equal. Not only was his fertility of invention inexhaustible, but his taste was unerring. He had the faculty of color as well as form, and he knew, as did no one else, just how to adapt the costume not only to the figure and complexion, but to the very disposition of the wearer. One of the foremost women's tailors in Paris offered him a salary of ten thousand dollars a year to design exclusively for him; but he declined it.

"Grévin was a countryman, born sixty-five years ago at Epineuil. He was a big, heavy, brawny fellow, looking more like a blacksmith than a man of the world. He was fond of wearing wooden shoes and a blouse, and smoking a big, wooden pipe. He was a good companion, witty in his conversation, and full of good stories. Yet he disliked society, and loved nothing more than to get away from the Boulevards to his quiet home in the country.

"His first business engagement was as a clerk in the employ of the Paris and Lyons Railway. While thus engaged, he began making sketches to amuse himself and his comrades. One of the latter was so impressed by them that he secretly purloined some of them and took them to the editor of the *Journal Amusant*. The editor was delighted with them, and went that very day to see their author. Grévin at once became the chief artist of that paper, and afterward became a member also of the staff of the *Charivari*.

"His style was peculiar. The pictures always looked unfinished. No one could do so much with so few strokes. Two or three touches of the pencil, and there was the Parisienne. In a single line, he could portray her whole character; in a dot or two, her entire disposition.

"He had a third occupation, that of a maker and exhibitor of wax figures. He opened, some years ago, a museum, somewhat on the lines of Mme. Tussaud's, in London. It never was as large as Mme. Tussaud's, but its artistic excellence was greater. The figures of Gambetta, Sarah Bernhardt, and others were singularly perfect likenesses, and were dressed in the clothes once actually worn by those persons. The completion and opening of this museum was the last work Grévin accomplished before he was stricken with the lingering malady which has at last proved fatal. That was several years ago. Since then he was in daily expectation of the death that has at last mercifully come.

"Grévin, in the closing years of his life, was under the domination of two Circes, for whom he had abandoned his wife. Among the effects he left his heirs is a large collection of models in plaster, clay, and wax, which he made for silversmiths working for male and female voluptuaries. These models are of a character such as would lead Anthony Comstock to confiscate them instanter; and being under the ban, as they are, it is not surprising to learn from a London paper that they are considered 'worth their weight in gold.'"

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VANITY FAIR.

Wagner's well-known voluptuousness is thus discussed in the New York *Tribune*, apropos of a recent memoir of the composer: Sheets and pillow-cases at Wahnfried, during the life-time of Wagner there, were made of white satin—that is, those used on the bed of the great man and his wife. When the political exile, who was living largely on the charity of Liszt and other friends, came to London to conduct the Philharmonic concerts, one of his earliest purchases was silk for shirts. "We went together to a fashionable tailor in Regent Street," says Mr. Praeger, "where he ordered that his pockets and the back of his vest should be of silk, as also the lining of his frock-coat sleeves. Wagner could not endure the touch of cotton, as it produced a shuddering sensation throughout the body that distressed him. Richard Wagner had a dressmaker, one of the most celebrated in Vienna, Mlle. Bertha, and it was she who made all his night-robes and vests, of delicate rose-color, pale-blue, or scarlet satin, with orange or lilac ribbons, not to forget the lace shirts and the satin shoes which composed his ordinary house toilet. This outfit cost him not less that fifteen thousand dollars for a single year. But Richard Wagner was more prompt to order than to pay. He even embellished his orders with sketches, to explain more clearly how the *ruche* of his night-robe should become around the bottom a rich and beautiful garniture half a yard in width, etc. But when he was asked for money, he made a good deal of talk about it, sent some installments, and demanded more time. One of the strangest of his luxurious tastes was his love for silks and satins, which became a veritable mania with age. He had the habit of carrying with him, when he traveled, all the satin necessary to decorate the apartments that he would occupy en route. In Venice, at the Palazzo Vendramini, the room in which he breathed his last was entirely hung with pink, pale-blue, and Nile-green satin."

Mrs. John Sherwood, while in Rochester recently, granted a half-hour's talk to a *Post Express* representative, who asked her if "the stories about Ward McAllister are really true." "True," said Mrs. Sherwood, "I honestly believe that the half has not been told. Do you know that invitations to balls, or to the Patriarchs, or other such parties, can be bought of Mr. McAllister at ten thousand dollars apiece? No, I see that you did not know it, but it is true, and to prove it I will tell you a little story—only you must promise not to print it." And she told the "little story," but it is not printed.

One is sometimes startled at the discovery of a new and most disagreeable force in a single word, when that word is applied to himself to characterize some unpleasant fact of which he has long been aware. "Don't call me fleshy!" said a lady of magnificent proportions; "I don't object to my size, but I simply can't bear that word!" Another woman has not the least desire to marry, but can not endure being called a "spinster." Not long ago, a pretty woman in the thirties announced her intention of taking a somewhat extended trip alone, and ended with the remark: "An old maid like me doesn't need an escort." Then Marjorie, the little maid of the family, burst into a torrent of tears. "You're not an old maid, auntie!" she wailed; "you're not! I can't hear it!" "But I am, Marjorie," said her aunt, laughing; "why, it's a nice thing to be, I like it." "Oh, but you're not, you're not!" cried Marjorie, and she rushed off to the study to ask, passionately: "Papa, is auntie an old maid?" "No, dear," said her father, soothingly, "not at all. She's only a postponed bride." That proved wondrous comforting. The tears were speedily dried; but auntie herself was somewhat electrified, when a caller came that afternoon, to hear the little girl inquire sweetly, and in a tone so innocent that no one could suggest her ceasing to repeat the remark: "Did you know that Aunt Helen is a postponed bride? Isn't it nice?"

The etiquette of French dinners is more formal than that of American (says the New York *Times*). In Paris, which is all France, one must never betray any admiration of any effects evolved during the dinner, gastronomic or decorative, much less speak of them. In America, it is rather remiss not to express, in some effusive way, one's pleasure of taste or sight. "What a charming arrangement of flowers!" "This salad is something to remember!" and others like these are phrases which no New York hostess thinks of resenting, indeed, rather hopes for. Many French-dinner notions are, however, copied here, notably that of serving unbroken dishes.

John Habberton writes: "Some recent developments in literature and debate seem to show that among a great number of women there is an idea that the only way to get along with a husband is to manage him. A lot of debates in women's clubs have tended in this direction, and recently an offer of a prize for the best essay on the subject 'How to Rule a Husband,' brought a great number of replies. Is man really such an unnatural animal that a woman can not get along with him without managing him? The old-fashioned idea was that husband and wife were partners, and that each was entirely in the confidence of the other. Strangely enough, all the suggestions as to ruling the tyrant man consist only of attractions and courtesies which any member of a partnership owes to the other as a matter of common decency. The only way to explain this abnormal condition of affairs is the admission that women who talk most about managing men are those who made a great mistake when they married; either they took the first man who came along, or they were very bad judges of human nature. It would be hard to find anywhere in the world any set of men who would talk about managing wives. If women will persist in talking and writing as if man were a wild animal who needed managing, discontented men may take a notion to talk about women in the same way, and then what a terrible row there would be!"

At a recent fancy ball in Washington (says the New York *Sun*), an ingenious young woman went as the Meteorological Bureau. On her head she wore a silver helmet, crested with a weather-vane. Her waist drapery was confined with a close-fitting blue bodice, ornamented with white stars and bordered by rows of real silver dollars. This bodice was laced in front over a thermometer, in which the lady kept the mercury moving up and down in an excited manner. Further to carry out the vagaries of our climate, she wore from her shoulders a heavy bear-skin cape from Montana, while her frilled skirts were of the lightest China silk.

Elderly women make a great mistake (says a writer in the *Tribune*) in revealing too liberal a display of charms that have lost their freshness; but this is an obvious truth that is very hard to bring home to women of society. It seems impossible for them to realize that the beautifully rounded arms of ten or fifteen years ago have become, to say the least, rather beefy now—great shaking masses of flesh, to put it plainly—and that the full, soft, white throat that was once so admired has its tell-tale creases, and has lost completely the firm outline of youth. The fashion of the present time, with the elbow-sleeves and the gracefully draped neck, are so becoming, and lend themselves so well to the setting forth of *passé* charms, that it makes one wonder, when gazing on one of our décolleté dames who is "fair, fat, and forty," why she does not avail herself of the "modes" that are really suited to her face and figure. The neck is almost the first place that betrays advancing age; there are certain lines in the throat and behind the ears that indicate remorselessly that time has begun to destroy what he has barely finished. For this reason collars of jewels and black-velvet bands are more becoming to most women than the perfectly bare neck which is now the fashion.

"There is such a difference," said a man on the piazza at a Claremont tea a few days ago, "in the way a woman mounts or descends from a coach or drag. There is a certain skill about it which comes only from considerable practice. A woman in America scarcely gets enough experience to acquire this, but many American women who have coached a great deal in Europe show this schooling at once. She should use only one hand to touch the coach, and the other should rest on the shoulder of the groom or the gentleman who is assisting her. Above all, she should show and know no fear, a condition of confidence that is rarely acquired except after many mounts."

Methods for beautifying the eyes have long been in vogue among women of fashion, and not a few resort to those which ultimately injure the organs and the general health. Atropine is a most common drug for making the eyes look large and lustrous; but the continuous use of it so weakens and paralyzes the muscles, that weak eyes come on early in life. An eminent oculist claims that the widespread disease of weak eyes among women is largely due to the tampering with these organs for making them more beautiful than nature intended. The extremes to which some will go in the matter is illustrated by an Englishwoman who was arrested in the streets of London for drunkenness. It was found later that she was simply suffering from the toxic effects of atropine, which she had instilled into the eyes to dilate the pupils for a more brilliant appearance. She was determined to be beautiful, and to accomplish the purpose she ran the risk of injuring her eyes for a life-time. A late fad among women of our cities is to darken the under eyelids with paint, to give a more attractive appearance to the eyes. This paint is often made up of injurious chemicals, which in time make the flesh around the eyes appear old and wrinkled.

If you want to save time and to hit upon institutions that are thoroughly self contained (says the *St. James's Gazette*), you must go to a new country, where everybody is in an ardent hurry. In those lands even the matrimonial agencies are conducted with the most business-like dispatch. In Australia—we are not told in which colony—there is a matrimonial bureau where a clergyman is kept on the premises to facilitate business. Your smitten swain is usually in as desperate a hurry as that historic Duke of Hamilton who married one of the beautiful Miss Gunnings, and insisted on the ceremony being performed at midnight with a brass ring taken from a bed-curtain. That matrimonial agency can oblige any gentleman who is anxious to marry in haste.

It would be untimely (says the New York *Evening Sun*) if the internal disorders of the Colonial Dames should seriously threaten the society's existence. The standards of eligibility have not been clearly understood. It has been heedlessly thought that descent from some ancestor of reputation in the colonies established sufficient claims for membership. But while such descent was largely taken into consideration, it related only in part to the standard of eligibility. A woman in whose blood unites rills from the most noted colonial families of this city, concluded that if there were to be Colonial Dames, there was a certain absurdity in her not being one of them, and so made application. Her pedigree gave no trouble. Her right so far was plainly clear. "But one thing more," said the secretary; "how large is your drawing-room? It is quite essential that the ladies who are Colonial Dames should have houses large enough to entertain." Alas, the lady lived in a house only eighteen feet broad. This impaired her claims, and she was not elected.

The expected advent in London of a new crop of American girls on the transatlantic steamships, gives rise to new discussions for and against this cargo in that city. A good-natured Englishwoman, with the desire to be hospitable, yet carefully discriminating, writes: "Let us admit cheerfully at once that the American girl does dress with more individuality, is more vivacious, and more able to give us intelligent details as to Shakespeare's birthplace and the cathedral cities of our own country, and, furthermore, having sipped the sweets of three capitals instead of one, has naturally more to say for herself. On the other hand," says this lady, "let us remember that no American professional beauty, not even Mary Anderson herself, has won as great admiration among us as Mrs. Langtry and Miss Neilson; that no American novelist can touch Lucas Malet and Mrs. Humphry Ward, and no New York or Boston artist can touch many a one exhibiting here. A perfect Englishwoman, I take it, excels a perfect American, for an Englishwoman has a certain diffidence which, as George Eliot would tell us, renders her more wholly a human being. It is as well—and better—to receive the American girl hospitably and cordially, and to look upon her as a pleasant change. If there are many points her English sister can give her, she can both teach and entertain us greatly after her kind."

Do You Admire John Chinaman's Complexion?

Probably not. Even were John's eyes not cut on a bias and his nose broad in the beam, his tint would stamp him as the reverse of beautiful. Yet a white man with the jaundice is of the same hue, only more pronounced. Biliousness, with its symptoms of furred tongue, yellowish skin and eyeballs, pains in the right side, sick headaches, vertigo, must, if unchecked, culminate in jaundice and congestion of the liver. Remedy this trouble and remove its attendant symptoms, dyspepsia and constipation, with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which also cures malaria, rheumatic and kidney troubles.

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SOCIETY.

The Country Club Breakfast.

On Sunday, June 5th, the Country Club give an elaborate bull's-head breakfast at their club-house in Marin County. Each member is entitled to invite one guest, and from the number of acceptances it is evident that the attendance will be large. The bull's heads, the *huevos con queso*, the tamales, the chickens, and the other Spanish dishes will be prepared by skilled Castilian *cocineros*. Mr. Faxon Atherton has sent a fat heifer, which will be roasted whole. Elaborate preparations have been made, and the affair will doubtless be very successful, as several hundred pounds of ice have been sent up.

Notes and Gossip.

The particular event of interest to society people during the coming week will be the wedding of Miss Harriet Pullman and Mr. Frank J. Carolan in Chicago next Tuesday evening. The preliminary particulars of the wedding were published in our last issue.

The wedding of Miss Stephanie Whitney, daughter of Hon. and Mrs. George Whitney, of Oakland, and Mr. Seymour Cunningham, of Washington, D. C., will take place in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, in Oakland, at four o'clock on Monday afternoon, June 6th. A visit to Honolulu will be their honeymoon trip.

Mr. James Gamble, of Piedmont, has issued invitations for the wedding of his daughter, Miss Frances Ashe Gamble, and Mr. Walter Ellis, of Boston, which will take place at half-past four o'clock next Wednesday afternoon in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Oakland. After the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Coleman will give a reception in their honor at the Coleman residence in Oakland, to which only relatives and a few intimate friends have been invited.

Miss Susie Augustina Davis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Davis, will be married to Mr. Frank Vincent Wright, of San José, at half-past eight o'clock next Wednesday evening in Grace Church.

Miss Lizzie Sinton, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. R. H. Sinton, and Mr. Henry D Walker will be married on Saturday afternoon, June 25th, in St. Paul's Church, in San Rafael. They will pass the summer at Belvedere.

The wedding of Miss Bessie Hooker and Mr. George H. Lent will not take place until next October or November.

Mr. Charles Webster Bell and Miss Elizabeth May Dillman were married on Wednesday, June 1st at the residence of the bride's family in Sacramento, Cal. They will reside at Pasadena.

The associate members of the Crocker Auxiliary will give a tug-boat party to-day (Saturday) to the ladies of the auxiliary. Mrs. A. W. Scott will chaperon the party. The tug will start from Mission Street wharf, No. 1 about half-past twelve o'clock and will visit all of the points of interest around the bay. Music and refreshments will be provided.

The hops at the Hotel Vendome will be remembered as an enjoyable feature in social life in San José last summer, and it is a pleasure to note that Manager Snell has secured for this season a string orchestra which will play during dining hours and in the evening for dancing.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Mrs. Brown, wife of Admiral Brown, U. S. N., returned from Honolulu last Tuesday.

Captain Alexander Rodgers, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been, at his own request, relieved from further special duty under the Department of State and from further duty under his detail to obtain military information from abroad, to take effect June 1st, and he will rejoin his regiment. He has been granted four months' leave of absence from that date.

Lieutenant James E. Runcie, First Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted an extension on his leave of absence until September 1st.

Mrs. Charles H. Baldwin, widow of the late Admiral Baldwin, U. S. N., will return from Europe in June and soon afterward will open her cottage at Newport.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Joseph S. Oyster, U. S. A., have returned from Calistoga and are at the Palace Hotel.

The Pacific-Union Club.

The recently elected directors of the Pacific-Union Club have all resigned, very much to the astonishment of the members, as the directors' grievance was due to an expression of the wishes of the club, at a general meeting, concerning the arrangement of the rooms. The outgoing directors have been succeeded by the following board: Charles Page, president; W. S. Keyes, vice-president; L. Carroll McAfee, secretary; John McKee, treasurer; Southard Hoffmann, Louis Glass, Samuel Hubbard, directors.

— THE HEART OF EVERY TRUE SOUTHERNER is touched when the favorite viand of the South, Terrapin *a la* Maryland, is set before him at the festal board. Terrapin in this style is cooked in several different ways; but, of course, only one of them is correct, and it is like a dream of heaven to eat it. Ernest H. Ludwig, the Model American Caterer, at 1206 Sutter Street, has the only correct recipe, and connoisseurs pronounce his famous Terrapin *a la* Maryland to be the best in the city. He prepares it so well that he acknowledges he can not possibly improve on it. Telephone for a dish of it for your Sunday dinner, and it will be delivered at once. His telephone number is 2388.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Morgan Concert.

Mr. George W. Morgan, the organist, and his daughter, Miss Maud Morgan, the harpist, gave their final concert last Thursday evening in Metropolitan Hall. A large audience enjoyed the following programme, which was well presented:

Organ, fugue (St. Ann's), J. S. Bach; harp, "Danse des Fees," Alvars; duo, harp and organ, romanse, Oberhür; essay, "The Harp; Its History and Romance"; organ, *(a)* "Hymn of Nuns," Wely, *(b)* offertoire in F, Batiste; harp, *(a)* Spring (from "The Seasons"), Thomas, *(b)* Autumn (from "The Seasons"), Thomas; organ, War March (from Wagner's "Rienzi" (dedicated to Mr. G. W. Morgan), Edgar S. Kelley; duet, organ and harp, opus No. 6, Mendelssohn.

A wedding of particular interest to San Franciscans took place in Boston on Saturday, May 21st, when Miss Mary Ellene Barnard, of this city, and Mr. Justin Harvey Smith, of Boston, were united in marriage by Rev. G. W. Brooks. Mr. Smith is a man of considerable wealth, and is a member of the publishing firm of Ginn & Co. Mrs. Smith will not sing in public hereafter, except in Mr. Arthur Foote's choir in Trinity Church, Boston. They are residing at 69 St. Botolph Street.

The next Steinway Hall concert will be held in the maple room at the Palace Hotel on Wednesday evening, June 29th.

Professor Samuel Adelstein has gone to Portland, Or., to pass his summer vacation, and will return early in July.

Farmer Tompkins and the Cyclopædia.

A feller came out here to-day 'n' showed a book to me;
One 'at I'd surely oughter have—twelve parts, 'nd one was free.
He said ez how 'twas sure to tell me all I'd wanter know,
'N' called the thing a Cyclopee—or suthin' kinder so.
It seemed a purty fine old book—a reg'lar sort o' prize—
Ontil I ast him questions, when I seen he'd told me lies.

"Tells ev'ything!" says I. "That's good—in fac', sir, that's the best
Kind of a book I ever seed, but think I'd like a test
Before I buy her. Lemme see! What does the volume say
About the prospects of the comin' year for oats 'n' hay?"
I thought he'd flop for laughin' when I ast the feller that.
'N' when I ast him "What's the joke?" he looked almighty flat.

"It don't prognosticate," says he. "That ain't the p'int!" says I.
"What I'm a-astin' you is will the blame thing prophesy?"
'N' then he turned the pages quick, 'n' showed me lots o' stuff
About Egyptians, and a squib about an Earl named Duff.
But when I ast him if it told a cure for tater-bugs,
He said it didn't, but it had a history of rugs!

'Nd I'll be durned if that there book he said would tell so much
Had anything on any page I'd ever care to touch;
'N' then—haw! haw!—I chucked that pert young swindler from the place
So quick he hadn't time to take his smile down off his face;
'Nd after him I threw his bag 'n' twelve-part Cyclopee—
My great-grandfather's almanac's still good enough for me!

—*John Kendrick Bangs in June Harper's.*

The second part of the "Figaro-Salon" for 1892 has been received from Goupil & Co. in Paris by Tauzy, Lévy & Co., who are selling the six parts at fifty cents each. In addition to the text by Charles Yriarte, it contains a double-page typogravure of "Le Christ," by L. Lhermitte; ten full-page reproductions of pictures by Carolus Duran, Rixens, G. Dubufe, Jean Béraud, Firmin-Girard, E. Friant, José Frappa, Roger-Jourdain, Israels, and Mesdag; and four smaller pictures by Puvis de Chavannes, Hagborg, Zorn, and A. Muenier. This second part commences the Salon of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, which will be concluded in the fourth and sixth parts; the first, third, and fifth treat of the Salon of the Société des Artistes Français.

The difficulty experienced in European travel of finding one's railway carriage after leaving it to enter the station, has been met experimentally on the Paris and Lyons route. A "natural history plate" is put conspicuously on every door, presenting the figure of some bird, beast, reptile, or insect.

Tapestry Painting.

The newest field that ladies—and men, too—who possess the ability to paint, have turned their artistic talents to is tapestry painting. It has only recently been introduced here from the East, and specimens can be seen here as yet in only a few of the prominent homes of the city. But there are two handsome pieces of hand-painted tapestry exhibited in the show-windows of Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s great art store on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue. Their beauty has attracted much attention, and already a number of artists have purchased materials and set about the new work.

The materials, which are to be had only of Sanborn Vail & Co., consist of a peculiar canvas, specially made to take the colors, and woven of silk, linen, cotton, or woolen threads, each material producing a different class of tapestry; the paints, which are either the French, requiring steaming after the tapestry is painted, or tapestry-paints, so prepared that they are "fixed" as soon as dry; tapestry-brushes, which Sanborn, Vail & Co. keep in great variety; and the designs, which comprise all sorts of subjects taken from paintings and artotypes. With these materials and artistic taste and ability, some of the most beautiful decorative panels imaginable can be made.

By the way, china-decorators will be glad to hear that Sanborn, Vail & Co. are selling Roman gold at eighty-five cents a box—a reduction that will enable painters to make a considerable saving in this necessary but expensive item.

— LADIES AND GENTLEMEN WHO ENJOY SWIMMING will do well to read the advertisement of J. J. Paster in another column.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Earl Russell objects to his somewhat too pronounced countess appearing as a skirt-dancer, even for sweet charity's sake. He is inclined to think that the ballet on the stage is not a proper winding up to the society comedy in court.

Lucy Hooper writes from Paris that Mrs. Deacon is the observed of all observers in the Bois de Boulogne, where she drives in a close coupé. She wears deep mourning. Her portrait, by M. Wauters, the Belgian artist, was not exhibited at the Salon, and the artist made no other contribution to either of the Paris exhibitions of the present spring.

On account of the prevalence of intemperance among the men in Holland, women have been employed at railroad-switches with great success. Not an accident has occurred since the women were installed in their unique office. If the precedent becomes established that a sober woman is a more valuable servant than a tipsy man, there will be a great revolution in the industrial world.

Of the French mother-in-law of Senator Mitchell's daughter, the Marquise de Fontenoy tells this most remarkable tale. Can it possibly be true?

"I am very curious to know how the young American Duchess de la Rochefoucauld, who is the daughter of Senator Mitchell, will get along with her estimable mother-in-law. The latter was a foundling, and, as soon as she attained womanhood, she became a *vivandière* or *cantinière* of the regiment in which her husband was serving as officer. He married her while campaigning in Algeria, and the mésalliance created an enormous sensation at the time. Both she and her two sons have always been subjected to a sort of semi-ostracism on the part of the other branches of the family, and I fear that this very fact may somewhat interfere with the social success of Senator Mitchell's daughter in the noble Faubourg."

At the twentieth anniversary festival of the Provident Surgical Appliance Society in London, Dr. Bond, in the course of his speech, said that he knew of only one case dealt with by the society in which any dissatisfaction was given. A young woman was fitted with a Roman nose, but the boys of the college, noticing the change, made her life unbearable. She besought the society to help her, and was supplied with a pretty little *retroussé* nose so attractive that all her companions were made envious, and several offers of marriage were insured. Dr. Bond's society last year distributed no fewer than 6,223 artificial arms, legs, teeth, and noses.

One of the many things the smart woman knows how to do, and to do well, is to handle the billiard-cue. No other game presents so favorable opportunity for the display of a graceful figure and a pretty hand, and, as success in playing depends upon delicacy of touch, rapidity of judgment, and quickness of perception, a girl, with a little practice, plays an excellent game. Corsets and billiard-cues are and must, of necessity, be in a perpetual state of divorce, and the girl who tries to play in a tight-boned waist will never win the game from her big brother. A loose, bright-silk waist, not too tightly girdled, is an essential feature of the billiard-player's dress.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts has announced her intention of coming over here shortly for the purpose of taking a very active part in the organization of the women's department of the Chicago Exhibition. The following story of her marriage is interesting:

"She can scarcely be described as an attractive old lady, and her homeliness is further increased by her mania for donning the most youthful and girlish of costumes, and especially hats. She is enormously wealthy, the basis of her fortune being, of course, the celebrated old Coutts Bank, and she has done a vast amount of good with her money. She found a husband in a Brooklyn, N. Y., born young man named Ashmead Bartlett, now styled Burdett-Coutts, whose courage she rewarded by settling on the wedding day an annuity of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars upon him for the term of his natural life. This two hundred and fifty thousand dollars is merely pocket-money for his personal expenditures, as the household expenses are defrayed out of her own enormous income. Since the marriage the young husband has become prematurely aged, whereas the aged bride seems to have taken a new lease of life. The young husband has had the doors of all the best clubs closed against him. His membership of the Carlton was merely due to the fact of his having been elected to represent a Conservative constituency in Parliament. Every Tory member of the national legislature is entitled by tradition and etiquette to admission to this club. On one occasion when Mr. Burdett-Coutts had in the course of a political meeting been assailing Mr. Gladstone as nothing but an 'old woman,' he was interrupted by an Irish laborer, who retorted that he, Mr. Burdett-Coutts, was about the last person in the world to go back on an old woman."

One of the princesses in the Khedivial family—a cousin of the Khedive and a sister of the notorious Princess Nasle—has just been banished from Egypt by the young ruler for having become a mother without having previously taken the precaution to become a wife, which leads the Marquise de Fontenoy to these reminiscences:

"The irritation of Khedive Abbas against the offending princess is all the greater, as it is precisely she whom he had intended to wed. He even, some time ago, induced her to reject an offer of marriage, in order that he might make her his vice-queen as soon as the period for mourning his father had expired. Princess Nasle, the sister of the young lady who has just been banished, is one of the most remarkable figures of Cairene life. Having an independent fortune of her own, she enjoys herself in her own way. She is the only native lady who dares to go about unveiled, and to give dinner-parties and entertainments to male foreigners—functions at which she figures arrayed in magnificent décolleté dresses made by Felix, Rodriguez, Worth, and other Parisian *couturiers*. Of course, she has been the heroine of any number of scandals, and there are few good-looking young foreigners who leave Cairo without carrying away with them photographs of Princess Nasle indorsed with some endearing and affectionate phrase. She must not be confounded, however, with the older Princess Nasle, who is now dead. This lady dwelt in a palace on the site now occupied by Shepard's Hotel. No less than sixteen foreigners, some of them of distinguished rank, are known to have met their death either in her palace or on leaving it, for they were never seen alive after entering it on her invitation. Finally, the outcry made by the foreign ministers and envoys became so strong that the Khedive was obliged to exile her from Egypt."

The rush for lots in the town of Eastland, in Mill Valley, has exceeded all expectation. Thousands have visited Mill Valley this spring, and all have been quick to see that it possessed the requisites for suburban homes to an extent unreached by other places. At the present rate of selling, the company will soon have no lots left to sell. This is why it is a good thing to secure one now.

DCLXVIII.—Bill of Fare, Sunday, June 5, 1892.

Soup Velouté.
Fried Tenderloin of Sole. Fried Potatoes.
Breaded Veal-Cutlets. Green Peas.
Roast Beef. Yorkshire Pudding.
Tomatoes, Mayonnaise Dressing.
Currant Ice. Fancy Cakes.
Fruits.

SOUP VELOUTÉ.—Four yolks of eggs in the soup-dish, and beat them with a little cold broth; then pour one quart of boiling broth over them, little by little, stirring the while, and serve warm.

— KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made; makes delicious desserts. Indorsed and used by Mrs. Emily M. Hinckley, Principal San Francisco Cooking School.

TRY IT ONCE

Try nutritious, satisfying, palatable Cocoa as a breakfast beverage. Try it once and you will continue to use it for all time.

GHIRARDELLI'S
"BREAKFAST"
COCOA

Is now put up in experimental packages that will make

12 CUPS
FOR
10 CENTS

—THE CELEBRATED—
Hotel del Monte
MONTEREY, CAL.
THE QUEEN
—OF—
SUMMER RESORTS
SEASON OF 1892.
ELEGANT ACCOMMODATIONS
AT MODERATE RATES.

For Illustrated Pamphlet, Reservations, and other information, address GEO. SCHONEWALD, Manager.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs have left New York, and are occupying their cottage at Newport.

Hon. Romualdo Pacheco will sail on Monday for Guatemala, C. A.

Mr. Sampson Tams, Mr. John Boggs, Miss Alice Boggs, and Mr. Everett N. Bee will leave for the Yosemite Valley on Monday.

Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg and Miss Smedberg are visiting West Point, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Gillig and party were traveling in Java when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newball have gone to San Rafael for the season.

Captain Charles Goodall, Mrs. Miner Goodall, and Miss Teenie Goodall will leave New York next Thursday for Europe.

Miss Millie Ashe has been enjoying a visit to Mrs. Belle Donahue in San Rafael.

Mr. Alexander Hamilton, Mr. C. Osgood Hooker, and Mr. Edgar Carolan are in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood will pass the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker and Miss Beth Sperry are occupying the Barroilhet villa at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett and Miss Crockett will pass the summer in San Rafael.

Mrs. Clark W. Crocker, Miss Fanny Crocker, and Miss Etta Birdsall left for the East last Wednesday en route to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Bowers are passing the summer in San Rafael.

Mrs. Charles B. Alexander returned to New York last Monday after an enjoyable visit here.

Consul and Mrs. Denis Donohoe, Mr. and Mrs. Denis Donohoe, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Montague Hankins are passing the summer in San Rafael.

Mrs. Phœbe Hearst and Miss Annie Apperson are in London.

Rev. and Mrs. Charles J. Mason, *née* Merry, are now residing in San Rafael.

Mrs. Moses Hopkins, Mrs. Bliss, and Miss Florence Lockwood have reached New York city, and will soon leave for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Follis are occupying their cottage in San Rafael.

Dr. Albert Abrams left last Thursday to visit the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. John D. Yost, Miss Yost, and Miss Jennie Sanderson left New York last Tuesday for Paris.

Miss Cora Denny, of San José, is the guest of Mr. W. P. Haven at his residence in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy are passing the season at their cottage in San Rafael.

Captain and Mrs. Joseph Davis will pass the summer at Capitola and Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson have leased the Evans cottage in San Rafael for June, July, and August.

Mr. and Mrs. Owide Musin will board the steamer *Mariposa* at Honolulu to go to Australia.

General and Mrs. James F. Houghton and Miss Houghton will pass the summer at the Hotel del Monte.

Dr. Harry L. Tevis is here from New York on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Robinson and Miss Edna Robinson will pass the season at the Hotel del Monte.

Miss May Arnold is passing the summer with Mrs. S. M. Smith at her villa in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr and Mrs. William Alvord will pass the summer at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Henry Payot is at the Hotel Gedney in New York city.

Mr. Charles Sonntag is visiting New York city, and is stopping at the Murray Hill Hotel.

Mrs. George J. Bucknall has gone to Santa Cruz to enjoy a visit to friends.

Mr. E. W. Townsend is at the Hotel Coleman in New York city.

Mr. Peter J. Donahue, who has been passing several weeks in Florence, Italy, is now at the Hotel Meurice in Paris.

Mr. B. F. Norris is at the Hotel Vendome in New York city.

Mr. Irving M. Scott was at the Hotel Bingham in Philadelphia early in the week.

Mr. Ryland B. Wallace is visiting Washington, D. C.

Colonel and Mrs. Marceau are in Paris.

Mrs. M. B. M. Toland is paying a visit to the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Ritchie, Miss N. Palmer, Miss F. Sill, and Miss C. Carpentier returned last Tuesday on the steamer *Australia* from a delightful trip to Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Fillmore have gone East, and will be away about a month.

Miss Emelie Kirketerp returned last Tuesday from a visit to Honolulu.

Miss Belle Miller will leave on June 13th to pay a visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Baldwin, who have been traveling in Europe for the past year, left Paris last Tuesday for America.

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford left New York last Wednesday on the steamer *City of Paris* for England.

Mrs. Fred L. Wooster went to the Napa Soda Springs last Wednesday to remain during the summer.

Mr. Albert E. Castle has returned from a visit to Santa Cruz.

Miss Lillian Thurston is passing a couple of weeks with relatives in Stockton.

Mrs. M. T. Hitchcock and Mrs. Lillie H. Coit will leave for Alaska on June 21st.

Mrs. L. H. Clement and Miss Clement have gone East, where they will remain several months, and in September will go to Europe, where Miss Clement will study art.

Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Merriman, Jr., of Oakland, are visiting the Napa Soda Springs.

Mrs. J. W. Conner and the Misses Conner are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Miss Bessie Shreve has returned from a pleasant visit to Miss Minnie Houghton at her home in Oakland.

Mrs. O. W. Childs and the Misses Childs, of Los Angeles, will be at the Hotel del Monte during July.

Among those who are occupying cottages in Ross Valley during the summer are: Mr. and Mrs. John G. Kittle, Miss Lucia Kittle, Mr. and Mrs. William Barber, Misses Mary and Alice Barber, Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mrs. Marian Wise, Mr. Elliott McAllister, Miss McAllister, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. M. Tompkins, Misses Tompkins, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Richards, and Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan.

Mrs. D. J. Staples and her grandchildren will pass this month at Millbrae.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson will pass several weeks of the season at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Harry Babcock has returned from his trip to the East and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry P. Eyre and Miss Eyre will pass a month at the Hotel del Monte during the season.

Mr. Russell J. Wilson is expected to return from the East to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin C. Tubbs and Mrs. D. J. Tallant will be at the Hotel del Monte during the season.

Misses Jennie and Emma McMillan have gone to Blythedale to remain several months.

Mrs. Theresa Casserly and Miss Daisy Casserly have taken rooms at the Hotel del Monte for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Kilgariff are passing the summer in Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan, the Misses Evelyn, Emily, and Genevieve Carolan, Mr. Herbert E. Carolan, and Mr. Edgar Carolan will pass much of the summer at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Beaver are located in Sausalito for the season.

Mrs. Monroe Salisbury will pass the summer at the Hotel del Monte.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Thomas Boyson will pass the summer in the vicinity of Mount Shasta.

Mrs. Belle Donahue and Miss Marguerite Wallace will divide the season between San Rafael and the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Augustus Taylor and Mr. Edward G. Schmiedell left last Tuesday to visit the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank will be at the Hotel del Monte during the season.

Miss Nellie Hillyer is visiting Miss Josephine Cone at her home in Red Bluff.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Tevis will pass June and July at the Hotel del Monte.

General W. H. Dimond, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Dimond, the Misses Mae and Eleanor Dimond, and Miss Hope Ellis will leave next Tuesday for the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. Calvin E. Whitney and family will pass the summer at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Truxton Beale, United States Minister to Persia, is enjoying a visit to his father, General E. F. Beale, in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Page Brown will pass the season at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy and Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope sailed from New York last Wednesday for England.

Mrs. Mamie C. Hastings and family have left San Rafael and gone to the Hotel del Monte for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins left New York last Wednesday for Europe.

Mr. W. Frank Goad and the Misses Goad will pass the summer near Mount Shasta.

Mme. B. Ziska and Miss Alice Ziska left yesterday to pass a month at Santa Barbara and the Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. Lloyd Tevis has gone to the Hotel del Monte with her grandchildren.

Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Prentiss and family have gone East to pass the summer at Bar Harbor.

Count and Countess Festetics and Mrs. Louis T. Haggin will be at the Hotel del Monte during June.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs returned from "Hillcrest" last Monday, and have been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Mr. Walter L. Dean, who are expected daily from the East, will pass the summer at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. A. H. Frank and Miss Estelle Frank are at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mrs. Horace Wilson left New York a week ago on the steamer *Teutonic* for Southampton.

Mrs. N. G. Kittle and Mr. John G. Kittle, Jr., are visiting the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. Walter S. Newhall visited San José during the past week and was at the Hotel Vendome.

Judge and Mrs. D. J. Murphy were enjoying the beauties of the Napa Soda Springs during the early part of the week.

Miss Louise Moulder left New York May 28th on the steamer *Spaardam* for Rotterdam.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, the Misses Birdie and Alice Rutherford, and Miss Beatrice Wricht, of Sacramento, have been enjoying a sojourn at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. D. M. Delmas and the Misses Delmas will leave on June 10th for Santa Cruz, where they will occupy a cottage for the next three months. In the autumn they will go to Europe, where they will remain for a couple of years.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Jewett will pass the summer at their country-home, Glen Ellen, in Napa County.

Mrs. R. C. Spalding arrived here last Tuesday from Honolulu on a visit to her sister, Mrs. O. O. Burgess.

Mrs. F. L. Barreda and Miss Rose Barreda have gone to Europe, and will be away about three months.

Mr. Frank S. Hicks is here on a visit from Los Angeles.

Mrs. Henry Dutard, of this city, is at the Hotel Bellevue, in Dresden.

Mrs. A. W. Scott will pass the summer near Mount Shasta.

Mrs. John Nightingale and the Misses Minnie and Georgie Nightingale will pass the month of July at Soda Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Easton, Mr. and Mrs. James Moore, Mr. and Mrs. James Coffin, Mr. T. B. Berry, Mr. T. C. Berry, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Butler, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutcheon, Miss McCutcheon, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Dibblee, Miss Dibblee, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Allen are passing the season in their cottages in Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Will E. Fisher left last Thursday to pass the season at San Rafael.

Mrs. Clara Catherwood and Mrs. Barnes have taken a cottage at Wawona for a month.

Mrs. James Durbrow and Miss Emma Durbrow will go to San Rafael on June 15th.

Mrs. W. E. Dargie and Miss Dargie, of Oakland, have returned from their trip to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. George H. Huntsman and the Misses Huntsman went to San Rafael last Wednesday for the season.

Miss Stella B. Walthall left last Tuesday for the East en route to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones are located in San Rafael for the season.

Mr. Theodore Wores will leave for Japan in about a fortnight.

Mr. Fred Yates will be here on a visit in July.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Hotaling, Jr., will pass the season in San Rafael.

Mrs. K. H. Withrow, the Misses Eva and Marie Withrow, and Miss Dora Wood left for Europe last Tuesday.

Mrs. M. Dillon and the Misses Marie and Kate Dillon are passing the summer in San Rafael.

Mrs. Morton Mitchell, of Washington, D. C., who will be remembered here as Mrs. George S. Ladd, will make a tour of Europe during the summer.

Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow and Miss Maud Morrow are occupying the Hyde villa in San Rafael.

Mrs. J. M. Brereton and Miss May Mitchell Spring left last Wednesday to visit the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. George L. Brander and family are passing the summer, as usual, in San Rafael.

Mrs. Ballard Smith has left New York and gone to Europe for the summer.

Mrs. A. M. Burns and Miss Poole are passing the season at Cloverdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing are passing the summer in their cottage at San Rafael.

Mr and Mrs. Rudolph Herold are passing the season in Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin will pass the summer months at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. George Smart and the Misses Florence and Edna Smart are at Belvedere for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Douty will pass the summer at the Hotel del Monte.

Hon. M. M. Estee is visiting St. Louis.

Colonel and Mrs. Isaac Trumbo left for Minneapolis last Wednesday.

Mrs. M. P. Jones and her son, Mr. Milton Jones, are passing the summer at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Henri F. Emeric and Miss Lorena Barbier, who have been passing a couple of months at the Emeric Ranch, near San Pablo, will leave to-day on a month's visit to Lake Tahoe and Webber Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Wright were at the Hotel Vendome, in San José, during the early part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Coffin and child, of Oakland, are at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. Gordon Blanding recently enjoyed a visit to the Hotel Vendome, in San José.

Mrs. E. B. Young and family have gone to Raymond, in the Santa Cruz Mountains, to remain about five weeks. About the middle of July, they will visit Lake Tahoe for a couple of weeks.

Mr. W. T. Reed, of Belmont, has been in Boston during the past week.

Mr. E. S. Babcock, manager of the Hotel del Coronado, has been passing the week in Boston.

Mrs. H. W. Hyman and family are located for the season at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mrs. Edward Stanly, Miss E. B. Garber, and Miss M. M. Garber are at the Hotel Vendome, in San José.

Mrs. John P. Jackson and Miss Lucy Jackson have been passing the week at the Hotel del Monte.

Hon. C. R. Bishop, of Honolulu, arrived here last Tuesday on the steamer *Australia* on a visit.

Mr. A. H. Washburn left for Wawona and the Yosemite Valley last Saturday.

Colonel Z. S. Spalding returned last Tuesday from a trip to Honolulu.

Mr. Thomas Magee, Jr., will leave on Sunday with a party of friends for the Yosemite Valley, where they will camp for several weeks.

Miss Florence Ives left last Tuesday for New York, en route to Paris.

Mrs. B. F. Norris and her niece, Miss Ida Carleton, will go to Santa Cruz to-day for a few weeks.

Mrs. Kate Köhn is passing the summer in Boston as the guest of her sister, Mrs. A. E. Tilton. She will be absent about six months.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young left last Wednesday to attend the Republican convention in Minneapolis.

Mr and Mrs. Charles E. Bond, *née* Dore, of Oakland, will pass this month in the Santa Cruz Mountains, and in July will go to San Rafael.

Mr William H. Avery returned to his home in Alameda last Tuesday accompanied by his wife, who has been passing two months at Paso Robles for the benefit of her health.

Mr. Charles F. Mullins and Mr. Thomas C. Grant left last Tuesday for Stockton to make the trip to the Yosemite Valley on horseback. They will be away about two weeks.

Mr. James Findla Wigens, of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, sailed on the steamer *Colima* for the Hawaiian Islands where he will pass his summer vacation.

Mrs. Ella Sterling Cummins and her daughter, Miss Genevieve Cummins, will leave to-day for Alaska on a pleasure trip.

Mrs. C. Smith and the Misses Maud and Blanche Smith have left New York and are visiting friends in St. Louis. They expect to return here soon.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Smith and family have left the city to occupy their villa, Ada-Leta, near Alma in the Santa Cruz Mountains, during the summer months.

Mrs. J. F. Foster, accompanied by Miss Kate Sanborn, left for the East last Saturday. Mrs. Foster will pass the summer with relatives in New England.

The steamship *Mariposa*, of the Oceanic Line, sailed on May 28th for Honolulu and carried a large number of passengers to that mid-Pacific paradise, among them being Hon. L. A. Thurston, Mr. C. A. Watson, Mr. George Wolde, Mr. William G. Johnston, Miss Johnston, Miss Jewett, Mrs. Lowell, Miss L. J. Martin, Miss Andrews, Miss Annie E. Abell, Mr H. C. Hodley, Mr M. Hyman, Mr E. R. Miles, Mrs. Henry Schollhorn and family, Mr. L. E. Pinkham, and Mr. J. R. Robbins.

Dr. and Mrs. Winslow Anderson, who recently returned from a two years' tour of the world, are at the Palace Hotel where they will remain during the season.

Mrs. H. E. Bradbury and Miss Nora Smith will pass the summer at Monte Vista, in Placer County.

Mr. C. G. Young and family have gone to Larkspur Inn where they have taken rooms for the summer.

Mrs. Henri I. Haber and the Misses Haber will leave next Tuesday to pass the summer at Capitola.

Colonel Richard P. Morgan, and Miss Morgan are paying a visit to the Napa Soda Springs. Colonel Morgan is one of the Illinois Railroad Commissioners and was the founder of the town of Dwight, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. McElroy passed several days of the past week at the Hotel Vendome, in San Jose.

Mr. John W. Farren, Jr., and Miss Agnes Farren are stopping at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. William B. Wightman visited San José during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Danforth have taken rooms at the Napa Soda Springs for the season.

Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Lengfeld paid a visit recently to the Hotel Vendome, in San José.

Mr. Hugh Cowan is rusticating at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Castle and Miss Castle have been visiting San José and stopped at the Hotel Vendome during their sojourn.

Mrs. Nat. Messer will pass the summer at Blythedale.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Simpkins, Miss Alice Simpkins, and Mr. Harry Simpkins left on Friday to visit the Yosemite Valley for a couple of weeks.

Miss Floyd and her cousin, Miss Matthews have returned from the East.

Mr. Philip S. Rates, Mr. William Marshall, and Miss Jane Marshall visited the Napa Soda Springs during the early part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. A. Johnson, recently visited San José and stopped at the Hotel Vendome.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Topliz are at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart are located for the summer at the Hotel Vendome, in San José

Summer Haberdashery.

It must not be thought that the fair sex alone is interested in the mystic doings of the gods and goddesses of fashion, for it is an assured fact that man has his fancies and foibles as well. Time and again the question has been asked, "What is the proper thing in the way of a negligée shirt for gentlemen this summer?" Wolf & Frank, the fashionable haberdashers at 232 Kearny Street, were interviewed on the subject and courteously gave the desired information. They state that the puffed-bosom shirt is eminently the proper thing, giving as their reasons the facts that these shirts are more attractive, neater, cooler, and much more comfortable than any of the styles of previous years.

The soft puffs of white India silk, or white lawn, run perpendicularly down the bosom, from the collar-band to the waist, and, as they are formed on the principal of the bellows of an accordion, they immediately resume their natural position after being handled or disturbed in any way. They are easily laundered, and are done up without starch, which make them appear truly negligée and at the same time attract attention. Some of these bosoms have embroidered centres in small, chaste figures, others are adorned with small checks, dots, and fine stripes in blue or garnet, and the richest are those having narrow satin stripe effects running crosswise. They are certainly very pretty, and doubtless will be as popular here as they are in the East. Wolf & Frank also mentioned that it is proper to wear these shirts without a vest, using a belt in lieu of that article of attire. The tall, turn-over collar, such as the "Kaigun" or the "Natick," are worn with them, as they are the most comfortable, and the proper neck-wear is the square, flat bow-knot that fastens at the front of the collar. These ties come in varied shades and beautiful designs.

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A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest United States Government Food Report.*

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With agonizing Eczemas and other Itching, Burning, Bleeding, Scaly, Blotchy, and Pimply Skin and Scalp Diseases are instantly relieved and speedily cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure,

CUTICURA

SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of humor remedies. This is strong language, but every word is true, as proven by thousands of grateful testimonials. CUTICURA REMEDIES are, beyond all doubt, the greatest Skin Cures, Blood Purifiers, and Humor Remedies of modern times. Sold everywhere.

POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.

"How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

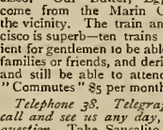
WEAK, PAINFUL KIDNEYS, With their weary, dull, aching, lifeless, all-gone sensation, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. 25 cents.

"Larkspur Inn"

Has one specialty and pride, and that is the table. It is supplied from the best the market affords in San Francisco. Our Butter, Eggs, Cream, and Vegetables, come from the Marin County dairies and farms in the vicinity. The train and boat service from San Francisco is superb—ten trains daily—making it very convenient for gentlemen to be able to pass the evening with their families or friends, and derive the benefits of country air and still be able to attend to business daily in the city. "Commutes" $5 per month; Ladies and Children, $3.

Telephone 38. Telegraph or write, or, better still, call and see us any day, and satisfy yourself beyond question. Take Sausalito Ferry and Cars to Larkspur. Round-trip, 50 cents. Respectfully, Hepburn & Terry.

GEO. H. FULLER DESK CO.



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Breakfast Cocoa
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It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.
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LAROCHE'S
FERRUGINOUS TONIC
CONTAINING
Peruvian Bark, Iron and Pure Catalan Wine.
GRAND NATIONAL PRIZE of 16,600 FRANCS.
Used with entire success in Hospitals of Paris for the cure of
ANEMIA, CHLOROSIS, WASTING DISEASES, RETARDED CONVALESCENCE, and POORNESS of the BLOOD.
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REVENGE IS SWEET.

A Sea-Shore Idyl.

SCENE.—The pier on a sunny afternoon.

Mrs. Challoner (holding out her hand)—Is it really Mr. Durrant? What years since we met!

Mr. Durrant—What? Miss Nicholson!

Mrs. Challoner (smiling)—No, Mrs. Challoner.

Mr. Durrant—Then you did marry him?

Mrs. Challoner—Of course. I told you I was going to, five years ago.

Mr. Durrant—That gave me no ground for supposing you would. You also told me you would marry me, and——

Mrs. Challoner—Shall we sit down?

Mr. Durrant (coldly)—Here is a seat.

Mrs Challoner—Oh, but sit by me. It will be quite like old days.

Mr. Durrant—Not quite.

Mrs. Challoner (pathetically)—Are you going to be horrid? And I was so pleased to see you!

Mr. Durrant (softening)—Come now, Mrs. Challoner, you know you've never given me a thought since that day.

Mrs. Challoner—How unjust! That awful day! How I cried when you left me! But, tell me, am I much changed?

Mr. Durrant—Just what you always were.

Mrs. Challoner—You're being horrid again. I mean in appearance.

Mr. Durrant—Oh, appearance was always your strong point.

Mrs. Challoner (in a low voice)—I wish you would be friends. I have been so unhappy about—about it, you know. And yet it was inevitable. You must admit it was.

Mr. Durrant—I have a very neatly expressed letter from you, proving that it was.

Mrs. Challoner—You still have the letter?

Mr. Durrant—I don't set up to be less of a fool than other people.

Mrs. Challoner—Whatever you said, you always did nice things.

Mr. Durrant—Then we were a perfect contrast.

Mrs. Challoner—You are very hard on me. Won't you let by-gones be by-gones?

Mr. Durrant—With all my heart.

Mrs. Challoner—We will just remember that we were friends, nothing else. Are you staying long here?

Mr. Durrant—Some days.

Mrs. Challoner—Then we'll see a lot of one another, Mr. Durrant?

Mr Durrant—Yes, Mrs. Challoner.

Mrs. Challoner—I suppose you have destroyed everything except that letter? The photographs, I mean, and—and the lock of hair.

Mr Durrant—Oh, no; they're with the others.

Mrs. Challoner—The others?

Mr. Durrant—My heart has been broken more than once, you know!

Mrs. Challoner—Oh, but please say mine was the worst break.

Mr. Durrant—I really believe it was.

Mrs. Challoner—And it's never quite mended?

Mr. Durrant—Well, there's a mark.

Mrs. Challoner—That's charming of you. But it makes me feel very penitent. How foolish we were!

Mr. Durrant—It's never polite to contradict, and, in this case, it's not polite to agree. So I'll hold my tongue.

Mrs. Challoner (looking over the sea)—And yet how happy we were! Ah, if those days could come again!

Mr. Durrant—You'd treat me just the same.

Mrs. Challoner (earnestly)—No, indeed, no. I may speak lightly, but I do see now that nothing is any use—nothing—except (in a low voice) love.

Mr. Durrant—Knowledge always comes too late, doesn't it?

Mrs. Challoner (sighing)—Ah, too late. And yet——

Mr. Durrant (smiling)—Finish the sentence, Mrs. Challoner.

Mrs. Challoner (blushing)—No, I can't. (A pause ensues.)

Mr. Durrant—Is your husband here with you?

Mrs. Challoner—My husband! Why, no.

Mr. Durrant—Going to join you?

Mrs. Challoner (suppressing a smile)—My husband has been dead three years, I am sorry to say.

Mr. Durrant (not suppressing a smile)—Oh, I beg your pardon! I must offer my condolences.

Mrs. Challoner—Thank you. It was a great shock, but——

Mr. Durrant (cheerfully)—Time works wonders, doesn't it?

Mrs. Challoner—He would not have wished me to mourn too long.

Mr. Durrant—Hum! I shouldn't mind how long my wife mourned.

Mrs. Challoner—I'm sure you wouldn't be so selfish as that, really.

Mr. Durrant—If you come to "really," I don't suppose I should know anything about it. I can't think Providence is so cruel. Imagine Mr. Challoner's feelings if you——

Mrs. Challoner—Mr. Durrant! But, you see, I was only twenty-three when I was left a widow.

Mr. Durrant—Oh, you're quite right. Let by-gones be by-gones, as you said just now.

Mrs. Challoner—Now you can understand how lonely I feel, and how the sight of an old face affects me.

Mr. Durrant—Upon my word, you overwhelm me, Mrs. Challoner. It has been a delightful meeting.

Mrs. Challoner—The first of many, I hope. It makes one feel as if all that had come between were just a bad dream.

Mr. Durrant—Oh, I say, that's rather rough on——

Mrs. Challoner (smiling)—For shame! You know I meant our—our—well, the wretched misunderstanding. I feel as if all that were a bad dream, and you and I were exactly as we used to be. Oh, no, I don't mean that. You mustn't laugh.

Mr. Durrant—It was a smile of hypothetical ecstasy.

Mrs Challoner (blushing)—I don't quite understand.

Mr. Durrant—An ecstasy that might exist, but——

Mrs. Challoner (looking at the sea)—Yes?

Mr. Durrant—But doesn't——

Mrs Challoner (dreamily)—Are those hard-hearted people right who tell us that the past is irrevocable?

Mr. Durrant—Well, that depends on a lot of things.

Mrs. Challoner (turning to him)—Mr. Durrant, for years I have been wanting to—to beg your pardon—to tell you how I despised myself, and to ask you if there was any atonement that—Ah! you mustn't laugh, or I can't go on.

Mr. Durrant—It was the bitter smile of despair.

Mrs. Challoner (softly)—Despair? Why should you despair? Now I might despair of ever being forgiven.

Mr. Durrant—My dear Mrs. Challoner, I forgive you with all my heart.

Mrs. Challoner (eagerly)—Ah, how kind you are! I haven't been so happy for ever so long.

Mr. Durrant—It is the reward of penitence.

Mrs. Challoner (timidly)—It is you that ought to be rewarded. But, perhaps, you are just a little glad to have our quarrel ended?

Mr. Durrant—I'm delighted to regain a friend.

Mrs. Challoner—Oh, thank you. You will let me be your friend? I—I want your friendship.

Mr. Durrant—I shall always be at your service.

Mrs. Challoner (looking at him and smiling tremulously)—I was right, wasn't I, in the old days, when I said you were the noblest man alive?

Mr. Durrant (laughing)—Oh, of course, though I suppose you thought the same of Mr. ——

Mrs. Challoner (laying her hand on his sleeve)—Hush! I only want to talk of you. Oh, is that very wicked? I can't help it. Yes, it's you whom I have always—oh, I *beg* your pardon. (She withdraws her hand.)

Mr Durrant—I am not offended. (She looks at him and then over the sea.)

Mrs. Challoner (in a low voice)—For a moment—I forgot.

Mr. Durrant—Well, as it was only for a moment I (He rises and holds out his hand.)

Mrs. Challoner—Must you go so soon?

Mr. Durrant—I'm afraid so. I have an appointment.

Mrs. Challoner—You never used to have appointments.

Mr. Durrant—*Autres temps, autres*—— (he pauses, and adds aside) *femmes*.

Mrs. Challoner—I am staying at the Sea View. You will come and see me?

Mr. Durrant—With pleasure.

Mrs. Challoner—Often?

Mr. Durrant—Well, tolerably often.

Mrs. Challoner (softly)—Why not very often?

Mr. Durrant (smiling)—Can't you guess?

Mrs. Challoner (blushing)—What do you mean?

Mr. Durrant—What would people say?

Mrs. Challoner (bravely)—I shouldn't mind. Should you?

Mr. Durrant—Hullo! I must go! (A lady walks up the pier.)

Mrs. Challoner—Should you mind, Mr. Durrant?

Mr. Durrant—Not a bit, but—good-bye, good-bye. (He raises his hat and turns away.)

Mrs. Challoner—But what?

Mr. Durrant (over his shoulder)—My wife might. (He joins the lady, and they walk away together.)

Mrs Challoner (alone)—How could he! How could he!—*Black and White.*

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ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 1, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the seventh day of June, 1892, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

JEROME A. HART, Secretary.

Office—Room 3, Argonaut Building, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California.

CERTIFICATE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City and County of San Francisco, } ss.

We, the undersigned, GEORGE IRISH BAILEY and HERBERT BIRD WELLER, both residing in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, do hereby certify that we are partners transacting business in this State at the City and County of San Francisco, under the firm name and style of BAILEY & WELLER, and that the names in full of all the members of such partnership, and their respective places of residence, are hereinabove set forth.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands, this twenty-eighth day of March, A. D. 1892.

GEORGE I. BAILEY,
H. B. WELLER.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City and County of San Francisco, } ss.

On the twenty-eighth day of March, A. D. One Thousand Eight Hundred and Ninety-Two, before me, JAMES L. KING, a Notary Public in and for said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared GEORGE IRISH BAILEY and HERBERT BIRD WELLER, known to me to be the individuals described in, whose names are subscribed to, and who executed the foregoing instrument, and they severally duly acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, the day and year last above written.

[SEAL.] JAMES L. KING, Notary Public, 308 California St., San Francisco.

(Indorsed.)
Filed April 23, 1892.
WM. J. BLATTNER, Clerk,
By W. E. BLANCHARD, Deputy-Clerk.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

John Stuart Mill was once dining with two brilliant French talkers, who were given to monologue. One had possession of the field, and the other was watching him so intently to strike in, that Mill exclaimed, aloud: "If he stops to breathe, he's gone!"

It is said that the late Lord Houghton was present at Lady Knutsford's, one afternoon, when Clifford Harrison was reciting, and during the entertainment fell asleep. One of his own pieces was on the programme, and Mr. Harrison determined that it should be the next. When he had recited it, and while the audience were applauding, Lord Houghton awoke, and, rising from his chair, exclaimed: "One of the best things I have ever heard? Who wrote it? Is it published?"

Amos J. Cummings, in the New York *Sun*, relates the following story, told by John Allen, of Mississippi, on Holman, the Great Objector: As an illustration of Holman's cautiousness, it is said that he was going down Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, as a drove of sheep was coming up the street. He stopped to look at them. A member of the House, who was going by, placed his hand on his shoulder and said: "Judge, those sheep appear to be sheared." "Yes, yes," replied the judge, looking at them keenly through his glasses, "on this side they do; yes, yes, on this side."

During the Franco-German War, when many French prisoners were at Rastatt, the Countess Zeppelin was "like a real mother to them." Every morning, says Chaplain Guers, she came with cart-loads of linen, clothing, medicine, and other stores, and as she divided them among the men, she had a kind word for each. One day, after distributing all she had brought, she stopped before a subaltern just deprived of a limb. "Ah, my poor friend," said she, "there is nothing left for you." "Madame," replied the soldier, "a smile from you will content me." Here was French gallantry, cropping out amid the most horrible surroundings.

A Vermont lady had removed from her native place to California. She went to live in Oakland. She found life there very agreeable at first; but, before long, she began to experience distressing physical sensations. She became nervous, fretful, and very uncomfortable; she lost much of her sleep at night, and much of her happiness by day. At last she resolved to consult a physician, and did so, calling to see a bright light in the profession. She gave him a very full account of her symptoms, and then asked: "What is it that ails me, doctor?" "Fleas, ma'am," answered the doctor. For this information the Vermont lady paid the doctor's mimimum consultation fee of five dollars, and went her way, but not rejoicing.

Cab Lee, a squaw man of the Amargosa Valley, tells of sleeping near the mouth of Furnace Creek Cañon one night years ago with a "bug-hunter," as the desert-tramping scientists are called in camp. It was so hot that the bug-hunter could not sleep. About midnight he heard a roaring noise up the cañon, which, as it kept increasing in volume, caused him to look up that way. To his surprise he saw, as he supposed, the sky that appeared between the cañon walls grow suddenly white. At that moment Lee rolled over, and the bug-hunter asked him what ailed the sky. Lee gave one glance, and then yelled: "Cloud-burst! Climb!" They scrambled up the steep wall just in time to save their lives. Lee thinks the foaming wall of water that had whitened the sky was not less than one hundred feet high.

An engineer on a leading English railway was growing old, and frequent reports were made to the directors that his eyesight was not so good as it should be. This the old man denied; but, nevertheless, there is every reason to believe that his eyes were getting a trifle dim. However, he stoutly maintained that his eyes were not only strong, but phenomenally strong, and that these criticisms were made by jealous fellow-engineers. The test for eyesight on that line was made by a doctor who lived in a house facing a large common. When he wished to test the man's eyes, he used to say: "Look over there and see what you can see." This fact had got known to the employees of the railway; and when the old engineer was going to be examined, he arranged with his son that he should take his bicycle about half a mile across the common, and stoop down and oil it. In due time the engineer was led to the window, and the doctor said, as usual: "What can you see?" The old man peered out, and said: "Well, I see a young man stooping down beside a bicycle." "Do you?" replied the doctor; "I can not see anything at all." "Gammon!" said the engineer; "can't you see it? Why, he's oiling it." On this the doctor took up a pair of field-glasses on the table, and, looking out, saw quite plainly a young man stooping down, oiling his bicycle. "Magnificent sight!" he said; "magnificent!" And to this day the engineer is taking his wages with striking regularity.

The French critic, musician, and government official, Romieu, was fond of joking. One of his diversions—amusing, but not to be commended—was to go into some shop, where he was not known, and perplex the clerks by his questions and remarks. One day he went into a glove-store, and told the clerk that he wished to make a purchase, but must apologize for his poor French. If she would listen carefully, he hoped to make himself intelligible. All this was said in perfect French, with irreproachable accent and idioms. At another time, he had taken a good deal of wine one evening, when he went into a little watchmaker's shop, and, assuming the accent and air of a countryman, said: "Sir, what do you call these little machines hanging there?" "Watches," replied the shopkeeper. "What are they for?" "To indicate the time." "Really? I have heard of them. How much do they cost?" "Here is one for two hundred francs, and one for a hundred francs; and here are some for fifty and twenty-five francs." "Are there printed directions about making them go?" "No; they have to be wound every day with a key." "Will you show me how, sir?" "This way. You see it is not difficult." "And must one wind it in the evening or the morning?" "You must wind yours in the morning." "Why in the morning?" "Because in the evening you are drunk, M. Romieu, and might break it."

Sir Alexander Cockburn and Sir Edwin Landseer were one day dining at a table where the conversation was cheerful and varied. Sir Alexander was lord chief-justice of England, and Sir Edwin was, perhaps, the most eminent English artist of his time. By and bye, some one spoke of Shakespeare, and Landseer remarked that the poet had made a mistake in causing his hunted stag to shed "big, round tears." "Now," said he, "I have made stags my especial study, and I know, for a fact, that it is quite impossible for them to shed tears." Most of the guests were inclined to accept this as an innocent, if not very valuable, commentary; but Cockburn turned upon the speaker, and asked him, in a loud voice: "And don't you think you are committing a most unwarrantable impertinence in criticising Shakespeare?" The explosion of a bomb could not have created greater dismay. Landseer, the most sensitive of mortals, turned pale, and Cockburn continued to glare at him. The host, as soon as possible, broke up the party and bundled his quarrelsome guests off into the garden. Now came another difficulty. The house was six miles from town, and, as it was Sunday evening, no cabs were to be had. Landseer must return in Cockburn's carriage. To that end, the host made every possible effort to bring about a reconciliation. He entreated the artist to forget and forgive. "Remember, Sir Edwin," said he, "that long after he has joined all the other chief-justices and is forgotten, your name will remain as that of the greatest English painter of this or any other age." "That's true," said Sir Edwin; "and I am willing to make it up and ride home with him. But he'd better know that if he begins again, I'm the man to get down, take off my coat, and fight him in the lanes." Then the lord chief-justice was told that Landseer was willing to shake hands and go home with him. "I won't take him," said he, curtly, and drove away alone.

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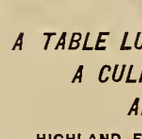

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7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 P
8.00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P
8.00 A.	1st & 2d class Ogden and East, and first-class locally	9 45 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	4 45 P.
9.00 A.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.
12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore	7.15 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	* 9.00 P
1.30 P.	Vallejo, Benicia, and Martinez	12.45 P.
3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, & Stockton	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10 45 A
4.30 P.	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
5.00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	12.15 P
5.00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	12.15 P.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	7.45 A.
.....	Niles and San José	‡ 6.15 P.
6.00 P.	Ogden Route Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	9.15 A.
‡ 7.00 P.	Vallejo	† 8.45 P.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	8.15 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡ 7.45 A.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees, and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
* 2.15 P.	Centreville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	* 10.50 A.
4.45 P	Centreville, San José, and Los Gatos	9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

* 7.00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations	* 2.:8 P.
‡ 7.30 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excursions	‡ 8.28 P.
8 15 A	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations	6 10 P.
‡ 9.30 A.	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations	‡ 2.45 P.
10.37 A.	San José and Way Stations	5 :3 P.
12.15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations	3.30 P.
* 2.30 P	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way stations	* 10 37 A.
* 3.30 P.	Menlo Park San José, and principal Way Stations	* 9 47 A.
* 4.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.06 A.
5.15 P.	San José and Way Stations	8.48 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
† 11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	† 7.30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 24, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7.40, 9.20, 11.20 A. M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.05 6.20 P. M.
Sundays—8, 9.30, 11 A. M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5, 6.15 P. M.
From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6.25, 7.55, 9.30, 11.30 A. M.; 1.40, 3.40, 5.05 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.30 P. M.
Sundays—8.10, 9.40, 11.10 A. M.; 1.40, 3.40, 5, 6.25 P. M.
From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6.50, 8.20, 9.55, 11.55 A. M.; 2.05, 4.05, 5.35 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.55 P. M.
Sundays—8.25, 10.05, 11.35 A. M. 2.05, 4.05, 5.30, 6.50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. Week Days.	Leave San Francisco. Sundays.	Destination.	Arrive San Francisco. Sundays.	Arrive San Francisco. Week Days.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M. 5.05 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 9.30 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M. 7.25 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 10.30 A. M 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7.25 P. M.	6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 5.05 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydesville and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays, to Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa, $2.25; to Healdsburg, $3.40; to Cloverdale, $4.50; to Hopland, $5.70; to Ukiah, $6.75; to Sebastopol, $2.70; to Guerneville, $3.75; to Sonoma, $1.50; to Glen Ellen, $1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, $1; to Santa Rosa, $1.50; to Healdsburg, $2.25; to Cloverdale, $3; to Ukiah, $4.50; to Hopland, $3.80; to Sebastopol, $1.80; to Guerneville, $2.50; to Sonoma, $1; to Glen Ellen, $1.20.

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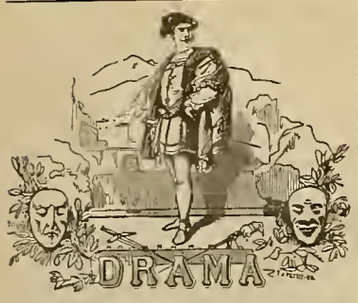

Mr. Francis Wilson has been known in the East for years as the funniest of the funny men on the comic-opera stage. In the last generation he would have been called a clown, and in some of his business he recalls dim memories of Grimaldi and Fox. He possesses the same mobility of feature and the same ability to provoke bursts of laughter by assuming a mock-heroic expression. He is a very clever farce-comedian indeed. As a performer in comic opera, he seems out of place, for he can not sing, and after all, singing is surely, in some small degree, a requisite in an operatic artist. But he can make people laugh by singing false and flat, and, perhaps, the average audience is as well suited with that as it might be with vocal *forituri*. "When I go to the play, sir," said Dr. Johnson, "I go to be amused. If I am amused, it is impertinent to tell me that the laws of art declare I should not be amused."

Like another famous comedian, Wilson owes much to his legs. They are very remarkable legs. Long practice has endowed them with a flexibility which seems inconsistent with osseous structure. When the part requires Wilson to depict fright, his legs are like strips of boneless cod: they wobble from side to side, and hang down in the fashion of the legs of a rag baby. He can not be set upright, for his legs sway to right or to left. He falls on them, sits on them, loses them behind him, or in front of him; he can do anything with them but stand on them. Like "loaden branches, they bow to the earth, willing to leave their burden." This, of course strikes the audience as very funny; when people are not looking at the actor's grotesque play of feature, their eyes are fixed on his legs, and in this "Merry Monarch," for the first time in the history of comic opera, the gentleman's legs attract more admiration than those of the shapely ladies who support him.

The play appears to be French, but so altered in the adaptation that its adopted parents may possibly have forgotten that they stole it, if they did. Mr. J. Cheever Goodwin fathers the work, and whether he snatched the infant out of a foreign cradle, and brought it up as his own, or begot it in a midsummer-night's dream, it does him credit. It is full of bright lines, and crisp witticisms, many of which appear to be really new. These were not so fully appreciated by the audience as they would have been if people had not been trained by experience to expect nothing in comic-opera dialogue but stale end-men jokes. Some of the bright things are really capital.

In the plot, there are no complications to strain the attention of the audience. It turns on the old revelation by an astrologer—which has fascinated so many readers of "Guy Mannering"—that the horoscope of a king and that of a peddler are so interwoven that the death of the one is certain to be followed within twenty-four hours by the death of the other. It chances that the peddler is to be butchered by order of the king, to make a popular holiday. When the astrologer informs his majesty of his awful discovery, the king's concern is then not to slay the peddler, but to keep him in life. And on this anxiety, the interest of the farce turns. Ancient mythology is full of such conceits; some of the most graceful of the Greek legends were built on them, though, among that highly artistic people, they were always treated seriously, even tragically, and never as the basis of a comic imbroglio. We, who do not believe in astrology, or, for that matter, in anything else, can afford to laugh at a fate which, even so late as a hundred years ago, would have been regarded by the great Napoleon as no laughing matter.

We are informed by the programme that the scene is cast in Hindoostan—where or when we are left to conjecture. Judging from the scenery, which is gorgeous, and the costumes, which are fine, the realm of King Anso may have been anywhere—anywhere out of the world. Among the radiant maids of honor who surround the throne are young ladies in every variety of costume—East Indians, Greeks, Syrians, Persians, Athenians, and Spartans. These gentlewomen, like the Nereides, so many mermaids, tend the king i' the eyes, and, really, if that sort of thing was usual, the lot of an Eastern potentate in those days could not have been altogether deplorable. In such company, a judicious monarch must have found much to divert his mind from the pains and sorrows of a perverse world. It is taught in that inimitable picture of ancient life—Théophile Gautier's "Momie"—that the despots of the ancient world speedily wearied of their voluptuous courts and gazed with lack lustre eye upon the matchless marvels of the female form; but the period which anticipated satiety could not have been without its charm. There must have been moments when Eastern monarchs—Aurungzebe, for instance—had twinges of remorse, when they thought of murdered brothers and fathers starving to death in underground dungeons; it must have been soothing to chase dull care away in such company as the Merry Monarch had at his beck and call, with ears tickled with dulcet music and eyes feasted with every varying harmonies of loveliness.

Modern taste has outgrown the Nautch girls, and Dr. Parkhurst stands at the door of the temple of Venus, club in hand, ready to brain the rash wight who enters. But, after all, the man of the world takes people as they are, not as they ought to be, and when a spectacle which, in Egypt, is only exhibited to those who are very good and very rich, reappears periodically on the stage and draws audiences composed of our best society, what are we to infer? Simply that the same old Adam still inhabits the earth, with the same love of beauty, *n'importe à quelle sauce*, and the same ready lie to excuse his treading in the path of the elders, whose indiscretion with Susanna has been so justly reprehended.

Mr. Wilson's leading lady and partner in business, Miss Marie Jansen, is not here with the troupe. Her place was taken this week by Miss Lulu Glaser, who played Lazuli, the peddler. She is an exceedingly attractive young lady, who plays with spirit and verve. Her vocalism is up to the level of the troupe, which is hardly high commendation. But Mr. Wilson has evidently come to the conclusion that people prefer witty, mirth-provoking dialogue and piquant combinations of beauty to pretentious melodies. The music of "The Merry Monarch," which was written by M. Chabrier and adapted by Woolson Morse, is not very fetching; the best things in it have a suspiciously familiar air. Miss Glaser conceotrates herself on her acting, and she does it very well. She has a *svelte* figure, looks well in tights, and has an uncommonly pretty face.

It may be noted, as material to serve the future author of the social history of San Francisco, that the Baldwin was filled to repletion to see Mr. Wilson, that on the same night Miss Juch's company gave a representation of "Pinafore" to a fine house at the Grand Opera, and that the Tivoli was filled with people attracted by "The Black Hussar." Over three thousand people paid money on that evening to hear music.

This thing occurs so constantly here that people rarely notice it. And yet it is quite remarkable that a city of three hundred thousand people should be able to furnish three large audiences on the same night to hear musical entertainments which did not commend themselves by extraordinary merit or novelty. No such phenomenon could be witnessed in other cities of the size of Sao Francisco, as, for instance, St. Louis, Baltimore, St. Paul, or Minneapolis. We are bound to infer that the taste for music is more highly cultivated here than it is there, and that, after New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, this is the city which offers the best field for the professional musician. Traveling operatic troupes, in effect, generally do better here than in any other place—except Chicago—west of the Atlantic Coast. The peculiarity should lead to the creation of musical works on this coast. The old adage says that wherever Mæcenas is found, Virgils are sure to spring up; which simply means that art and letters will thrive wherever the conditions are favorable, and the author and the artist see their way to reward. A beginning—and a very promising beginning—was made with "Bluff King Hal." Now let us see what is to follow. If we have one resident who can write opera, we must have many. If Messrs. Stewart and O'Connell could write "Bluff King Hal," they can do something better by-and-bye. Who is the young musician that destiny has marked out to inscribe his name beside theirs on the roll of fame?

At the theatres during the week commencing June 6th: The Tivoli Company in "Erminie"; Frank Daniels in "Little Puck"; W. H. Powers in "The Ivy Leaf"; "The Midnight Alarm"; and repetition of Francis Wilson in "The Merry Monarch."

"What impressed me the most in America? The women," said Harry Furniss, *Punch's* famous artist to a reporter. "They are simply dreams of delight and beauty. They are so beautiful, so refined-looking, dress so neatly, that I have not yet got over wondering at them."

A dose of Ayer's Sarsaparilla each morning, during vacation, will greatly benefit you.

An electrical "transformer" has been exhibited in the Crystal Palace by which fifty horse-power can be transmitted for a reasonable distance through a wire no thicker than a hair, and across the Atlantic, with a loss of two horse-power, through a wire a tenth of an inch thick.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

The minstrel song, "Sweet Evalina," which was popular ten or twelve years ago, suggested to Hughey Dougherty a name for his infant daughter. She has now grown up sufficiently to be a child star, and is having a play written for her.

The seats for the first night of the Daly Company in the new Stockwell's Theatre will be sold at auction by Eastoo, Eldridge & Co. During the Daly engagement, the price of seats will be two dollars, but thereafter the regular price will be somewhat lower.

Louis James and Frederick Warde are to join forces in September and travel as far West as San Francisco. Their repertoire will include "Othello," "Julius Cæsar," "Francesca da Rimini," "The Lion's Mouth," and "Memnoo"—these last two being tragedies by Henry Guy Carleton.

There is a large scrap-book of dramatic clippings in the New York *Sun* office, from which the following biographical bit is drawn:

"Helena Benda Modjeska does not look her age, which is dangerously near to fifty, and the marvel of her youthful demeanor and ripe beauty is that she has been a hard-working actress for more than thirty years. At eighteen she was the bride of G. S. Modezejewski, a contraction of which name is her present stage name; at twenty-two a widow, and at twenty-six again a wife, with the Count Charles Bozenta Chlapovsky as her husband; to-day a rich woman, though once an impoverished Polish exile. Few who see her would suspect her of being a grandmother; yet she is proud of it."

Jacobowski's popular light opera, "Erminie," will be given at the Tivoli next week, with the following cast:

Marquis de Ponvert, Geo. Olmi; Erminie, Belle Thorne; Javotte, Gracie Plaisted; Cerise, May Chester; Princesse de Grampeneaux, Grace Vernon; Captain de Launey, Emma Vorce; Marie, Irene Mull; Cadeux, Ferris Hartman; Ravennes, Ed. N. Knight; Eugene, Phil Branson; Chevalier de Brabazon, M. Cornell; Dufois, Duncan Smith; Simon, Ed. Torpe; Ernest de Brissac, H. A. Barkalew.

This will be the first appearance of George Olmi at the Tivoli, and Belle Thorne will make her reappearance after an absence of two years.

Edgar S. Kelley has composed the music of a light opera for which the libretto was written by C. M. S. McLellan, a clever New York journalist, and Pauline Hall is to produce it in Boston in a few weeks. Those who have looked it over predict a decided success, and the manager of the new Fifth Avenue Theatre has engaged it for eight weeks next winter. The opera is called "Puritania: or, The Earl and the Maid of Salem," and the company supporting Miss Hall includes Juliette Corson, Irene Verona, Fred Solomon, and other well-known singers, and a chorus of sixty voices.

For some weeks we have been receiving bundles of marked papers containing notices of Manager Sam T. Jack and his Creole Burlesque Company, consisting of "fifty beautiful brunette ladies." Curiously enough, these notices say nothing of the play in which they appear or their ability in singing and acting, but are careful accounts of Manager Jack's elaborate precautions to protect his dusky charges against predatory "Johnnies." These latter, all along the line of travel, are pictured as being in quite a fever of excitement over the novelty of treating Chloe Coughdrop and Tottie Snowball to watermelon and corn-pone instead of the traditional beer and pickled pig's feet.

That low-browed, heavy-jawed woman, Omene, who was assistant to the juggler, Yank Hoe, when the last Kiralfy company was here—the one in which Carmencita danced for San Francisco—has sued Koster & Bial in New York because they stopped her dance at their place of amusement on the ground that it was indecent. She sued for five hundred dollars, and got it—but that is neither here nor there. The interesting part came in when, in discussing the alleged indecency of the dance and the costume worn in it, Omene started to put on the costume in court to convince the jury. This was all right until she came to gauze trousers and the tights that are worn beneath them. At that point the judge drew the line, and everybody breathed again.

For strengthening and clearing the voice use "Brown's Bronchial Troches."—"I have commended them to friends who were public speakers, and they have proved extremely serviceable."—*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.*

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Popular Prices. 25 and 50 cents.

The remaining three Steinway Hall Concerts, under the patronage of Mr. John Parrott and Mr. F. W. Ludovici, which were to have taken place during the months of June, July, and August, are postponed and will be given during the months of September, October, and November instead. Timely notice will be given through the papers.

Mrs. Katherine T. Booth announces that she will give Lessons in Whist Playing.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

No chickeo patty—Adelina.—*Life.*

Rose—"Does Mr. Verydull koow aoything?" *Lillian*—"Know anything! He doesn't eveo *suspect* anything."—*Life.*

Sarah Berohardt is bitterly opposed to the corset, and oo wooder. She cao oot wear one without suspenders.—*Texas Siftings.*

"Is Dr. Sixthly ao influential mao?" "Very. He prayed for rain last Suoday and the congregation was dreoched."—*Judge.*

He—"It's lots of fun to make fun of society, iso't it?" *She*—"Yes; but it's heaps more fun to be io society aod be made fuo of."—*Truth.*

The new minister—"I hope you pray every day to be better?" *The belle*—"Oh, dear me, no. I am so good oow I'm a hore to my friends."—*Life.*

"George, dear, doo't you think it's extravagaot of you to eat butter with that delicious jam?" "No, love; economical. Same piece of bread does for both."—*Bazar.*

We have ooticed that wheo you tell a woman her daughter is just the image of her wheo she was that age, the mother looks pleased, the daughter looks scared.—*Atchison Globe.*

It is a great shock to a young married womao to realize that, wheo her hushaod comes home, it is oot to tell her how much he thioks of her, but to get somethiog to eat.—*Chicago Times.*

The difficulties of Cerberus: *First head*—"I say!" *The other two*—"What?" *First head*—"I see a friend of mine coming. If you two doo't object, I'd like to wag our tail."—*Life.*

Featherstone—"What did your sister say wheo you told her I was here in the parlor waitiog for her?" *Bobby*—"Nothio'. But she took a ring off ooe finger and put it on aoother."—*Life.*

The hideous douht: *She*—"You have been calliog on Miss Plaokiogtoo quite often of late, haveo't you? Has she always heeo at home?" *He*—"That's just what I bave beeo wooderiog."—*Life.*

Hunker—"Hello, Ricketts, wheo is your marriage to Miss Muon comiog off?" *Ricketts*—"It has beeo iodefinitely postpooed." *Hunker*—"What's the trouble?" *Ricketts*—"Oh, she married another fellow."—*Ex.*

She—"Womao can oot be satirical, any more than they cao be humorous." *He*—"So? How is it that when a mao proposes, after courtiog a girl for seven years, she says, 'Oh! George, this is so sudden?'"—*Life.*

Borker—"I think, on the whole, I woo't take the picture. I prefer spendiog ioy mooey io statues rather thao io pictures, because you cao see more than ooe side of a statue, aod get your mooey's worth better."—*Bazar.*

"What did Neighbob say wheo you told him you wanted to marry his daughter?" "He dido't absolutely refuse, but he imposed a very serious cooditioo." "What was it?" "He said he would see ioe haoged first."—*Truth.*

"It's a pity to let all those old settlers drowo," said Mrs. Noah, as the ark floated. "They won't if they're truthful," said Noah, with a chuckle; "one of 'em was telliog me yesterday that this storm iso't a marker to one he remembered back in 476099."—*Life.*

He (just after the proposal)—"I'm so delighted, my darling, that you do not object to smoke." *She*—"Oh, oo, I like it; but mamma can't bear it." *He* (softly)—"You are my first thought. I will smoke cootinually wheo we have our little house."—*Evening Sun.*

She—"Do you remember what day this is the anoiversary of?" *He*—"Well, I should say I did." *She*—"I thought you would." *He*—"Humph! Who could forget the day his owo house was burned?" *She*—"George!" *He*—"What?" *She*—"It's the day you proposed to me!" (Tears and a sceoe.)—*Life.*

Husband—"I am not ready to go out walking yet." *Wife*—"But I am, and we must go immediately." *Husband*—"But, my dear, your hat is not oo straight." *Wife*—"Dear me! Iso't it? Wait a mioute till I go to my room and fix it." (Exit wife for half an hour, and her shrewd husband completes his work.)—*Puck.*

"Mr. Newcome," inquired the city-editor, "did you write this article, in which the statement is made that 'K. K. Perkinson suicided yesterday afternoon'?" "Yes, sir," answered the new man on the local staff. "H'm!" rejoined the city-editor, blandly; "Mr. Newcome, you will please consider yourself 'resignatiooed.'"—*Chicago Tribune*

In Reyer's opera of "Salammbo," just produced at the Grand Opéra in Paris, there are fourteen hundred persoos on the stage in the last act.

It is beyond question that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral heads the list of remedies for diseases of the throat and lungs.

Summer Fashions for Men.

Io Lacauchie's day, Paris set the fashioos of the world for meo as well as womeo, then Merrie Englaod took a baod io the ever-changing game of fashion, aod the eccentricities and foibles of the swells of the tight little isle became all the rage. Now, however, things have changed, aod America is setting its owo styles aod fashions. This is particularly and essentially true of meo's attire, aod the consequeoce is that the ultra-loose garments of last season are giving way to neatness in fit, which is certainly more becoming to a geotlemao who desires to appear well-dressed.

The anglomaniacs, with Prince Albert Edward as the suo toward which every monocle was turned, have had their way, and now the oative-boro Aoierican, who is proud of the laod of his birth, is asserting his rights aod evidently with the best ol iotentioos. This summer has brought to us several ionovatioos, all of which are of vital importaoce to those who keep up with the fashions.

Pertineot to this chaoge in style is the uodisputed fact that ready-made clothing is gradually superseding the work ol the merchant tailor, whose slow methods aod exorbitant prices have relegated them to a positioo second to that of the wide-awake, energetic maoulacturer who turns out a hundred suits to his one.

Iodeed, it does seem to be a waste of money to pay a merchaot tailor fifty dollars for a suit of clothes wheo practically the same article can be purchased ready made for ooe-half of that sum and less. Many will ask: "Do the clothes fit?" And the respoose will be: "Certaioly; if they do oot at first, slight alterations will make them perfect."

Ooe of the largest firms oo this coast who deal io ready-made clothing is Goodkind & Keilus, the proprietors of the great emporium popularly knowo as "The Hub," situated at the oorth-east corner of Kearoy and Sutter Streets. Mr. Keilus is a past-graod master in his lioe, aod is thoroughly posted oo every esseotial of his busioess. In a conversation with a representative of this paper, Mr. Keilus remarked that over two-thirds of the best-dressed meo io Sao Fraocisco buy ready-made clothing. "Aod why should they oot?" he continued; "they obtaio hooest values for their mooey io the best fabrics that the looms of both the Old aod New Worlds can supply."

Io the course of a loog ioterview, he said that the firm is at preseot makiog large sales of summer suits. Mohairs, serges, Irish cheviots, Scotch tweeds, aod homespuos are the fashiooable goods for the summer, in shades of gray, slate, and electric blue. Three-buttoo cutaways and sack-coats, with a soft rolling froot, are the style, and they may be worn either buttooed or opeo. The vests are made with five buttoos aod ootch collars, aod the trousers are cut smaller than they were last summer.

Mr. Keilus, io explaioiog the business methods adopted by "The Hub," stated that the firm had one particular advantage over every other firm io its lioe io this city, as it maoufactured all of its owo clothiog, thereby saviog the purchasers the profits made by middlemeo. This fact alone was one of the principal causes of the uoparalleled success "The Hub" has met with. They do oot deal io auction goods, and have no occasioo to give a guaranty to keep their goods io repair, as they are so well made that the occasioo does not exist.

Ao inspectioo of the large, well-lighted, aod haodsomely appointed establishment revealed a wealth of goods sufficient, appareotly, to clothe a legioo of meo. The garmeots were all well tailored, tastefully finished, aod gave every evideoce of beiog stylish and, at the same time, serviceable. It will well repay any ooe to step in there aod examine the fine garmeots that are displayed there, whether you intend purchasing or not. To the majority of people the display will be a revelation, and a most pleasant one at that.

It is always a pleasure for a gentleman to make his purchases from an old-established firm aod ooe that enjoys the coofidence of the commuoity. One is assured of courteous treatment, and in every way obtains the full value of his expeoditure. In recommendiog "The Hub" we may remark, pareothetically, that it is oot a straoger to the public. The firm has been established in busioess io this city for many years, aod its members, by their energy, enterprise, aod strict hooesty in their transactioos have erected a lasting moomeot to themselves in the magnificeot business they oow cootrol.

They have established a certaio prestige with the busioess commuoity, with the men who desire to and do dress well, and are now, beyood question or cavil, the leaders io their lioe of business io San Francisco.

— THE PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY has made a new rule so that when the regular sailing-date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched on the following Mooday, iostead of on the preceding Saturday as heretofore. Io accordaoce with this rule, the steamship *San Juan* will sail oo Juoe 6th instead of June 4th.

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A crusade in favor of currency is thus begun by Vickery & Hill, publishers of the *Vickery & Hill List*: "A movement should begin in favor of fractional currency; to try in a measure to do away with the enormous loss and inconvenience which is brought about by the use of stamps in remittances through the mail. It is unnecessary to point out the great advantage of scrip, not ooly for persooal use, hut for the purpose we have named. The excessive use of postage-stamps compels large receivers to dispose of them at a large discount, which often amounts to many thousands of dollars a year; aod this is hut ooe of hundreds of such iostances.

"Briefly stated, the situation is this: The government had out some $50,000,000 in scrip, which was simply small demand-ootes. These were retired and bonds substituted in their place, upoo which four per ceot. is paid, at an annual interest cost of about $2,000,000. As a matter of fact, the government is the richer by many millions of dollars, because so much of this scrip, by loss and otherwise, has never beeo presented for redemption.

"For a oumber of years this question has beeo more or less agitated, and has been brought to the attention of Congress in one way and another. It has always been agreed in the committees that there was no douht that something was needed, hut an agreemeot has never been reached in what shape it should be issued. The simplest form would naturally be the demand-note based oo the good faith of the nation; hut, of course, there are other and more elaborate ways, such as the fractional silver-certificate, currency based on gold, boods, etc.

"Now what we wish to say is that we believe the time is ripe to have some kind of measure put through. It is a well-known fact that the postal-note, which costs the high price of three cents, is absolutely valueless, and entails inconvenience both in buying and cashing the same, and it has never accomplished the purpose for which it was intended—to do away with the remittance of stamps. There is a healthy public sentiment on the subject; and we have no douht that the most casual inquiry among general advertisers would show that there is a good deal of feeling upoo it. People who sell stamps at a discount, were they assured that the thing could be well conducted, could well afford to contrihute to have the matter properly brought before Congress."

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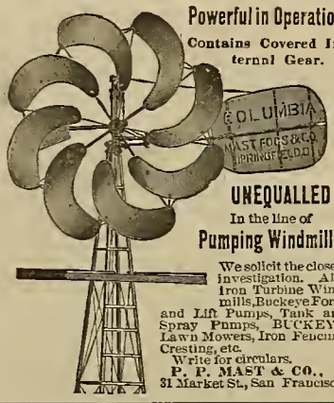

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supplying; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

The *World*, of New York, does not like the remarks recently made by the *Argonaut* concerning that city, with reference to the shameful manner in which the remains of General Grant had been neglected for years. Not only does the *World* not like our remarks, but it shows a perfect New York incapacity to understand them. It is puzzled by what it calls "that curious vindictiveness felt toward this city in many other cities." The "vindictiveness" it regards as a "phenomenon of very extraordinary character." Then, with that truly unprovincial modesty for which the town is distinguished, the *World* says:

"New York alone among American cities belongs to the whole country, free from any local or provincial proprietorship. In it alone is reflected the spirit of the whole country, untouched by any local narrowness or the dominance of any local prejudice. New York is the financial and commercial capital of the country, the second city in the world in importance and one of the first in impressiveness. What it is, the entire country has made it. Its glory is the glory of the entire country. It is the one material achievement which may fairly be called the handiwork of the American people, and not of any provincial or local part of the people."

This is the portrait of the metropolis as it is not, but as it ought to be. So far from New York being free from provincialism, she is not only provincial, but parochial. She has not been made by the "entire country," but by the entire world, which sends through the city's gates a never-ending flood of ignorance, pauperism, and criminality. Such portion of this muddy flood as forces itself westward becomes diffused and diluted; the portion that remains, retains all its native strength, and gives color and odor to the population. This, primarily, is why the country does not share New York's admiration for New York. The city, though the largest in the United States, is not American in spirit, but foreign. And as the foreigners who make the city's spirit are for the most part the refuse of the countries from which they come, the degradation of New York's masses is deeper than that of almost any other large city in the world. In her slums, which occupy so much of the island that the respectable spots are like white dots on a black map, the foulness of all nations is mingled, and the compound is viler than any one of the ingredients.

"New York's glory," this violet of a *World* tells us, "is the glory of the entire country." In what does New York's glory consist? Is it in her government by Tammany, which is the massed political power of the slums led by the rascalry of the city? Is it in her society—McAllister's Four Hundred, an unrelieved plutocracy—whose vulgarity excites the scorn and ridicule of all other societies? Is it in the dirt and destitution of the great majority of her alien population? Is it in her press? Nowhere else are the newspapers, whose large circulation proves that they meet popular taste, so subservient to the counting-room, so truckling to the mob, so cowardly in the avoidance of issues which might give offense to the national and religious prejudices of the hordes of Europeans of the lowest types who swarm in those temples of ignorance, filth, and superstition—the tenement-houses. Such of New York's newspapers as dare address intelligence and patriotism in an American voice are the smallest in circulation, the least profitable. The city is ruled by Tammany, and Tammany, in turn, by the priests of the Catholic Church, who in darkest Spain have not greater power over people and treasury. The city and State revenues are appropriated by the million for the church's benefit, and the popular newspapers are forced, out of regard to their own revenue, to maintain a discreet silence. The *World*, we understand, has a larger circulation than any of its contemporaries. Did the *World* venture to show any scorn when Mayor A. Oakey Hall reviewed a St. Patrick's Day procession from the steps of the city hall, dressed in a green claw-hammer coat? Did the *World* stand by Mayor Hewitt when, as an American official, he refused to hoist the Irish flag over that same city hall on another St. Patrick's Day? Did not the *World* and the other "great dailies" of America's largest city permit Mayor Hewitt to be beaten for a second term because he had the sense and courage to decline to join them in groveling before the Irish, New York's ruling caste? Was the *World* shocked when, a few months ago, at a mass meeting in Cooper Union, Mayor Grant fell upon his knees and kissed the hand of Archbishop Corrigan? If the world was shocked, the *World* was too prudent to let the foreign and Catholic city in which it is published know it.

It is true that New York is "the financial and commercial capital of the country." But what of her rich men? They are without public spirit as a class and indifferent to their duties as citizens. This is not remarkable, considering the sort of people by whom they are surrounded. On their social side their sympathies are European, not American. It is their sons who most largely recruit that strange order of prideless beings, unknown away from the Atlantic shore, the anglomaniacs—young Americans so little capable of understanding their country or of appreciating the honor of its citizenship as to find their greatest happiness in being mistaken for Englishmen.

New York is big and rich, as London, Paris, and Berlin are rich and big; but New York is not American as London is English, Paris French, and Berlin German. New York is a piebald hybrid. This is not New York's fault, to be sure. She can not help her geographical situation, which makes her a convenience to Europe as a dumping-ground for human rubbish. She can not help being narrow in thought and vile in life, since the bulk of her residents are transplanted peasants and the deported riff-raff of European capitals. She can not help being priest-ridden and priest-robbed, since her towering tenements and huddling shanties are packed with the offal of Ireland and Italy. But New York should not be allowed to soothe her vanity with illusions. The United States can not afford to permit her to offer herself to the world's inspection as a "national city," which is the title given her by our esteemed but mistaken foreign contemporary, the *World*. National pride revolts. New York does not "belong to the whole country"—the country disowns her. She was a Tory town during the Revolution, and a Copperhead town during the Civil War.

Bristol is one of the oldest sea-ports of the United Kingdom, and was at one time second to London only. It was a Bristol ship which first touched at the continent of North America, and in the eighteenth century the tobacco of Virginia was shipped to Bristol. Situate at the head of the navigable portion of the Avon, eight miles from its junction with the estuary of the Severn, and with a depth of water of forty-eight feet at spring-tides and twenty-three feet at neap-tides, it enjoyed unsurpassed advantages for foreign trade. At the middle of the last century, the sum of money collected for customs duties at Bristol was thrice as large as was collected at Liverpool. But toward the close of the century, the Liverpudlians began to develop their port, and they took away from Bristol nearly the whole of its maritime commerce. How this was accomplished may be explained on the simple theory that Liverpool was enterprising and Bristol was not.

Liverpool built a railroad to Manchester, and kept it running long before Bristol had any communication with the interior except by turnpike roads. The first steamship which left England to New York sailed out of Bristol; but when ocean steam navigation became a demonstrated possibility, it was Liverpool which induced the Cunard steamers to make it their home port. It was not till 1848 that the city of Bristol purchased the city docks; and it was many years after that before the sharp bends and other obstructions in the Avon were removed so that steamers drawing twenty-two feet of water could sail up to the docks. Within the past twenty-five or thirty years, the people of Bristol have awakened to their danger of imminent death, and they have been bestirring themselves actively to regain the maritime trade they allowed to slip through their fingers.

They have enlarged the Bristol docks proper till they inclose sixty-three acres of water, and, besides these, they have built other docks at the mouth of the river, at Avonmouth and Portishead, which can accommodate ocean vessels of the largest dimensions. From these docks fleets of small steamers ply daily to Cardiff and Swansea in Wales, Cork, Waterford, Belfast, Dublin, and Wexford in Ireland, Glasgow in Scotland, and Liverpool, London, and Penzance in England. Every ten days, a steamer of about 2,000 tons register sails for New York, and twice a month, each of two other lines

dispatches a steamer of about 3,000 tons for the same point. The Dominion Line sends a fortnightly steamer of the same size to Montreal. Other lines have been laid on to Hamburg, Bordeaux, Antwerp, and Cadiz. Under the stimulus of these energetic measures, the maritime trade of Bristol has largely increased. In 1847, the register tonnage of vessels which entered the port of Bristol from foreign ports was 100,722 tons; in 1891, it was 700,133. In 1847, the register tonnage of all the vessels which entered the port of Bristol was 546,753 tons; in 1891, it was 1,402,823. In 1861, the imports of grain at Bristol were 443,885 quarters; in 1891, they were 2,486,624 quarters. In 1861, Bristol took 202 tons of American bacon and hams, and 720 tons of American cheese; in 1891, it took 7,486 tons of bacon and hams, and 12,623 tons of cheese. In 1861, it received no American cattle; in 1891, 17,194 head of cattle were landed on the banks of the Avon.

Thus are the people of Bristol endeavoring to repair the errors of the past. They will probably succeed in swelling the trade of their port by their enterprise and energy; whether they will renew their old rivalry with Liverpool is another question. The machine of commerce is delicate and conservative in its action. It loves to work in familiar grooves. Merchants and shippers who have been in the habit of dealing with one particular port can not easily be persuaded that they would fare better elsewhere. Liverpool's supremacy is probably too well established to be shaken.

And here is where the lesson comes in for San Francisco. This is the normal seaport of the Pacific Coast of North America. In the natural course of things, the nations which inhabit the shores of the Pacific would send here what they have to sell, and would buy here the goods they require to purchase. Owing to causes which need not be explained, we have allowed England, France, and Germany to elbow us out of the Chinese and Japanese markets for manufactured goods, though we are ten thousand miles nearer the consumers of these goods than they are. The question now is whether we are not going to let the rest of the maritime trade of the Pacific be taken from us by Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, and Victoria. If the people of these ports display energy and enterprise, while we sleep on both ears, waiting for Providence to help us, we shall undoubtedly play the part of Bristol to their Liverpool. We have advantages over these northern ports; but they are not greater than the advantages which Bristol possessed over Liverpool a century ago. Victoria, a little provincial town with a handful of people in it, has regular tri-monthly intercourse with Japan and China, and is about to have a line to Australia, by way of Honolulu. Portland is starting a fine line of steamers to cross the ocean. Tacoma has begun a line of steamers to connect with the Northern Pacific Railway—the steamship *Phra-Tong* of this line is already on the high seas. Other seaports of Washington will not be far behind. If we do not want to drop into the sleep from which there is no awakening, it is time that we began to show signs of life.

It is fortunate for the interests of the one true faith, as shed abroad over the darkened earth from Rome, that the Wrist of the Grandmother of God performed its recent miracles in the enlightened American city of New York instead of in the benighted land of Bavaria. There, a sinful disposition is shown by the secular authorities to investigate the holy wonders of the church, and thus increase pestilent heresy and encourage that spirit of irreverence for Mother Church's mysteries which is one of the most deplorable characteristics of this godless age. The Bavarian Ministry of the Interior has had the infidel temerity to take up the case of a ten-year-old boy named Zilk, the son of a well-to-do miller. This hardy sinner was declared by Father Aurelian, of the Capuchin Cloister in Wemding, diocese of Augsburg, to be possessed by a devil. The devil was driven out by Father Aurelian, who made an official report of the exorcism. Its publication in the Cologne *Gazette* moved the authorities to institute an inquiry, the result of which will not be known for several weeks. From Father Aurelian's report it appears that Master Zilk (aged ten years) was possessed of a devil, because he furnished peculiarly favorable conditions for satanic activity, his father being a Roman Catholic and his mother a Protestant. Worse still, the Catholic Church had been denied the honor and profit of uniting the couple in marriage, a Protestant minister having performed the ceremony. Under the influence of the imp who used him as a dwelling, Master Zilk became an offender of so gross a sort that such hair as remained on the heads of the tonsured Capuchin monks stood upright. He was guilty of the unheard-of behavior of rebelling against parental authority, and showed such repugnance to religion that he "could not only not pray, but could not hear prayer without falling into a rage." Parents of small boys who have kept one eye on them during family and public worship, and who have attributed the restlessness of their offspring to fidgets, will know now how much more serious is the cause of the youngsters' inattention and peevishness. Father Aurelian saw at once what the matter was, and took the miserable Master Zilk and his indwelling demon to the Capuchin cloister. After impressive preliminaries, the exorcism, personally conducted by Father Aurelian, was proceeded with as follows:

> Father Aurelian addressed to the devil the question:
> "Have you left this child's body?"
> The devil replied that he had.
> "Have you left this child's body never to return?"
> Again, Father Aurelian says, came the answer, "I have."
> "In the name of the Trinity, I adjure you, have you left this child's body?"
> The answer being again in the affirmative, Father Aurelian asked:
> "Where are you now?"
> "In hell," was the answer.
> Father Aurelian adds that only in the last answer had the devil told the truth. Before that he had not left the boy, but was lying, "for he is the father of lies," comments Father Aurelian.
> "At first" [says Father Aurelian] "the devil had answered in an impudent and spiteful tone, but the last answer was quite melancholy. Now the boy began to weep. It was the sign that the evil spirit had really left him. I now made the boy make the sign of the cross, contemplate the crucifix, repeat the holy names of Jesus and Mary, as well as that of the Archangel Michael. He did so, weeping bitterly. I handed him the pieces of the cross and sacred relics to kiss. He kissed them with many tears. He then said the Lord's Prayer and the Ave Maria, sobbing loudly. This ended the exorcism, and a thanksgiving mass was then held."

His reverence, the Christian world will be rejoiced to learn, reports that Master Zilk, since having his devil extracted, goes to church now, like a good boy, and does as he is bid. It is intimated, however, that the devil was not extracted without pain, since certain reports are abroad (due, doubtless, to impious persons) that the child was cruelly beaten by Father Aurelian, as an additional inducement to the demon to vacate the premises. It is on account of these reports, say the dispatches, that the investigation has been undertaken, "the government fearing that similar means may be resorted to in future attempts to exorcise evil spirits were no effort made to discountenance such practices."

"Discountenance such practices," indeed! There shows the cloven hoof. Why should such practices be discountenanced? What is there that is singular, or even remarkable, about Father Aurelian's conduct? His course was in strict accord with the doctrine and practice of his church. All the fathers, the whole Christian world, prior to the appearance of Martin Luther, believed in possession, and Brother Martin himself, as is well known, threw an inkstand at the devil. The Roman Catholic forms for exorcising possessed persons are still retained in the church's ritual, unrepealed, unamended, and, as no hint is given that Father Aurelian took liberties with it, the inference is irresistible that so conservative and pious a priest adhered to it strictly, though possibly, after routing the fiend, he made assurance of cure doubly sure, humanly speaking, by laying the strap on Master Zilk's dispossessed trousers, "for luck."

Though Father Aurelian may be persecuted in Bavaria for righteousness sake, a welcome will always await him in this land of freedom and revivified Roman Catholicism. Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, who knelt and kissed the Wrist of the Grandmother of God; Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, who used so modern and Protestant an instrumentality as the electric telegraph to send to Corrigan his regrets at not being able to make a pilgrimage to the metropolis of the United States for the same holy purpose; the forty thousand of the faithful in New York who crowded to the church where the relic was exposed, and worshiped it there; the press of New York, that bowed its editorial columns in reverence to this miracle-working fragment of human flesh and bone; all the prelates and priests of the land (not one of whom has raised a doubting or protesting voice against the Wrist); all the politicians anxious about the Catholic vote—these will hold open their arms to receive the devout old-timer from Bavaria.

And Father Aurelian could not do better for himself and his generation than to pack up his traps (including his bell, book, and candle, and the Latin formula which proved so efficacious in evicting Master Zilk's undesirable tenant), and emigrate to America. We have a large supply of very active and troublesome devils inhabiting American citizens. The Contract Labor Law does not apply to clergymen, and capital could easily be raised to import Father Aurelian and back him in the enterprise of establishing bichloride of faith sanitariums on the Keeley plan. To these, cashiers and other fiduciary employees could be sent to have the embezzling demons expelled from them. Candidates for the legislature would be required by an insistent public opinion to undergo treatment to fortify them against the assaults of the boodle fiend. Officials of all degrees would be advantaged by a course of anti-pledge-breaking prayer. The demon of greed might be driven from railroad presidents; the father of lies he made to flee from the editorial soul; the spirit of theft from mining operators; and the devil of sloth from silurians. Husbands contemplating a trip abroad for their fashionable wives, would pay Father Aurelian handsomely to insure them against these ladies becoming possessed of that evil spirit which forces them to accept the embraces of fascinating foreigners; and, finally, the demon of Democracy might possibly be driven from the naturalized voter, though this, it must be confessed, is a work that comes within the province of Dr. Keeley rather than of Father Aurelian.

The list of American millionaires, which the New York *Tribune* has been publishing, is about finished. It is not absolutely perfect. Some names are omitted owing to the unwillingness of their owners to advertise their wealth. The list contains others which are those of men who have either ceased to be millionaires, or who enjoy a reputation for wealth which is undeserved. But its approach to accuracy is so close that it may be used as a basis of calculation; and probably the omissions balance the erroneous additions. It is pretty safe to say that the actual number of persons who are worth a million, or nearly a million, or several millions, does not vary far from the *Tribune's* estimate. We may, therefore, with some confidence, recapitulate the figures of our New York contemporary, in the following table:

A LIST OF AMERICAN MILLIONAIRES BY STATES.

States.	*Number.*	*States.*	*Number.*
Alabama	10	New Hampshire	14
Arkansas	6	New Jersey	127
California	162	New Mexico	3
Colorado	17	New York, outside New York city	428
Connecticut	79	North Carolina	14
Delaware	16	North Dakota	1
District of Columbia	31	Ohio	174
Florida	6	Oregon	18
Georgia	11	Pennsylvania	399
Idaho	3	Rhode Island	47
Illinois	340	South Carolina	10
Indiana	37	South Dakota	0
Iowa	28	Tennessee	25
Kansas	11	Texas	55
Kentucky	24	Utah	16
Louisiana	35	Vermont	13
Maine	17	Virginia	26
Maryland	59	Washington	24
Massachusetts	259	West Virginia	7
Michigan	104	Wisconsin	64
Minnesota	85	Wyoming	1
Mississippi	2	New York city, partly estimated	1,275
Missouri	85		
Montana	24	Total	4,204
Nebraska	15		

There are thus over four thousand two hundred persons in this country whose belongings must be reckoned in seven figures, and this is exclusive of corporations. The States which contain the largest number of very rich men are the following, and their rank is shown by the order in which they come: New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Massachusetts, Ohio, California, New Jersey, and Michigan. New York has a long lead over all the others, partly because when citizens of other States acquire a million, they usually go to New York to spend it. The States which contain the smallest number of millionaires are the new States, to which Washington and Montana are exceptions, or the old slave States, where, until the war, rich men put their means into slaves, and thus there are no patrimonial estates. Of the eight States which contain a hundred millionaires or over, all are old States, except Illinois, which has been seventy-four years in the Union; Michigan, which has been fifty-five years; and California, which has been forty-two years.

The sources of the fortunes of these millionaires have been as various as the persons to whom they belong. A vast number of them can be traced to the acquisition of real estate in cities, which increased in value in time. Many were acquired in railroads. Many sprang from the successful prosecution of productive industry. It is observed that few arose from purely mercantile business. But, perhaps, the largest number were inherited. In running through the *Tribune's* list, one notes curiously how an original fortune, divided between several heirs, has swelled in value, and made a number of millionaires out of one. Thus the original Cutting millionaire, of New York, is now represented by eight Cuttings, who all became millionaires by judiciously investing the money he left. William E. Dodge, the merchant, became a millionaire, and eight of his heirs are now millionaires. Six of the Iselins are classed as millionaires out of the money originally made by Adrian Iselin. James C. Ayer, originally of Massachusetts, made a great many millions out of patent medicines, and three of his descendants figure in the millionaire list on the strength of the money he left them. William Thaw, of Philadelphia, made a great fortune in the consolidations out of which the Pennsylvania Railway Company grew; nine millionaires now figure in the list representing his estate. The Franklin Sugar Refinery made the fortune of the original Harrison; there are now four of the name who inherited from him and are all millionaires.

The careful student of these lists will be reminded of Thackeray's advice to a young man—to be born the eldest son of a rich man, and to outlive him. Inheritance is, indeed, the source of a prodigious proportion of American fortunes, and though there is an unwritten law which declares that the son shall squander what the father accumulates, it seems to be pretty frequently honored in the breach. The race of rich spendthrifts seems to be dying out. The rising generation are prudent and careful. They add to their means instead of wasting them, and die richer than they became when they came into title and estates. At the rate at which millionaires are increasing, there will soon be more men of large means in this country than in Europe, and men of modest incomes will have to go and live in London or Paris for economy.

The total indebtedness of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Railroads to the Government of the United States is

about one hundred and fifteen millions of dollars. The Central Pacific owes the government, in round numbers, sixty-two millions of dollars, which is secured by a second mortgage on eight hundred and sixty miles of railroad between Ogden and San José. The first mortgage on the same property amounts to about twenty-six millions of dollars, and is understood to be held largely, if not entirely, by the projectors of the road, or their several successors in interest. As is well known, Congress, years ago, consented to allow the liens to change rank, that is, to allow the first or government mortgage to be postponed to what was originally the second mortgage, thus sacrificing the priority of lien which the United States originally had.

As a consequence of this piece of folly, or worse, if the government undertakes to foreclose its mortgage it must do so subject to the claims of the first mortgagees, which would mean that a purchaser at the foreclosure sale would have to pay eighty-eight millions of dollars, of which twenty-six millions would go to the original projectors. There would seem to be no escape from this proposition if proceedings for foreclosure were to be taken, since the validity of the first mortgage is not open to question under the act of Congress which made it a first lien instead of a second, as it should be.

Obviously the case would be the same whether the government were the purchaser at the sale or a private person or corporation. The twenty-six-million-dollar mortgage must be satisfied, independent of the fact that it has passed into the hands of the original mortgagors. This, then, is the price the people of the United States must pay for the weakness or venality of a Congress which gave away the rights of the United States and received nothing, and worse than nothing, in exchange.

But supposing the transaction ended, the first mortgage paid, the transfer completed, and the Central Pacific in the hands of the government, what could be done with it? One of two things—it could either be operated directly under governmental control, or leased on such terms as to pay interest on the eighty-eight millions which it would represent.

It is sometimes urged that the government should not own and operate the Central Pacific, because the road, under its present management, does not pay. But why does it not pay? Simply because it has been systematically and deliberately wrecked and beggared for the benefit of the Southern Pacific. The owners of the latter road built it out of the profits of the original road, and then turned around and tried to ruin it by diverting business from it, by letting the track and road-bed get out of repair, and by transferring its rolling-stock, with the aid of a sign-painter and a paint-pot, to the new company. The letters "C. P." were changed to "S. P.," and the transformation was effected. The merchants of this city could tell how they have been persuaded, if not coerced, into shipping freight by the "Sunset" route instead of by the Central Pacific.

If the Central Pacific were operated under governmental control, with a fair and equitable schedule of rates, there is no reason why it would not pay interest on the investment, which is all the government would want, except, perhaps, a small sinking fund for repairs and renewals.

But the question is merely one of detail—if it is undesirable for the government to operate the Central and Union Pacific Roads, they can be leased. The important point is to enforce the rights of the people of the United States against the corporation which has been insolently defiant so long, and which has had the unutterable impudence to ask an extension of a hundred years, with a reduction of interest from six per cent. to two, on the ground of the "equities" existing in its favor. This, however, may be put aside, as it is not at all likely that any future Congress can be found to lend itself to such a barefaced attempt at the escape of the liability of the Central and Union Pacific. The Central Pacific debt begins to mature next year, and it must be disposed of within the five years next thereafter. The Union Pacific debt begins to become due in 1895. There is no probability that the Central Pacific will pay its debt to the government, and if it does not, it should be treated precisely like any other mortgagor. The Union Pacific has used the earnings of the road in constructing parallel lines and branches, against which they claim the government lien does not run. It remains to be seen what view the Supreme Court will take of this transferrence of property from the right-hand pocket to the left.

The historian, writing of the political institutions of the American republic, finds none more impressive than that supreme proof of the people's capacity for self-government—the national convention called by each party to select, every four years, the citizens who shall contest at the peaceful ballot-box for the Presidency of the United States, the mightiest office on earth. It thrills the imagination and augments our pride in a race capable of evolving so noble and orderly a method of choosing an uncrowned king, who shall rule an empire greater than the Romans knew. The best men of the party are assembled, and, after grave, intelligent deliberations, on which the blessing of God has been invoked by one of his anointed ministers, nominate for President the member of the party conspicuous above all others for his patriotism, wisdom, and representative quality. True, a great speech by a great orator, the suggestion as by inspiration of some citizen as a candidate whose peculiar fitness flashes with lightning-like suddenness on the surprised consciousness of the convention, may naturally lift such an assembly out of the decorum of the deliberative mood, and move it to a hurricane outburst of enthusiasm. But the delegate is presumed by his constituents to guard himself against the influence of his emotions, and sternly to obey his reason. Such is a national convention, ideally pictured by the dignified historian.

The reality? Consider the carloads of telegrams from Minneapolis published by the daily newspapers during the past week. We should judge that the average delegate is a gentleman who deems himself under sworn obligation to leave his sense and dignity at home and go forth in his party's service as an explosive idiot, set on full-cock, and ready to go off with a bang at the slightest touch upon his optical or auditory trigger. To howl, not to think, appears to be his chief aim. To be ready, nay eager, to join a "stampede," to lay his larynx at the feet of his favorite candidate, to toss aside his hat, tear out his brain and dash it against the rafters of the convention hall, and to pluck forth his lungs and wave the same frantically above his emptied head—these are the deeds of patriotism the delegate assumes are required of him. To prove to the world that President Harrison's administration has been prudent, spirited, and American, and that he should be renominated, the Harrison Club of Indianapolis marches into Minneapolis arrayed in white-starred blue coats with brass buttons, and resplendent in breeches striped in red, white, and blue. To demonstrate that Mr. Blaine's reciprocity policy is advantageous to the United States and that he alone should be President, the Philadelphia Boomers, peacocking behind a brass band, carrying pink parasols and decked in waistcoats of red and yellow, sing through the streets of the convention city their reasons for this profound conviction as follows:

We are for the man from Maine,
He will get there just the same;
Pennsylvania's here to stay,
And she stands by Matthew Quay.
Jerry Rusk for second place,
He will help us win the race;
Won't they make a dandy pair
For the Presidential chair?
Jim and Jerry are the stuff,
Ben has had enough.
There's no flies on M. S. Quay,
He'll help us win the day.—Ta-ra-ra boom de ray.

The Chicago Mastodons, in tin-foil helmets, plum-colored alpaca overcoats, and sky-blue umbrellas, working orange fans, approve Mr. Harrison's courageous and peremptory foreign policy, and express their opinion that the country's salvation depends on his reëlection, in the following terms, to the accompaniment of the irrefutable drum, fife, and cymbal:

He's our Ben; we will vote for Ben,
He's de pride an' he's de glory of de land,
Shout for Ben, Hip, Hurrah for Ben!
He's de pride an' de glory of de land.

California's delegation, in all the pride of intellect and white plug-hats, parades with gayly-colored plumes of pampas grass. It cheers and is cheered. Everybody cheers. Chauncey Depew arrives, with his bright smile and his whiskers. He is cheered. Chairman Clarkson shows himself at a window. He is cheered. Mr. de Young comes out of the hotel dining-room into the rotunda, picking his teeth. He is cheered. Matt Quay is cheered. Tom Platt is cheered. Mr. Reed receives an ovation. Mr. McKinley receives an ovation. Sloat Fassett receives an ovation. Everybody receives an ovation. The convention is called to order. Mr. McKinley mentions Blaine's name. A scene of unexampled enthusiasm ensues. Mr. McKinley mentions Harrison's name. A scene of unexampled enthusiasm ensues. Mr. McKinley speaks of protection. A scene of unexampled enthusiasm ensues. The committees are appointed. A scene of unexampled enthusiasm ensues. The convention adjourns for the day. A scene of unexampled enthusiasm ensues. The bands strike up and the processions of the Blaine Boomers and the Harrison Howlers are resumed, amid scenes of unexampled enthusiasm. It is confidently predicted that however enthusiastic the Democratic National Convention may be, it will be inferior to this magnificent demonstration. Prominent Democrats, however, predict that the enthusiasm at Chicago will be unexampled. Arrangements having that end in view are in active progress. Negotiations with the Harrison Howlers and Blaine Boomers are nearly consummated. They will appear at Chicago as the Hill Whoopers and Cleveland Sky-Cleavers, and contribute materially to the unexampled enthusiasm.

Is this thing ever to stop? Is there to be no end of such idiotic competition between the parties? Does this tomfoolery accomplish anything, save to affect with weary scorn and disgust sensible men of both parties, and to make us ridiculous and contemptible in the eyes of the whole world? There is nothing spontaneous about it. It deceives nobody, for everybody knows that it is all pre-arranged and as cut-and-dried as a nigger-minstrel show. That is the shame of it—that the leaders of the parties should have so mean an opinion of the mental capacity of the republic's citizenship as to suppose that such nauseous clowning and bellowing should affect large political results, and shape the policy of a great nation. But it is some solace to wounded American pride to reflect that it can not go much further, unless—happy thought!—steam shall be applied to the convention industry. In that event, human throats will be spared and the destinies of the United States quadrennially settled by rival batteries of fog-horns and vast opposing bands of calliopes. That would be an improvement, and satisfy more completely every want now supplied by the humiliating and degrading exhibitions made by the contending parties at these saturnalias of brainless noise, out of which—God knows how—good Presidents yet come.

The Methodist General Conference, held recently at Westminster, Md., has struck out the word "obey" from the marriage service used in Methodist churches. A Methodist girl is thus free to assert her equality with her husband, or, if she believes that her mind is the stronger of the two, to claim obedience from him. If he should attempt to assert authority, she may, in States where cruelty is a cause for divorce, seek a separation on the ground of harsh treatment; in States where the law is less liberal, she may fall back upon the natural right of every female to defend herself against violence.

As a matter of fact, the respective rights of married people have not flowed out of the laws governing marriage. Wives have obeyed their husbands, not because the civil or canon law said they should, but because wifely obedience has been throughout the world an immemorial custom, which owed its origin to the physical superiority of the male over the female. In these days of muscular Christianity that superiority is as conspicuous as ever, but with the development of civilization, physical force has been overtopped by mental force, and thus it often happens that the weak woman is stronger than the athletic man. When this occurs, the woman will take command, whether she has promised to obey or not.

As a matter of convenience, it is best that there should be but one will in a household; and, obviously, that should be the will of the bread-winner, without whose exertions the family would go hungry. But when a man learns that if a difference of opinion arises between his wife and himself, she is more likely to be right than he, he will not exert his prerogative, and will take his orders from her. On those terms a vast number of households live, and live happily. It is, sometimes, different with newly formed unions, in which differences arise on trivial grounds. In such young families, happiness will be best promoted by the assertion of marital authority, and by its waiver in all but extreme cases. In matters pertaining to the furnishing, adorning, and regulating the conjugal domicile, and to her own apparel, the wife's word should be law; because no serious result can follow error. But the husband should keep in his hands the right of choosing the society his wife shall keep. Whatever the Methodist Church may say, he should be supreme law-giver in this department.

Other situations will occur to the mind in which it is better for the mutual happiness of the pair that where differences arise, the husband's will shall prevail. He is often intellectually inferior to her; but he has had a rough-and-tumble experience with the world which she has not enjoyed, and this sometimes enables him to measure men and things more accurately than she can. Above all, there resides in every male mind a horror of conspicuous henpecking. A wise woman will allow for sensitiveness on this point; always remembering that if the churches may legalize disobedience, they will not replace a husband who has been lost.

On the whole, the Methodist General Conference has settled nothing—wedded couples will continue to settle the matter for themselves upon the battle-field of matrimony. It is true that man and wife are one, but they must decide which one.

Oregon has gone Republican by a large and decisive majority. The new census gave Oregon another congressman, and she has just elected two Republicans to Congress—Hermann, the present incumbent, and Ellis—both by majorities of over four thousand. It is evident that the Democratic free-trade theory does not impress the Oregonians favorably. How the Democratic organs can expect to make votes on this coast with free trade is a mystery. Why should Oregon want free wool?

The *Argonaut* is obliged to go to press Friday morning in order to get out its edition in time for the outgoing evening mails. The National Convention has not yet balloted as we go to press. Everything, however, points to the nomination of President Harrison.

THE HICKS-BROWN DIVORCE.

An Idyl of South Dakota.

There is always a beginning to an end. What it was in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Hicks-Brown, I do not pretend to know. What I know most about is the end and the appendix. Of course all the differeoces leading up to the last act were thoroughly aired in court and io the newspapers, but it was the final act of brutality on Mr. Hicks-Brown's part that was especially dilated upon, and for weeks this "fieod in human form" was execrated by dames and damsels all over this broad land, and Mrs. Hicks-Brown was an object of heartfelt commiseration on all sides.

I am inclined to think that if Mr. Hicks-Brown had heen more like the men who are held up as model hushands hy the knowing members of certain ladies' societies, he aod Mrs. Hicks-Brown—she whom only two short years since he had promised to love and cherish—would be living in peace and amity, to say nothing of coojugal happiness, even unto this day; and if Mrs. Hicks-Brown had been aoything hut the ooly child of a very rich and foolishly indulgent papa, things might have been different. But Mr. Hicks-Brown was just as much used to having his own way as was his pretty spouse; aod the natural result was family rows, more or less insignificant in character. At first, Mr. Hicks-Brown was inclined to give in, just as all dutiful hubbies are; hut he saw the shoals of trouble on to which this course was causing him to drift, and concluded, after mature consideration, that it was *his* will that should dominate in the Hicks-Brown family, and he fixed his plao of procedure and governed his actions accordingly. Mrs. Hicks-Brown, with feminine iosight, perceived, at an early stage of the game, what her lord's iotentions were; and, as she had always been accustomed to have *her* way, she decided that it was too late to begin knocking under—and there you have what was presumably the beginning of the end.

It was a dog—not only a dog, but a young-lady dog—not only a female caoine, but what Mr. Hicks-Brown termed a "measly, dodgasted pug"—that caused the climax. If there was any creature on earth that Mr. Hicks-Brown loathed aod despised, it was a pug, and especially one of the geotler sex—and his better half, aware of this antipathy, had, with characteristic feminine perversity, availed herself of the first opportunity to possess herself of one of those interesting animals, which speedily won, it seemed, first place in her affections, and made Mr. Hicks-Brown's life miserable.

He stood it, however, as long as he could, hut the end had to come.

Mr. Hicks-Brown was an architect, and it came to pass that he had, on one occasion, beeo invited to prepare the plans for a public building. The plans were drawn and accepted by the committee, which, however, returned them to him for certain important alterations; and they were laid on the table io his den, to be attended to when he returned home in the late afternoon of a certain day.

Now, it so happened that Vic, the pug aforementioned, was of an inquiring turn of mind, and she chose this very afternoon for an exploring tour in the upper part of the house.

When Mr. Hicks-Brown entered his deo, about five o'clock, he saw at once that portions of his plans were missing, and, supposing that his wife had taken them to show to some visitor, he hurried down-stairs.

"Where are those plans?" he asked.

"What plans, dear?" softly inquired Mrs. Hicks-Brown, sliding her caramel ioto one cheek, and still keeping one eye on a particularly thrilliog page of the yellow-back novel in her lap.

"What—what plans! Do you mean to say you didn't take those Calumet Building plans from my table?" asked Mr. Hicks-Brown, in some agitation.

"Oh-h!" said his spouse, mildly surprised. "Why, it must have beeo those that Vic had."

"That—Vic—had!" howled Mr. Hicks-Brown. "And, pray, where are they now?"

"Don't get excited, dear. Were they anything in particular? Vic had some old, soiled pieces of cloth, playing with them awhile ago; but I supposed they were some you had thrown ioto the waste-basket, so I burned—Henry! What are you goiog to do?"

But Henry did not answer. He strode over to the cushion whereon the offending Vic was taking her afternoon *siesta*, gripped her firmly hy the nape of the neck, and, despite his wife's hysterical protests, opened the door and kicked the howliog animal into the street, and, not satisfied with this, wheo Mrs. Hicks-Brown would have rushed to rescue her pet, he took her by the shoulders and forced her into a chair, notiog with grim satisfaction as he did so that a couple of street-arahs were making off with Vic.

That day Mrs. Hicks-Brown went home to her mother, and two weeks later she was a member of the divorce colony in a Western city, seekiog freedom from matrimonial honds on the grouod of "cruel and inhuman treatment," which she expected the court, when her case was presented, to uoderstand as having been applied to her, iostead of to Vic.

In the State where Mrs. Hicks-Brown sought her divorce, it takes only three mooths to establish a residence, and the legal formalities coosume very little time; but, strange to say, Mrs. Hicks-Brown did not find it easy to pass the time. The first three or four weeks, in her flurried state of mind, she did not notice—but, after that, time passed very slowly, indeed. Strange as it may seem, life apart from Mr. Hicks-Brown was very, very dull—aod lonely. Yes, she had heen hasty—too hasty—but there was no turning back now. She had burned her bridges, and, besides, had ever a Lovedale retraced a step ooce takeo? No! And she held her pretty nose a little higher and tried to look haughtily don't-care-ish, all the time feeling very miserable, indeed.

Everything seemed to coospire to add to her load of sorrow. She was pointed out on the street as a "colonist"; men about the hotel where she boarded tried to thrust their atteotioos upon her; and, although she met, through the pastor of the church she attended, and at the home of her attorney, many of the nicest people in the city, she was almost entirely ignored in a social way, and it galled her immeasurably. She, a Lovedale—yes, and a Hicks-Brown; for even if the mao who had bestowed the last name on her *did* work for a living, it was a name to be proud of—to be ostracized by these insignificaot country people, half the men among whom attended halls in Prioce Albert or cutaway-coats! The idea! As if she cared! And yet she did care, a great deal.

And Mr. Hicks-Brown? He was working away as though fighting time. He never gave himself a moment, if he could help it, for thought. Not a word had passed between him aod a member of the Lovedale family since the day his wife had flung herself out of the house and returned to her parents. He heard she had gone West for a divorce, and it made him wince, but he shut his mouth more tightly and went at his work still harder. There were times when he had to think, and they were not pleasant times. There was one in particular. A few months before, he had hegun to build, unknown to his wife, a handsome new house in her favorite suburb—and the time came for him to occupy it, and *she* was not there to enjoy it. His younger sister, an orphan, who had just finished school and had come to live with him, was delighted with everything. She ran all over the house, fairly gushing with pleasure, aod did not know that her brother, sitting amid the confusion of furniture in the front-hall, was thinking of how much some one else would have been pleased. And there were two big tears on his cheeks when he remembered himself and arose to superintend the work of arranging furniture.

Everybody who reads the papers remembers the Hicks-Brown divorce trial—how the defendant paid no attention to the suit; how the judge, in granting a decree without alimony, scored the fair plaintiff for seekiog a divorce on such trivial grouods, and assured her that he allowed a decree only because it was plain to be seen that it was a case of incompatibility; and how, two days after receiving her decree, the plaintiff left suddenly, and everybody said, "I told you so—I knew she'd go as soon as she got it."

But everybody does not know that the reason she left so suddenly was that she received a telegram announcing her father's death, or that when she reached home she found that he had died a bankrupt.

Hicks-Brown knew it, and his heart ached with the longing to go to her aid—and then the Hicks-Brown pride came to the surface, and his heart hardened with a cold snap, and he bent himself to his work harder than ever.

Ooe morniog, as he rode into town, Henry Hicks-Brown was thinking how lonely his sister must be, sometimes, out there in that slow little suhurh, and an idea struck him. "By Jove!" he thought, "it's the very thing. There are lots of nice girls who would jump at the chance to be companion to so jolly a girl as Lottie." And he stopped at the *Sol* office and left a "Want" advertisement, which stated that a young lady desired a companion who was ahle to speak French and possessed sundry other accomplishments; must furnish hest references; would receive liberal salary, etc. "Apply in person at residence, No. —— Grove Street."

Mabel Hicks-Brown, discussing ways and means with her mother at their slimly furnished breakfast-table next morning, saw this advertisement. "It's the very thing, mamma, and I'm going to see about it to-day. Something must be done, and I'm the one to do it, so——"

"But, Mabel, it seems so—so—why, the idea of——"

"There, there's no use saying a word, mamma. We can't be choosers any more." And so it was settled.

At four o'clock that afternoon, Mabel Hicks-Brown rang the door of the house in Grove Street, indicated in the advertisement, and was admitted by a trim maid, who seemed to know her errand, and ushered her into a pretty drawing-room on the right.

Somehow the room had a familiar look. At least, there were things in it that seemed familiar. That picture in the dark corner—she must have seen it before. She rose to look at it, and, as she did so, some one came hurriedly into the room. Turning, she stood face to face with Henry Hicks-Brown.

For a full half-mioute they stood staring at each other, stunned. Then Mabel, weak from the strain of the weeks and months just passed, gave a shuddering sob and sank to the floor.

Ten mioutes later she found herself upon the divan in the corner, with a pair of strong arms about her and a very dear face close to her own, while a deep, tremulous voice whispered: "Mabel, can't we—can't we make it all up? Tell me, little girl."

She told him, right then and there; and, half an hour after that, they stood in the study of the parsonage close by—Hicks-Brown would have it so—for all the world like a pair of elopers, and what had taken nearly five months to untie was retied in five mioutes.

And that was the real end of the celebrated Hicks-Brown divorce case—the part that only a small minority of the newspaper-reading public knows about.

JUNE, 1892. R. L. KETCHUM.

It is not entirely surprising that the age which has invented so many new scientific terms for serious diseases, should pay its greatest fees to the neurologists and nervous specialists. For diseases of the nerves are distioctively the fashionable maladies of the nineteenth century. In connection with this subject, a current story relates that Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton was recently offered one huodred thousaod dollars, by a wealthy Mexican, for the cure of his daughter, who was suffering from a mental trouble.

It is not only New York and Boston guests at St. Augustine hotels who have returned with the germs of typhoid fever in their systems. A Philadelphia physician says that nearly a score of society people in the Quaker City have been similarly affected.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Retreat from Moscow.

AS IT APPEARED TO A POLISH ABBE, AT WARSAW, DECEMBER 16, 1812.

The yellow snow-fog curdled thick,
Dark, brooding, dull, and brown,
About the ramparts, hiding all
The steeples of the town;
The icicles, as thick as beams,
Hung down from every roof,
When all at once we heard a sound
As of a muffled hoof.
'Twas nothing but a soldier's horse,
All riderless and torn
With bullets: scarce his bleeding legs
Could reach the gate. A morn
Of horror broke upon us then;
We listened, but no drum—
Only a sullen, distant roar,
Telling us that they come.
Next, slowly staggering through the fog,
A grenadier reeled past,
A bloody turban round his head,
His pallid face aghast.
Behind him, with an arm bound up
With half a Russian flag,
Came one—then three—the last one sopped
His breast with crimson rag.
Quick all at once a sullen bell
Upon the gateway tower
Broke out, to warn our citizens
Napoleon's savage power
Had gone to wreck, and these the waifs
Were making fast to land.
It bade us look to see the hulk
Sucked hellward by the sand.
All day the frozen, bleeding men
Came pouring through the place;
Drums broken, colors torn to shreds,
Foul wounds on every face.
Black powder-wagons, scorched and split,
Broad wheels caked thick with snow,
Red bayonets bent, and swords that still
Were reeking from the blow.
A drunken rabble, pale and wan,
With cursing laces turned
To where, still threatening in the rear,
The port-fires lurid burned.
The ground was strewn with epaulettes,
Letters, and cards, and songs;
The barrels, leaking drops of gold,
Were trampled by the throngs.
A brutal, selfish, goring mob,
Yet here and there a trace
Of the divine shone out, and lit
A gashed and suffering face.
Here came a youth, who on his back
His dying father bore;
With bandaged feet the brave youth limped,
Slow, shuddering, dripping gore.
And even mid the trampling crowd,
Maimed, crippled by the frost,
I found that every spark of good
Was not extinct and lost.
Deep in the ranks of savage men
I saw two grenadiers
Leading their corporal, his breast
Stabbed by the Cossack spears.
He saved that boy, whose tearful eyes
Were fixed upon the three—
Although too weak to beat his drum
Still for his company.
Half-stripped, or wrapped in furs and gowns,
The broken ranks went on:
They ran if any one called out
"The Cossacks of the Don!"
The whispered rumor, like a fire,
Spreads fast from street to street;
With boding look and shaking head
The staring gossips meet:
"Ten thousand horses every night
Were smitten by the frost;
Full thirty thousand rank and file
In Beresina lost."
"The Cossacks fill their caps with gold
The Frenchmen fling away.
Napoleon was shot the first,
And only lived a day—
They say that Caulaincourt is lost—
The guns are left behind:
God's curse has fallen on these thieves—
He sent the snow and wind."
Tired of the clatter and the noise,
I sought an inner room,
Where twenty wax-lights, starry clear,
Drove off the fog and gloom.
I took my wanton Ovid down,
And soon forgot the scene,
As through my dreams I saw arise
The rosy-bosomed queen.
My wine stood mantling in the glass
(The goblet of Voltaire),
I sipped and dozed, and dozed and sipped,
Slow rocking in my chair,
When open flew the bursting door,
And Caulaincourt stalked in—
Tall, gaunt, and wrapped in frozen furs,
Hard frozen to his skin.

* * * * * *

The wretched hag of the low inn
Puffed at the sullen fire
Of spitting wood, that hissed and smoked:
There stood the Jove whose ire
But lately set the world aflame,
Wrapped in a green pelisse,
Fur-lined, and stiff with half-burnt lace,
Trying to seem at ease.
"Bah! Du sublime au ridicule
Il n'y a qu'un pas,"
He said. "The rascals think they've made
A comet of my star.
The army broken—dangers?—pish!—
I did not bring the frost.
Levy ten thousand Poles, Duroc—
Who tells me we have lost?
I beat them everywhere, Murat—
It is a costly game;
But nothing venture, nothing win—
I'm sorry now we came.
That burning Moscow was a deed
Worthy of ancient Rome—
Mind that I gild the Invalides
To match the Kremlin dome.
Well? well as Beelzebub himself!"
He leaped into the sleigh
Sent for to bear this Cæsar off
Upon his ruthless way.
A flash of fire!—the court-yard stones
Snapped out—the landlord cheered—
In a hell-gulf of pitchy dark
The carriage disappeared.—*Walter Thornbury.*

A SPRING OUTING.

"Van Gryse" tells how the Gothamites go a-Picnicking.

Saturday was a lovely day—a real May day, soft, full of suo, with little breezes hrushing over the tree-tops and ruffling the new leaves. It was a day for a picnic, and so a small party gathered themselves together and went picnicking to a summery suburb.

The party consisted of a matron, looking very giddy in a hlue-flanoel suit, a pink-and-white striped shirt, and a hlue sailor-hat, worn a fraction to one side; a young lady, in what she negligently stated was "the refuse of her wardrohe"; an idle gentleman, and tbree cbildren—a school-boy who carried the hasket, a little, thin, pale, white-haired hoy, in a sailor suit, who carried five ginger-heer hottles in his school-hag, and a little girl, who had hrought a volume of "Grimm's Fairy Stories" to beguile the tedium of the journey, and who wore her shallow-crowned sailor-hat at ao angle closely resemhling that of her mamma's.

In the cars, after the sail across the bay, this youog lady opened ber "Grimm's" and hecame huried io "The Silver Axe." Her hrother, who sat opposite, after the happy fashion of hoyhood, projected the whole upper half of his hody out of the car-window and hung there perilously doing what he called "dodging telegraph-poles." The rest of the party scattered themselves ahout, and viewed through the dirty window-panes the country in all its hrave, spring greeo.

As the little train panted along they saw the squalid edges of straggling villages, caught here and there a picture-like glimpse of some pretty, unkempt Irish child, with its ragged frock hlowing against its hare legs, its golden curls shining in the sun. Out in the country heyond, they saw the hlue gleams of still ponds mirroring the sky, long stretches of plowed land, the red furrow straight as a plumh-line, the plow guided now and then hy a woman, a white, fluttering figure against the green heyond. Sometimes the train shrieked across couo-try cross-roads, where old apple-trees dropped a softly falling snow, sometimes plunged into green and murmuring woodland, where, through hreaks in the trees, the travelers caught a flying sight of some splendid country-house, with shaven lawns and newly planted flower-heds, the gleam of long greeo-houses in the rear, the flash of red and white awnings lowered about the deep halconies, and the trimness of graveled drive and clipped hox-hedges.

Away down in the heart of the country, the little traio comes to a stop, and a portion of its cargo alights—some old country-women with huge haskets, some men in shiny hlack hroad-cloth coats, and the picnic-party. A lane starts away hefore them to a high-road and woods—pale-green, thick woods, tremhling with sunlight and full of the notes of hirds. The children start off with wild howls. The little white-haired hoy hangs the basket with the heer-hottles against the fence, and then checks his mirtb as the three elders shriek expostulations after him.

"What are you three hollering ahout?" he queries, standing and staring at them as they advance, his nose wriokled in the sunlight, his hat well down over his ears, which stand out at right angles from his bead, and an expressioo of alarm on his atteouated visage.

"The heer!" gasp the trio; "don't hang the hottles against the feoce that way, they'll hurst!"

"I'm not afraid if they do!" he retorts, valiantly, and continues on his way, making a pleasant noise hy knocking the hottles against every fourth picket.

The wood is gaioed quite easily: up the lane, across tbe road, under a fence—you can not take the hars down—along a cow-path, then hranch off suddenly on a grassy trail, and you plunge into tbe sbade. It is a wood of good-sized trees, in the very perfection of their spring glory. The leaves are the youngest, tenderest green, just expanded to their full extent, filling the wood with a faint green twilight, the pungent, exhilarating perfume of young vegetation. Underfoot the spring has heen busy, too. Last year's dead leaves are bidden under this year's underwood. In the flat spaces, where the ground is moist, grow tbe ferns—thio, fioe, yellow-green ones, with uncurliog shoots and lace-like fronds; great, coarse, large ones, bigh as a man's waist, permeating the air with an acrid, penetrating smell. In the marsb places, too, grow the violets, witb immense long stems; tbe flower-iog wild azalea grows higher up on the bank. Close to the brook grow "Jack-in-the-pulpits," and over there a hig, broad-leaved plant that the little boy casually informs you is "the skuok flower."

The hrook that threads its way through these—squeezing between rounded stones, hroadening out ioto cool, smooth lagoons—is a brown, strong hrook, with a happy, singing voice. There are little, mossy-looking fishes in it, that lie ahout io the smooth places gently waggiog tbeir tails, and long-legged insects that skate oo the surface of the water wbere it shows a peculiar hloomy look, like dust on a mirror. In places tbe roots of tbe trees stretch far out over the current in gnarled loops, and witbio the crook of one of these tbey stand tbe five ginger-heer bottles, neck bigh, in the cool, crystal stream, that makes eddies and gurgling, cbuckling noises round their tin-foil tbroats.

By lunch they are cbilled to perfection. Out they come, dripping pleasantly, and presently their contents burst out ioto the little glass-mugs, with baodles, that the matron has packed in tbe hasket. The scbool-hoy bolds his off at arm's length, and, studyiog it, with his head on one side, requests the young lady to "look at the head on that beer!" But the little boy finds his too hot, goes down to the hrook, and there, squatting on a stone, dilutes tbe feverish tipple with water, and comes back savoring the mixture charily. Having sipped a little, he slowly hreaks into an exteosive grin, and observes: "There was too much hot in mine, hut now it's just *slick*."

With his slick liquid at his side, be sits down near his mamma and sileotly consumes many sandwiches, several slices of cake, and a good deal of fruit and candy. When the first stress of buoger is relieved, and be can rest from his labors, he hreaks into the conversation with the announcement that "something is pwicking him dweadfully." The matron, who refuses to he alarmed, suggests a wasp. The little hoy slowly and carefully raises himself, feels ahout underneath him, and draws forth a large chestnut-hurr. This he looks at for some moments, and then remarks, with sad gravity: "I've been sitting on this ever sioce I came here, and all the time was thinking what it was that pwicked so hard!"

It is warm after luoch. Through the leaves the sun shoots spears of light, and in the recesses of the wood the hirds call to each other with round, liquid notes. The hrook sings drowsily, and sudden hreaths of warm air sway the tops of the trees with a cool, whispering sound. Lying with your head on a pile of coats you can look up through the houghs and see patches of the most intensely hlue sky, on which the leaves look as if they were pressed in a hright hlue-and-green mosaic. Sometimes a cloud drifts over the hlue, and now and then a crow goes flapping hy with slow, lahorious flight.

The young lady, however, is energetic. She says she is going to explore. The idle gentleman and the three children also desire to explore, and they set out up the hrook, the young lady in advance, her coat flung open, her wide hat with its wreath of pink flowers well over her nose, an ungloved hand holding up the long tail of her tan-colored dress. They follow the hrook for what seems to the idle gentleman, used to city pavements and neat, asphalted ways, miles and miles. They pick their way through swampy places where the "skunk flower" grows enormously, and where the violets have stalks ten inches long. Sinking down into water that goes squelching over the tops of low shoes, they scramhle out, the unfeeling young lady, laughing cruelly as she views her followers leaping from one grass tussock to another.

They creep along hy the hrook side, where the moss is thick and speckled, rounding over toward the water in a soft cushion, and notice the little fishes hiding in the shade of stones. Sometimes the sun shoots in hetween the houghs and flecks the water with dancing, golden crumhs; in other places, the light runs in tremhling yellow reflections on the trunk of a hending tree. Now and then the young lady plunges into a covert of young trees and hramhles, forcing ber way through with averted face, a hand grahhing her hat, which the long boughs sweep hackward over her loosened hair, and with a movement of vigorous impatience tearing her skirt off the holding thorns.

When the rest of the hreathless party come up with her they find her occupied in pulling up young trees, a foot or so high, hy the roots. These she washes in the hrook and then presents to the party. They are sassafras, and you must gnaw the white hark off aod nihhle it. It bas a spicy, strong taste. The idle gentleman disdains it, but the children each arm themselves with a tree, and tramp through the wood, gnawing in silent ecstasy.

They make other discoveries—an island with a white-stemmed hirch on it, off wbich one can peel the yellow-lined hark, a tiny water-fall, where the stream slips in a silver curve over tangled tree-roots, a growth of wild mint, smelling like the concentrated essence of a thousand mint-juleps, a whole bed of forget-me-nots fringing the hrook, and innumerahle hushes, pink with the delicate sweet hlossom of the wild azalea. The young lady has a hunch of these as hig as a bushel basket, but the others divide their atteotioo between "Jack-in-the-pulpits" and forget-me-nots.

But it is at this stage in the explorations that the little hoy hecomes troubled in his mind. A look of anxiety spreads itself over his weazened visage, and sitting down on a stone, a small, grimy hand resting on either knee, and presenting the appearance of a very decrepit and aged person, he remarks, in a saddeoed voice, that he fears his mother is "worwied ahout bim." There is a possihility that she will think him lost. "She's always worwied when I'm away," he adds, in conclusion, then squints up at the party around him with tearful eyes.

So they turn and retrace their steps, the little hoy, a melancholy figure, loping on in advance. He has a small hunch of forget-me-nots, gripped in one grimy hand, to present to his anxious parent, and, with his hat far hack on his head, his yellow sboes untied and dropping off his heels, ooe stocking down to his ankle aod exhihiting a lean shank, he plows on through hrambles and marsh. Occasionally he lifts up his voice and, io a shrill, tremulous tooe, calls, dismally, "Mamma!" till the woods echo. Wheo this hrings no reply, he trumpets dolefully, like a young elephant strayed from the herd.

When they finally come out on the camping-grouod, they find the matroo, lying supioe upon the moss, her head pillowed on the coats, in a pleasant state of somnolence far removed from anxiety. The little hoy, in great excitement, clears the hrook at a hound, and galloping up to her presents bis wilted little offering of flowers, and curling up beside her, bis head on the coats, begins to recount the terrors of his journey in confidential undertones. The whispering loneliness of the woods had stricken fear to his young soul.

The sun was heginning to decline when the party, after a great consulting of watches and time-tahles, made the first homeward move. As they debouched from the wood in straggling Indian file, they presented a somewhat hedraggled appearance. Both the ladies had acquired a goodly coating of sunhurn, which would vex the soul of the youog lady for a week at least. Sbe was sadly the worse for her explorations, her dress being torn hy hramhles, ber hat battered, her shoes soaked, her gloves lost. She carried the hig hunch of azaleas, already wilting, while the idle gentleman staggered heoeath the coats and parasols. The school-hoy had charge of the haskets, and the little boy, with the empty school-hag, trotted along hy his mother's side, every oow and theo pausing to make a restraining grah at his stocking, which appeared momentarily to hreak loose from its moorings.

NEW YORK, May 30, 1892. VAN GRYSE.

A oew universal language is on the principle of oumbering. Every word is numhered. For example, "I write to koow," would be 10, 72, 35676.

A NUDE NEWSPAPER-READER.

"Parisina" describes the Pictures at the Champs de Mars Salon.

A French critic says apropos of the Saloo in the Champs-Elysées: "Are we going to lose tbe supremacy in art? The exhihition of 1892 shows what energetic efforts foreigners are making to wrencb the sceptre from our hands." But if these woids were wrung from M. Bergerat hy the show in the Champs-Elysées, which contains some of the best works ever painted hy modern French artists, what will he say when he is called upon to give ao account of the Second Salon! Here, the percentage of "foreigners" is infinitely higher. Out of three hundred and forty-two artists exhihiting oil-paintings, no less than one hundred aod thirty-three are not of French nationality; twenty-two of these are American and seventeen British, the rest heing pretty equally divided between the various European countries. But the "foreigners" are not only numerically strong—they make a splendid show.

The first picture that caught and arrested my attention oo entering the galleries was Alexander Harrison's "After a Tempest on the American Coast." In his "Baigneuses," the sea is quieter, the prismatic coloring faded into delicate, pearly tones. But here, the sea is a secondary matter, the human form divine claiming our notice in the shape of three females disporting themselves in the water or hasking in the warm salt air on the shore. Sargent we welcome again, and in his hest manner. No aristocratic fine lady this time; hut La Carmencita—with that provocative smile and those bold, hlack eyes of hers that have held many a man captive—in all the hravery of spangled satin, her figure thrown back on those marvelously supple hips, head erect, challenging admiration—a hit of coloring worthy of Goya. The gitana has attracted Dannat. He has painted half a dozen of these hlack-haired, white-cheeked, ruhy-lipped daughters of the South, seated on a hench; and, looking at them, one seems to hear the guttural tooes of their voices and the clack of their palms as they heat time with their hands.

Nowhere is Whistler more appreciated than in Paris; he now has a picture in the Luxemhourg Museum, and all the new school is raving ahout his harmony in gray and pink—which is the portrait of Lady Meux, in a gray gown trimmed with pink; hut surely the honnet did not come from Virot's! Well, it is hecoming, which some fashionahle honnets, prettier in themselves, are not. As for the "Nocturnes," in gray and gold and blue and silver, the catalogue says they are intended for Trafalgar Square and the Place Saint Marc, and I suppose it never tells lies.

Miss Lee Robbins has contributed three most importaot works. First of all a portrait of herself, whicb gives us as agreeahle an idea of the author as of her artistic talent. The grouping in "Five O'clock" is well managed; mamma listens, tea-cup in hand, while her daughters sing. In "A La Toilette," we are introduced to a lady's dressing-room, and shown an admirahle hit of flesh painting, to say nothing of a handsome face reflected in a mirror—an old device, but none the less effective for that. Miss Elizaheth Nourse, of Cincinnati, paints in quite a different style; she is rough and rugged, with a dash of pathos, and cultivates the humble cottage; her children are capital; they live and hreathe, and have dirty hands and get them washed with yellow soap.

Exhihitors at the Champ de Mars do not go in for big allegorical pictures, and they seem to consider the female form alone worthy of the nude. Gervex's most important *envoi* is a Venus, whose attire consists of a hlue girdle and a hracelet—Correggio never delineated form more exquisite. Duez has personified tbe science of hotany in a nymph culling flowers. Ménord's muses are disporting themselves in scaot attire in a landscape he painted at Petites-Dalles. Jean Gounod, more realistic, shows us a fine *brune* preparing for tbe hath, while Parrot paints a "Baigneuse" by a solitary stream, and Stevens a lady in a hath. There are females lying prone in the checkered shades, after having first divested themselves of every stitch of clothing; a pair, tossing up their rounded limbs, are pelting each other with flower-petals; another is reclining heneath a tree, reading a morning paper! Others are pillowed on fur rugs or satio couches; in one io-stance the pearly flesh-tints are in harmony with a white background, in another, they stand out against sombre black. Picard has painted the same model in a variety of positions, in quaint fashion, without any attention to accessories. It is amusing to watch the astonished *bourgeois* passing on from one to another. The ladies laugh, unless they try to look scandalized; all the same, they do not hurry hy without a glance. Rosset Granger contrihutes the doleful note—a heautiful corpse washed asbore hy the aogry waves.

Besides portraits, Carolus Duran has a "Lucica," with hrown draperies falling below the waist. For the general puhlic, Duran's portraits are the *clous* of the Second Salon—the pretty American girl, in pale hlue, the tall countess, io pearl gray. Boldiur shows us ao *élégante* in yellow satin, fashionably striped with hlack (why do his sitters always twist their draperies ahout their limhs, like the red stripe on a harber's pole?); Besnard's lady in pale hlue is certainly a Parisian, in spite of a background of green fields, aod the pretty girlish face delineated hy Rixens peeps out from a very stylisb hat.

Fifty odd thousand waodered in the galleries of the Champ de Mars on Varnishing Day. Carolus Duran, the most leonine of all, with his haodsome daughter oo his arm, poets and playwrights, artists and amateurs, heauties in the latest creations of Félix and Worth, stately helles of the nohle Faubourg, and the cream of pretty actresses, and—hest of all—Sarah Bernhardt, from heyond the seas. Never did I see Parisians more enthusiastic. They actually mobbed her, they jostled one another, eacb fought his way to the front to get a view of the favorite, who, wreathed in happy smiles, bowed her acknowledgments right and left. I have an awkwardly retentive memory: did not the good people of Paris receive "Joan of Arc" and "Cleopatra" coldly? Pshaw! who thinks of that oow? Of course "abseoce makes the heart grow fonder." PARISINA.

PARIS, May 13, 1892.

A PLOT FOR A PLAY.

How a Viennese Scientist punished his Erring Wife.

The men were chatting in the smoking-room after dinner. Periera, the manager of the theatre, leaned against the chimney-piece, holding in his hand a small glass of curaçoa.

"Yes," said he, "everything is in the anecdote—a play is worthless that one can not relate in five minutes. When an author comes to me to speak of a comedy—at breakfast-time, for example—I stop him short at once, and say: 'Will you have your plot told before I have finished this egg?' If he can not do it, the piece is worth nothing," and Periera gulped down his curaçoa.

"I am not a dramatic author," said Maurice, an attaché of the embassy, from the depths of a large arm-chair in which he was ensconced; "however, if you like, Periera, I will relate to you a story, which, it seems to me, a man of talent could make something of—but the time it takes to eat an egg is decidedly short."

"I will grant you an omelet," answered the manager, with a loud laugh; "but I have a distrust of the ideas of a plot given by people of the world. However, go on."

"Very well. The story went the rounds of the Viennese drawing-rooms at the time I was down there. There was then in Vienna a physician, celebrated for his skill in diseases of the heart. He was called—I change the names, for the thing is tragic—he was called Dr. Arnold. Although scarcely forty years old, he had already gained a magnificent practice. He was a handsome man—very elegant, with regular features, blonde beard—in fact, the Austrian type, but with a pair of American blue eyes, bright and cold as steel.

"A Russian family, residing in Vienna—we will call them Skobeloff, if you like—called the doctor in consultation for their daughter, in whom the specialist detected, on the first examination, the beginning of an aneurism. It must have been rather embarrassing to the handsome doctor—imagine it—to apply his ear to the breast of a beautiful brunette of nineteen and knock at her heart, as if to ask: 'May I come in?'"

"Maurice," said the master of the house, "do not give us the details of a farce, you promised us a drama."

"You will have one, rest assured. Although received in excellent society, the Skobeloffs were looked upon with more or less suspicion; they lived at an hôtel and kept up a certain show; but the father wore too many frogs and loops of gimp on his fur-trimmed pelisse, and the mother's diamonds passed for being false, and, with all this, two beautiful daughters to marry off. The doctor fell in love; he asked the hand of Mlle. Macha in marriage, and, after a courtship of three months, married her. The Skobeloff family became suddenly disgusted with Vienna, and betook themselves to pastures new. The doctor's wife became a great favorite in Viennese society. The newly married couple were very interesting. The doctor loved the fair Macha in a twofold character—as his wife and as his patient—he adored her and he nursed her. This little romance enchanted the sentimental Viennese. Mme. Arnold regained her health to all appearances, went a good deal into society, and even at times indulged in a turn of the waltz."

"In spite of her heart-disease?"

"Yes; the young wife seemed so nearly cured that, as her physician, her husband allowed her to waltz now and then; but I believe he would gladly have forbidden it through jealousy, for there was a fine-looking Captain Blazewitz, an Apollo in white uniform, who was always the first to inscribe his name upon the dance-programme of Mme. Arnold, and press her tenderly against his aiguillettes—the old story of Mars and Venus again."

"Good," said Periera, "at length your position is made, your characters placed. Now, as they say in the green-room, link them together."

"All right. One day the doctor discovered a packet of letters."

"That's worn out—the packet of letters."

"Periera, you are insufferable. You may say what you like, but in my story there was a packet of letters."

"Which gave the husband the proof of his dishonor, is it not so?"

"Apparently."

"And he conceives a terrible vengeance?"

"You know the story then, Periera; go on and tell it yourself."

"No, my friend, but I cut—excuse the slang of my calling—I cut, simply. Well, the husband avenges himself?"

"By one of those crimes which remain forever undetected."

"How, then, did you know it?"

"Because the doctor has spoken. Yes, the wretch at last yielded to the irresistible, to the fatal need of confidence which exists in every one, and which makes the confessional of the Catholic one of the most——"

"Enough, enough, Maurice."

"I will not say one word more," said the young man, in a vexed tone.

"Do not get angry," said the mocking Periera. "We save you the trouble of finishing your phrases. It is true theatrical style. Look at Scribe, Sardou—all in dialogue, with the end in suspense. I am tired to death repeating to young authors: 'Above all, no style, nothing literary, there are plays that have fallen flat for an adjective, one does not know the harm a metaphor can do, the romantic as well——'"

"Your turn now," said the master of the house, looking at him quizzingly through his eye-glass; "when you have finished——"

"You are right. Now Maurice, tell us what did the husband do?"

"Imagine a most horrible vengeance, possible alone to a man of his profession. Macha was not completely cured—he knew that well, this specialist—of that malady, for which he had nursed her for two years past with such zeal and love. Restraining his anger, he assumed toward his wife the attitude of a husband who was uneasy and suspicious, thus giving birth to fear and agony in the mind of the erring woman. He knew by the letters which he had discovered what an absorbing passion existed between these two lovers; he was sure they would seek to meet each other even in the midst of danger. This domestic Machiaveli profited by the situation. Thenceforth a mysterious power put all sorts of obstacles between Macha and M. de Blazewitz, without, however, separating them entirely. He made them miss their meetings, interrupted their correspondence, troubled and poisoned their love. Naturally this life of anxiety, full of apprehension and sadness, changed anew, and for the worse, the health of Mme. Arnold. The doctor killed his wife with as much precision and certainty as he had formerly used in curing her. To an hour of terror, which gave a morbid activity to the circulation, this skillful man added long days of sadness, which congested the blood around the heart. Then suddenly he feigned to be no longer jealous, would seem touched to tears by her sufferings, and say: 'What is the matter, my poor Macha? My skill seems powerless to aid you; you have the appearance of a person who is dying of grief. Are you not happy with me?' and all the while he would note, with diabolic joy, the progress of the disease. He tortured his victim with his hypocritical despair. At the end of six months, syncopes were frequent, the palpitations more rapid, the most disquieting symptoms of the aneurism had reappeared. Aha, Periera, you do not interrupt me now."

"But I do. It is the second act, the link of the piece; give us the end, the finale."

"The end called for," cried Maurice, in the tone of a waiter at a restaurant, who brings a dish; "here it is:

"One evening, the doctor entered his wife's room in a violent rage, saying, 'Madame, I know all; M. de Blazewitz is your lover.' Poor Macha turned as white as marble, and the purple of death tinged her lips. 'Kill me,' she cried. It was what he intended doing. 'I do not raise my hand against a woman,' said Arnold; 'your accomplice has paid for you both. I come from a duel with M. de Blazewitz; I have killed him.' At his words, Macha fell senseless to the floor.

"The doctor lied; he had not dared so much as to touch the mustache of the handsome captain, who was known as the most expert swordsman of Vienna. He knelt down by his wife's side and took her hand—the pulse beat yet, she lived. Then this executioner summoned all his skill to her restoration. When she revived, he said to her: 'You must put on a ball-dress and all your diamonds, and accompany me to the ball at the French Embassy, to which we are invited.' 'Never—I could never do it.' 'Go at once and prepare to go with me,' ordered he; 'I made a quarrel at cards the pretext for my duel with M. de Blazewitz, but you are compromised. The world must see you on my arm this evening at the ball; if not, they will believe it was on your account I fought, and I shall be dishonored. Therefore, go and dress immediately; I desire it.'

"The unfortunate woman obeyed. In an agony of mind, she made her toilet and went with her husband to the ball at the embassy. There, crushed and heart-broken, she sank rather than seated herself on a couch in the ante-room, where a footman at each moment announced a new arrival.

"The doctor, in full dress, with all his orders on his breast, remained standing behind his wife's seat. After a rapid glance around the room, he suddenly stooped and whispered in her ear, as if gallantly paying her a compliment: 'Grief, then, has not killed you, miserable wretch.' 'Not yet, unhappily,' replied the tortured woman. 'Look there, then, and die of joy.' At that moment, the footman, in a loud voice, announced: 'Captain Baron de Blazewitz.'

"The handsome officer entered, a smile upon his lips, and, as usual, the first thing looked round in search of his fair friend.

"He recognized her with difficulty. As their eyes met, she rose to her feet, stiff and erect as if moved by a spring, fearfully pale beneath her parure of diamonds. She gave him one terrified glance, put her hand to her throat, and fell forward on the ground, dead—this time dead, indeed.

"It was a frightful scene. The doctor threw himself upon the body of his wife, and sobbed like one distracted.

"The despair of M. de Blazewitz would have caused a great scandal if a friend had not forced him away. The guests all departed in haste, and the supper was eaten by the servants.

"The embassadress was greatly annoyed, for she had ordered the most grotesque favors for the cotillion, which she expected would have created a sensation."

Maurice ceased. There was a moment of silence, his listeners shivered, and Periera himself had the tact to abstain from making one of his jocular remarks. At this moment the mistress of the house raised the portière of the smoking-room.

"Well, gentlemen," said she, "have you finished your cigars? The ladies claim your attention now."

As they passed to the drawing-room, Periera took Maurice by the arm. "And the doctor, what became of him?" he asked.

"As I told you, one day he almost boasted, in an imprudent moment, of his crime. However, he escaped punishment; but his stay in Vienna became impossible. He is now in Warsaw, and is known as a specialist in diseases of the heart. 'No emotion whatever' is his dictum. But what do you think of my plot for a play?"

"Impossible, my dear sir, all the critics would say you had copied Octave Feuillet's 'Julie.'"—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of François Coppée by A. R.*

The gavel wielded by the Oregon Department Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic is a grewsome relic of the murder of General Canby and Rev. Dr. Thomas, the Modoc Peace Commissioners. The gavel is of white pine and is made of a part of the gallows on which the Modoc murderers—Captain Jack, Boston Charley, Black Jim, and Sconchin—were executed.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

King Oscar of Sweden is said to be one of the losers in the Panama Canal scheme.

The New York *World* says: "The one thing that Millionaire George M. Pullman is proudest of is the fact that he was an Argonaut of 1849."

The King and Queen of Italy will celebrate their silver wedding next year, but they have expressed a strong desire that all public demonstrations should be avoided on account of the country's bankrupt condition.

When Grover Cleveland received the phenomenal plurality of 192,854 for governor in 1882, David B. Hill received a plurality of 195,000 at the same election for lieutenant-governor, leading Cleveland nearly three thousand votes.

Tennyson will soon be eighty-three years old. Various biographies of him put 1810 and 1811 as the year of his birth, and the parish registers of Somersby record 1809 as the year, and the entry is made in the handwriting of his father.

Rudyard Kipling's contributions to the London *Times* are paid for at the rate of one hundred and fifty dollars a letter, less than one-third of what Lord Randolph Churchill received for his South African correspondence—which goes to show that it pays better to be a lord than a literary man.

William Henry Hurlbert has taken refuge in a monastery in a secluded French village. What Henry seeks is not the solace of religion, but escape from a cold and bitter world that would fain prosecute him for perjury. His term in the monastery will probably expire when the British statute of limitations permits.

Grevin, the famous French caricaturist, who died the other day, left his wife some years back, to retire to a kind of *bourgeois* seraglio at St. Mande. He had there two fair companions, who, clothed in deep mourning, strove to take precedence of his wife at the funeral, to the scandal of all the artists who came to it.

A canvass made by a Boston daily among its readers indicates that the most popular men in Boston just now are General Butler, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Bishop Brooks, Governor Russell, General Banks, General P. A. Collins, Edward Everett Hale, General Francis G. Walker, Henry Cabot Lodge, Robert C. Winthrop, and President Eliot, of Harvard College.

William H. Vanderbilt, who died on the twenty-third of May, was the eldest son of Cornelius Vanderbilt, and had but recently completed his twenty-first year. He was the favorite grandson of the first William H. Vanderbilt, who left him a legacy of one million dollars, to be paid to him upon the completion of his thirtieth year, but the income of which he was to receive after attaining his majority.

Baron Finot, the famous Paris sportsman, sent a curious and artistic gift to the Count le Marois, who married Mlle. Haussonville, the other day. It was a water-color representing the race-course at Chantilly. In the distance are the stables of the castle, and on the race-course are seen the horses belonging to Count le Marois. These are driven in the direction of the castle by Cupids. It is quite an appropriate gift, as the count expressed his determination to sell his race-horses at the time of his marriage.

A reconciliation is said to have taken place between Maestro Verdi and Hans von Bülow, the German pianist. For years the two men have declined to come together, and have said hard things of one another. A better spirit, however, seems to have overcome Von Bülow while in Florence recently. At any rate, he wrote a long letter to Verdi, expressing his sorrow for the unkind things he had said about him, and hoping that they might pass the rest of their lives in peace. Verdi answered the letter at once, thanking his Northern colleague for his kind words, and expressing unbounded admiration for his talents and accomplishments. Bülow will remain in Italy, it is said, for some time.

Henrik Ibsen has purchased a large and handsome house in one of the principal streets of Christiania. His gallery of paintings is said to be the finest in Christiania. During the many years he spent in the various capitals and art-centres of Europe, he had ample opportunity to secure works of the best masters. He is a man of considerable wealth, possessing a fortune of two hundred thousand crowns, and an annual income more than sufficient for his wants. He is to be seen daily in the café of the Grand Hotel, reading the papers, just as years ago he was one of the daily attractions of the Café Maximilian, in Munich. The people greet him affectionately as they pass him. His dramas have been produced with great success at the Christiania Theatre since his return, and that fact probably reconciles him to the plan of passing his last days at home. Ibsen is now at work upon a new drama.

A Paris letter says that Whistler seriously criticised one of Dannat's pictures in a Paris art exhibition a week or so ago; and the next day, a mutual friend mischievously introduced the two men. Meantime, the censorious expressions of the former had been widely repeated. "Glad to meet you, Mr. Whistler," Dannat is reported as having said; "particularly glad at this moment, as I hear you have been running down my pictures behind my back." "Yes," returned the adept in the gentle art of making enemies; "I did say something rather harsh about it, and it was behind your back, as I never before had the pleasure of seeing you face to face. Now that I do see you, I will do you the favor to tell you the contribution you have sent to this Salon has no business here. This is a collection of pictures, and you should be informed that half a dozen figures outlined on a wall do not constitute a picture. Something of intelligent composition, some attempt to represent an idea, some respect for the truths of nature are prime requisites, and your flat drawing over there does not embody any of these qualities. Good morning, Mr. Dannat!"

PRESENTED AT COURT.

"Piccadilly" on the Latest British Buds and American Beauties.

The opening of the Royal Academy, on the traditional first Monday in May, in reality heralds the entrance of the London season; but the ladders of the painters do not vanish from the walls of Belgravia and Mayfair, nor do flower-boxes reappear until much latter, for "smart" people, as a rule, only return to town to attend the first night of the opera at Covent Garden or make preparations for the queen's drawing-rooms at Buckingham Palace. It seems rather curious that some term more expressive and less clumsy than "drawing-room" should not have been devised before this to designate the royal ceremonial, so styled. There was, indeed, a certain amount of propriety in the application of the term during the Georgian era, when the royal receptions partook more of the character of evening-parties or social reunions; but nowadays drawing-rooms—as regards presentations—are of a very fleeting character, and it is certainly remarkable that the courtesy and rapid withdrawal, which alone the modern ceremony permits, should still bear the old-fashioned title, which meant something totally different. Originally these receptions were held in the evening, and though the number of such festivals in the feminine calendar is now strictly limited, some seventy-five years ago they were of frequent occurrence, taking place as often as five or six times a week during the early spring, while there appears to have been singularly little formality about them, the members of the royal family amusing themselves with cards at one end of the chamber, while the guests sipped chocolate and chatted at the other.

Characteristics of the dress at these early gatherings can still be traced to-day; and though it is true that George the Fourth officially banished from the royal palace the hoops which, until then, had formed a portion of court dress, to the inventive genius of Queen Charlotte belongs the introduction of the train and lappets. Whose master mind conceived the idea of ornamenting the hair with nodding plume, history does not make clear; but the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire obtained considerable notoriety by wearing an ostrich plume five and one-half feet long at one drawing-room, and, as a chronicler of the time remarks, "the effect was curious." At first the plumes were not necessarily white, and colored feathers were worn up till 1878; but since then the laws of court have decreed that white alone shall be worn by maid and matron alike.

The Georgian drawing-rooms were not only lacking in the stiff ceremonial of the nineteenth century, but were even more open to all sorts and conditions of ladies who could obtain sufficiently aristocratic introducers. Still we are told that even in that age of scandal, many remarks were passed on the appearance of a lady who had previously devoted her intelligence and abilities to performances on the tight-rope. If, however, at the present day, the receptions are more exclusive than three-quarters of a century ago, there is certainly still much room for improvement. Some years ago, it was discovered that a lady was presented who, at the time, was actually serving behind the counter of a London shop, and only lately the queen has insisted on a strict revision of the existing rules and regulations, in order that some of her more undesirable subjects should not effect so readily their entrance into the throne-room. The prestige that presentation at court once carried with it is, nevertheless, very much on the wane, and one can hardly wonder if leading families should be so seldom represented at Buckingham Palace when, as was the case this month, an advertisement like the following appears in a ladies' journal:

"Court-dress wanted, on hire or purchase. One only worn at Irish Drawing-Rooms preferred. Strict secrecy on both sides. To be worn at coming Drawing-Rooms. Length of skirt, 44 inches in front; bust, 35 inches; waist, 23 inches. Address, W. M."

Owing to the cold wind which swept down the Mall and the absence of the queen from the ceremony of the day, the sight-seers, though numerous, were less "smart" than usual on the first day, but on the second day, despite the unpleasant rain, the sprinkling of people "who half-intended to be present at the drawing-room themselves," and of others of the better class who come to catch a glimpse of friends, was far more noticeable in the park. The absurd custom of adorning coachmen and footmen with enormous buttonholes, appears to be on the increase, and this year some of the horses even were decorated on the ears with favors and streamers. The splendid coach of the Turkish Embassy excited critical envy and admiration among the nondescript crowd, who, near the palace gates, stood six deep; but in point of spectacular interest, the Chinese Minister, in his national costume, and the Siamese Legation were the popular successes.

The attendances at the drawing-rooms were, on the whole, below the average, being limited mostly to those ladies with whom presentation this year was a matter of necessity; but the number of brides and débutantes was out of all the usual proportions to the others. The brides who are destined to figure prominently as hostesses in society were headed by the Princess of Pless, who was acknowledged to be *the* beauty of the drawing-rooms, and with her were Lady Dudley, Lady Alington, Lady Cavendish-Bentinck, Lady Auckland, the Hon. Mrs. Lumley—who the week before last was still Miss Wilson-Patten—and Mrs. "Jack" Wilson, the observed of all observers and the bride of that gentleman, who, on a memorable occasion at Tranby-Croft, was the first to call attention to sundry proceedings at the card-table—a course of action which eventually resulted in the celebrated baccarat case of last year. For the first time since the queen came to the throne—in fact, for the first time on record—a Cingalese lady made her courtesy at the English court, while two of our biggest heiresses were presented in the Hon. Nellie Bass, only child of Lord Burton, and Miss Norton, from the North of England.

Fully a score of American ladies made their bow to Princess Christian. In the diplomatic circle were presented Mrs. Post, the wife of the newly married military attaché of the United States Legation, Miss Anderson, the sister of Mr. Lara Anderson, the under-secretary, Mrs. E. Grubb, the wife of General Grubb, the United States Minister to Spain, and Mrs. Potter Palmer, the president of the Ladies' Board of the World's Fair at Chicago, while among others in the general circle were Mrs. E. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. W. W. Belvin, of San Francisco, the latter of whom, in her dainty costume of exquisite lace, attracted great attention.

The few royal ladies who graced the throne-room were in severe black, even to the feathers and veils, and the dull, jet trimming of their gowns, and, in connection with this, a noticeable feature was the etiquette observed by ladies of the diplomatic corps. Although the English court is out of mourning, yet royalty is still in mourning, and the diplomatic corps, being the representatives of royalty, all wore black, out of respect to the queen and the royal family. Medici collars were much worn at both drawing-rooms by the elderly ladies, and the majority of the trains were of brocade, woven in England; while, though black and gray dresses were sufficiently numerous to be the subject of comment, the greater number of the young ladies and débutantes were dressed in pure white fabrics. Some of the dresses worn by the American ladies were very remarkable, and their display, on the whole, was most unique and successful. PICCADILLY.

LONDON, May 16, 1892.

"A PURE WOMAN."

A Few Criticisms of Novelist Hardy's Strange Definition

Mr. Thomas Hardy's new novel, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," has for its sub-title "A Pure Woman Faithfully Presented." Leading critics have agreed, not only that it is his masterpiece, but that it is one of the strongest stories of the later Victorian era. But many have balked at the sub-title, and are lost in speculation as to Mr. Hardy's intent in so describing his heroine.

In noticing the book, some weeks ago, we made the following brief synopsis of the story:

Tess Durbeyfield is the daughter of an English farmer, a drunken braggart descended from a degenerate branch of a great family, and through his efforts she is sent, while yet an unlettered and ignorant child, to some wealthier relatives near by. Among them she meets a young man, Alec D'Urberville, who betrays her, and she is sent back to her home in disgrace. In some years her fault has been almost forgotten, and she marries the vicar's son, Angel Clare; but on the wedding night, as they both confess to certain sins, while she forgives him, he can not overlook her fall, and he deserts her. She waits for him, writes to him, and, at last, to save her family from hunger and want, she succumbs and again becomes the mistress of the man who betrayed her. Then, her husband, having reasoned it out with himself and determined to forgive her sin, as she had forgiven his, returns and finds her living with this man. When Tess learns this, the wild blood of her warrior ancestry stirs within her, and she kills the man who has twice shut her out from happiness and honor, and the story closes with her execution for her crime.

Now let us see what the critics say. The *Atlantic* reviewer—presumably the editor, Mr. Horace Scudder—says, in the course of his article in the May number:

"The question of Tess's purity will inevitably (and fittingly) be discussed by readers. It is easy to imagine a reader of the Hardy temperament arguing the matter out with one of opposite characteristics, and there could be no better test of the difference in belief between fatalist and non-fatalist than the story of 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles.' Granted the girl's good instincts in the beginning, the strenuous non-fatalist will insist that a vigorous exertion of the will should have kept them pure and delivered Tess from evil. But his interlocutor may meet him with the puzzling reply that the power to will, either in strong or weak degree, is as much a part of our inherited endowment as any other quality or any other defect. Mr. Hardy might well have made it more clear, not why Tess should have yielded in the first instance—her youth and the power which circumstances gave D'Urberville over her explain that sufficiently—but why she should have remained so long after her first submission to his wishes with a man whom she had never really loved. Whether, however, Tess's career justifies the aggressive sub-title of her history already quoted, there can be no doubt that all her instincts toward purity were as strong as those of many women in whom the quality is never questioned, either because temptation has never assailed them or because their lives are imperfectly known. 'To be honest, as this world goes, is to be one out of ten thousand,' was spoken of the honor of men as men understand it, not of the honor of women as men and women understand it; but there are at least ten thousand out of this world's Lucretias who would conceal a past fault for the sake of making an honorable marriage. When, however, the marriage is to be made with a man whom the woman deeply and truly loves, as Tess loved Angel Clare, deceit assumes another complexion. And Mr. Hardy has not left this consideration unprovided for. The poor girl, having nerved herself to write to Clare, had every reason to believe that the letter had reached him, and that his unaltered demeanor was meant to tell her he forgave, if he could not forget. Then, after Tess had let her whole heart go out to him, came the crushing discovery that Clare had never received the letter of confession. Mr. Hardy might have baptized his story 'Sorrow,' as Tess baptized her child; for it is only one of the piteous moments in a piteous tale, this moment when love had grown stronger than honor, and the woman allowed the man to marry her in ignorance of her fault."

Brander Matthews handles the subject in this wise, in the course of an article on "Recent British Fiction," in the *Cosmopolitan:*

"The fall of Tess, treated with the dignified and manly reticence of Mr. Hardy, seems almost inexplicable, not to say impossible; and yet to prove it possible, as M. de Maupassant has done in more than one of his tales, is to cross the boundaries of the gentlemanly and to make the reader ashamed for the author. For once we might almost wish the shackles of propriety so loosed that Mr. Hardy could have been, at least, as explicit as Feuillet was in the scene which ends with M. de Camors confessing to his friend's wife that he despises her—perhaps the one really sincere chapter in all the welter of pseudo-sentiment which makes up Feuillet's fiction. In the 'Idées de Madame Aubrey,' and again, in 'Denise,' M. Alexandre Dumas *fils* has put the same problem into a play, letting the heroine explain and plead for herself. It is to be said that Mr. Hardy's heroine is more primitive than either of M. Dumas's, less sophisticated, altogether franker, and, to our Anglo-Saxon taste, indisputably more interesting.

"Mr. Hardy has given one solution of the problem and M. Dumas twice gave another. It is a difficulty of this problem that no solution appears inevitable—a sad ending or a happy one is alike disputable. The ending Mr. Hardy has chosen for Tess—and that we feel it to be a matter of choice is obviously an adverse criticism—the ending of Tess is terribly sad. Perhaps it was the only possible ending; but we are not convinced. Tess is one whom unmerciful disaster follows fast and follows faster; and we feel that she is overpunished, that her fate is too hard, that too many accidents conspire against her happiness. Against the black flag which flaps on the final page we can not but protest, and also against Tess's return to Alec. Her relapse is not her fault, but the author's, who has plotted against her far more skillfully than could the shabby Don Juan who, with his life, pays the penalty for ruining hers. That Tess's return to him is likely enough, under the circumstances, may be admitted; but why did the circumstances conspire with him and against her?"

Mr. Hardy's view, if his sub-title is serious, is upheld by Clementina Black in an English periodical. She says:

"Mr. Hardy's story, like 'Diana of the Crossways,' is founded on a recognition of the ironic truth which we all know in our hearts, and are all forbidden to say aloud, that the richest kind of womanly nature—the most direct, sincere, and passionate—is the most liable to be caught in that sort of pitfall which social convention stamps as an irretrievable disgrace. It is the unsuspicious and fundamentally pure-minded girl in whom lie the noblest possibilities of womanhood, who is the easiest victim, and who has to fight the hardest fight.

"Mr. Hardy's heroine is simple, sincere, and passionately faithful, and as different as possible from those fickle and elusive young women who display, in some of his other tales, affections as veering as weather-cocks. After a time of terrible anguish and self-reproach for that early fault, which, justly speaking, was no fault of hers, she goes forth, a beautiful girl of twenty, to a fresh place, meets an honorable man who loves her, and loves him in return. She tries to tell him of her past; sometimes accident and sometimes lack of courage intervenes. At last she makes her confession, just after their marriage, and the revelation drives him from her. Her sincerity makes her incapable of exercising the arts by which Bathsheba and her coquettish sisters could have drawn him back, and she is left alone. Too proud to seek the help he had arranged for her, she struggles against poverty, rough usage, and the revived pursuit of her first lover. As the toils thicken round her, she writes a heart-rending appeal to her husband in Brazil—the most pathetic letter, surely, in all English fiction—and it arrives only after he has started home to find her. Getting no reply, pressed by her poverty-stricken family and by her pertinacious suitor, she yields in sheer hopelessness and despair, and, after one brief gleam of comprehension and reconciliation, the story closes with her tragic death. The essence of the book lies in the perception that a woman's moral worth is measurable not by any one deed, but by the whole aim and tendency of her life and nature. In regard to men, the doctrine is no novelty; the writers who have had eyes to see and courage to declare the same truth about women are few, indeed; and Mr. Hardy in this novel has shown himself to be one of that brave and clear-sighted minority."

Finally, we reprint an extract from the *Nation's* review, in which Mr. Hardy and the "pure women" of the Tess stripe are handled without gloves. This anonymous writer says:

"The title-page of 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' is decorated with the supplementary phrase, 'A pure woman faithfully presented.' In the light of this phrase the book must be read, and with the assurance that the author's definition will be found there. A definition is found, full and explicit, doubtless directly inspired, for it bears no resemblance to the common usage of our language; but is, on the contrary, a negation, if not reversal, of the definition we learned at school, and of the meaning impressed on us by the practice of living.

"After possessing ourselves of the circumstances which lead to and surround Tess's first misadventure or misdemeanor, the suspicion arises that Mr. Hardy, who never errs on the side of chivalrous respect for women, has only indulged in a playful gibe of questionable taste at a rigorous social canon. As the story advances, it becomes plain that his phrase is a deliberately chosen head-line for the extraordinary argument that a woman whose conduct is flagrantly impure, in the sense of unchaste, may have an enormous fund of what he calls intrinsic purity, and that moral value is to be reckoned not by achievements, but by tendency—with the corollary, most comforting to the weak, purposeless, and vicious, that the beauty or ugliness of character lies not in performance, but in aims and impulses; its true history not in things done, but in things willed. Tess's story is told with such vigor and passion that one need not be wholly unreflecting and uncritical to accept Mr. Hardy's false premises, and to fail to perceive the effrontery of his plea for pagan naturalism, which, in plain English, means physical deterioration and moral death. Granting him his assumption of 'intrinsic purity,' without any reference to conventional respectability, but with a meaning limited to a feminine instinct of self-defense, Mr. Hardy takes pains to show us that Tess is entirely deficient in that instinct. If his premise of purity is sincere, it rests on an imperfect induction, or on the fundamental error of identification of the sexual impulses of men and women. It is not in obedience to any dictate of society that most women are chaste, but in obedience to a general law of that nature, the god of his idolatry; a power which in the beginning created them male and female, and which was not so barren of ideas as to make the feminine type a repetition or feeble imitation of the masculine.

"The real explanation of Tess's first lapse from virtue lies, not in the argument or the circumstances, but in another descriptive phrase: 'A vessel of emotion untinctured by experience.' There is no record of any resistance worth mentioning, of any violent revolt of the imagination; and the idea of a possible mental influence is particularly excluded. The vessel was filled with animal emotion to the exclusion of checks. She was unfortunate, not pure. Even the paltry excuse of inexperience can not be offered for her subsequent exploits in the exhibition of purity. For the second time she leaves her home, feeling that the children would probably gain less good from her precepts than harm from her example. It is pertinent here to remark that the average reader of Tess's story will probably be in the same case as her brothers and sisters. But, 'at last,' we are told, 'she had learned what to do'; yet no one who can spell out the uncertain meaning of inclinations and tendencies will, with all the charity in the world, be able to doubt that if the second man who approached her had not chanced to wish to marry her, what had happened before would have happened again. When Angel Clare, in the pasture, makes a surreptitious dash at the 'desire of his eyes,' she yields to his embrace 'with unreflecting inevitableness.' Again by his phrase is the author's argument eternally pulverized. 'Unreflecting inevitableness' in such a position may be a misfortune; it is not purity. In the crises of existence what one is—one's essential being—expresses itself in action. A greater than Mr. Hardy said that conviction is worthless till it convert itself into conduct. He was not deaf to the cry of human nature, but he dared to distinguish between a genuine cry and a sentimental scream.

"The remainder of Tess's career, her failure to enlighten Clare until after their marriage, her return to her first lover for reasons which a woman of common decency would have rejected as frivolous, her last mad act of vengeance—all go to show that she was a weak and supremely sensual woman, and that Mr. Hardy's book, with its titular phrase and its argument eliminated, is a powerful and artistic delineation of that sort of a person. A poetic appreciation of inanimate nature she certainly had, rather wild and tinged with superstition; she loved Clare as she had not loved D'Urberville; she cared deeply for her family—but she was quite a victim to 'unreflecting inevitableness,' and can not be exonerated from a yearning for lemon-colored gowns, with slippers to match, procured at no matter what price.

"Angel Clare is a good man, just and not unduly severe. It is natural that he should discard his wife; not unnatural, considering her sensual attraction, that he should come back to her and not notice the lemon-colored finery.

"'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' is as profoundly immoral a book as the 'young person' can easily lay her hands on."

Ex-Hangman Berry some years ago was traveling by rail in a first-class compartment. His three companions in this coop appeared to have taken a strong dislike to Mr. Berry. He soon discovered that they had in some way identified him as the public executioner, and they lost no opportunity of expressing in visible and audible and even tangible fashion the contempt and loathing with which they regarded his eyes, hands, and particularly his shins. He did not make an outcry, however. Two years afterwards, Mr. Berry went to Carlisle on a professional tour. He was there called on to hang Messrs. Rudge, Martin, and Baker, whom he identified at a glance as his former fellow-travelers and torm[illegible]

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Leon Daudet, son of the author of "Kings in Exile," is mentioned as a second Balzac. He has just finished a novel, which is to appear in the *Nouvelle Revue*. It is dedicated to his father and mother, and is said to give an account of every imaginable sensation gone through from early infancy by the latter-day Parisian. The young man is the husband of Victor Hugo's granddaughter, and is a promising civil engineer.

William Morris's new romance of mediæval times will afford its author more scope for his power of dealing with the middle ages, the *Athenæum* thinks, than any other of his prose productions.

Among various books ready for immediate publication are these: "The Puritan in Holland, England, and America," by Douglas Campbell; "The Venetians," a novel, by Miss M. E. Braddon; "Vesty of the Basins," a novel, by S. P. McLean Greene; "How Women Should Ride," by C. de Hurst; and "Diego Pinzon, and the Fearful Voyage he took into the Unknown Ocean, A. D. 1492," by John Russell Coryell.

In Appleton's Town and Country Library will be issued shortly "A Queen of Curds and Cream," by Dorothea Gerard, who wrote "Orthodox," and was joint author of "A Sensitive Plant" and "Reata."

An order recently sent to a bookseller by Mr. Gladstone is noted as showing the English statesman's almost appalling range of reading. In twenty volumes he has included two books upon the history of the Waldenses, two upon Irish affairs, and one upon the mode of settling parishes in Scotland; Lord Ronald Gower's reminiscences, lives of Aretin and Lord Bacon, books on solar physics, myths of religion, political economy, and Elizabethan England, a narrative of the Russians on the Amur, and a volume of Eton verse.

Bret Harte's young daughter, Miss Jessamy Harte, will make her literary début in one of the July magazines, with a description of "Camp Life in the Adirondacks."

Laird & Lee's one-thousand-dollar prize-novel competition, opened last fall, was closed on March 31, 1892, and the prize has been awarded to a novel of New York society life, entitled "Cortlandt Laster, Capitalist," by an author who writes under the pen-name of Harley Deene. The book will be issued early in June. A second one-thousand-dollar prize competition has already been announced, which will close on September 30, 1892. The competitions are open only to American authors, and all translations and adaptations are absolutely excluded.

The works of Alfred de Musset have, for the last thirty years, yielded an average of five thousand dollars a year in royalties to his sister and sole heir, Mme. Hermine Lardin de Musset, whose husband, Councilor Lardin, of the Court of Algiers, died in 1860.

In his opening paper on the old English dramatists, now first published in one of the June magazines, Lowell has lamented that the taste for English poetry, at least in its older examples, is declining. "I do not think this is a healthy symptom," he says, "for poetry frequents and keeps habitable those upper chambers of the mind that open toward the sun's rising. It has seemed to me that life was running more and more into prose."

Mme. Darmesteter, better known to readers as A. Mary F. Robinson, will write a book on Froissart for the French Great Writers Series. Her recent volume, called "Marguerites du Temps Passé," has been crowned by the French Academy, which awarded her a prize of five hundred francs.

Among the many records that keep leaping to light, there has just been discovered a diary kept by Victor Hugo from 1852 to 1856. Mr. Davey has sent some description of it to the *Athenæum*, saying:

"It is two thousand closely written pages, recording minutely conversations with his family and friends, and contains corrections in Hugo's own handwriting. With it are some thousand letters addressed to the poet. Is it not extraordinary, as the author of the reminiscences of Leigh Hunt, in the *Cornhill*, has remarked, the amount of unprofessional writing often done by professional writers? Of the agony which writing and composition were to Carlyle, we have heard enough. Yet he plunged into 'Reminiscences,' and there is simply no end to his letters. Flaubert produced for the publishers five volumes, all told, and that with labor, pains, and groanings that, if possible, outdid Carlyle's. Of his private correspondence, we already have four volumes, and there are seven more years to come. Victor Hugo, however, like Scott, and George Sand, and Dickens, had the pen of the ready writer."

The end of Mr. Haggard's last serial has, at last, been reached in these words: "When the white man, to whom he told the story, lifted his head and looked at him, he was dead." No wonder.

"American Ideas for English Readers," by James Russell Lowell, is announced. The volume is described as "an entirely new collection of his speeches, addresses, etc., delivered while abroad, embellished with a portrait taken from the bust by Partridge, and opening with an introduction by Henry Stone."

Mr. Ruskin's publisher, George Allen, has just printed a chapter from the "Stones of Venice," in what appears to be old black letter, with beautiful initial letters and broad margins, the paper being hand-made. The volume is bound in vellum, tied by flat silk cords, terra cotta in color.

Mr. Ernest Ingersoll is writing for the Appletons a guide-book that will do for Western Canada what Professor Roberts's has done for the eastern part of the Dominion.

"Black Beauty" has been dramatized. The American Humane Society having offered a prize of one thousand dollars for the best play founded upon Miss Anna Sewell's popular autobiography of a horse, nine aspiring playwrights have submitted manuscripts to a committee.

Sir Edwin Arnold's son, Lester Arnold, is also literary in his tastes. He is about to publish a novel of the Crusades called "The Constable of St. Nicholas."

Gustave Droz, the French novelist, gives some excellent advice to authors. "Never," he says, "deal with subjects and emotions you have not observed or experienced. Avoid realism, but cultivate truth."

There is in preparation a new edition of Laurence Hutton's "Literary Landmarks of London." It will contain seventy portraits.

Eugene Field has heard that in a second-hand book-shop in London is to be seen a complete set of Voltaire's works in fifty volumes, bound in what is technically known as "law calf." He says it evidently belonged originally to a lawyer, who hesitated to let his clients know that he was given to reading anything so mischievously frivolous as the philosopher of Ferney, and so had the books bound to look like ordinary law books, and put upon each the prosaic inscription, "Arouet's Reports," a bit of humor which, he says, will be appreciated by those only who recall that the great philosopher's name was Arouet de Voltaire.

There will appear in book-form, in July, the novel "The Naulahka," written by Rudyard Kipling and the late Wolcott Balestier. Mr. Kipling has written for it a number of rhymed chapter headings.

New Publications.

"Onoqua," a novel by Frances C. Sparhawk, has been issued in the Good Company Series by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

A cheap edition of "The Scarlet Letter," by Nathaniel Hawthorne, on which the copyright has just expired, has been issued and is for sale by John B. Alden, New York; price, post-paid, 25 cents.

"Mark Twain: The Story of His Life and Work," a biographical sketch by Will M. Clemens, has been published by the Clemens Publishing Company, San Francisco; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"A Loyal Lover," by E. Lovett Cameron, and "Alone on a Wide, Wide Sea," by W. Clark Russell, are the latest issues of the Broadway Series published by John A. Taylor & Co., New York; price, 50 cents each; for sale by the booksellers.

"Don Finimondone," containing five sketches of life among the Calabrian peasants, by Elisabeth Cavazza, and one dainty little patrician story, has been issued in the Fiction, Fact, and Fancy Series published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"True Daughter of Hartenstein" and "Love is Lord of All" are the English titles of two German novels translated by Mary J. Safford, who seems to deem the author's name quite superfluous. Published by Robert Bonner's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents each; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The "Proceedings of the First Annual Meeting of the National Conference on University Extension," held in Philadelphia last year, have been compiled by George Francis James, M. A., Editor of University Extension, and are issued in a single volume by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, $1.50; for sale by the booksellers.

George William Curtis's eloquent and patriotic address on James Russell Lowell, delivered before the Brooklyn Institute on February 22, 1892, has been published—with a portrait of Lowell for a frontispiece—in that pretty little collection of books called Harper's Black and White Series. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"How to Get Good Judges," by John A. Wright, member of the committee of the San Francisco Bar Association on the judiciary, contains a study of the judicial systems of the States and a plan for a scientific judicial system, both of which are worthy of consideration by all who desire an end to the present scandals of the judiciary. Published by the S. Carson Company, San Francisco; price, 75 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Amethyst: The Story of a Beauty," by Christabel R. Coleridge, is a novel of English society, the heroine being a beautiful girl who, having been admirably brought up by an aunt, returns to her parents and finds her mother a suave sham, a woman of fashion who is constantly in debt and resorting to all manner of shady expedients to keep up appearances, while the father is an equally unprincipled man of pleasure. But the girl is high-principled and determined, and her resistance to their efforts to marry her off to a wealthy husband makes an interesting story. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, $1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Another of the many artists who have laid aside the pencil for the pen—W. H. Gibson, Howard Pyle, F. D. Millet, George du Maurier, Joseph Pennell, and Hopkinson Smith are a few—is Dan Beard, who, in "Moonblight," has given in the guise of a romance his ideas of how the social and public affairs of the world should be regulated. Published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York; price, $1.00; for sale by the booksellers.

The latest numbers of the Evolution Series—studies in applied sociology, read before the Brooklyn Ethical Association—are: "Taxation and Revenue—The Free-Trade View," by Thomas G. Shearman; "Taxation and Revenue—The Protectionist View," by Professor George Gunton; "The Monetary Problem," by William Potts; and "The Immigration Problem," by Z. Sidney Sampson. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 10 cents each; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"A Poor Girl," translated by Elise L. Lathrop from the German of W. Heimburg, is the story of a girl who, her mother dying at her birth, is brought up by a close, uncomfortable father and later by a strict aunt, both of whom are in direct conflict with her fine nature; and "The Erl Queen," by Nataly von Eschstruth, translated by Emily S. Howard, has for its heroine a spoiled heiress who is loved by a naval officer. Published by the Worthington Company, New York; price, 50 cents each; for sale by the booksellers.

In his latest story, "Nada the Lily," Rider Haggard has aimed to present an historical picture of Chaka, the Zulu warrior and tyrant who, at his death in 1828, had conquered and amalgamated the Amazulu of an enormous territory in South Africa. Of course it is a story—its hero is Umslopagaas, the mighty wielder of the pointed axe in "King Solomon's Mines," and Nada the Lily, a girl of marvelous fairness and beauty, is his love—and has the Rider Haggard faults. Published in the World Library—in which "Confessions of a Publisher," by John Strange Winter, also is issued—by the Waverly Company, New York; price, 25 cents each; for sale by the booksellers.

"Helen Brent, M. D.," is a clever little social study. Helen is a successful doctor and teacher, Harold is a young lawyer, and they love each other. But Harold does not like Helen's having a profession, he does not want a wife who will smell of carbolic acid and may be called away at any moment by patients; he wants a domestic, ivy-round-the-oak wife, so he marries a silly young woman and is unhappy ever after, while Helen works on in her chosen path and rises to professional eminence and personal loneliness and misery. The author's name does not appear on the title-page. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by William Doxey.

Joseph Pennell, a clever pen-and-ink artist who, accompanied by his wife, has "done" a good part of Southern Europe on a bicycle, having seen much of the Jews in Austria and Hungary, in Austrian Poland, and in Russia, makes a valuable contribution to the literature of Russian oppression of the Jews in a little book called "The Jew at Home." In it he describes, without philosophic comment, what he has seen, and twenty-five sketches from his pencil accompany the text—from both of which one's pangs over the oppressed Jews are notably abated by sympathy with their oppressors. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, $1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Thomas Nelson Page, whom most readers of modern fiction know as the author of many charming stories of Southern life, has collected eight of his serious essays on "the Southern question" and they are published in a volume entitled "The Old South." It derives its name from that of the first essay, and the others are "Authorship in the South Before the War," "Glimpses of Life in Colonial Virginia," "Social Life in Old Virginia Before the War," "Two Old Colonial Places," "The Old Virginia Lawyer," "The Want of a History of the Southern People," and "The Negro Question." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, $1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"A Tramp Across the Continent," by Charles F. Lummis, is an account of the author's journey on foot from Cincinnati to California, in which he covered a distance of three thousand five hundred miles, in four months. He carried a small valise, a knapsack, a rifle, and money in two-dollar-and-a-half gold pieces—for to change a twenty-dollar piece would have cost him his life a hundred times; he was clad in a suit of knickerbockers, with low, light shoes; and his only companion was a dog, which died in the desert, after having gone fifteen hundred miles. The trip was made "for fun," and, as the author is a keen observer and fluent writer, his narrative is a breezy and delightful one. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, $1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

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VANITY FAIR.

The important question of how many sachets one ought to have in a complete trousseau bids fair to be settled by Miss Pullman, who was married June 7th in Chicago. She has ordered no less than three dozen. For three dozen sachets of all shapes and sizes, a bill of two hundred and fifty dollars will be presented to papa. First comes the handkerchief, glove, and neck-tie cases of fine white India silk, embroidered in violets. The night-dress case is of white crêpe de Chine, richly embroidered, and is as long as the pillows are broad, as it is intended to be placed between them, and not at the foot of the bed, as the fashion used to be. Of bureau sachets there are four sets, two for each drawer, one perfectly plain for the bottom and another embroidered to be laid on top of everything. Each dress has a set of three sachets, one, six inches wide and thirty-two long, and two, three inches wide and fifteen long. The largest one is for the skirt and the two smaller ones are for the sleeves, and are kept in the dress when it is not being worn. Three sachets are made of white India silk, and are tufted with baby ribbon. Those for the woolen gowns are filled with sandal wood, while those intended to be placed in the silk and muslin dresses are scented with heliotrope and violet orris mixed. The reasons for this difference is that sandal wood, being a very volatile perfume, can be retained for any length of time only by woolen fabrics. These sachets, if well made in the beginning, will need replenishing not oftener than every six months, and a girl, when she marries, usually chooses some perfume which becomes her specialty.

A woman cyclist has recently created the sensation of the Riviera by introducing an innovation. A correspondent of London *Truth* writes that her costume makes even the indolent residents of Nice and Cannes turn round and gaze. Her attire is a fine feminine burlesque of the male cycling-dress. With a pair of dark-blue knickerbockers, amber hose, and the long, pointed shoes of Marseilles, she pedals an ordinary gentleman's "safety." The nether garments are grotesquely baggy, although there is not the slightest attempt to pass them off as a divided skirt. To compensate for this, a neat jersey, in Mediterraneao blue, clothes the upper portion of the figure, and over it is worn, in a darker shade, a close-fitting and decidedly tricky jacket. The whole outfit is surmounted by a jockey cap.

A Paris journalist has had an interview with Mr. Deacon, the American gentleman recently tried for the slaying of his wife's lover at Cannes. According to the enterprising journalist, Mr. Deacon made some oot uninteresting statements. "We were in the habit of traveling a good deal. We spent the season in London, and afterward went down to the south. For six or seven years we constantly lived at hotels. Then we came to Paris, where I took an apartment for the winter. My father-in-law died about that time—that is to say, about 1888. My wife's income originally was four thousand dollars a year. At the death of her father, in 1888, she inherited two hundred and sixty thousand dollars, which brought in an additional income of twelve thousand dollars. My own fortune remained unchanged. Until my father-in-law's death, and even until the end of 1890, Mrs. Deacon agreed that we should have but one purse between us. Then, at my suggestion, we kept our accounts separate." The *St. James's Gazette* comments as follows: "This passage of Mr. Deacon's confessions, which, if not true, might very well have been made by many other wealthy and fashionable Americans, is significant enough. Here is a picture of a ménage such as is very common in these days. Husband and wife are both rich, pleasure-loving, fond of society and fasbion, spending their time in hotels, wandering from one place, where the world amuses itself, to another. They have children; but the responsibilities of home rest lightly on people who live in hotels and are out to dinner every night." In an article in one of the reviews by Lady Jeune, on "London Society," the writer shows how this kind of irresponsible wealth tends to that decadence of manners, morals, and taste, which she deplores. "Luxury, ease, comfort, are the watchwords of a large part of society in London, and they are undermining our society as surely and as certainly as they did that of ancient Rome. We have grown very rich, and we have a large leisure class whose only aim and occupation is amusement, and where such exists it must demoralize and relax all social restraints." The effect of great wealth, divorced alike from political power and social burdens, is the same everywhere. It is discussed by Mr. E. L. Godkin, in an article contributed to the *Forum*, on "Idleness and Immorality." In England and America (says Mr. Godkin), the rich man tends more and more to become a mere *rentier*, who draws his great income from investments hoarded for him by others. With a stroke of the pen he can transfer his wealth from one country to another; the post-offices and bankers will send him his dividends to the ends of the earth. Thus he is cosmopolitan and migratory; there is no tie to bind him down to one place, nothing to make him a permanent member of any community. He has the restlessness, the aimlessness, and the want of settled habits that belong to such a life; and, says Mr. Godkin in effect, it would be odd if Satan did not pretty often find some work for these idle hands to do, especially when the hands are filled with gold.

The New York *Commercial Advertiser* takes exception to the statement made by "Van Gryse"—whom it terms the "entertaining correspondent" of the *Argonaut*, a "bright, literary paper on the Pacific Coast"—in a recent issue of this journal to the effect that New York women have no accomplishments. It says: "The correspondent compares the New York women with the women living here who had been born and educated in the West, much to the disparagement of the former. By this, we perceive that he falls into the thoughtless error of so many Americans who are fond of making sectional comparisons. He must either mean by New York women, women who are born in New York or women who have made New York their home. Without attempting to define his meaning, he proceeds to argue unwittingly on the assumption that a New York woman is one who has been born and educated in New York, for his antithesis is made up of women who are not. A New Yorker, in the metropolitan sense, is not a person who was born within the sound of the chimes of Trinity; but one who, having been born within the sound of Bow Bells or the Falls of Minnehaha, prefers to take up his abode in New York for very obvious commercial, artistic, or social reasons. The cities have no congenital privileges. The proudest Londoner does not boast of having been born on the Strand. It is enough for him that he has availed himself of its communal advantages."

In the last number of the *Scottish Review*, Dr. J. Beddoe brings together some striking facts and suggestions concerning the influence of conjugal selection on the complexion and the color of the eyes and hair, and upon the power of a given race to maintain itself and to multiply. It is certain that blonde, long-headed men once played a great rôle in history, for it was they who colonized Galatia and brought home the treasures of Greece and Italy to Toulouse; who overthrew the Roman Empire in the west, and won England from the Britons. It is equally certain that this physical type was once much more dominant and widely distributed than it is now, and that it is tending to die out. This is especially true of that pronounced form of blondes which is distinguished by red hair. Red-haired persons do not now constitute the majority in any known tribe or nation; but Dr. Beddoe sets forth grounds for thinking that red hair was once much more prevalent. It must have occurred, for instance, among the Brahmans, since they were forbidden by the laws of Manu to marry red-haired women. There is no doubt that blondes and red-haired persons are still encountered about the Hindoo Kush, among the tribes from whom the Brahmans are supposed to have been emigrants. But obedience to the law mentioned would, in the course of time, annihilate the tendency to their reproduction. Dr. Beddoe has investigated the influence of conjugal selection upon color from the observation of nearly six hundred women among the laboring people of Bristol. He ascertained that fewer of the red-haired and of the black-haired women entered into matrimony than of the fair, brown, or dark brown. It is true that there have been changes with regard to the estimation of red hair, and that just now it is fashionable among aristocratic people in Great Britain and in France, though there is no reason to believe that the prejudice against it has been effaced among the masses in either country. Red hair, as well as golden hair, enjoyed a similar vogue in the sixteenth century, as is made plain on the canvases of Holbein and Titian. It is well known, also, that where the coveted hue was not bestowed by nature, it was often procured by art.

It must be confessed (says the New York *Sun*) at the risk of calling down the anathemas of all womankind, that the best housekeepers in the land are men. Where is the establishment managed by a woman where a man can enjoy such a maximum of condensed comfort at such a minimum of expense as at the man's club; where the friction of domestic machinery, if there is any, never penetrates the atmosphere of the library; where maids never have days out and cooks never give warning; where wines are ever cold and soups perpetually hot; where house-cleaning or headaches interfere not with the marketing, and nerves, babies, or matinées do not conflict with the dinner schedule or menu? The best butlers, waiters, "second servants," scourers of clothing, ironers, decorators, and furnishers of houses, music, and attendants are men. Even the old and honorable calling of professional house-cleaner or charwoman is being usurped by men, and the dreaded ordeal of the spring and fall insurrection loses its terror under the executive ability of the new dispenser of suds and kalsomine.

The most curious occupation I have heard of lately is that of a young woman who earns bread and butter by being photographed (says a writer in the New York *Advertiser*). It has been a business, occupying a small number of women in Paris regularly for some years back, to pose for sketch artists or before the camera for the composition of the fashion-plates sent out with the more expensive French fashion magazines. Nothing of the sort has been done in New York until lately, American fashion publications either copying their pictures from French and English periodicals directly, or topping out gowns with fancy head-pieces—a very barren and inane fancy commonly—or calling the first girl who came in sight from the work-room to be immortalized. Latterly there has been a demand for fashion pictures which looked life-like and not wooden, and the utmost difficulty has been experienced in getting a better class of art work in them. Women with pretty faces are beginning to be appealed to to lend their features and their figures for the purpose. A dimpled blonde, whose husband is at the head of a large publishing house, was in the very act of yielding to the charms of a new tea-gown one day recently, when her husband interfered lest the magazine's readers might recognize the model. The professional fashion model will be an institution shortly. The young girl spoken of is already in the field. She poses on a divan as carefully as for an academy picture to bring out her own best points and those of an evening-gown. She plays tennis, she poises an alpenstock. Just now she is skating for next winter's out-door gowns. Fashion illustrations have lagged so far behind all other pictures that it has been ruin to a wood-engraver who aspired to anything better to work on them. The standard is going to be raised now.

Considering the vast fortune left by William Astor, the women of the family are given but a beggarly pittance (according to Colonel Cockerill's idea). Mrs. Astor's fifty thousand dollars will not enable her to live as she has been living. With two immensely expensive establishments to keep up, one in Fifth Avenue and one in Newport, she will have a struggle for existence. She will be obliged to dispose of a lot of horses, dismiss servants, cut here and curtail there, in order to make both ends meet. The Astor women should "get together" and make a determined stand for their rights. They are decidedly getting the worst of it. Young John Jacob Astor has been left so much money, and more in prospect, that he does not know whether he is afoot or on horseback, while the women are left destitute, in comparison. They are apparently faring worse as the fortune gets larger, and the time may come when they will be forced to take in washing. When it occurs to a male member of the Astor family, worth two hundred and fifty millions of dollars, to leave nine dollars and six cents a week to an old servant who has worn out her life in the service of the family, there is no telling what may happen next.

A famous duchess in London recently went through the ordeal of having a dress made on her own figure. She stood for three hours, while the dressmakers wrought fifty yards of rare old lace, that could not be cut, into a gown for a soirée, at the close of which every stitch had to be carefully cut and picked out before the lady could disrobe. The amount of torture that fair woman will undergo in the name of vanity would astonish the martyrs.

A Legacy of Anguish.

The rheumatic taint transmitted from parent to child is indeed a legacy of anguish. Moreover, trifling causes, such as setting in a draught, the neglect to speedily change damp clothing, readily develop it. Whether rheumatism be hereditary or contracted by exposure, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the surest depurent for expelling the virus from the blood and for preventing the later encroachments of the disease. Equally potent is it in arresting malarious, bilious, and kidney trouble and constipation.

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder.

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

The Superior MEDICINE for all forms of blood disease, AYER'S Sarsaparilla the health restorer, and health maintainer. Cures Others will cure you.

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For the Household, the Yacht, and the Camp.

Send postage stamp for Tidbit Receipts.

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THE PERFECTION OF CHEWING GUM.

A DELICIOUS REMEDY FOR ALL FORMS OF INDIGESTION.

1-3 of an ounce of Pure Pepsin mailed on receipt of 25c.

CAUTION—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.

Each tablet contains one grain pure pepsin, sufficient to digest 1,000 grains of food. If it cannot be obtained from dealers, send five cents in stamps for sample package to

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GABOT'S CREOSOTE SHINGLE STAINS

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WEAR BETTER THAN PAINT.
PREVENT THE BLACKENING OF REDWOOD SHINGLES.

Samples on Wood, with Circulars and Sketches of Creosoted Houses, sent on application.

SAMUEL CABOT, Sole Man'f'r,

330 Pine Street, San Francisco.

A Graceful Act

Of hospitality is to offer your evening guests a cup of Bouillon before leaving. Use Armour's Extract of Beef and boiling water; add salt, pepper and a thin slice of lemon to each cup. Serve with plain crackers.

Armour & Co., Chicago.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

General W. H. Dimond, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Dimond, the Misses Mae and Eleanor Dimond, and Miss Hope Ellis left last Tuesday to visit the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins arrived in London last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge and Miss Jennie Blair leave for the East and Europe next Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean, Miss Helen Dean, and Mr. Walter L. Dean have returned from the East after a prolonged absence in New York, and will pass the summer at the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Louise Moulder has arrived in Germany.

Mrs D. M. Delmas and the Misses Delmas will leave today for Santa Cruz, where they will remain three months.

Mrs. Phœbe Hearst, Miss Annie Apperson, Mrs. F. L. Barreda, and Miss Rose Barreda have arrived in London.

Mrs. Joseph Durbrow and Miss Emma Durbrow will go to San Rafael for the season next Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Baldwin have returned from their European trip, and are in New York city.

Mr. Russell J. Wilson has returned from his Eastern trip.

Mr. Augustus Taylor and Mr. E. G. Schmiedell are visiting the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy have arrived in London.

Mr. Sampson Tams, Mr. John Boggs, Miss Alice Boggs, and Mr. Everett N. Bee are visiting the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs John D. Yost, Miss Yost, and Miss Jennie Saunderson have arrived in Paris.

Dr. George J. Bucknall will go to Lake Tahoe early in July on a fishing trip.

Miss Nellie Juliffe, who has been so ill that her life was despaired of recently, is now convalescent.

Mrs. John Martin and her son, Mr. Henri Hoffman, are passing this month in Weaverville During July and August they will be at Newport and Mount Desert.

Mrs. Edgar Saltus, ex-wife of the well-known writer, has arrived in this city from Yokohama, on a tour around the world.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy and the Misses McCarthy are passing the summer in Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Hume are passing the season at Belvedere.

Mrs. Alpheus Bull and family will soon leave for a trip to Alaska

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks have gone to San Rafael for the season.

Miss Minnie Henneessey is visiting friends in San Rafael.

Mrs. J. C. Tucker and the Misses Tucker, of Oakland, have arrived in New York city.

Mr. Joseph Livingston and Mr. Hermann Shainwald are in London.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller and family are occupying their cottage in San Rafael.

Mr. A. J. Folger will pass the season at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. C. de Guigné and family are expected to return from Europe next week, after an absence of two years, and will pass the summer at San Mateo.

Misses Maud and Lillian O'Connor will pass the month of August at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. D. D. Colton will occupy her cottage in Santa Cruz during the next three months

Mme. B. Ziska and Miss Alice Ziska are at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. George L. Brander has gone to Scotland with his children, and will leave them there to be educated.

Colonel William H. Chamberlain has returned from his Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Simpkins, Miss Alice Simpkins, and Miss Mary Eyre, are in the Yosemite Valley.

Captain Charles Goodall, Mrs. Charles Miner Goodall, and Miss Tessie Goodall left New York for Europe last Thursday.

Mrs. Clark W. Crocker, Miss Fanny Crocker, and Miss Etta Birdsall have arrived in New York and will soon leave for Europe.

Mrs. B. F. Norris, and Miss Ida L. Carleton are passing a couple of weeks pleasantly at Santa Cruz.

Mr. Charles F. Mullins and Mr. Thomas C. Grant are visiting the Yosemite Valley.

Hon. Romualdo Pacheco left for Guatemala, C. A., last Monday.

Dr. L. Neumann, Mr. Louis Hirsch, and Mr. Philip Barth will leave next Wednesday to pass a couple of weeks in the Yosemite Valley and at the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees.

Mrs. J. M. Breretoo and Miss May Mitchell Spring are enjoying a visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. Al. Bonnell has returned from a pleasant visit to Los Angeles and is occupying his cottage in Sausalito.

Mr. John N. Featherstoo will pass the early part of July at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. William E. Waters has returned from a trip to British Columbia.

Miss Anna Hobbs is enjoying a visit to relatives at San Andreas.

Captain Albert Smith returned last Tuesday from a trip to Santa Rosa.

Miss Jennie Hobbs will pass the summer at San Rafael and Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Donnell have returned from Europe and are residing at 1001 Pine Street.

Mrs. George J. Harding will return to Philadelphia next Wednesday.

Mrs. John H. Dickinson, who has been very ill at her residence in Sausalito during the past week, is now convalescent and out of danger.

Mr. C. M. Alexander and family are passing the summer at Byron Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Marks and Mrs. William H. Smith were at Carlsbad on May 23d.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire will pass the month of July at Larkspur Inn.

Mrs. E. Buckman and her daughter, Miss Maude Buckman, are passing the summer in Mill Valley.

Mrs. James Lawson has returned from a long sojourn in Southern California and is much improved in health.

Mrs. A. S. Peterson and her son, Mr. Walter A. Peterson, will pass a part of the summer in Mill Valley.

Miss May Hoffman is visiting Miss Maud Morrow in San Rafael.

Mr. E. J. Hendry is enjoying a visit to Mill Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Moody have gone to the Corbitt Ranch, near San Mateo for the summer season.

Mrs. Henry Williams and family will leave soon to pass the season near Mount Shasta.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Lincoln and Miss Ethel Lincoln are at the Hotel del Monte. Mr. Jerome B. Lincoln returned from the East a week ago.

Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Danforth and Miss Irene Danforth are camping near San Anselmo.

Miss Jennie McFarland is visiting friends at San Rafael.

Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Burgess have been passing the week in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. M. A. Mesick and Miss Mamie Mesick have gone East and will be away several weeks.

Mr. Dwight Whiting was bitten by a rattlesnake recently at his ranch, near El Toro, in Southern California. Medical aid was summoned promptly, and he is now, fortunately, entirely out of danger.

Mr. Robert B. Woodward sustained a severe accident last Sunday at the Country Club, as he fell and broke his arm. He was brought to the city on Monday, and is convalescing rapidly.

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Boyd, *née* Kittle, are occupying their cottage in San Rafael.

Mrs. C. W. Lasell, *née* Keeler, and family, have returned from the Hotel del Monte, and have gone to San Rafael to remain during June and July.

Mrs. W. H. Keith and Miss Eliza D. Keith are in Portland, Or.

Mr. William H. Chambliss returned last Monday from a visit to the Gallegos Ranch at the Mission San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Bruguiere and family are at the Hotel del Monte for the season.

Mrs. Eugene Davis and Mr. Norris Davis are at the Hotel del Monte for the summer months.

Dr. Mamie C. Hastings and family, and her mother, Mrs. Hemphill, left San Rafael last Tuesday to pass several weeks at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. E. B. Coleman sprained her ankle last week in San Rafael, and in consequence is confined to her rooms there.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle have been visiting friends in Philadelphia during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs George C. Boardman are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Mr. J. J. Archibald and Mr. H. H. Haight will be in San Rafael for a couple of weeks during the tennis tournament. Mr. Archibald recently passed several days at Glen Una, near Los Gains.

Mrs. K. Love is visiting friends at Los Gatos.

Among recent visitors at the Hotel Vendome, in San José, were: Mr. Walter S. Newhall, Mr. A. S. Baldwin, Mr. George S. Wheaton, Mr. James Phelan, Mr. George Pony, Mr. R. P. Hammond, Jr., Mr. C. H. Maxwell, Jr., Mr. J. M. Chretien, Mrs. Luke Robinson, Miss Lota Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Earl, and Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Simpson.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin are occupying the Gregory cottage, near the Pacific Yacht Club, in Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Scholle are at the Hotel del Monte for the season.

Colonel and Mrs. P. A. Finigan and family are passing a few weeks at the Palace Hotel prior to their departure for Europe.

Miss Belle Smith has been paying a visit to Miss Mamie Deane, at Meadowlands, near San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Laton are located at the Hotel del Monte for the season.

Mrs. S. F. Thorn has returned from a pleasant trip to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sabla have returned from Guatemala.

Mr. J. B. Haggin is expected to return soon from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis G. Newlands have returned from Europe and are residing at 1609 K Street, in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Calvin E. Whitney and family are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. William Murray and Miss Anita Murray have removed from Clay Street to their new residence in Berkeley.

Dr. Luke Robinson left last Tuesday on a four months' visit to Oregon and Washington.

Miss Ruth Benjamin, Miss Stella B. Walthall, Miss Florence Ives, Miss Powell, Mme Cortez, Mrs. MacGregor, and Miss MacGregor, sailed from New York for Antwerp last Wednesday.

Mr. R. L. Coleman is at the Hotel Brooswick, in New York city.

Miss Irene Everett has arrived in New York city, and is stopping at the Hotel Marlborough.

An Ode to Pommery Sec.

With cautious hand I coax thy cork,
That long o'er thee hath been protector;
And as it comes to touch of fork,
Thou bubblest forth, divinest nectar.

Among contemporary peers—
Most insignificant survivals—
Those veterans of the early years,
Are none whom thou dost reckon rivals.

And when to our expectant lips
Thy flavor is communicated,
Thy anthems are our votive sips—
Thy obsequies are celebrated.

Take at our hands this votive psalm,
There's nothing sinister that we know
In dubbing thee, our "Grand Old Cham,"
Divinest wine, O Pommery Greno!

—*London World.*

Trinity School.

The commencement exercises of Trinity School took place on May 26th, and were very interesting. All of the young gentlemen acquitted themselves well. Mr. Guy B. Post won the medal in the rhetorical prize exhibition, and the school prizes awarded were as follows, to heads of the several forms, in studies, and conduct:

Sixth form—Mr. James M. Hood; fifth—Mr. W. A. Greenwood; fourth—Mr. Ivan M. Linforth; third—Mr. Gerald C. Lyons; second—Mr. George T. Shaw; preparatory department—Mr. Conrad Jordan; spelling prizes—Christmas match, Mr. Dudley E. Behlow and Mr. Nelson Towne Shaw; Easter match, Mr. Guy B. Post, Mr. Conrad Jordan, and Mr. Albion Blethen; prize declamation in lower school, Mr. George T. Shaw; geometrical drawing, Mr. William A. Norris. Gold medals were awarded as follows: the Spalding Medal, for best written examination in English, to Mr. A. Douglas McBryde; the Browning Medal, for best written examination in mathematics, to Mr. Richard H. Follis, Jr.; the Babcock Medal, for best written examination in Latin, to Mr. Ivan M. Linforth; the Allen Medal, for highest in studies in the lower school for the year, to Mr. Gerald C. Lyons; Trinity School Medal, for excellence in studies and conduct for the year, to Mr. Charles A. Emery; the Bishop's Medal, for best in general conduct, to Mr. Harry C. Chester; the Alumni Gold Medal, for excellence in declamation, was awarded, in a great speech by Mr. F. L. Mathieu, of the class of '82, chairman of the committee, to Mr. Guy B. Post. Diplomas of graduation were then bestowed upon each of the class, and the exercises were brought to a close with the benediction by the bishop.

Trinity School will open for the next season on August 1st.

Summer Haberdashery.

Society has set the gilded seal of its approval upon an ideal garment for summer wear in the form of the colored outing shirt of silk, Madras, Oxford, and Cheviot, that come in blues and grays, either in solid colors or with effects in fine stripes and small dots. They are displayed in such variety that every taste is met. These shirts are to be worn at watering-places or during business hours in summer, and are cool and very comfortable.

The temptation to make something odd has been resisted, and the result is a modish, sensible, and attractive garment. The silk shirts are, of course, preferable, owing to their softness in texture and the opportunity they afford for the infinite display of ornate fancies in weaving. Next to them come the Madras and Oxford goods, which are finely woven, and then the Cheviots, which are slightly coarser in design, though, withal, exceedingly stylish. They are worn for negligée, or the collars and cuffs may be starched, which, for city wear, preserves an appearance of dress. Starch, however, will be kept in its proper realm, and the negligée effects will prevail in the country.

The collar to be worn is the rolled, turn-over style, called the "Natick," and the cuffs, by a new patent, are made so that either links or regular buttons may be used. The flat, wide "Natick" bow, in tints to harmonize with the shirt, may be worn or one may use the loose, flowing Windsor tie. In the country, it is not necessary to wear a vest with these shirts, the colored belt being the fad. There are two pockets at the sides of the shirts, one for the watch and the other for the handkerchief.

And, by the way, the dictates of good taste in summer dress necessitates the use of a handkerchief to be worn, merely as an ornament, in the pocket of the shirt. A silk handkerchief of navy blue is eminently proper, and produces a pretty contrast to the lighter color of the shirt textile. We are indebted to Wolf & Frank, the haberdashers, for the above information.

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Helen Otis, daughter of Mrs. Lucy Otis, to Mr. Frederick Billings Lake, son of the late Judge Delos Lake.

The engagement is announced of Mrs. Minta R. Crockett to Mr. Allen M. Clay, of the Bank of California.

Mrs. Joseph P. Dyer has issued invitations to the marriage of her daughter, Miss Ruth Dyer, to Dr. George J. Augur, which will take place at the First Congregational Church, in Oakland, on Thursday afternoon, June 16th.

The wedding of Miss Coffin and Mr. Breck, both of Oakland, will take place this month.

Baron and Baroness Rogniat, of Los Angeles, arrived here last Thursday and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire, at their residence, 2616 Buchanan Street, until Monday when they will leave for Paris. Mr. and Mrs. Wilshire gave a delightful dinner-party in their honor on Friday evening. The guests invited to met them were: Mrs. G. S. Owens, of Los Angeles, Mrs. George J. Harding, of Philadelphia, Mrs. A. A. Eaton, Miss Belle Smith, Miss Fanny Danforth, Mr. Joseph Austin, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, and others.

Mr. Sidney W. Curtis, financial agent of the Nicaragua Canal Company, gave a dinner-party at the Cosmos Club last Monday evening, which was followed by a trip through Chinatown. The guests of Mr. Curtis were: Mr. George Heazelton, Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan, Mr. Horace R. Hudson, Mr. Andrew Carrigan, and Mr. William L. Carrigan.

Quite a number of the members of the Country Club will go to the Napa Soda Springs to-day (Saturday) to contest in a pigeon-shooting match tomorrow.

A sailing-party was given last Saturday afternoon to the members of the Crocker Auxiliary by the associate members. The tug-boat *Relief* was chartered, and the excursionists enjoyed a most pleasant trip to various points of interest. They landed at El Campo, where refreshments were served, and returned to the city at dusk highly pleased. Mrs. A. W. Scott chaperoned the party, and Mr. A. E. Buckman and Mr. Stevens were the committee on arrangements.

The following pleasant paragraph about Truxtun Beale, who is well known in New York and San Francisco, is from the New York *Tribune:*

"Mr. Truxtun Beale, United States Minister to Persia, who is now in Washington on leave of absence, began his journey home by riding a considerable distance from Teheran on a horse presented him by the Shah, and equipped with a magnificent golden bridle and other costly trappings. Mr. Beale's return to this country recalls the announcement made a year ago of his engagement to Miss Hattie Blaine, youngest daughter of the Secretary of State. The young diplomatist is the grandson of the late Commodore Truxtun, U. S. N., and the son of General Edward F. Beale, of California and Washington, who was President Grant's Minister to Austria. His sister is the wife of John R. McLean, editor and owner of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*."

By the way, the Washington telegrams this week deny the engagement of Miss Blaine and Mr. Beale.

— NEXT WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15TH, WILL BE A red-letter day long to be remembered by the fair shoppers of San Francisco, for on that day The Maze, at the corner of Market and Taylor Streets, will celebrate its first anniversary. This model store, where you can buy anything from a tin dipper to a Parisian trousseau fit for a bride, has filled a want that San Francisco has long felt and now enjoys an enormous popularity with all classes—with the poor because of its small prices, and with the rich because nowhere else in town can you get such new and handsome goods. The anniversary is to be made the occasion of a great bargain-day in all departments of household articles, dry good, and millinery.

— TO A GOURMET THERE IS HARDLY ANYTHING so satisfactory as a dish of oysters a la poulette, when they are cooked properly. Ernst H. Ludwig, the Model American Caterer, of 1206 Sutter Street, has acquired a great reputation among those who live well for the excellent manner in which he prepares this delicacy. By telephoning to him, No. 2388, you can have some sent to your residence. To try it once is to admire it forever.

— GO TO SWAIN'S NEW DINING-ROOM, SUTTER Street, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

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SOCIETY.

The Carolan-Pullman Wedding.

A wedding of particular interest to San Franciscans took place in Chicago last Tuesday evening when Miss Harriet Pullman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pullman, of Chicago, was married to Mr. Frank J. Carolan, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan, of this city. The young couple are well known in society circles here. The bride has beauty, varied accomplishments, and a dowry of four hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Carolan is associated in business here with his father. He is a member of the Bohemian Club, the University Club, and the Friday Night Club.

The wedding was quietly celebrated, owing to the recent demise of Mr. Pullman's mother. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's parents, on Prairie Avenue, which was beautifully decorated with flowers. The bridal retinue comprised: Miss Florence Pullman, maid of honor; Mr. Edgar Carolan, best man; Miss Odell, Miss Lois Kellogg, Miss Hester Kimball, Miss Florence Clark, and Miss Alger, of Detroit, Miss Evelyn Carolan, of San Francisco, Miss Darling, and Miss Chummassero, of Pittsburg, bridesmaids; Mr. C. Osgood Hooker, Mr. Alexander Hamilton, and Mr. A. H. Sroall, of San Francisco, Mr. J. E. Doane, Mr. Emerson Tuttle, Mr. George M. Pullman, Jr., Mr. Sanger Pullman, and Mr. Pierpont Isham, of Chicago, ushers. The ceremony was performed by Professor Swing. The toilets of the young ladies are described as follows:

The bride wore a robe of heavy, white satin, made with a full, long court-train, the edge of which was trimmed with a roll of satin wound with orange-blossoms. The corsage was cut round, with puffed elbow-sleeves, and was trimmed with a bertha of point d'Angleterre lace. The veil of white-silk moleine was bordered with this point lace, and was fastened to the coiffure by a three-star tiara of diamonds, the gift of her father. She carried a bouquet of white orchids, tied with white satin ribbons, and her ornaments were diamonds.

The maid of honor wore a gown of white moire, shaded into rainbow tints of pale pink, green, and violet, trimmed on the skirt, and with a collar of rare, old lace on the low-cut corsage. She wore a short veil of white-silk moleine and diamond ornaments.

The bridesmaids were attired alike in gowns of white moire, made with demi-trains, and cut décolleté, with trimmings of tulle and cream-colored lace. They also wore short veils of moleine and carried clusters of moss-rosebuds, orchids, and mignonette, tied with ribbons of green silk.

After the ceremony and congratulations, the bridal party and guests partook of an elaborate supper. There were about two hundred guests present. The wedding gifts were unusually elegant. Mr. and Mrs. Carolan left that same evening, in a private car, for the East, and will pass commencement week at Cornell University, where the groom was graduated. After that they will make a general tour of the East, and are expected here next month, when they will occupy the Boyd Lodge, in San Rafael, for the remainder of the season.

The Wright-Davis Wedding.

There was a large and fashionable assemblage in Grace Episcopal Church last Wednesday evening to witness the wedding of Miss Susie Augustina Davis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Davis, of this city, and Mr. Frank Vincent Wright, of San José. The chancel was prettily decorated with sweet peas, roses, and other fair blossoms in artistic array. After the organist had given several voluntaries, he played the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin" at half-past eight o'clock to signal the approach of the bridal-party.

The six bridesmaids, Miss Minnie Hennessey, Miss Gertrude Mulford, Miss Helen Gibbs, Miss Gillis, Miss May Paulsell, and Miss Clara Wright, entered from the vestry and marched down the centre aisle to the entrance, where they met the other attendants, and separated at either side of the aisle to allow the ushers to head the cortège. The ushers were Dr. J. J. Miller, Dr. J. N. Johnston, Mr. Ralph Hersey, Mr. J. W. Findlay, Mr. John Havens, and Mr. Frank Keyes. After them came the bridesmaids, then the maid of honor, Miss Gertrude Goewey, and finally the bride and her father. They were met in the chancel by the groom and the cousin of the bride, Mr. William Hendrickson, Jr., who acted as best man.

The impressive ceremony was performed by Rev. R. C. Foute, and at its conclusion the organist played Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" as the party left the church. Immediately afterward a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, 601 Stockton Street. Miss Jennie Hobbs and Miss Alice Chittenden displayed their artistic taste in decorating the rooms, which were beautifully adorned with choice bright-hued flowers, clambering vines, and potted tropical plants. The newly wedded couple, surrounded by their attendants, stood beneath a floral bower to receive the congratulations of their friends, of whom about one hundred and fifty were present. The bride's mother and aunt and the groom's mother also assisted in receiving. The dresses worn by the ladies were very attractive and are described as follows:

The bride, a pretty demi-blonde, appeared in an elegant toilet of heavy, white, corded bengaline, made with a court train. The bodice was made high and adorned with a bertha of point d'Alençon lace, while the trimmings were of broderie Romienne. The long sleeves ended with a fall of point lace over the ungloved hands. A veil of white-silk moleine was confined to her coiffure, and fell gracefully to the end of the train. She carried a bouquet of natural orange-blossoms.

The maid of honor and bridesmaids were all dressed alike in becoming gowns of white organdie made with demi-trains. The corsage was round at the neck, with trimmings of Valenciennes lace, and the sleeves were long and bouffant, with ribbons at the shoulders. A sash of white silk ribbon encircled the waist, and the ends fell to the hem of the skirt at the back. They carried bouquets of Marechal Niel roses tied with silk ribbons. Their souvenirs from the bride were gold-mounted amber combs for the coiffure.

Mrs. A. E. Davis, mother of the bride, wore a handsome combination costume of claret-and-pink-colored brocaded satin, en train, with a trimming of point lace. Her ornaments were diamonds.

Mrs. Wright, mother of the groom, appeared in a beautiful robe of gray silk, trimmed with Chantilly lace and made en train. Ornaments, diamonds.

Mrs. William Hendrickson, aunt of the bride, was attired in a rich toilet of heavy black gros grain, trimmed with pink lace and jet passementerie. Ornaments, diamonds.

After the bridal lancers, dancing became general. A sumptuous supper was served about eleven o'clock, under the direction of Ludwig. The groom gave to the ushers and best man souvenir scarf pins set with diamonds. Miss Helen Gibbs found the ring in the bride's cake, and Miss Gertrude Mulford caught the bride's bouquet as she threw it away. Mr. and Mrs. Wright left on Thursday to visit the Hotel del Coronado and other places of interest in the southern part of the State for a month. Afterward they will reside at the Hotel Vendome, in San José, for about a month, until their new residence, on the corner of Santa Clara and Eleventh Streets, opposite the Naglee place, is completed. They were the recipients of many elegant wedding gifts.

The Ellis-Gamble Wedding.

One of the prettiest weddings that the society people of Oakland have witnessed this season took place last Wednesday afternoon in St. Paul's Church. The contracting parties were Miss Frances Gamble, daughter of Mr. James Gamble, of Piedmont, and Mr. Walter Ellis, of Boston, Mass. The church was crowded with friends of the young couple, and the chancel was ornate with fragrant flowers and foliage. It was four o'clock when the organist played the wedding march and the bridal-party made its appearance. First in order were fifteen young ladies, friends of the bride, who marched down the aisle and took the seats usually occupied by the choristers. They were: Miss Adeline Taylor, Miss Frances Beaman, Miss Virginie de Fremery, Miss Evelyn Shepard, Miss Dottie Collier, Miss Grace de Fremery, Miss Kate Clement, Miss Claire Ralston, Miss Louise de Fremery, Miss Minnie Carrigan, Miss Esma Dean, Miss Margaret Hawes, Miss Helen Hawes, Miss Frances Hunt, and Miss Margaret Hunt. Then came the ushers: Mr. Harry L. Coleman, Mr. Fritz Gamble, Mr. William Carrigan, and Mr. Paxton Howard. They were followed by the two bridesmaids: Miss Jessie Coleman and Miss Edna Dickens. They, as well as all of the young lady attendants, were attired in becoming toilets of pure white mousseline de soie and carried bouquets of pink sweet peas. Last in the cortege were the bride and her father. They were met in the chancel by the groom and his best man, his cousin, Mr. William Ripley, of Boston. The bride's dress is described as follows:

She wore a rich toilet of white moire antique, with a garniture of Duchesse lace and orange-blossoms. The train was à la cour, the corsage was cut round, and the sleeves were long. Her veil was of white-silk moleine, she wore no gloves, and carried a bouquet of white clematis.

After the performance of the impressive ceremony, the bridal party and a few intimate friends repaired to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Coleman, 754 Eighth Street, and partook of a sumptuous repast. The various apartments were very tastefully decorated with roses and other fragrant bloom. The evening was passed in a quiet but pleasant manner. The wedding presents were numerous and very elegant. Mr. and Mrs. Ellis will linger on this coast for a brief period, and then go East to reside permanently in Boston. Mr. Ellis has a villa in Newton, Mass., where they will pass most of the summer.

The Cunningham-Whitney Wedding.

St. Paul's Episcopal Church, in Oakland, was the scene of a pretty wedding last Monday afternoon, when Miss Stephanie Whitney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Whitney, of Oakland, was united in marriage to Mr. Seymour Cunningham, of Washington, D. C. The chancel was handsomely decorated in tones of green and white, and the nave was filled with invited guests. When the wedding march was played, the bridal party entered, headed by the father and mother of the bride. Then came the four ushers, Mr. William Meek, Mr. J. T. Scott, Mr. Fred Clift, and Mr. Samuel Breck. After them, came two of the bridesmaids, Misses Anita and Mary Whitney, sisters of the bride, and then the bride, unescorted. Following her were the two other bridesmaids, Miss Coffin and Miss Scotchler. The groom and his best man, Mr. George S. Whitney, met them at the head of the aisle. The costumes of the ladies in the bridal party are described as follows:

The bride wore a toilet of cream-colored satin trimmed with point lace and made with a court train. The bodice was high at the neck, the sleeves were long, and her hands were ungloved. The flowing veil was of rare old point lace, and her hand-bouquet was of Bride roses.

The four bridesmaids were attired alike in gowns of white crêpe de Chine with green trimmings, and carried Niphetos roses.

Mrs. Whitney appeared in a rich toilet of ashes-of-roses-colored silk, combined with green brocaded velvet and made en train. She carried La France roses.

The first part of the marriage ceremony was performed, at the head of the aisle, by Rev. Mr. Ritchie, rector of St. Paul's Church, and, after the bride was given away by her father, the party walked to the chancel rail where Rev. Dr. Trew, rector of St. St. John's Church, read the remainder of the service. Afterward a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, 576 Eighth Street, to which only relatives and a few intimate friends were invited. A delicious wedding repast was enjoyed, and the evening was delightfully passed. On Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham sailed for Honolulu, and will return in a couple of months, when they will go to Washington, D. C., to reside. Their friends remembered them generously in the way of gifts.

The Swank-Hart Wedding.

There was a promioent wedding in Oakland last Wednesday evening, when Miss Hattie May Hart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jackson Hart, of Oakland, was united in wedlock to Mr. J. L. Swank, who is connected with the firm of George H Tay & Co., of this city. The celebration took place at the beautiful home of the bride's parents, 1069 Market Street, which a number of young ladies, friends of the bride, had decorated in excellent taste.

The guests were limited in number, owing to the size of the house, and they were all present at half-past eight o'clock, when the bridal party entered the parlors to the accompaniment of the wedding march, which was played by the string orchestra in its retreat on the veranda. Miss Frances Hart was the maid of honor, Miss Lurline Hart was the bridesmaid, and Mr. Arthur Spear, of this city, was the best man. The costumes worn by the ladies were elegant, and are described as follows

The bride appeared in a beautiful imported toilet of white satin, richly embroidered and made with a court-train. The skirt was plain and was finished with a heavy cord around the edge. The corsage was V-shaped in back and round in front, and was trimmed with Valenciennes lace. The pointed bodice was elaborately trimmed with broderie Romienne, as were the long sleeves which terminated with a fall of the point lace over the ungloved hands. The long veil was of white-silk moleine and her bouquet was of Niphetos roses.

Miss Frances Hart wore a lovely costume of bouton d'or silk, made with a demi-train, and finished with a triple ruche of the silk all around the base. The corsage was cut round, and the bouffant sleeves were of the style of the First Empire. The bodice and sleeves were trimmed with gold bullion embroidery, and at the back of the corsage was a large Colonial bow-knot of yellow and silver striped silk, the ends of which fell to the end of the train. She carried Jacqueminot roses, and wore diamond ornaments.

Miss Lurline Hart looked very pretty in a gown of blue-brocaded silk, made en demi-train, and trimmed with white point lace. Her ornaments were diamonds

Mrs. Jackson Hart, mother of the bride, wore a handsome robe of black gros-grain and Chantilly lace, en train; ornaments, diamonds.

When the party had assembled beneath the bridal bower, the wedding ceremony was performed by Rev. George Sweeney, of Oakland. Congratulations followed, and afterward there was dancing and a sumptuous supper, which was served at tête-à tête tables on the veranda. The evening was made very pleasant to all present. The rich display of presents gave ample evidence of the high esteem the young couple is held in by their friends. On Thursday, Mr. and Mrs. Swank left on a southern tour, and will be away about three weeks. When they return, they will reside at 712 Sutter Street, and will receive on Thursdays.

The Widow Clicquot.

It is an interesting historical fact that when the allied forces invaded France in 1815, just previous to the Battle of Waterloo, the Russians went into camp in close proximity to the vineyard of the Widow Clicquot. The officers occupied her houses, partook of all of the delicacies of her gardens, and levied to a great extent upon her well-stocked cellars for champagne. The fair widow at once saw that resistance was useless, as any effort of the kind would result in the destroyal of her buildings, cellars, and vineyard, then prolific with a wealth of ripening fruit.

With apparent good grace, she served her champagne to both officers and men with unstinted hand. They formed an intense liking for the amber-hued, sparkling juice of the grape, and its delicious flavor and bouquet made their hearts and stomachs wedded to it. Previous to this, the Veuve Clicquot champagne was comparatively unknown in Russia, though it had an excellent reputation throughout France. The widow naturally suffered a great loss through this immense drain on her cellars, which, however, she more than regained afterward, when the Russians returned to the land of the Czar, through the vast number of orders she received from Russia. The Russians are probably the greatest champagne-drinkers in the world, and, as they travel considerably, they invariably praised the wine of the Widow Clicquot wherever they went.

Thus it was that the fame of the wine became world renowned, and orders came in from every quarter of the globe for the delicious Veuve Clicquot, with its yellow label. This is one notable instance of where a person, who was threatened with complete ruin by enemies of her country, was ultimately benefited beyond measure by their depredations.

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AN ADVENTURE IN PARIS.

How Mrs. Chester ate a Thousand-Franc Lunch.

"Interesting adventures have not been numerous in my existence," Mrs. Chester remarked from the corner of the sofa, placing a large soft cushion behind her, and crossing her feet comfortably; "but I can tell you one that happened only last summer, and which, I think, is somewhat out of the ordinary run. We were in Paris at the time. One morning I went alone to my bankers in the Rue ——— and drew some money for my sister. As I came out, I recognized Mr. Fairman, who was passing. I bowed, and he immediately joined me, asking if I would allow him to accompany me to my destination, whatever that might be. I had known Arthur Fairman slightly for a number of years, and probably would never have become better acquainted with him had we not met in a foreign land. There seems to be a fraternal feeling between Americans abroad that in many cases would not exist at home. At any rate, I gave him the desired permission, and we strolled along, enjoying the life and gayety so peculiar to the Paris boulevards. At the Maison D——, where I had expected him to leave me, he remarked that he would be glad to wait while I tried on several hats. Must I confess that I was pluming myself upon having made something of a conquest of a formerly indifferent acquaintance? His patience was angelic, for, after three-quarters of an hour, he greeted me in the same amiable manner, and asked me to lunch with him at the Café Cambon. Charming man! I reflected a moment, then accepted, as I knew returning home would mean a solitary meal—at the best, a hurried, unsatisfying repast.

"As it was, I had an extremely pleasant time. We secured a table in one of the windows, and Mr. Fairman almost immediately inquired if I had ever been to Russia. I think this was our principal topic of conversation. I was surprised to find him such a traveled, cultivated man, and so interesting a talker. The lunch was excellent, also the company, and when he bade me adieu at the hotel, I am sure it was with sincere regret on both sides, particularly as he was about leaving Paris for London, and our renewed acquaintance would have to be suspended until we met in New York. My sister returned from a shopping expedition later in the afternoon, and I gave her a graphic account of how I spent the morning, concluding, 'And here is the money you wanted,' my hand gliding into my pocket. It was empty! My purse had disappeared without a tear in the material to mark its exit. I had not taken it out after leaving the bankers; of that I was almost certain; therefore my pocket must have been picked en route. I remembered a crowd of people in the Rue Daunou, which jammed the narrow sidewalks, but Mr. Fairman had been behind me the entire way. Could he help me, I wondered? My sister advised me to write to him at once. Perhaps we could stop him before he left the city. I looked at the clock; it was striking four. 'He leaves at six,' I murmured, hopefully. 'I will send for him immediately.' Then, remembering: 'But I don't know his address. Is it not provoking?' I went over to the window, and gazed absently out. I had been watching passers-by for some time, feeling deeply depressed, when suddenly I caught sight of Mr. Fairman hurrying along on the opposite side. What luck! Without a word of explanation to my sister, I ran to the door, down the staircase, and into the street.

"In a few seconds I had overtaken him, and, while trying to regain my breath, managed to tell him of my loss. He was most sympathetic and much distressed over the occurrence.

"'I am mortified at not having been able to take better care of you,' he kept repeating, apologetically; 'you can not imagine how badly I feel. However, I will go to the police-station and report the theft on my way to the depot, so that your interests will be well looked after when I am gone.'

"He walked with me back to the hotel entrance, and I gave him a minute description of my pocket-book and its contents, after which he excused himself, as he said he must return to his apartment before going to the train. In spite of his kindly interest, as is usual in such cases, the money was never heard of again.

"A few days ago," Mrs. Chester continued, drawing a long breath and sitting more erect, "I met Mr. Fairman on Fifth Avenue, and stopped to speak to him. 'How have you been since I saw you last summer in Paris?' I exclaimed, cordially. He shook my hand rather mechanically, I thought, and seemed somewhat puzzled. 'Do you know,' I went on, 'we never found any trace of that money that was stolen?' And I added, laughing: 'We almost accused you of petty larceny.'

"Mr. Fairman's face wore an extraordinary expression. 'Paris? Petty larceny?' he stammered, looking blankly at me; 'but, my dear Mrs. Chester, I have not been abroad for three years!'

"For a moment there was a dead silence, each gazing at the other. 'Not been abroad?' I gasped, unbelievingly. 'But I saw you; I lunched with you.'

"'I can prove an alibi whenever you please,' Mr. Fairman replied, seriously. 'I spent August and September with my sister Carrie in Newport.'

"Then the truth flashed over me. The small differences I had not noticed before became only too clear now. The clever duplicate had traded on his mistaken identity, and had calmly lunched me, and rifled my pocket to pay for the spree. Well, it was a good lunch, but it cost me one thousand francs."

—*M. R. McVickar in Harper's Weekly.*

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

His Alma Mater.

"He's rather handsome."
"Yes, that's so."
"And free and easy."
"Quite."
"A graduate of Harvard?"
"No,
Of Dwight."—*New York Press.*

Go to Father, and Fare Worse.

It almost spoils my digestion
That just here I can not stop,
But now, as I've popped the question,
I'm obliged to question Pop.—*Truth.*

A Campaign Prognosis.

It looks to me
As though Baby McKee
Would be the Republican nominee.
And that, forsooth,
To tell the truth,
He'd have an opponent in Baby Ruth.
So it becomes plain,
To the average brain,
That we are to have a cradle campaign.
—*Puck.*

Solomon Spanked.

To his mother, fair Bath-sheba,
Solomon the Wise, said he:
"Adonijah, Haggith's son,
Hath done evil unto me;

"For as we were playing now
Just outside the city wall,
Lo, he knocked me down, and did
Me a sneaking rascal call!"

"Did you give him blow for blow?"
Bath-sheba the Fair, said she.
"You just bet your life I did;
He'll not lord it over me!

"When he hit me, called me names,
I stopped not to make reply;
From the shoulder deep I hit out,
Giving to him a black eye!"

Very grave was then Bath-sheba,
As she sadly shook her head;
"Only brutes resort to blows,
Solomon, my son," she said.

"When again he striketh thee,
Be not hasty, check thine ire;
Thus, on his unruly head
Shalt thou heap up coals of fire."

Solomon the Wise but smiled;
"Guess I'd better go and see
If he'll give those marbles back
That he won from me," said he.

"Marbles! Did you play for keeps?"
Cried Bath-sheba, shriek on shriek,
And she caught her recreant son
Ere he had a chance to speak;

From her foot her sandal drew,
Took him there across her knee,
And the way she flogged the lad
Was a sight for men to see.

Solomon the Wise was mute,
Till he was well out of reach,
Then he said, "Oh, mother, why
Don't you practice what you preach?"

—*Anne L. Brakenridge in the New York School Teacher.*

The Camel's Lament.

"Canary-birds feed on sugar and seed,
Parrots have crackers to crunch;
And, as for the poodles, they tell me the noodles
Have chickens and cream for their lunch.
But there's never a question
About my digestion—
Anything does for me!

"Cats, you're aware, can repose in a chair,
Chickens can roost upon rails;
Puppies are able to sleep in a stable,
And oysters can slumber in pails.
But no one supposes
A poor camel dozes—
Any place does for me!

"Lambs are inclosed where it's never exposed,
Coops are constructed for hens;
Kittens are treated to houses well heated,
And pigs are protected by pens.
But a camel comes handy
Wherever it's sandy—
Anywhere does for me!

"People would laugh if you rode a giraffe,
Or mounted the back of an ox;
It's nobody's habit to ride on a rabbit,
Or try to bestraddle a fox.
But as for a camel, he's
Ridden by families—
Any load does for me!

"A snake is as round as a hole in the ground,
And weasels are wavy and sleek;
And no alligator could ever be straighter
Than lizards that live in a creek.
But a camel's all lumpy,
And humpy and bumpy—
Any shape does for me!"—*St. Nicholas.*

The Four Deuces.

The deuce of Spades is that they dig our graves,
And build of clinging clay death's narrow palace.
The deuce of Clubs is that they make us slaves
To midnight revels, orgies, and slakewallahs.

The deuce of Diamonds is that, when we woo,
Their purchase stands us in for sums tremendous.
The deuce of Hearts is that they prove untrue,
And for a newer spark to limbo send us.—*Ex.*

Fire!

The Aermotor Co., 12th, Rockwell, and Fillmore Streets, Chicago, had a fire May 28th. These are the chronicles: A fire at 2 in the morning! Extinguished at 4! Insurance adjusted at 7:30! Started up the machinery at 12:30 in the lower stories of the building that had the top burned off! All this occured Saturday! Monday, every department working as usual, though not in the old quarters! And there was no delay to business! The Aermotor Co. rises to any occasion. When on the first of April it became apparent that its 4½ acres of floor space were not enough, an acre more of ground was covered with brick buildings in 30 days, and a part of those buildings was occupied within three weeks of the time it was decided to build them.

— DR. MAYO A. GREENLAW, DENTIST, Rooms Nos. 11 and 12, Academy of Sciences Building, No. 819 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

GEO. H. FULLER DESK CO.

MANUFACTURES.

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MISS WEST'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,

2014 Van Ness Avenue.

Term begins August 17th. Students prepared for College. A few boarding pupils received

TRINITY SCHOOL,

1534 MISSION STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Sixteenth Year.

Christmas Term will open Monday, August 1st, 1892.
Prepares for University and business.
Faculty of nine professors and teachers.
An accredited school with the University of California.
REV. DR. E. B. SPALDING, Rector.

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE A COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.

Bryn Mawr, Pa., ten miles from Philadelphia. Offers graduate and undergraduate courses in Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Mathematics, English, Anglo-Saxon, French, Old French, Italian, Spanish, German, including Gothic and Old High German, Celtic, Hebrew, History, Political Science, Physics Chemistry, Biology, and lectures on Philosophy Gymnasium, with Dr. Sargent's apparatus complete. Fellowships (value $500) in Greek, Latin, English, Mathematics, History, and Biology. For Program address as above.

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EVERY one in need of information on the subject of advertising will do well to obtain a copy of "Book for Advertisers," 368 pages, price one dollar. Mailed, postage paid, on receipt of price. Contains a careful compilation from the American Newspaper Directory of all the best papers and class journals; gives the circulation rating of every one, and a good deal of information about rates and other matters pertaining to the business of advertising. Address ROWELL'S ADVERTISING BUREAU, 10 Spruce St., New York.

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The partially furnished country residence of Frank M. Pixley, at Corte Madera, Marin County.

Inquire on the premises or at the Argonaut Office, 213 Grant Ave.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital	$3,000,000 00
Surplus	1,000,000 00
Undivided Profits	3,317,455 11

September 30, 1891.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR .....Assistant Cashier.
IRVING F. MOULTON.....2d Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents at all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available to all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Gotenberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

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Cash Capital and Surplus.....$6,000,000

Directors:

LLOYD TEVIS, President; JNO. J. VALENTINE, Vice-Pres't. Leland Stanford, Charles F. Crocker, J. C. Fargo, Oliver Eldridge, Geo. E. Gray, W. F. Goad, Wm. Norris.

H. WADSWORTH, Cashier.

Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.

Cash capital	$1,000,000
Assets	2,632,228
Surplus to policy-holders	1,550,589

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager, San Francisco.

CITY OFFICE: 501 Montgomery Street. GENERAL OFFICE: 401 Montgomery Street.

28th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1892

Home Mutual Insurance Co.

N.E. cor. California and Sansome Streets.

Capital (Paid up in Gold)	$300,000 00
Assets, January 1, 1892	878,137 01

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON
VICE-PRESIDENT.....H. L. DODGE
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY
GENERAL AGENT.....ROBERT H. MAGILL

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Of London. Established 1836.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Charles Wyndham once called at the Green Room, and on entering, sank languidly into its famous Garrick chair. Desiring to be genial, Secretary LeClerq blandly remarked: "Ah, Mr. Wyndham, you are growing more and more like Mr. Garrick every day of your life." "Yes," instantly retorted a fellow-actor, sitting near; "and less and less like him every night!"

Ex-Minister George M. Dallas relates this story in his memoirs: He was told at a country-house, where he went to spend Christmas, that Count de M—— announced his intention of marrying in St. Petersburg; the pseudo-countess, with whom he had lived for a great many years, sent for her son, about nineteen, and said to him: "You must avenge my wrong. De M—— is not, as has been supposed, your father, and you must fight him. Your father was Baron ——." "Ah!" exclaimed the youngster, "you destroy my happiness. I fondly believed myself the son of the Duke de ——."

Sydney has a remarkably fine harbor, and the people are proud of it. No stranger can visit the place without being asked, again and again: "What do you think of our beautiful harbor?" This question, repeated too often, is liable to become a source of amusement, if not of annoyance. The author of "Homeward Bound" relates that an irate skipper, with the recollection of previous visits to the city in his mind, once sailed up the bay with a huge placard rigged at the bow of his craft:

WE HAVE ADMIRED YOUR
BEAUTIFUL HARBOR.

In "Recollections of Mississippi," the author says that among the famous men of Vicksburg before the war, one of the most prominent was a Mr. McNutt. Two qualities marked him out as an individual type. The first was his personal cowardice. Still more individual was his power of setting aside in his own favor those prejudices of the public mind which would have crushed any other man. He was at one time a candidate for United States senator. The opposing candidate was General Quitman. In a speech, McNutt said: "Fellow-citizens, I understand that General Quitman is now in the Eastern counties reviewing his militia, and that he says when he meets me he intends to whip me. Now, I tell him, at this far-off distance, that if he whips me it will be because he can outrun me, for I have a great horror for the barbarous practice of personal violence." Such a speech from any other man would have won him the contempt of his listeners, but it was McNutt, and people laughed and applauded.

A case was on trial in a Kentucky court-room. An old man, of somewhat shabby appearance, had just given important testimony, and the lawyer whose cause suffered by his statements strove in every way to confuse and trip him, but in vain. The witness stuck to his story and did not lose his temper, in spite of the irritating manner in which the cross-examination was conducted. Finally, in the hope of breaking down the credibility of the witness, the lawyer, at a venture, asked: "Have you ever been in prison?" "I have," replied the witness. "Ah!" exclaimed the attorney, with a triumphant glance at the jury; "I thought as much. May I inquire how long you were there?" "Two years and three months," answered the witness, quietly. "Indeed," said the delighted lawyer; "that was a heavy sentence. Now, sir, tell the jury where you were confined." "In Andersonville," replied the old man, drawing himself up proudly. There was a moment of silence; the jurors looked at each other, and then the court-room rang with cheers. The too inquisitive lawyer hardly waited to hear the verdict against him.

A French writer recounts this anecdote of Balzac's grand air. The narrator once had occasion to visit the French publisher Charpentier. He was ushered into the publisher's room, and found him in conversation with a somewhat stout but not very elegant man, whom the newest visitor did not know. "Yes, my dear Charpentier," said the stout man, nonchalantly, "it is going to be a complete surprise to my mother; she doesn't know a thing about it. You see the château and grounds are laid out in this way." He traced some imaginary lines with his cane on the floor. "Here will stand the house—a noble structure in the style of the sixteenth century. It will be ornamented with superbly vermiculated stones at the corners, and also at the doors and windows. There will be two floors entirely occupied with sleeping-rooms, so that there may be sufficient room for me and for a large party of friends when we come out from Paris." The man went on with a long list of details of his establishment, his servants, his wine-cellars, his deer-park, and so on, to all of which Charpentier listened with great respect. By-and-bye the talker went away, with a grand air, and the other visitor ventured to ask: "Who was that gentleman?" "That was Balzac," said Charpentier. "Balzac! Why, he must be making a great deal of money out of his novels!" The publisher smiled. "Well," said he, "what do you suppose he came in for? It was to get me to advance him five hundred francs on his next volume—which isn't written yet—to pay his board bill!"

In a Philadelphia court-room (says the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*), during the trial of an important suit involving certain franchises, Benjamin Brewster, afterward Attorney-General of the United States, was then the chief counsel of the Pennsylvania Company. Brewster was a frightfully ugly man, on account of a terrible disfigurement of his face from burns; but, intellectually, he was a giant, and, in deportment, a Chesterfield. He was extremely sensitive concerning his facial misfortune, but never referred to it. The trial was a bitterly contested affair, and Brewster, at every point, got so much the best of the opposing counsel that by the time arguments commenced, his leading adversary was in a white heat. In denouncing the railroad company, this lawyer, with his voice tremulous with anger, exclaimed: "This grasping corporation is as dark, devious, and scarified in its methods as is the face of its chief attorney and henchman, Benjamin Brewster!" This violent outburst of rage and cruel invective was followed by a breathless stillness in the crowded court-room that was painful. Hundreds of pitying eyes were riveted on the poor, scarred face of Brewster, who slowly arose and spoke something like this to the court: "Your honor, in all my career as a lawyer, I have never dealt in personalities; nor did I ever before feel called upon to explain the cause of my physical misfortune; but I will do so now. When a boy, while playing around an open fire, one day, with a little sister, just beginning to toddle, she fell into the roaring flames. I rushed to her rescue, pulled her out before she was seriously hurt, and fell into the fire myself. When they took me out of the coals, my face was as black as that man's heart." The last sentence had an electrical effect, and the applause that greeted it was superb; but, in an instant, turned to the most contemptuous hisses directed at the lawyer who had so cruelly insulted him.

Can Not Spare the Time.

Nelson H. Baker, District Attorney of Westchester Co., New York, writes:

"I have received many letters in reference to my testimonial, lately published, commending ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.

"I can not spare the time to answer them in writing, therefore would again say, through the press, that I have found ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS invaluable as chest protectors and shields against coughs and colds. Furthermore, I have found ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS unequaled for pains in the side, back, and chest."

—MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama.

Steamers will sail at **noon** on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—June 15th, SS. City of New York; June 25th, SS. San Blas; July 5th, SS. City of Sydney.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamer sails at **noon** 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—June 18th, SS. City of Panama.

When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.:

City of Rio de Janeiro.....Tuesday, June 14, at 3 P. M.
China.....Saturday, July 9, at 3 P. M.
Peru (new).....Thursday, August 4, at 3 P. M.

Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.

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POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1.2.3.
THREE White, Flesh, Brunette. 1 2 3 POZZONI'S All Druggists AND Fancy Stores. TINTS

You would not suspect it from the taste; there *is* cod-liver oil in Scott's Emulsion.

It looks like cream; it is like cream. Cream is bits of butter covered with something else—you do not taste the butter. Scott's Emulsion is drops of cod-liver oil covered with glycerine.

Cream is an easier food than butter, because it is in bits. Scott's Emulsion is cod-liver oil made easy; the drops are invisibly fine; they do not resist digestion.

Will you read a book on it? Free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. $1.

47

SAUSALITO, SAN RAFAEL, SAN QUENTIN VIA NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Thursday, May 26th, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7 30, 9 00, 11 00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 5.00, 5.45, 6.20 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12.30, 1,30, 2.30, 4.20, 5.30, 6.45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7.30, 9.00, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 5.00, 5.45, 6.20 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 2.30, 4.20, 5.30 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturdays at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for FAIRFAX (week days)—9.00 A. M.; 5.00 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12.30, 1.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.10, 6.45, 7.45, 9.15, 11.05 A. M.; 1.45, 3.30, 5.00 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.50, 11.00 A. M.; 12 M.; 1.10, 2.20, 3.55, 5.15, 6.05, 7.00 P. M.
Extra trip Saturdays at 6.25 P. M.
Fare 50 cents, round trip.

From FAIRFAX for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7.36 A. M.; 5.14 P. M. (Sundays)—2.15, 3.50, 5.05, 6.45 P. M.
Fare 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days) 6.25, 6.55, 8.00, 9.10, 11.10 A. M.; 3.35, 5.10 P. M. (Sundays)—8.05, 10.10, 11.15 A. M.; 1.20, 2.40, 4.10, 5.30, 6.30 P. M.
Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 7.15, 8.15, 9.45, 11.40 A. M.; 2.25, 4.05, 5.45 P. M. (Sundays)—8.45, 10.25, 11.40 A. M.; 12.30, 1.40, 3.15, 4.35, 6.00, 6.50, 7.45 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturdays at 7.00 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip tickets to and from all stations at 25 per cent. reduction from single tariff rates.

Friday to Monday Excursion.—Round-trip tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Tocaloma and Point Reyes, $1.25; Tomales, $2.00; Howards, $2.50; Cazadero, $3.00.

Sunday Excursion.—Round-trip tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, Tocaloma, and Point Reyes $1.00; Tomales, $1.50; Howards, $2.00; Duncan Mills and Cazadero, $2.50.

From San Francisco (Read down)				THROUGH TRAINS.	To San Francisco. (Read up)			
Sundays.		Week Days.			Week Days		Sundays.	
A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
9.00	8.00	5.00	9.00	San Francisco	8.45	6.15	7.25	8.15
9.40	8.35	5.35	9.38	Sausalito	8.15	5.45	6 50	7 45
10.14	9 10	6 06	10.04	Fairfax	7.36	5.14	.....	7.02
10.40	9.40	6.34	10 30	San Geronimo	7.10	4.50	5.35	6.32
10.52	9.57	6.48	10.42	Camp Taylor	6.55	4 32	5.15	6.13
11.03	10.09	6.58	10.51	Tocaloma	6.40	4.22	5.02	6.01
11.16	10.31	7.15	11 05	Point Reyes	6.30	4.08	4.45	5.43
	11.29	8.00	11.50	Tomales	5.40	3 25		4 41
	12.17	8.41	12.33	Howards	4 58	2 40		3.54
	12.55	9 10	1.05	Duncan Mills	4.25	2.08		3.15
	1.25	9.34	1 30	Cazadero and Way	4.00	1.45		2 45
A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	Stations	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily on arrival of 9 A. M. train from San Francisco on week days and 8 A. M. train on Sundays for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

WILLIAM GRAVES, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
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OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY. FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, **3 o'clock P. M.**, for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong. 1892.
Gaelic.....(via Honolulu).....**Saturday, June 25**
Belgic.....**Tuesday, July 19**
Oceanic.....**Thursday, August 11**

Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
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Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., June 3, 8, 18, 23, July 3, 8, 18, 23.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., April and May 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, June and July 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, the 1st of each month. Ticket office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents.
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From June 6, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7.00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento.....	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José...	* 12.15 P.
7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga and Santa Rosa.....	6.15 P.
8.00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis...	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	1st & 2d class Ogden and East, and first-class locally.....	9.45 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.....	4.45 P.
9.00 A.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	8.45 P.
* 9.00 A.	Stockton and Milton.....	* 8.45 P.
12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	7.15 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9.00 P.
1.30 P.	Vallejo, Benicia, and Martinez	12.45 P.
3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José....	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, & Stocktou.	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa.....	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento....	10.45 A
4.30 P.	Woodland and Oroville.....	10.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore.....	* 8.45 A.
5.00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	12.15 P.
5.00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	12.15 P.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José....	7.45 A.
.....	Niles and San José.....	‡ 6.15 P.
6.00 P.	Ogden Route Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.....	9.15 A.
‡ 7.00 P.	Vallejo.....	† 8.45 P.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East..	8.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡ 7.45 A.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees, and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.....	6.20 P.
* 2.15 P.	Centreville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.....	* 10.50 A.
4.45 P.	Centreville, San José, and Los Gatos.....	9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

* 7.00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.....	* 2.38 P.
‡ 7.30 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excursions.....	‡ 8.28 P.
8 15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations... ..	6.10 P.
‡ 9.30 A.	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations.	‡ 2.45 P.
10.37 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5.03 P.
12.15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.....	3.30 P.
* 2.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way stations	* 10 37 A.
* 3.30 P.	Menlo Park San José, and principal Way Stations..... ...	* 9.47 A.
* 4.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.....	* 8.06 A.
5.15 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	8.48 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations....	6.35 A.
† 11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations....	† 7.30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 24, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7.40, 9.20, 11.20 A. M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.05 6.20 P. M.
Sundays—8, 9.30, 11 A. M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5, 6.15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6.25, 7.55, 9.30, 11.30 A. M.; 1.40, 3.40, 5.05 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.30 P. M.
Sundays—8.10, 9.40, 11.10 A. M.; 1.40, 3.40, 5, 6.25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6.50, 8.20, 9.55, 11.55 A. M.; 2.05, 4.05, 5.35 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.55 P. M.
Sundays—8.35, 10.05, 11.35 A. M.; 2.05, 4.05, 5.30, 6.50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco.	
WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.		SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M. 5.05 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 9.30 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 10.30 A. M. 7.25 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7.25 P. M.	6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 5.05 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	10.40 A. M. 6.05 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydesville and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays, to Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa, $2.25; to Healdsburg, $3.40; to Cloverdale, $4.50; to Hopland, $5.70; to Ukiah, $6.75; to Sebastopol, $2.70; to Guerneville, $3.75; to Sonoma, $1.50; to Glen Ellen, $1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, $1; to Santa Rosa, $1.50; to Healdsburg, $2.25; to Cloverdale, $3; to Ukiah, $4.50; to Hopland, $3.80; to Sebastopol, $1.80; to Guerneville, $2.50; to Sonoma, $1; to Glen Ellen, $1.20.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager.
PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.
Ticket Offices at Ferry, 36 Montgomery Street, and 2 New Montgomery Street.

DRIFTED SNOW FLOUR

Robert Macaire first appeared on the stage in the drama of "L'Auberge des Adrets," which saw the light in the thirties. Frederick Lemaitre, who played the part, was not satisfied with it. Macaire was a common villain, who committed highway robberies like Jonathan Blueskin, and did not redeem his rascality by address or wit. He ended by being shot by his servant-pal, Bertrand. Frederick recast the character. He made Macaire a smooth villain, who robs his victims by guile, and not by force. In his hands, Robert Macaire became the type of the polished swindler, who sells salted mines, unbuilt railroads, and corner lots in imaginary towns. Thus transformed, Robert became the leading character in a play bearing his name, which had an astounding run at the Porte Saint Martin. It was the period when, under the *bourgeois* king, vast fortunes were being made by processes which barely escaped the police *correctionnelle*. Every day or two Paris was convulsed with some story of the bankruptcy or flight of some noted financier, who had plucked geese as far as they would bear plucking, and had retired with a million. To them, Robert Macaire was a living personality.

Some forty years afterward, the bright thought occurred to some one that this familiar story might be the basis of an opera comique, if suitable music could be found. By great good luck, the man for the work turned up in the person of Mr. Jaborowski, and the play materialized in "Erminie"—a sparkling and rattling farce-opera—in which, however, the Bird of Prey has a closer affinity to his original conception than to his subsequent and more artistic evolution.

As a rule, swindlers and thieves are not favorites on the stage. The heavy villain, who carries off the palpitating maiden to his lair, and with maledictions in a deep bass brandishes a bloody knife in the face of her rescuers, we all understand, and we take an interest in watching how long the fellow will keep his villainous head on his shoulders. But the sneak-thief who pockets spoons, the highway robber who, with a crape mask over his face, shouts "Hold up your hands!" the baron in the "Maitre de Forges," and "Jim the Penman," are unpleasant characters, as to whom audiences are glad when the time comes for their exit. There is a lurking suspicion in the spectators' mind—which is based on observation of every-day life—that they are not going to be punished, but, on the contrary, will retire in the last act to an elegant *entresol* in Paris, where, under the refining influence of female society and surrounded by the masterpieces of a French *cuisine*, the triumphant scoundrel will snap his fingers at the moral law. This prospect the average spectator, who knows what his own virtue is costing him, is inclined to resent. Nor does his heart go out to the hulking villain who gaffs the snaffle. Neither Jack Sheppard nor Cartouche succeeded on the stage. "Fra Diavolo" was saved by its music.

Again, prosaic as the age is, there is still romance enough left in us to want a spice of love in the plays we pay to see. Now a vulgar thief in love would be grotesque. Bill Sikes had his Nancy, and she loved him after her fashion, but the passion was unrequited. In that stratum of society, the woman loves and the man submits to being loved. But the woman's love is an inferior article. A young man lately applied for employment at Scotland Yard, and recommended himself on the ground that he was invincible with women. His looks appeared to justify his statement. He was engaged, and was set on a case of a diamond robbery. In a few weeks, the thief was apprehended on information obtained by the recruit detective from the thief's mistress. The achievement was followed by others. The authorities of Scotland Yard found that nearly all the wives or mistresses of thieves were susceptible of beguilement by this smooth-tongued deceiver, and would betray their men under his subtle sway. This is, perhaps, the only situation in which a thief and his class could be made dramatically possible.

At the Tivoli, Hartman and Knight, who play Macaire and Bertrand—known in "Erminie" as Cadeux and Ravennes—have copied the first manner of Frederick and his man. They are in patched clothes, and seem to have made up face and figure with the nursery rhyme in their eye:

"Hark! Hark!
The dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town;
Some in rags,
Some in tags,
And some in velvet gown."

When Frederick played the part fifty years ago, it was understood that he was to be absurd, and the audience overlooked incongruities in consideration of the lurid vigor of the impersonation. It was exacting much of their good nature. The professional thief, in the costume of a beggar-knave, with a dozen patches on his breeches and as many rents in his coat, presents himself before the Marquis de Ponvert as a nobleman who has been beset by thieves in a wood. The servant, Cadeux—who is impersonated by Hartman—turns out a common cockney thief, who drops his *h's* falls on his knees, whining that "it is my first offense," or "I can prove an halibi," and pockets portable property wherever he finds it. What warrant is there for making Bertrand a British subject? It is true that this version ran for a long time at the Casino in New York. But it is none the less a most absurd version.

"L'Auberge des Adrets" ends with a tragic scene, in which the servant rebels against the brutal tyranny of his master, and shoots him through the head. Lemaitre took the part so seriously that, in his own version, produced several years afterward, he thought it necessary to explain to the audience that he had recovered from the effects of the ball in the head. In the version of "Erminie" now running at the Tivoli, no such respect is paid to conventionalities. The behavior of Cadeux and Ravennes, at the inn of the Golden Lion, would have insured their arrest or their expulsion from any well-regulated hostelry; but, like the phantasmagoria of a dream, it does not even awaken surprise among the tenants of the inn. On the stage, we are prepared to witness the impossible and the incredible without showing surprise; but the less the playwright draws upon our forbearance, and the nearer his work adjusts itself to possibility, the easier its deglutition. We go to the play-house firmly resolved to sit by calmly when the crocodile devours the maiden, and not to wink our eye when she returns from the cavernous depths of his midriff in a new set of tights; but we do not like being put to such a strain too often. As long as two thousand years ago, the master warned writers not to evoke omnipotence too frequently.

The modern playwright—say Mr. Bronson Howard—achieves his effects without appealing to the supernatural or violating the probabilities. His men and women act as men and women act in flesh and blood; they startle, captivate, excite, harrow their audiences by following out possible complications to a possible conclusion. This very business of the substitution of one man for another—which is not so very rare in real life—has been excellently managed on the stage, without departure from reasonable possibility. Examples abound. In "Don Cæsar de Bazan," when the king is discovered in a compromising position, and to save himself declares that he is Don Cæsar de Bazan, the real Don Cæsar, who has recognized him, retorts: "You are Don Cæsar de Bazan, are you?" "Yes," replies the monarch, exulting in the apparent success of his imposture; "and, pray, who are you?" "I? I?" stammers the hidalgo; "if you are Don Cæsar de Bazan, then I—I—I am the King of Spain." This is simple, easy, quite consistent with probability; but how effective!

There are some brisk, jolly airs in "Erminie," which are fairly well sung at the Tivoli. In such pieces, one does not look for high-class music; the audience is happy if there is a swing and roll to the melodies, and if the singers do not flat too often. Miss Belle Thorne, whose pleasant face and agreeable voice have long been familiar to San Franciscan audiences, takes the leading female part in "Erminie," and does her best with a rôle in which there is really nothing for her to do. For a young lady who could mistake a ragamuffin like Ravennes for the coming monarch of her young heart, it is creditable to do anything at all. The popular favorite in the cast, as in most of the casts in which she appears, is Gracie Plaisted, who is always rollicking and in tune with her audience. She is not a great actress nor a divine singer, but she can both sing and act as well as the average play-goer wants, and everybody is willing to give her a hand. When Dominie Dobbs collected his class of sixteen-year-old maidens, and informed them that he proposed to inaugurate his course of English literature by reading Elizabethan plays of the period prior to Shakespeare, a dark cloud settled on the lovely faces of his hearers; the sunny smiles did not return till his assistant asked them to listen while he read them the courtship of Z kle. It is as bad to shoot too high as too low.

At the theatres during the week commencing June 13th: Francis Wilson in "The Merry Monarch"; the Tivoli Company in "Erminie"; Frank Daniels in "Little Puck"; Dan McCarthy in "Cruiskeen Lawn"; and W. H. Powers in "The Fairy's Well."

Lieutenant J. H. Hetherington has been ordered to Washington, to be tried by court-martial for the slaying of Gower Robinson. It is hinted that the Navy Department might have tacitly accepted the acquittal of the consular court, but that Mr. Hetherington's condonation of his wife's offense does not meet with the approval of the department or of his brother officers.

The *Real Estate Journal* for June contains, in addition to its excellent lists of city and country properties, several columns of interesting matter on the real estate market, projected improvements, etc., and reflects great credit on its enterprising publishers, Messrs. Tevis & Fisher.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco has a new comedy, entitled "Nothing but Money," which is to be tried in the East soon.

Henry E. Dixey and Marie Jansen are the principals in an opera company which is singing "La Mascotte" in Boston.

Henry Irving's next production will be "King Lear," in which he will take the title-rôle and Ellen Terry will be Cordelia.

Fred Warde's youngest son, Ernest Charles Ward, will make his début on the stage in his father's company in a few months.

Arthur Byron, son of Oliver Doud Byron, will support Miss Jeffreys Lewis at Stockwell's Theatre, and will be retained as a member of the regular stock company at that house.

"The Scarlet Letter" is to provide the subject for an opera by Walter Damrosch. The libretto will be constructed by George Parsons Lathrop, Nathaniel Hawthorne's son-in-law.

Oscar Wilde's play, "Lady Windermere's Fan," has proved a decided success. It has been translated into German, Dutch, and Italian, and is being translated for the French stage. One of the Frohmans has secured it for America.

"As You Like It" will be the opening play by Daly's Company at Stockwell's Theatre on July 8th. During the engagement, there will be given twenty-five performances in all, the last being on Saturday, July 30th, the company then returning direct to Daly's Theatre, New York

Geraldine Ulmar and her husband, Ivan Caryll, have won their libel-suit against the London correspondent of a New York paper, which stated that the singer was being sued for divorce by her husband. Five thousand dollars were awarded as damages. In the course of the suit, it appeared that "Ivan Caryll's" real name is Felix Tilkins.

Charlotte Tittle, who is now a prominent actresss in T. Henry French's employ, was recently dispatched post-haste to Paris to witness the initial performances of a new play in which she is to have the leading rôle in America. The same idea was put in execution, many months ago, by Charles Frohman, who sent Johnstone Bennett over in the same way to study up her part in "Jane."

Henry R. Jewett, the new leading man engaged for the stock season at Stockwell's, will make his first appearance in America in the military drama, "The Soudan," on or about November 2, 1892. Mr. Jewett comes under contract to Mr. Stockwell, direct from Sydney, Australia, where he has been an important member of George Rignold's company, of Her Majesty's Theatre, for the past five years.

E. J. Henly and Aubrey Boucicault will present during their engagement at Stockwell's Theatre a new comedy-drama entitled "The Favorite." Arrangements have been completed with E. J. Baldwin for the appearance of his celebrated stallion, Emperor of Norfolk, and several other famous horses from the former Santa Anita Stables, which will be used in the production during the third act of the performance.

The Garrick Club, of London, has retaliated on America for the Players Club's treatment of Rudyard Kipling by blackballing Augustin Daly. The Garrick is an exclusive club, the greatest number of English actors being members of the more bohemian Savage Club. Even Henry Irving was blackballed some years ago, but he was afterwards elected, and now he and Toole are prominent factors in the Garrick socially. But even with their strong indorsement, Daly was blackballed. The feeling against Americans in London clubs seems to have been intensified by the Kipling incident.

Fashions in Note-Paper.

Now that fashion has removed the ban from colored note-paper and only the most conservative use white paper exclusively, the manufacturers are called upon to use their ingenuity in producing novel shades and pretty styles of paper. And they have succeeded so well that there is ample choice for exercising individual taste and being as distinct in one's notes as in anything else.

The infinite variety of new styles and shades is shown at Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s store on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue, where all the fashionables get their writing-materials now. Perhaps the most popular is the heliotrope linen, though it has a strong rival in Hurd's eoquille in silver gray, and these are hard pressed by "Insertion," "Damask," and "Venetian repp" in various delicate tints. Of the white papers, Crane's white bond seems to have the most admirers.

In the same show-cases are shown several booklets, entitled "California Wild Flowers," containing pressed flowers prettily mounted; these come in several styles, and range in price from fifty cents up. They make admirable gifts for Eastern friends.

By the way, visitors to Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s should not fail to see some of the dainty and artistic work in white and gold, and cream and gold, with painted bisque decoration that this firm is using in easels, in frames for mantel-mirrors and chevalglasses, and the like. There is in the art-room on the first floor a magnificent specimen of this work—a tall mirror, set on a gilt base, and framed in this style; the pattern is very ornate and graceful, and the delicate-tinted bisque flowers harmonize with it perfectly.

DCLXIX.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, June 12, 1892.

Tomato Soup.
Deviled Crabs.
Broiled Squabs on Toast. Fried Potatoes.
Summer Squash. Asparagus.
Roast Pork, Apple Sauce.
French Artichokes.
Rock Cream. Raspberries.
Fancy Cakes and Fruits.

ROCK CREAM.—Boil one cup of rice in sweet milk, add two tablespoonfuls of loaf sugar, pour into a dish, and ornament with currant jelly. Beat the whites of five eggs with half a teacup of sugar and same of cream. Flavor and pour in the rice.

— KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made; makes delicious desserts. Indorsed and used by Mrs. Carrie M. Dearborn, Principal Boston Cooking School.

Six weeks ago, two prominent members of the Cercle de l'Epatant, one of the most exclusive and fashionable clubs of Paris, proposed a certain Count D——, credited to a well-known family in the South of France, whom they had met at a watering-place. The manners of the new member were never questioned. Soon afterward it turned out that he was a well-known card-sharper of Nice, and he was thrown out by the footman, and his two sponsors were forced to resign.

The Crystal Baths.

Physicians recommend the Crystal hot sea-water tub and swimming baths, foot of Mason Street, terminus of all North Beach car lines.

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And several magnificent pictures have just arrived from Europe, and are now being framed in our factory. These will be added to our collection, and will be on exhibition in a few days.

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ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Mrs. French Sheldon informs Kate Field that on the strength of a diplomatic passport from Mr. Blaine, the Sultan of Zanzibar took her into his harem. "Fortunately he let me out again," she continues.

The money-order department of the Pittsburg post-office, where the receipts are more than two millions of dollars, is exclusively in charge of Mary Steele. This is said to be the largest business handled by any woman in America.

Mrs. Crawford thus describes Carolus Duran's portrait of Mrs. Ayer in the Paris Salon this year:

"Mrs. Ayer is robed, as if for regal duty, in pinkish violet velvet, and mantled in purple velvet, and bordered with Russian sables. The train of the dress and the mantle form draperies round the bassock of gray satin and the step, as one sees in the old portraits of Queen Victoria in her regal robes. A foot shod in velvet and a transparent red-silk stocking peeps out (with luxurious under-trimmings of the skirt) on the bassock. The artist shows on the décolleté the string of pearls that cost six thousand dollars apiece, and a shell-shaped locket of pearls, with, as a pendant, the largest pearl ever fished in the Persian Gulf."

Mrs. Langtry has managed to keep her figure so well that a youthful little gray skirt, with a white-lace blouse, and apparently patterned by gray-satin ribbons striped slantingly under the arms, to fasten with choux rosettes behind, suited her to perfection in her new play called "The Fringe of Society," in London. It was brightened by a hat covered entirely with scarlet poppies and velvet bows of the same vivid, glowing red, only relieved by a carelessly tied sheaf of young green barley.

The dresses which the Empress of Russia is wearing at the golden-wedding fêtes in Copenhagen, are much talked of in fashionable circles in Paris and London. One of them is thus described;

An exquisite white crêpe de chine embroidered, made en fourreau, with a round yoke and deep tight-fitting cuffs of pearls and glittering embroidery. Another is a beautiful gown of shot and shaded pink moire antique, flowered with roses and leaves. Round the hem run two very narrow flounces of satin—one green, the other pink superposed; the lower one peeping forth, perhaps, half an inch from the other. The corsage is originally draped in an 1830 scarf of lace that falls in two long ends down the front. This is confined about the waist by a high corselet-belt of moss-green satin, finished by a large Directoire buckle of Rhine stones.

The Empress Eugénie had a passion for pearls, and was, in the days of her power, the possessor of a necklace whose largest stones were the size of pigeon's eggs. After the Franco-German War, the empress sold the pearls to Mme. de Paena for three hundred thousand francs, which Mme. Le Breton brought to London in a little hand-bag. Another famous collection of pearls was that which Mlle. Thiers accumulated in three years' search for perfect specimens. These were bequeathed to her sister, Mlle. Dosne, and are valued at four hundred thousand francs.

Queen Victoria was seventy-three years old a fortnight ago, and on June 20th she will have reigned fifty-five years. Her excellent, if not robust, health gives every promise that she will round out the century as queen and empress. The story of the scene when the news was brought her of her accession to the throne is interesting:

The king died at Windsor, and messengers were at once dispatched to Kensington to inform her of the event. It was midnight when the sleeping queen was awakened, and she came at once into the room to meet the messengers, attired in a white night-gown, with a shawl thrown over her shoulders, her night-cap off, and her feet in slippers. She was then a slender girl, pale but pretty. Two years later she became the bride of Prince Albert.

The last issue of the *Gentlewoman* gives seventy-five portraits of dames of high degree belonging to the Primrose League. In the majority of cases, fac-similes of their autographs are attached, and these autographs are striking in their close resemblance. They might almost have been written by one hand, so closely is the heavy, angular English style followed. The Duchess of Portland and the Duchess of Montrose, with the Marchioness of Abergavenny and Viscountess Cranborne, are the only women among the seventy-five whose writing departs from the set form.

There are still on the government pension-rolls nineteen old ladies who figure as widows of revolutionary soldiers. Of course they were very young women when they married the doting Continentals. Here are the names and present ages:

Lovey Aldrich, 92, Seattle, Wash; Elizabeth Betz, 89, Harrisburg, Pa.; Mary Brown, 87, Knoxville, Tenn.; Nancy Cloud, 79, St. Paul, Va; Sarah Dabney, 92, Barry, Ill.; Esther S. Damon, 78, Plymouth Union, Vt; Nancy A. Green, 74, Napoleon, Ind.; Sally Heath, 87, Burnside, Ky.; Nancy Jones, 78, Jonesboro, Tenn.; Rebecca Mayo, 79, Newbern, Va.; Olive C. Morton, 81, Elva, Mich.; Lucy Morse, 91, East Barnard, Vt.; Nancy Rains, 100, Carter Furnace, Tenn.; Patty Richardson, 91, East Bethel, Vt.; Meridy Smith, 87, Newman, Ga; Mary Snead, 76, Parksley, Va.; Asenath Turner, 87, Manchester, N. Y.; Nancy Weatherman, 82, Lineback, Tenn.; Anna Maria Young, 99, Easton, Pa.

After many conflicting reports, it has been finally stated authoritatively that Miss Victoria Cleghorn, who is, perhaps, better known as the Princess Kauilani, Crown Princess and heir-apparent to the throne of Hawaii, is not to make her home in Boston, nor to be placed as a student at Wellesley College. Instead of this, she is to be presented to Queen Victoria this spring, to visit some of the European courts, and then to come to this country for the purpose of making an extended tour of the States, visiting the World's Fair, and returning to Honolulu in time to celebrate her eighteenth birthday on the sixteenth of October, 1893. At that time she will be of age, and able to assume her duties as heir-apparent.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Never tell an editor how to run his paper. Let the poor devil find it out himself.—*Texas Siftings.*

The new name for the man who throws a banana-peel on the sidewalk is a bananarchist.—*Texas Siftings.*

She—"You say that you have never been in love. How near have you come to it?" *He*—"I was married once."—*Life.*

"After Minneapolis, what?"—*New York World.* If the question is put in good faith, we will answer it by suggesting Dwight, Ill.—*Chicago News.*

He—"It was just about here that I used to kiss Hetty Morris." *She*—"Well, I suppose you will do something of the sort now by force of habit?"—*Bazar.*

"Were you at the sea-shore last summer, Polly?" "Only for a day." "Did you bathe?" "No. Somebody else was using the ocean when we were there."—*Bazar.*

She—"It's dreadful; he is sixty and she's only sixteen. Why don't *you* marry her?" *He*—"I will one of these days, if you are sure he is as old as that."—*Truth.*

American style: *Scad's*—"You say he left no money?" *Baggs*—"No. You see, he lost his health getting *wealthy*, and then lost his wealth trying to get *healthy*."—*S., G. & Co.'s Monthly.*

Old Goldacre (to young Spendfast)—"Well, I suppose you want to take my daughter away from me?" *Young Spendfast*—"Oh, no; not so bad as that. I only want to marry her."—*Judge.*

Shoemaker (aside)—"A full four." (Aloud)—"What size do you wear, madam?" *Mrs. Instep*—"Why, you just measured my foot!" *Shoemaker*—"Yes; but what size do you *wear*?"—*Puck.*

He—"Let me help you, Miss Hawkins." *She*—"No; I guess we have light enough here as it is." *He*—"Your smile would make it bright anywhere." *She*—"Yes—but, perhaps, I'm not going to smile."—*Bazar.*

Edwin Fake—"This year I intend to set apart one matinée for the free admission of orphans." *Bronson*—"Good. Any restrictions at all?" *Edwin Fake*—"Only two. Orphans over twenty not admitted, and orphans under twenty must be accompanied by their parents."—*Ex.*

Floor-walker—"Don't you hear Miss Sellem calling 'Cash' at the top of her voice?" *Cash boy*—"Yep." *Floor-walker*—"Why don't you go to her?" *Cash-boy*—"'Tain't my turn. It's Jim Jimson's." *Floor-walker*—"Where is Jim?" *Cash-boy*—"He just fell down th' elevator."—*Good News.*

"How is it, my dear, you used never to give me cigars that cost less than sixteen or twenty dollars for my birthday? but these—huh—well, the least said of them, the better." "Why, don't you remember saying that we must economize when you gave me the diamond necklace, you dear, inconsistent old boy?"—*Life.*

Mr. Fizzletop was under the painful necessity of administering a severe castigation to his son Johnny. After he had completed his labors, he said sternly to the suffering victim: "Now tell me why I punished you." "That's it," sobbed Johnny; "you nearly pound the life out of me, and now you don't even know why you did it."—*Ex.*

Philanthropist—"Why are you crying so, my child?" *Little girl*—"Please, sir, me mudder sent me wid fifty cints fer to git bread wid, an' I lost it in that there dark alleyway. I'll be licked terrible." *Philanthropist*—"Well, well, my poor child; dry your tears. Here is—a match. Perhaps you may be able to find it."—*Puck.*

Sufferers from Coughs, Sore Throat, etc., should try "*Brown's Bronchial Troches,*" a simple but sure remedy. *Sold only in boxes.* Price, 25 cts.

A new method of census-taking has been adopted in Chicago. The authorities have decided that the population is 1 500,000, and the census-takers have been ordered to find them.

False Economy

Is practiced by many people who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Surely infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

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SOCIETY.

The Country Club.

Bear Valley, in Marin Country, where the preserves of the Country Club are so picturesquely situated, was the scene, last Sunday, of a bull's-head breakfast, the second one in the history of the club, and, if the voice of the members be heard, it will not be the last one. The day was an ideal one for the outing. The roadways were fringed with a tapestry of California's brightest-hued wild flowers, the wooded hills and glens were verdant with the innumerable shades of green that our foliage partakes of during this season, and the sun's heat was tempered by a cool, refreshing breeze.

A number of the club members and their invited guests arrived on Saturday evening, and the others were promptly on hand on Sunday, making a gathering of about sixty-five gentlemen in all. A large marquée had been erected on the grassy lawn in front of the club-house, beneath the shade of towering sugar pines, where, from one branch to another, a banner was stretched bearing the inscription, "Under the Greenwood Tree." Señor Don Bernardo Galindo and a corps of assistants had, for a day previous, been busily engaged in baking, in deep trenches, five bull's heads which, when served, proved to be delicious. All of the good things usually associated with *al fresco* feasts of this kind accompanied the dish of honor, and cooling draughts of various kinds were provided lavishly.

President Frederick R. Webster and Secretary J. M. Quay, who were particularly industrious in the inception, furtherance, and successful conduct of this delightful feast and outing, found their reward in the toasts that were drunk in their honor. There was much jollity and merriment at the tables, and the time passed at the festal board was most agreeable to all. After the café noir and regalias a general inspection of the grounds was made, and late in the afternoon the majority of the merrymakers returned to the city, bringing with them most pleasant memories of their outing. Among the members present were the following:

Mr. John M. Adams, Mr. William Alvord, Mr. A. H. Boomer, Mr. Edward L. Bosqui, Mr. William B. Bourn, Mr. Spencer C. Buckbee, Mr. E. P. Danforth, Mr. Edward Donohoe, Mr. R. A. Eddy, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. Robert R. Grayson, Mr. Henry E. Hall, Mr. William E. Holloway, Mr. Andrew Jackson, Mr. W. S. Kittle, Mr. J. B. Lincoln, Mr. R. McMurray, Mr. J. J. Moore, Mr. W. C. Murdock, Mr. Walter S. Newhall, Mr. Louis B. Parrott, Mr. Theodore F. Payne, Mr. Joseph M. Quay, Mr. George H. Roe, Mr. A. W. Rose, Jr., Mr. R. H. Sprague, Mr. Frederick W. Tallant, Mr. Austin C. Tubbs, Mr William B. Tubbs, Mr. James E. Tucker, Mr. H. Henry Veuve, Mr. Frederick R. Webster, Mr. George Whittell, Mr. W. B. Wilshire, Mr. Ramon E. Wilson, Mr. Henry W. Woodward, Mr. Robert B. Woodward, and Mr. Fred L. Wooster.

The invited guests of the members included:

Captain Brice, U. S. N., Mr. George D. Boyd, Mr. William Berg, Mr. Fred Butler, Mr. Brown, Dr. George Chismore, Mr. Warren D. Clark, Dr. R. Beverley Cole, Mr. J. M. Cunningham, Mr. D. B. Davidson, Mr. D. W. Earl, Mr. J. W. Forbes, Mr. E. F. Gerald, Mr. C. A. Grow, Mr. C. E. Green, Mr. W. Golcher, General O. D. Greene, U. S. A., Mr. H. N. Gray, Mr. C. W. Kyle, Mr. J. M. Kilgarif, Mr. Charles M. Keeney, Mr. H. W. Martin, Mr. William H. Magee, Colonel Edward Moale, U. S. A., Mr. E. J. McCutchen, Mr. J. C. McCoy, Mr. W. Mayo Newball, Mr. George A. Newball, Major J. L. Rathbone, Mr. W. C. Ralston, Mr. O. T. Sewall, Mr. W. S. Stevens, Mr. John D. Tallant, Mr. Charles L. Weller, Mr. H. Wadsworth, and Mr. H. Walker.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Brigadier-General Thomas H. Ruger, U. S. A., and his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Charles G. Lyman, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., have gone to Wawona to inspect the cavalry camp at that place.

Lieutenant John D. Miley, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., was married on June 1st to Miss Sarah P. Nordecai at Springfield, Mass.

Lieutenant Alexander T. Dean, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is enjoying a three weeks' leave of absence.

Lieutenant Charles Willcox, U. S. A., has been detailed to duty as assistant-surgeon in Sequoia Park.

Lieutenant Thomas Ridgway, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has made application for a detail to the Artillery School, at Fort Monroe, Va.

Lieutenant Harry A. Smith, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been transferred from Benicia Barracks to Angel Island.

Lieutenant Leonard A. Lovering, U. S. A., is at the Grand Union Hotel in New York city.

Recent Wills.

By the will of the late Mr. Walter S. Hobart, the following testamentary dispositions were made:

His estate is stated to be worth three millions of dollars, but it is believed that an appraisement will show the amount to be nearer five millions of dollars. The property consists of real estate in this county and elsewhere, shares of stock in various corporations, and money, the exact nature and value of which are at present unknown. The testator bequeathed his property, in equal shares, to his three children, Miss Alice Hobart, aged twenty-one years, Mr. Walter S. Hobart, aged nineteen years, and Miss Ella D. Hobart, aged seventeen years. The will is dated April 15, 1891, and names Mr John H. Boalt, Mr. Charles T. Bridge, and Mr. James Cross as executors, without bonds. The two minor children have been placed under the guardianship of Mr. Ramon E. Wilson.

By the will of the late Mr. L. L. Robinson, the following testamentay dispositions were made:

The entire estate was left to his sister, Mrs B. B. Cutter, who has but one child, Sophie, the wife of Mr. J. Downey Harvey. A legacy of five thousand dollars was left to Miss Ella Smith. The value of the estate is hard to determine. It has been estimated at a million dollars, but much of the testator's wealth was invested in hydraulic mines, all of which are now shut down by the Circuit Court decisions, and are entirely unproductive and may never become so. Should hydraulic-mining be permanently prohibited, the estate would not be worth more than a few hundred thousand dollars. There is a large ranch of eight hundred acres, called "Los Medanos," which lies on the shores of the bay in Contra Costa County and the Southern Pacific Railroad runs through its entire length. This is a magnificent piece of property, but is said to be incumbered.

By the will of the late Dr. Washington M. Ryer, the following testamentary provisions were made:

The estate is valued at one million five hundred thousand dollars. One-third of this amount is left in bequests to various charitable institutions, such as the Children's Infant Shelter, the Old Peoples' Home, the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society, the Protestant and Hebrew Orphan Asylums, the San Francisco Lying-in and Foundling Asylum, the Boys and Girls Aid Society, and the Episcopal Old Peoples' Home. The remaining two-thirds of the estate is divided equally between his widow, Mrs. Elizabeth Ryer, and to Mr. Fletcher F. Ryer, a son by his first wife, subject to the payment to other relatives of legacies aggregating about eighty thousand dollars. The property consists largely of real estate. The executors are Mrs. E. I. Ryer, Mr. Fletcher F. Ryer, Mr. Marshall B. Ryer, Mr. Charles A. Fisher, Mr. Clark H. Sampson, Marshall B. Sampson, and Frederick R. Ryer.

By the will of the late Mr. W. A. Aldrich, a resident of Oakland, but whose property interests were principally in this city and county, the following testamentary dispositions were made:

His estate, which has been appraised at about seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, was divided equally among his four children, Mrs. Annie Aldrich Barton, wife of Mr. Willard Barton, of this city, Mrs. Helen Aldrich Dunning, wife of Lieutenant Dunning, U. S. N., Mr. William Holt Aldrich, and Mr. George Aldrich. Mr. A. Smith and Mr. J. M. Quay were appointed executors of the estate.

MUSICAL NOTES.

San Francisco Operatic Society.

The San Francisco Operatic Society presented Bocalossi's comic opera, "The Three Black Cloaks," last Thursday evening in the Bijou Theatre before a large audience. The performance reflected credit upon the society, and it was greatly enjoyed. The cast of characters was as follows:

Don Louis de Rosamonte, Mr. Frank Coffin; Don José, Mr. C. L. Parent, Jr.; Dromey, Mr. A. M. Thornton; Nicholas, Mr. H. B. Sullivan; Manuel, Mr. W. Heileman; Don Palomez, Mr. Harold V. Pearlman; Don Philip of Arragon, Mr. Alphonse Luttringer; Isabel, Mrs. C. L. Parent, Jr.; Rosina, Miss E. D. White; Lazarillo, Mr. M. Feig; Pedro, Mr. F. H. Lombard; Samson, Mr. J. W. Madden; Anna, Miss M. Donahue; Theresa, Mrs. F. Dellepiane; Inez, Miss Sadie Bishop; Beatrix, Miss Vera Cameron; Girola, Miss Alvina M. Heuer; and the following members of the society as ladies in waiting: Mrs. Ida Lelong, Mrs. F. Dellepiane, Miss S. J. Kedian, Miss E. Leland, Miss M. Donahue, Miss G. W. Hore; peasants: Miss Maud Langton, Miss Irene Bollinger, Mrs. May Lind, Miss Grace Williams, Miss Caroline Langton, Miss Sadie Bishop; Spanish dancers: Miss Ada Littlewood, Miss Millie Flynn, Miss Blanche Winks, Miss Vera Cameron, Mr. B. Stich, Mr. D. W. Wise, Mr. A. F. Schleicher, Mr. H. B. Sullivan; courtiers: Mr. F. H. Lombard, Mr. J. W. Madden, Mr. H. Pearlman, Mr. M. Feig, Dr. J. M. Curragh, Mr. Marion S. de Roca; peasants: Mr. J. A. Gray, Mr. J. J. Cathcart, Mr. Robert Jones, Mr. M. Kramer, Mr. H. B. Monges, Mr. W. Heileman.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rosewald left last Monday to pass their summer vacation in the Yosemite Valley and at Lake Tahoe.

Professor Samuel Adelstein has arrived in Portland, Or., and is passing his vacation at the Hotel Portland.

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The Argonaut.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supplying; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

Immediately following the renomination of President Harrison by the Republican convention, the leading Democratic journal of this city began an editorial article with this sentence:

"The action of the Minneapolis convention has taken no one by surprise. Benjamin Harrison being the man for the hour, an exact fit for his party in its present state, he has naturally been renominated."

Though this was doubtless intended for withering Democratic sarcasm, we prefer to construe it literally. Benjamin Harrison, the man of the people, is the man for the hour. Had he not been, we may observe in passing, it is very certain that he would not have been nominated, since there was abundance of Presidential material from which to choose.

We may assume that the article from which the citation has been made is the strongest indictment that can be framed against President Harrison, and for that reason it will be worth while to examine it and see of what high crimes and misdemeanors he is accused by his political opponents.

There are several counts to the indictment, and we will take them up in the order in which they appear. They are as follows: *(a)* Harrison is not so great a man as Blaine; *(b)* he is an extremely unsafe man, being cautious by nature and yet in an emergency losing his bearings; *(c)* he is the exponent of McKinleyism; *(d)* he can not command the support of the men who assisted in his election four years ago; *(e)* he has employed the patronage power of his office to secure his renomination. That is the sum and substance of all that the journal in question can find to say against President Harrison, though it took nearly two columns to say what we have condensed into a few lines; and when it is all said, what does it amount to? Absolutely and literally nothing which could induce any honest and patriotic American to withhold his vote from Harrison.

Negative testimony is often the most conclusive kind, and it is especially so in this case, where a partisan newspaper devotes two columns to adverse criticism of a political opponent, and can find nothing to say. The Democratic press makes no charges against President Harrison, because they can make none without resorting to falsehood, and a lie so early in a campaign is pretty apt to be a boomerang.

Assuming, then, that the worst has been said about President Harrison that can be said, we may dismiss the subject of Democratic assaults upon him and look at the Republican situation from another point of view, that of its platform, and the effect it will have in determining the vote of the American people. It is an excellent platform for at least two reasons. It is distinct and clean-cut in its declarations, and it is short. It affirms the doctrine of protection to American interests of all kinds, it sets forth the advisability of reciprocity within the lines of protection, it pledges the party to the governmental control of the Nicaragua Canal, and it declares for honest money in the broadest sense of the term. The money plank in the platform it may be well to quote literally. It says:

"The American people, from tradition and interest, favor bimetalism, and the Republican party demands the use of both gold and silver as standard money, with such restrictions and under such provisions, to be determined by legislation, as will secure the maintenance of the parity of values of the two metals, so that the purchasing and debt-paying power of the dollar, whether of silver, gold, or paper, shall be at all times equal. The interests of the producers of the country, its farmers and its working-men, demand that every dollar of paper or coin issued by the government shall be as good as any other. We commend the wise and patriotic steps already taken by our government to secure an international conference to adopt such measures as will insure parity of value between gold and silver for use as money throughout the world."

This is reasonable, and it is honest. What the *Argonaut* has contended for is that the silver dollar shall be worth as much as the gold dollar; what we have opposed is the "free-silver" steal, that a sixty-five-cent dollar shall be foisted upon the people for one hundred cents. This journal is in favor of honest bimetallism—that bimetallism which, in the language of the platform, shall make "every dollar as good as any other."

We do not go through the entire platform, for it is certain to be read for itself, but pass to some other considerations connected with the Republican party and the campaign that has just opened, and the first thing that will strike the observer is the ludicrous character of the disappointment of the Democrats at the absence of schism and dissension among the Republicans. They had their minds all made up that if Harrison were renominated, Blaine and his admirers would put on their war-paint and dig up their tomahawks at once. In vain they listen for the tang of the knives against the whetstone. There are no knives in sight.

There ought to be a little spice of humor in this campaign, young as it is, and it is found in the advice given by Cleveland's adherents to his English friends and sympathizers not to begin making speeches or publishing articles which will keep the American Democratic party explaining from now until election day. Some of Cleveland's over-zealous friends across the water are disposed to extend to him offers of British sympathy and aid, but with the remembrance of the Sackville-West episode in their minds, the Democratic leaders are advising them that in this juncture silence is golden.

The sum of the whole matter is that there is no indication whatever of any drift toward free trade in the United States, and, without free trade, the Democratic party is nothing, and worse than nothing. The McKinley Bill has worked out its own salvation, the Western farmer has had a prosperous year, Cleveland has not gained a particle in popular esteem or affection since 1888, President Harrison has made an unimpeachable record for himself and the administration, the Democratic party in New York is at daggers drawn, and the country does not, for any reason, demand a change of policy. This is a Republican year.

California was startled out of her decorum and peace of mind one day last week by an incident so like what we are accustomed to regard as purely Eastern in character, that at first there was a general disposition to discredit its reality. Mr. Gillson, the secretary of a manufacturing company having its works in the environs of Oakland, accompanied by a clerk, was riding on a local train at midday. On the seat facing the two men were a brace of sacks, containing fifteen thousand dollars in coin, which they were taking from San Francisco to the factory to pay off the hands. When the cars stopped at a station in the outskirts of Oakland, a pair of desperadoes entered, presented pistols at the heads of Mr. Gillson and his clerk, seized the money-bags, left the car, sprang into a buggy, and drove off, followed by shots from the despoiled secretary's revolver. None of the bullets did any harm, however, either because Mr. Gillson is not a good shot, or by reason of the armor with which the bodies of the robbers was protected, this armor being found in the buggy later on in the heart of Oakland, where the bold robbers had abandoned it.

Had this crime been committed on the elevated road in New York, on State Street in Chicago, or in a 'bus plying behind the Capitol and the White House in Washington, it would not have required more audacity. Its nearest parallel in sheer impudence and courage was the recent feat of Mr. Perry, of Troy, N. Y., who robbed a treasure-car, stole a locomotive, and kept up a running fight with his pursuers on another. Mr. Perry has learned, however, that audacity, despite the proverb, does not always win, for he is now in the penitentiary under a ninety-nine years' sentence.

The introduction of Eastern methods in robbery to California may be one of many pleasing indications that we are casting off the overalls of provincialism and arriving at the full-dress of complete civilization; nevertheless, those of us who are past our youth, and find new ways uncongenial, can not but regret the beginning of a change which in time must, under the law of the survival of the fittest, finally obliterate the good old road-agent of the Far West, endeared to this generation and preserved for the admiration of posterity in history, song, and story. It is true that no one, not even himself, justifies the existence of the orthodox road-agent on moral grounds; but he has been so picturesque, so exciting a feature of our wild and possibly somewhat woolly life on this Pacific fringe of the continent, and has so frequently filled with diverting terror the touring tenderfoot from the effete East and crumbling despotisms of the old world, that much has been forgiven him. He is yet far from being extinct. Within a month he has robbed three mountain-stages and achieved two murders; but the Oakland incident strikes his hour of doom. The Black Bart who emerged quietly from behind a stump, gazing up at the stage-driver through holes cut in a gunny-sack, presenting two holes in the barrels of a shotgun for the driver to gaze down into, is a back-number, a figure, heroic in his way, belonging to a cruder phase of culture. Black Bart had no fear at all of the "shotgun messenger," who rode beside the driver, armed to the eyes and paid to

guard the treasure in the boot with his life. His sentiment toward this extra-legal functionary was one of respect and cordiality, which was returned. Both felt that a turn in the wheel of fortune might any day cause them to change places. Bart knew there was little danger. Under the rules of the road, recognized by all professional gentlemen on or off the stage-coach, the one who first "got the drop" was entitled to the victory and spoils. As for the passengers, Bart seldom found any difficulty in relieving them of their arms, as well as their money and watches. Only the tenderfoot needed watching. Old-timers, familiar with peril, realized the folly of resistance. So Bart, polite always to ladies, as became a successor to Turpin and Duval, did his work calmly and quickly, took what he wanted, waved the driver to depart, saluted the shotgunless shotgun-messenger, and sat him down on a bowlder to toss off in an idle moment, as it were, a copy of verses, satirical in tone, which he left on the scene of his triumph for the special perusal of the maddened hounds of the law.

It has to be confessed that within the past decade or so the road-agent has deteriorated in gallantry, a gross commercial spirit seemingly having obliterated his desire for displays of chivalrous punctilio in dealing with lady passengers, and to have killed in his breast everything but a sordid wish to escape with his booty. In Nevada the original type still survives, with all its polish and charm. This is due, we presume, to the condition of the public mind, which has not there, as here, undergone a change in the direction of effeminacy. It is no great social disadvantage for a Nevadan to be a stage-robber, provided he eludes capture. Some of the best citizens of the sagebrush have, at one time or another, taken to the road, either to stop stages or steal cattle. A recent candidate for the gubernatorial nomination was believed to have been engaged in the latter industry in his earlier and poorer days, and this belief induced a combination of soulless capital (mostly invested in cattle) against him, which resulted in his failing to secure the political honor that he sought. When a Nevadan finds himself out of money, disinclined to work, and conscious of a desire to quit the State—a desire which frequently takes the form of a fierce passion—it is quite customary for him to borrow a shotgun from the sheriff, or any other friend, and go forth with his head in a bag to "make a raise." Thus it comes that Nevada makes a boast that the inmates of her penitentiary are mostly "perfect gentlemen"—that is to say, that they differ less from the unjailed average than any other body of convicts on earth. Moreover, they enjoy exceptional chances of pardon, since it is always easy to bring petitions and influence to bear in their behalf, the more fortunate road-agents—legal proof of whose enterprise and daring has never been obtained—forming an element of the small population so numerous and politically important that their wishes are naturally respectfully considered by the board of pardons—some members of which, indeed, at one time or another, have not themselves escaped what in other States would be deemed calumny.

There is no denying that the Eastern robber, of the sort who boarded the Oakland train, possesses a nerve equal, if not superior, to that of the Black Barts of the past; but the setting of the stage on which he operates, being devoid of mountain scenery and eye-holed gunny-sacks, is inferior by far in romantic interest. In the daylight boarder of suburban trains, therefore, the female mind can not find that fascination which the dashing road-agent has always exercised. The new-comer is prosaic in everything save audacity, and even that scarcely redeems him from the level on which the vulgar burglar stands. Besides (this is the masculine view) he is confoundedly disturbing. Black Bart was a dread reality only to that small proportion who traveled in stages, whereas tens of thousands ride daily on suburban trains, and, therefore, the Eastern thief is, five hundred to one, the more unpleasant phenomenon.

The subject of life insurance is beginning to attract attention among women. It is known that though the aggregate volume of the sum payable on life policies in Europe and America amounts to the enormous figure of ten billions of dollars—a sum exceeding the total cost of all the railroads in the world added to all the national debts—the risks taken out on female lives amount to a comparatively small sum. This has arisen partly from the unwillingness of life-insurance companies to insure women; a feeling which induces some companies to refuse to insure them at all, while others charge one per cent. additional for female risks; and partly from the fact that the woman is not, as a rule, the family bread-winner, and her death does not, save in exceptional cases, require to be guarded against in a pecuniary point of view. Still, the number of women whose demise would take bread out of the mouths of others is on the increase. In quite a large proportion of households it is the woman who is the bread-winner, and it seems but reasonable that she ought to be able to insure a life which possesses a commercial value to those who are dependent on her.

Companies object to take female risks because women are exposed to die of casualties and diseases from which men are exempt. But, on the other hand, men are exposed to die of accidents, or of diseases produced by reckless lives, quite as frequently as women perish in child-birth or from diseases incident to maternity. The sexes are fairly on an equality in this respect. It is probable that a healthy young woman of twenty, whether married or unmarried, is about as good a risk as a young man of the same age. If she is liable to die in child-bed, she is not likely to fall a prey to the countless diseases which follow the indiscreet use of alcohol, nor is she exposed to the risks of life and limb which many male callings involve.

Some of the companies raise the point whether any one has an insurable interest in the life of a woman. A man's wife and children have an insurable interest in his life: but who suffers a pecuniary loss when a girl or a married woman dies? Certainly not, as a general rule, the father, or the mother, or the brothers and sisters of the former, or the husband of the latter; they may be plunged into deep affliction, but affliction can not be measured in dollars. But the case alters if the girl or the married woman belongs to the working-class, so that she is in whole or in part the bread-winner for the household; then her father, mother, brothers, sisters, children, and, possibly, her husband, may have an interest in her life which can be insured. If she belongs to the leisure class, and does not contribute by her daily exertions to the daily sustenance of her family, it is not easy to see who has an interest in her life which could be appraised in dollars, and for which a company could make compensation in the form of a check. The loss of a wife is often the deepest affliction which can befall a man, as the loss of a mother may be the most poignant sorrow a child is ever called upon to endure. But neither the sorrow nor the affliction can take a pecuniary shape, nor can it be consoled by a money payment.

It is common, when a marriage takes place between young people who have no fortune, and expect to be dependent on the husband's exertions, for the man to insure his life in favor of his wife and children. This is one of the most beneficent uses of life insurance. Formerly, more frequently than now, the consorts assured their lives reciprocally, each in favor of the other. This operation never could be reconciled with business principles or sound ethics. In the class of society in which such mutual insurances were taken out, the woman is rarely a toiler for the common household; the man earns the bread and the woman fulfills her part in managing the house and lovingly caring for her husband. But it is clear that the husband has no pecuniary interest in his wife's life. It might grievously afflict him to lose her, but his grief could not be compensated in dollars.

Experience, moreover, has developed the unpleasant fact that the mortality among women whose lives are insured in favor of their husbands is larger than the ordinary mortality tables warrant. It is a terrible thing to say, but doctors and criminal lawyers believe the crime of wife-murder to be much more frequent than is commonly supposed. It is a crime that is rarely suspected, and still more rarely detected. A woman is taken ill with a strange pain. She consults a doctor, who knows that women are always having strange pains, and that they generally arise from very simple causes. He prescribes for this or that organic trouble. The pain continues. The woman tries other medicines, which have relieved friends of hers under similar circumstances. The husband acts as nurse, and gives the medicines. In these days of science, toxicology knows a dozen drugs which are difficult to detect by smell, taste, or sight, but which, if regularly administered, will sap life, and eventually cause death.

As a general rule, a girl should refuse to insure her life in favor of her husband, and a well-administered company should refuse to issue such a policy.

Now that the Republican convention has concluded its work by the adoption of a national platform which sets forth the principles of the party plainly and unequivocally, and by naming Benjamin Harrison for President and Whitelaw Reid for Vice-President, we turn naturally to the Democratic convention, which is to meet in Chicago on Tuesday. It would not be a difficult matter to formulate the Democratic platform in advance of the assembling of the convention, for we may be sure that it will assail the Republicans for all the sins in the decalogue, point with pride to the resolutions of '98, view with alarm the McKinley Bill, and demand that Congress take up the cause of tariff reform, meaning thereby free trade.

An object of more general interest than the platform, however, will be the nominee for the Presidency. Indications favor the nomination of Cleveland; but there is a strong contingent in opposition. The New York delegation, with its seventy-two votes, is solid for Hill, and has resolved to vote for him until he is nominated, or so long as his name shall be before the convention. There are several dark horses, too, so the convention bids fair to be a lively one.

But whatever the Chicago convention may decide upon as to its nominee, there is almost no possibility of his being elected. The Republican party is united and harmonious, while the Democratic party is anything but united, especially in New York, the one State absolutely necessary to the success of any Democratic nominee this year, as all estimates of the electoral vote concede. Let us see how New York stands.

In the first place, there are two Democratic parties in that State at the present time, the regular organization, which is controlled by Hill and Tammany, and the new or "anti-snap" organization, called into being by the Syracuse convention, which supports Cleveland. It would be next to a miracle to see a State carried by a party hopelessly divided, especially in face of a perfect and united party, as the New York Republican party is this year. There is an impassable gulf between the two factions, and it is widening all the time. It was only a few days ago that the regular or Hill delegates to the Chicago convention held a meeting and, by a vote of sixty-nine to one, decided to vote for Hill on the first ballot and never to leave him until he was nominated or declined. With such a determined band against him, it will not be an easy matter for Cleveland to secure the requisite two-thirds vote.

But suppose that Cleveland does get the nomination, what then? Is there anything to indicate that he is stronger in New York now than he was in 1888, when Harrison carried the State against him by thirteen thousand votes? On the contrary, he is weaker. In addition to the Hill and Tammany opposition, Cleveland's disregard of his promises regarding civil service displeased and disgusted the Mugwumps, who were his warmest supporters in 1884, and there are only a very few of them left.

As to the issues of the campaign, New York, outside of the sphere of influence of the foreign, importing interest of the city, is protectionist. Free trade does not appeal to the people of that State, even when it is sugar-coated and labeled "tariff reform." The people of New York are intelligent enough to see that the prosperity of their manufacturing interests depends on a wisely discriminating tariff on imports, and it is safe to say that if the retention of the McKinley tariff could be submitted to them as a single issue, it would be carried by a large majority.

It would be easy to demonstrate the growth of the protectionist sentiment, since the passage of the McKinley Bill, by the example of Rhode Island and Oregon—the one, a manufacturing State, the other, a raw-material State; but one good reason for the strong probability of Republican success is as good as a dozen. The Democratic party is utterly at sea as regards a candidate. Democrats know that Cleveland can not carry New York, and they know equally well that if he can not carry it, they can not nominate a candidate who can, so they are, as Henry Watterson pithily told them a short time ago, between the devil and the deep sea.

An encouraging endeavor to carry out the policy which the *Argonaut* has been for months recommending to San Franciscans was taken, a few days ago, when W. R. Grace & Co. and Balfour, Guthrie & Co. chartered clipper ships to carry freight from New York to San Francisco by the way of the Horn. The business in which these vessels are to engage is not new. There are already several lines of sailing-ships carrying merchandise from the Atlantic seaboard to this port. But it has always been at least suspected that these ships were controlled by the transcontinental pool, which made the rates for the ships, so that they should not be serious competitors. They never came to the rescue of shippers when the railroads put up the rates.

It will be different with the new lines. Grace & Co. and Balfour, Guthrie & Co. realize perfectly that the success of their enterprise depends on the sympathy of this community, and that, if the new lines are to be established and to become prosperous institutions, public spirit must come to their aid, as well as to the aid of the Atlantic and Pacific Steamship Line; shippers must take into account the ultimate benefit they will derive from their establishment as well as more immediate consideration of present freight charges. Unless shippers support the new lines freely, even when as satisfactory rates could be got from the railroads or the Pacific Mail, the lines will not be a success. Neither Messrs. Grace & Co., nor Messrs. Balfour, Guthrie & Co., nor the Atlantic and Pacific Steamship Line can be expected to run vessels at a loss, in order to secure for San Francisco the advantage of cheap transportation. It is for the public to do its share by seeing that the ships are filled. It does not speak well for San Francisco's alleged thraldom that American ships, capable of coastwise traffic, should sometimes lie here three months waiting for a cargo to New York.

There is no mystery about the dilemma in which San Francisco is placed. It has to rely upon one railroad corporation—which controls several lines of road—for its transportation to the East, and that corporation, foreseeing that in a very few years the government may foreclose the mortgage on the subsidy bonds, and wipe out the present company, is naturally bent on making all the money it can while its title to the property is undisputed. Hence its charges are higher

than they would be if its owners' business was sure to be permanent, and a wise forethought impelled them to think of the future as well as the present. It is in order to make hay while the sun shines that the owners of the railroad pay an enormous subsidy to the Pacific Mail to prevent its competing for freight or passengers. It was in pursuance of the same line of policy that the Pacific Mail obtained from the Panama Railroad a special contract which practically shuts out competitors from the use of that road.

As matters stand, San Franciscans have been bound hand and foot by the Southern Pacific—they must either ship over one of its lines or not ship at all. The only possible relief for them, at present, is to revive the old ocean lines on which they used to rely before the railroad was built. The relief is not ample. It takes a long time for ships to sail round the Horn. But a basis will thus be laid for a line of steam-freighters, and this would go far to break the backbone of the monopoly. Meanwhile, it is a mere question of time when the Pacific Mail subsidy and the contract between the Pacific Mail and the Panama Railroad will be abolished. Both are contrary to law, and both, when fairly got into court, will be so declared. Like the fraudulent bargain between the Comstock mines and the mills, they have endured for a long time, because no one had the courage or the patience to sue their beneficiaries; but, like that bargain, when somebody does undertake this public duty, they will fetch up where the Hale & Norcross milling contract has fetched up, and somebody will have to pay damages.

No wrong ever endures forever. If it is engineered by bold, unscrupulous minds, a wrong sometimes lasts a long time. People are shy of going to battle with men of vast resources. But some day the wrong becomes too grievous to be borne, and then redress is reached through some unforeseen procedure. The exactions of the Southern Pacific have reached that stage, and have roused the people of the San Joaquin Valley to start freight-wagons with four-horse teams, and the merchants trading between the two oceans to project lines of clipper ships round the Horn. These steps are in the direct line to emancipation from the despotism under which traffic has labored. Moreover, it is the law of life that when a wrong is punished, the punishment is not in due proportion to the wrong, but in excess of what it deserved. Wrong-doing carries interest, and when the hour of liquidation arrives, the interest must be paid with the principal. The Southern Pacific Company has made light of taking the lion's share of the profits of every productive industry in this State; and by obtaining control of courts, legislatures, and railroad commissions, has laughed to scorn attempts to call it to account. It may find that it repeated the history of the Jesuits in Spain, who, having acquired two-thirds of the land in the peninsula, and control of every judge and local assembly, defied king and minister to assail them. But when the trump of doom sounded, they were stripped, in one night, not only of their ill-gotten gains, but of that which was honestly theirs, and were driven out of the Spanish dominions, naked and hungry.

At this time, when the American mind is apt to become engrossed in a matter so worldly as politics, a special effort is being made by the one true church to retain and augment popular interest in holy things. The great success attending this pious endeavor is most encouraging, and indicates that in all the world there is no country in which the pure flame of Roman Catholic faith burns brighter than in our own. The recent exhibition of the Wrist of the Grandmother of God at the Church of St. Jean le Baptiste in New York, which drew more than forty thousand people to view and venerate it, and resulted in the receipt of over sixteen thousand dollars at the box-office, proves how devout are the people of the largest city in the United States, and how firmly they refuse to permit their intellect to be affected by the increase in so-called knowledge which has been brought about by science and Protestantism since Galileo was dealt with by the Inquisition and Bruno was burned by the same holy guardian of the faith. Another fragment of the body of the blessed St. Anne, Grandmother of God, is on the way from Rome to continue in the metropolis the good work so grandly begun by the first consignment, now in Quebec, healing diseased French-Canadians, under the personal direction of His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau, assisted by the public indorsement and prayers of Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, and Archbishop Corrigan, of New York. Pending the arrival of the second shipment of St. Anne's remains, the press of our largest city, ever foremost in service to the church which swings the Irish vote, is lending its columns for the spread of the truth, as it is held by Rome. Lay-Brother Dana, of the *Sun*, is preëminently conspicuous in this branch of metropolitan journalism. Not a week passes without the *Sun* publishing, for the edification of the godly, an account of some girl somewhere being down with the stigmata, or of marvelous cures by the prayers alone of some priest in the back districts of New Jersey or Pennsylvania. The other day it gave space to a respectful narrative of the triumph of Father Aurelian, a Capuchin monk, in Bavaria, over a devil which possessed a small boy; this week it sings the praises of Father Mollinger, a therapeutic Pennsylvania priest; on a recent Sunday, it devoted a whole page to the wonders and miracles of Lourdes. In that favored grotto, as all the world knows, the Virgin appeared no less than eighteen times to Bernadette, a little girl of peasant parents in the Pyrenees, the blessed child being wholly illiterate, speaking only the patois in vogue at Lourdes, and so weak in health that secular physicians considered her a peculiarly fit subject for the non-miraculous phenomena known as catalepsy and fits. Of the reality of these appearances there can be no doubt, for we have in their behalf not alone the averments of the lower and higher clergy of France, but the authority of His Holiness the Pope himself. As to the miracles, they have astounded all. Witness this example given by Lay-Brother Dana's *Sun:*

"The two-year-old son of Jean Bouhohorts and his wife Croisine, peasants, who had been so weak from birth that he had never walked, was dying of fever, having been given up by the doctors. The mother took it to the grotto, made the sign of the cross, and, without hesitation, immersed the child up to its neck in the cold water. After she had kept it immersed fifteen minutes, she took it home and said, laying it in its cradle: 'The Blessed Virgin will cure it.'"

Needless to say, Croisine was right. It is, perhaps, unkind to weaken the force of this miracle, but we may here remark that the modern treatment for enteric fevers is the cold bath; by it some German hospitals have reduced the mortality in typhoid fever to two per cent. It was, therefore, probably the water and not the faith which cured Croisine's child.

We also read of the cure of Pierre de Rudder, a laborer, of Jabbeke, in Western Flanders, who broke his leg in 1867. The bones became diseased and would not unite, despite the labors of distinguished surgeons employed by a charitable lady of rank. It was a year before De Rudder could rise from his bed and drag himself about on crutches. This condition of suffering and lameness lasted eight years and two months. Brother Dana continues:

"While praying for his recovery at the shrine, his leg was cured instantaneously, and became, to use the expression of Dr. Affenaer, 'as sound as that of a healthy, new-born baby.' He returned home without his crutches."

The water of the spring in this grotto, which spring came into existence when Bernadette, at the order of the Virgin, scraped a hole in the dry earth with her hands, preserves its virtues when bottled, and is warranted to keep in any climate. By bathing the eyes with the bottled article, blindness has been cured in an instant, sores removed in a flash, and consumptive lungs relieved of their cavities by moistening the chest and making the sign of the cross.

Of course, there are those who, notwithstanding the avouchment of the highest prelates of the French church and the authority of the Holy Father at Rome, will scoff at these miracles, refusing to listen to testimony and reason. But during the early, dark, and middle ages were not miracles—even to the raising of the dead—performed by the million? And were not scores of the faithful rid of their ailments in the city of New York no longer ago than last month by the Wrist of the Grandmother of God, which Archbishop Corrigan, an American born and bred, knelt before, and kissed, and adored? If the Roman Catholic Church had a monopoly of these blessed marvels, there might be some excuse for that incredulity which is characteristic of certain classes in this age of pestilent free-thought and common schools, which are godless. But we see that Brother Harris, the Light of the New Life up at Santa Rosa, is in daily communication with heaven, passes behind the veil at will and brings back divine commands to old ladies to give him all their money and accept young husbands, whom he provides. We know that Brother Teed, Koresh of the Koreshans, late of California and now of Chicago, asserts his power to slay with the glance of his eye and to give life to the dead. There is not a Christian Science or Faith-Cure sanitarium in the country that does not daily report cures quite as perplexing as those of the grotto.

In the face of cumulative evidence of this character it is difficult to see how the infidel can have the effrontery to deny the miracles at Lourdes, or to hurl the sneer that the Roman Catholic Church has so long practiced magic and jugglery, and traded upon the ignorance and credulity of the lower orders, that it forfeited centuries ago all claim to respect as a witness for the supernatural. But, under the blessing of the saints, and with the aid of Archbishop Corrigan, Cardinals Gibbons and Taschereau, and Lay-Brother Dana, the holy truth will prevail over the infidel in this age, as it notoriously has in every other.

By the result of the Minneapolis Convention, Senator Felton has become the Republican leader of California. The split in the delegation brought the two rivals for the senatorial position face to face. Mr. de Young did as he had done four years before—he strove to throw the California delegation as a unit for Blaine. If it had not been for the firm stand taken by others of the delegation, headed by Senator Felton, it is probable that Mr. de Young would have succeeded. If California had gone solidly for Blaine, the result in the convention might have been different. This is known to be a strong Blaine State—therefore the division of the California delegation had a marked effect. But Senator Felton was right—either from the standpoint of the strong Blaine feeling in this State, or from the standpoint of practical politics. Mr. Blaine had said in unmistakable language, over his signature, that he was not a candidate. If we in California, who have an enthusiastic admiration for Mr. Blaine, can not take his word, who can? We did believe him, and he intended that we should. Mr. Blaine was not a candidate.

President Harrison's nomination, as we have said, makes Mr. Felton the leader of his party in this State. He is in favor with the administration; he has won its gratitude by his firm stand at Minneapolis; he is sure of retaining the ear of the President during the next administration, for the reëlection of Harrison is almost inevitable. It is possible, too, that Senator Felton may secure his own reëlection at the hands of the next legislature, for Mr. de Young is now out of the race, and a California legislature will delight in conferring honor upon a senator whom the President delights to honor. Senator Felton, if elected, will practically control the Federal patronage of the State, and there is no gratitude so strong in the bosom of a California legislator as the grateful expectation of favors to come. The only danger to Senator Felton is the possible election of a Democratic legislature, and that danger now stares him in the face.

Let us talk plainly. We believe Senator Felton to be a man of ability and integrity. He possesses large wealth and can afford to be independent. But he must beware of entangling corporation affiliations. An opportunity is now presented to him such as few men have. If he chooses, he can become for many years the loved and trusted representative of this commonwealth in the United States Senate. If he chooses, he can, for years to come, be the leader of a great party in a great State.

But he must choose.

One of the most painful spectacles presented during the pilgrimage of the Democratic delegation to Chicago has been the corking of Colonel John P. Irish. Colonel Irish is a strong Cleveland man. The rest of the delegation are supposed to have Hill affiliations, although ostensibly for Cleveland. Colonel Irish failed to secure a position as delegate, but he turned up on the special train with a large velvet badge and a mysterious smile. The smile excited the suspicions of the other delegates, and on investigation their worst fears were realized—Colonel Irish had a proxy. Further than that, he had the proxy of Mr. Clay Webster Taylor, a leading Democratic orator, whose fame extends from Siskiyou to San Diego, from the Sierras to the sea. It was also learned that Colonel Irish was going to be a diligent Cleveland boomer, and that he intended to second the nomination of the gentleman whom Editor Dana delights in designating as the "Stuffed Prophet." These facts fired the delegation with indignation. They met, and unanimously deposed the gentleman with the proxy, and elected in place of Colonel Irish an Irish colonel named Dwyer. Therefore it is that we say that Colonel Irish is corked. The fountains of his eloquence are stopped up. As the colonel keeps continually on tap a large amount of Bourbon eloquence, this action of the delegation is most unjust. But we have faith that the colonel will get there; that in the halls of the Democratic wigwam at Chicago his stentorian voice will be heard; and that, though crushed to earth, Irish will rise again.

Those people who seem to believe that newspaper-writers have special gifts of divination, and that their possession of news channels gives them better judgment than other men, should look over the mass of newspapers to hand since the Republican convention. The great majority of them—Democratic and Republican—apparently believed that Blaine would be the nominee. On the morning of the day that Harrison was nominated, the New York *Herald* said:

"It seems like Blaine, and with every hour since Saturday night, it has seemed more so. The influence of the Maine statesman is clearly waxing, while that of Mr. Harrison is steadily waning. . . . It is flood-tide with Blaine, whose retirement to Bar Harbor for needed rest and refreshment indicates a reassuring serenity of mind concerning the result, and it is ebb-tide with Harrison, who sorely needs, at this juncture, the friends whom he has neglected to make."

The *Herald* is the leading newspaper of this country, and has always had the news. But the news is that which has already taken place, and not that which is to occur. It is fortunate that there is one thing which the modern newspaper can not claim to know all about—to wit, to-morrow.

Among the ghosts which squeak and gibber in the Minneapolis streets is the ghost of a boom. At that convention, Mr. M. H. de Young's senatorial boom got flattened out. The rivalry between Felton and De Young was most effectually settled. It is true that, subsequently, Mr. de Young did thrice refuse upon the Lupercal the Vice-Presidential crown (not necessarily for publication). But even this could not check the dying boom. It perished in its bright and laughing childhood. Mr. de Young's boom is dead.

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.

An Amateur Sheriff and an Arizona Desperado.

"That isn't a bad reward!"

"No; if a fellow could catch him, he would make pretty good wages. Let's see," and the second speaker began to read the postal-card that the postmaster at Hard Scrabble had just tacked to the door of the store that constituted the "office," so that every one might read:

"TAKE HIM IN!

"$500 Reward will be paid for the arrest and delivery of Rube White, to the sheriff of Yavapai County. He is about twenty-five years old, six feet tall, and slim, with light complexion, and has a big scar on the right side of his face. He is wanted for robbery and other crimes. If killed in resisting arrest the reward will be paid on satisfactory proof of his identity. When last heard from was making for the Tonto Basin country."

By the time the reader had finished, a crowd of half a dozen or more men surrounded him.

"Now, if that feller is headed for the Tonto Basin country, it wouldn't be much of a trick to take him," said the first speaker, reflectively, as if debating with himself the advisability of making the attempt.

"If you hear me, he ain't going to be taken in, and the feller that tries it is going to have his hands full. They have been after him for two or three years and ain't got him yet. They say he's right on the shoot," remarked another of the crowd.

"Well, a feller ought to know him as soon as he sees him, from that description," hazarded the first speaker, "if he got up close enough to see the scar; and then all he'd have to do would be to turn loose at him if he didn't throw up his hands when you told him. Besides, nobody but him would try to cross over the mountains into the basin with this snow on the ground. Blamed if I don't think I'll go after him."

"Well, somebody ought to round him up," asserted some one in the crowd; "be's been foolin' roun' hyah long enough, jes havin' his own way, sorter as if the country belonged to him. Durned if I wouldn't go with you, Hi, if I didn't have to take this grub over to the boys in camp."

"Well, if any of you want to go, all right. I'm going," replied the man addressed as Hi.

It was not the first time that Hi Lansing had been on such expeditions. He was one of those men for whom danger seems to have a fascination. At his remark, Frank Crandall, a young fellow who had been standing quietly by, volunteered to accompany him. The crowd turned toward him with more interest than they had thus far evinced during the entire proceedings. It was but a few months since he had come among them, fresh from the East, to take charge of one of the mines which had been closed down by the winter's storms. For weeks he had been cooped up in the isolated settlement, and he longed for something to break its monotony.

"Well, get your horse and gun, and come," replied Hi, and, in an instant, the two men had left the room to arm and equip themselves for the chase, while the loungers gathered around the stove to discuss the probabilities of their success. In a few minutes, the two men rode past the door, each armed with a rifle and six-shooter, and the crowd, stepping out, bade them good-bye, with the oft-repeated warning: "Be keerful and don't let him get the drop on ye."

The crust of the unbroken snow cracked crisply under foot as the two rode on fast, leaving the little settlement in their rear. For some time neither spoke; but, at last, the silence was broken by Lansing, asking his young companion: "Did you ever try this kind of thing before?"

"No," replied the young man; "I never have."

"Well, then, you want to be keerful. If you don't lose yer head, you're all right. The only danger is that we may run on him before we know it."

"And if we do, what then?" asked the young man.

"Well, he will probably commence shooting, and if he does, and you arn't hit the first rattle out of the box, why you want to git off'n your horse and git behind something and shoot back. If ther ain't anything to git behind, keep your horse between you and him, and keep a-shooting. Whatever you do, don't let go of your gun. But what we want to do is to see him first, and then we've got the play on him, and all you have to do is to tell him to throw up."

"And if he don't throw up?" asked Crandall.

"Why, then you let him have it. The reward will be paid just the same."

The apparent indifference with which Lansing spoke of the entire matter, much as if he were discussing the best method of hunting a wild animal, shocked the young man; but he had committed himself too far to withdraw. Besides he had that feeling that all men have when they are young—the curiosity to know whether or not he could rely on himself when danger threatened.

"We should strike his trail on the hills here, if he is really headed for the basin country," said Lansing. They had been riding for several hours in silence through the snow, unbroken by aught save the scattered pines that here and there dotted the mesa. Before them towered the mountains through whose passes the man whom they were after would have to pass in his search for safety in the half-settled wilds beyond.

As the two men rode along, scanning in each direction the snow-covered mesa, Lansing suddenly wheeled his horse to the right, and when Crandall joined him, he pointed to a narrow trail where two horses had passed through the snow.

"That's him. He's driving one horse and leading another, and he hasn't passed by very long, either. See, the snow hasn't had time to drift in it," said he.

With the discovery his whole demeanor had changed. A new look came into his eyes, and his voice sounded strange. He even grasped his weapons in a manner different to that he had heretofore displayed. "He's right ahead, and we want to look out," the older man continued, as they began to follow the trail. As they approached the summit of each hill they would stop their horses, and Lansing would dismount and crawl to the top so that he might look, without being discovered, into the valley beyond, in order that they might not come on the fugitive too suddenly.

They had traveled this way for several miles, when, reining in his horse, Lansing pointed to what seemed an old road leading off to the right of the one they were following, and said:

"That's the 'cut-off' into the basin. I thought he would take it, but he probably doesn't know the country. You had better take it and ride on ahead until you strike the road we're on again. Then if you can't find his tracks, you had better ride back to meet me until you do. I will follow the trail up."

The young man tried to expostulate with Lansing for the great risk he was assuming, in thus following the trail alone, but his companion was obdurate, and cutting the argument short by again warning the young man to be on his guard, he rode on, following the trail in the snow, while the younger man, finding objection useless, took the "cut-off" road. He had no difficulty in following it, and he wondered why the man they were in pursuit of had not taken advantage of it. The whole pursuit seemed almost like a dream to him. The snow, unbroken save by his horse's footfall, stretched away mile after mile in every direction, with here and there a pine through whose branches the wind seemed to sob and sigh, making the only noise that broke the stillness of the wintry afternoon. It added to this feeling. Not a thing in sight. He began to depict in his own mind the manner of man they were pursuing. He had almost forgotten his name. After all, what had the man done that he, Frank Crandall, should be seeking his blood? Perhaps, like himself, the man had a mother and sisters to grieve over any misfortune that would overtake him. These and a hundred kindred thoughts passed through his mind. The sun was fast declining as he passed from the "cut-off" into the main road again. The air was getting chilly with the coming of evening, and the snow in the distance took on colors of pink and purple where the rays of the setting sun touched the mountain peaks. He scanned the main road eagerly to see if the man they were in pursuit of had passed, but the snow that covered it was unbroken. Then he rode back on the main road, in the direction from which he had come, to meet his comrade and the fugitive. He had just ascended one of the many rolling hills, when, in the distance, he discovered a man riding one horse and driving another. At the sight his heart almost stood still. He dismounted, and leading his horse to one side, concealed him in a clump of young pines. Then he returned to the road-side and waited. The man was urging his horses forward, but they seemed to be wearied, and made but slow progress. Crandall felt his heart beat faster and faster at the length of time it took the man to reach him. He examined his revolver and rifle, cocking each, to see that they were in order. It seemed to relieve the tension of his nerves. After he had done this, he knelt down so that he could fire with surer aim, and waited. He did not care much now whether the man resisted or not. If the fugitive resisted, he would have to stand the consequence of resistance. It was nothing to him. He could hear the footfall of the approaching horses in the snow, and he cocked his rifle so as to be ready. The setting sun shone full in the man's face, but Crandall forgot to look for the scar that the notice had said was on the right cheek, although he had resolved to do so particularly. When he first discovered the fugitive, he scanned the road behind him to discover Lansing, but the nearer the man approached, the less Crandall cared whether Lansing came or not. He let the man approach nearer and nearer, so that his aim would be the more accurate. He could not afford to throw away the first shot. The face of the man grew more and more distinct. He seemed to be oblivious to his surroundings. Crandall felt almost disposed to let him pass, but the thought that every one would think him a coward if he did so, spurred him on, and, rising erect, he ordered the man to surrender. The horse that the man was driving in front of him, frightened at Crandall's appearance, swerved from the road, leaving the two men facing each other. For an instant, Crandall looked straight into the other's eyes. Then the man raised his rifle from the pommel of the saddle, and Crandall fired. The horse which the man was riding sprang from the road, and, at the same moment, its rider's gun was discharged. The smoke from Crandall's own gun blew back into his eyes, and he turned from it to follow the movements of the man at whom he had fired. As he saw the man still erect in his saddle, he felt the feverish haste to fire again come over him that men feel when they have shot and missed, and know that their life may be the forfeit of their failure. He threw another cartridge into the chamber of his rifle, and raised it to his shoulder, but before he could fire, the man reeled from his saddle and fell, while his frightened horse galloped off through the pines.

Crandall stepped toward him, holding his rifle prepared to fire again, if necessary. As he did so, the man raised his hand, and said, simply:

"Don't fire—you've got me."

The snow was already red with blood where he lay. For the first time, Crandall looked for the scar that the description said was on the right cheek. For an instant he did not see it, and his heart seemed to stop beating with the fear of having made a mistake, and when, on drawing nearer, he saw that it was there, that only the pallor which had spread over the man's face had made it indistinct, he could have cried out with joy at the feeling of relief that passed over him.

"Are you badly wounded?" he asked.

"I don't know how bad it is. It is here somewhere," the man said, placing his hand on his breast, as if not certain of the exact spot. "It feels numb-like," he added. Stooping down, Crandall unbuckled and took off the man's pistol-belt and threw it into the snow, where lay his rifle, and then he tore open the man's shirt. As he did so his fingers came in contact with the warm blood, and he involuntarily drew back, with a feeling of disgust.

"Did you find it?" asked the man, who was watching him closely, and who had observed the movement.

Recalled to himself by the question, Crandall again tore at the shirt, exposing the breast. Where the blood did not cover it, it looked like marble, despite the dark hair on it. He could not see the wound, on account of the blood, until he had wiped the latter from the breast, and then he found it.

"What do you think of it?" the man asked.

"There it is," replied Crandall. He could not say more. The appealing tone in the man's voice for some hope—some encouragement—made him feel faint and sick.

"What do you think of it?" the man repeated, in a querulous voice, and, as he did so, he coughed until his mouth filled with blood, and he spat it out on the white snow.

Crandall shook his head and walked toward where his horse was tied. He felt that if he watched the wounded man any longer he would faint. Noticing his walking away, the wounded man said:

"For God's sake, don't leave me. Now that you have killed me, stay with me, and don't let me die like a dog."

The voice was one of entreaty, and Crandall returned and seated himself in the snow by the man's side. The sun had gone down, and the twilight had come on, bringing with it the chill of night. Crandall covered the wounded man's body with his overcoat, and raised his head from the snow. Almost unconsciously he noted that as the patch of red made by the blood grew larger and larger, the face of the wounded man grew whiter and whiter. He never took his eyes from Crandall's face, while his breath came quicker and shorter, as if he breathed with labor. With each breath the blood seemed to bubble from the wound in the breast. One of the man's hands fell from under the coat that covered him. As Crandall raised it from the snow, its coldness sent a chill through him. Once he had asked the wounded man if he could do anything for him; but the man had only shaken his head in reply. Crandall felt like reviling himself for what he had done, and wondered why the wounded man did not reproach him. Even when he expressed his sorrow at having shot him, the dying man had said, gently:

"Don't mind it. It's too late now."

The twilight gave way to darkness, and still he sat there. He could not hear the dying man breathe without leaning over his face. He did not do this but once though, and then the dying man had opened his eyes and looked up into his face inquiringly. Crandall would rather have stayed there until morning than to have caught that look again.

Suddenly he heard a voice call to him. He started as if he had been fired at, but it was only Lansing. As he answered the call, Lansing rode forward and, seeing the outstretched form on the snow, said:

"By God, you got him!"

"Hush!" replied Crandall, fearful lest the wounded man would hear the exulting tone which grated on his own ears as nothing had ever before done. But not minding the admonition, Lansing dismounted, and striking a match held it close to the man's face. It was pale and cold, and the half-opened eyes were glazed. They did not even reflect the light made from the match, but from the partly opened mouth a tiny stream of half-congealed blood seemed to be still flowing down over the beard.

"That's him, and it's a pretty good day's work we have done by earning that reward," said Lansing, coolly, as the match went out.

Somehow, though, as Crandall lay awake through the night, within a few yards of the body, to keep the wolves from it so that it would be unmarred in the morning when they would lash it to a horse and take it into the settlements for identification, he wondered why Lansing could sleep so soundly. As for himself, the rigid form, covered with only a saddle-blanket, lying where the snow was red instead of white, was always before his eyes, even when he closed them.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1892. BUCKEY O'NEILL.

The London *Times* publishes a letter from Robert Louis Stevenson, describing alleged misgovernment in Samoa. Mr. Stevenson asserts that Chief-Justice Cedercranz and Baron Pilsach, President of the Municipal Council of Apia, have made their salaries preferred claims upon the Samoan treasury, which is usually found empty after the two officials have got through with it. In order to enable them to secure this cinch on the national finances, the chief-justice and the baron overthrew a decision requiring that customs receipts shall be paid to the municipal authorities at Apia. Mr. Stevenson adds that "Baron Pilsach, as adviser of the king, wrote a letter to himself reprimanding himself as president for consenting to the decision, got the king's signature to this letter, and brought an action against himself before Justice Cedercranz. Nobody was present at the trial but the judge and Baron Pilsach. Judge Cedercranz reversed the decision, and thus enabled Baron Pilsach to demand that the municipal authorities surrender the money to the government. The municipal council protested, and Baron Pilsach, with humorous candor, proposed that the dispute be brought to the notice of the powers." King Malietoa has been in severe straits for some time past, owing to the irregularity in the payment of his own salary of twenty-five dollars a week, and has eked out a living by having his wives do washing for some of the well-to-do white residents of Apia. The king is said to be very much hurt in feelings at having to resort to this expedient, and has, it is rumored, hinted that unless his salary comes in with more regularity, he may be tempted to return to the habits of his earlier training.

The old broad-gauge (seven feet) railway ceased to exist in Great Britain on May 21st, when the Great Western Railway was changed to standard gauge. The peculiar construction of the track, which necessitated a change in the road-bed of more than two hundred miles of track in one day, the removal of broad-gauge vehicles out of the system forever, the complete stoppage of traffic during the progress of the change, and the significance attached to the work, caused the event to be surrounded with many interesting and memorable circumstances.

Rothschild, the great banker, was once asked the secret of his success. He replied: "I never have business relations with unlucky people."

ANOTHER DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

"Parisina" tells how Mme. Reymond Killed her Rival.

It is only a short while since we were all discussing the well-known thesis of Dumas's "Tue-la" with respect to the Cannes tragedy, and now we have a tragedy of our own to occupy our thoughts. The fresh scandal came in the nick of time—we had got all the interest we could out of the Deacon case. After all, the trial was short and somewhat disappointing, from a sensational point of view. Probably, had Mr. Deacon been a Frenchman he would have been acquitted; the fact that the prisoner was an alien, and had shed French blood, doubtless weighed something in the balance. Still every one hopes that President Carnot will see fit to extend a full pardon to the prisoner on the fourteenth of July. In the meantime, Mr. Deacon claims his eldest children, and, should his wife refuse to give them up, he will lodge a complaint against her for infidelity.

But, as I said, the Deacon case has ceased to excite us. The chief actor is in prison. Another matter is setting tongues wagging in Paris. There is a longer list of characters in the new tragedy—two married couples, besides outsiders. M. and Mme. Lassimonne and M. and Mme. Reymond, and their respective mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers, compose the *dramatis personæ*. The victim is a woman, and a woman's hand dealt the death-blow.

Yvonne Delaporte and Claire Defly were school-fellows and great cronies; but, after leaving school, they lost sight of each other for some years. When they met again, accidentally in the streets, Claire was the wife of Paul Reymond, and Yvonne had been married two years to M. Lassimonne. The old intimacy was renewed between them. Physically the two were very unlike. Yvonne was statuesque, fair, and rather cold; Claire, slight, dark, and passionate; and whereas the former did not care a jot for her husband, the latter doted on hers. So far, the Reymond *ménage* had been a happy one, the one drawback to Claire's complete happiness being that she had no children. The Lassimonnes, on the contrary, had never been on very good terms; the man loved his wife—had married her for love against the wishes of his mother; but his love was not returned. It was with difficulty Yvonne could be prevailed upon to live with her husband at all, and she defied his authority to the extent of refusing to accompany him to Blois, where he occupied a post of some importance, preferring to remain with her mother in Paris. Under these circumstances, it is hardly surprising that the couple never met but they quarreled violently, and on more than one occasion M. Lassimonne—whose patience was exhausted—seems to have behaved in a somewhat brutal manner to his wife. So Yvonne made up her mind to sue for a divorce, and, with this intent, quitted her mother's house, and retired into a convent with her little baby girl. It was at this juncture that the friends met again after their separation. Claire soon became devoted to Yvonne's little Germaine, and the two were frequent guests at her house.

Here M. Reymond appears upon the scene. His wife's friend was pretty and fair, and, before very long, he fell very much in love with her, while she, on her side, does not seem to have received his advances with that indifference which she should have done as a wife and a mother. Passion getting the better of prudence, Paul Reymond hired a suite of rooms, where he and Yvonne met in secret, time after time. Now Mme. Reymond, who was no fool, very soon noticed that there was something between her husband and her friend, and her warm blood—she is half a Creole—boiled within her; still, as the guilty pair were very careful, she was for some time unable to discover whether her husband was really unfaithful or not. But she bided her time.

In the meanwhile, M. Lassimonne was growing more impatient and more angry. From Blois he wrote to a private-inquiry office, and set the detectives at work to follow his wife. Thus a web was woven about the pair: Claire Reymond, on the one hand, keen-eyed and jealous, and the husband, on the other, with his bloodhounds on the scent.

One day, Claire, concealing her anxiety under a pretty, caressing exterior, begged her husband to take her to the Salon, and he promised to do so, and it was arranged between them that he should come away early from his office on purpose, and they would lunch together at Ledoyen's. She put on her prettiest toilet, and waited. When the appointed time arrived, instead of the husband there came a telegram—he was unavoidably detained. Then the woman's jealousy burst forth. She began by ransacking his private papers, and there, sure enough, she found a landlord's receipt for the rent of a furnished suite in the Rue du Rocher. It was not in her husband's name, that was a trifle; "Christofhorsen" she immediately guessed was an alias.

Paul Reymond had made a rendezvous with her friend, and the two were closeted in the Rue du Rocher, when Claire, still wearing her gay clothes, drove up to the door. Did M. Christofhorsen live there? "Yes," answered the *concierge;* "on the first floor, to the right." Was he at home? "Yes." Up she went. In her pocket she carried her husband's revolver, and, besides the revolver, a stiletto. She rang the bell. Then, as she heard steps within, steadying her voice, she cried: "Open the door, Paul, quick! M. Lassimonne is down-stairs!" When M. Reymond opened the door and saw his wife there, looking calm and collected, he really believed she had come to save him from the fury of a betrayed husband. So he turned back into the room, put on his coat, and rushed down-stairs, leaving the two women together.

He had no sooner disappeared than Claire whipped out the pistol and fired at her rival—fired one, two, three shots at her ex-friend Yvonne. Then she fell upon her with the stiletto, and thrust the point into her bosom. Passion lent her strength, and the victim writhed and fought, and finally fell down on the floor. Claire then left her, and, double-locking the door, calmly walked down-stairs. She stopped for a moment before the *concierge*, to ask him the address of the nearest commissary of police, and, stepping into her cab, told the man to drive to the office.

When Paul Reymond came back, having looked in vain for M. Lassimonne, he burst open the door, hearing moans within, and found Yvonne bleeding to death on the floor. Doctors were called, and the unfortunate woman was carried to the hospital, where she died after a few hours of horrible torture.

This is the tragedy that has sent a thrill of horror through Paris. Public opinion is very hard on the murderess, harder than it was on Mr. Deacon, for even those who admit that a husband has a right to kill his wife's lover, do not extend the privilege to the deceived wife. Had she put a bullet into Paul, there might be some excuse for her, but she wreaked her vengeance on a defenseless woman—a woman who had been her friend, and whose child she had fondled and petted. That she gave herself up immediately to the police was only a small thing in her favor, and, besides, she is unrepentant. The only thing she regrets is her husband's lost love; pride forbids her expressing the least sorrow for her victim.

Mme. Reymond is now in prison, no bail having as yet been accepted. And all the members of the families of the two couples have been interviewed by the reporters: Mme Lassimonne, who is naturally hard on her daughter-in-law, whom she never liked, and who is furious that her son should have visited his dying wife and forgiven her on her death-bed; Mme. Delaporte, Yvonne's mother, broken-hearted at the terrible tragedy that has deprived her of her only child; and M. and Mme. Defly, who declare that they were always averse to the marriage of their daughter with M. Reymond, and only gave their consent when he insisted on following them to America. It is considered particularly hard on the latter, for they have unmarried daughters, and when can they hope to find sons-in-law who will mate with the sisters of a woman capable of taking such a bloody vengeance on her husband's paramour?

Whenever jealousy arms the hand of dishonored husband or betrayed wife, all eyes are turned to Dumas, who is supposed to be the referee in all such matters. It is curiously typical of French society that a novelist should have been accepted as the moralist of the age. But henceforth it appears the Deacons and the Claires of this world must look elsewhere for sympathy. Alexandre Dumas has openly renounced his old opinions, and, apropos of the Nice tragedy, he declared that since the passing of the divorce bill, to kill became an unnecessary cruelty, a crime no longer to be condoned. There are those who whisper that there are very pungent reasons why the author of "La Dame aux Camélias" should suddenly have veered round, and that Naquet's law is not alone responsible for his change of face. Well, I do not wish to make myself the echo of all the scandals rife in Paris, and am quite willing to allow that he did really sell his collection of pictures to pay a graceless son-in-law's debts, though people *do* say that some of the money is likely to find its way into the pockets of a lady of whom Mme. Dumas has some reason to be jealous. But when a man sets himself up as a teacher, he ought to "purge his mortal grossness so" as to give no handle to scandal. Mentor must not flirt with Calypso, else all the Telemaques in the world will fall upon and rend him. PARISINA.

PARIS, May 27, 1892.

The charge at Balaklava will live forever in song; but the feat shrinks almost to triviality when we consider the facts. According to Kinglake, the Light Brigade took 673 officers and men into that charge; they lost but 113 killed and 134 wounded; the total being 247, or 36.7 per cent. The heaviest loss in the German army, during the Franco-Prussian War, occurred in the Sixteenth Infantry (Third Westphalian) at Mars La Tour, where it lost, in killed, wounded, and missing, 49.4 per cent. But Colonel Fox enumerates no less than 63 Union regiments which lost over 50 per cent. in single battles of our Civil War, without including others where the statistics are incomplete. In some of these cases, the bulk of the loss occurred within an hour. The First Minnesota lost, at Gettysburg, in killed and wounded, 82 per cent. of the number that went in; the One Hundred and Forty-First Pennsylvania lost 75.7 per cent. in the same battle; the One Hundred and First New York lost 73.8 per cent. at Manassas; the Twenty-Fifth Massachusetts lost 70 per cent. at Cold Harbor.

The passengers by the *Majestic*, which arrived at Liverpool a fortnight ago, relate a pathetic incident concerning their departure from New York harbor. Among the names on the passenger-list was that of Mrs. Paran Stevens. When the gang-plank was drawn in, the lady was not on board, although a retinue of servants and a large amount of baggage were. Just as the steamer got into the stream, Mrs. Stevens was seen to appear on the wharf, and the end of a long colloquy through speaking-trumpets was that a tug brought her out to the side of the steamer, just off Governor's Island, and a rope ladder was lowered to permit her to come on board. Mrs. Stevens, however, after careful inspection of the ladder, refused to ascend it, and the steamer sailed without her, carrying her servants and luggage. Mrs Stevens succeeded in catching the French steamship *La Touraine*, which sailed three days after she missed the *Majestic*. Her name was not on *La Touraine's* passenger-list.

The recent death of Wilkins Rustin, a Yale sophomore, has created much excitement in the East. During his initiation into the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity, he was made to run along one of the streets of New Haven, presumably blindfolded, but under the guidance of two members of the fraternity. Though warned by his companions' cries, he ran against a carriage-tongue. It struck him in the abdomen, knocking him unconscious, and in five days he died of his injuries.

A nice question in law has come up in Philadelphia, where a lady left one thousand dollars in her will for the care and maintenance of her pet cat. The cat recently died, but left five little orphan kittens, and now the question is whether they are the legal heirs of the pet cat.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Michael Davitt says that he lost just $8,750 in running a paper for the people. John Swinton lost all he had doing the same thing.

Miss Kate Field announces the somewhat singular physiological fact that Congressman Holman's excessive economy leads him to talk through his nose to save his throat.

Verestchagin, the celebrated Russian painter, has been most grievously bitten by a mad dog. He is now on his way to Paris to consult with M. Pasteur and undergo treatment.

Emperor William of Germany is a book-binder by trade. He and his brother Henry learned the art in the shop of W. Collin, 22 Jägerstrasse, Berlin, who turns out the best work in Germany.

Senator Sherman, in his silver speech, calls attention to the fact that several members of the United States Senate are not so wise as the Almighty. He does not mention the names of these senators. It might be well for him to specify.

It is reported that the eminent painter and prince of jokers, James A. McNeill Whistler, is about to desert London, which he has made his chief abode for so long a time, and to reside permanently in Paris. Whistler has been a Parisian all these years without knowing it.

Sir John Millais is said often to receive letters inclosing checks, signed in blank, which he is requested to fill in as suits him, and then at his leisure to send in return to the drawer of the check a picture of Scottish scenery. These requests, checks and all, are declined.

Mr. Blaine's cousin, J. W. Blaine, who owns valuable copper-mines in Canada and is otherwise well-to-do, has so strong a resemblance physically and facially to the distinguished ex-Secretary of State that he is frequently mistaken for him. Mr. J. W. Blaine is a Democrat.

The condition of the insane King Otto of Bavaria is reported to have become much worse as the result of his incessant smoking of cigarettes, of which he consumes six packages a day. He is at times so violent that it is necessary for his attendants to strap him to his bed. He has daily periods of unconsciousness.

General Obrutcheff, recently placed in command of the Russian armies, is too stout to sit in a saddle, and even walks with difficulty. His wife is a Frenchwoman, and he is one of the most enthusiastic advocates of a Franco-Russian alliance, an ardent Pan-Slavist, and a bitter foe of everything German. General Obrutcheff is some sixty-five years of age.

It is said that fully a million copies of "Comrades" have been sold. For this and others of his popular songs—such as "That Is Love" and "Oh, What a Difference in the Morning!"—the author, Felix McGlennon, receives about one thousand dollars a month from America in royalties alone. Mr. McGlennon lives in London, and was born in Scotland of Irish parentage.

The Kaiser has different notions from those his forefathers had about the treatment of civilians by soldiers. An old order by King Frederick William the Third of Prussia has been unearthed, in which the king says: "I have heard, to my great displeasure, that young officers claim privileges over civilians. No soldier of whatever rank shall dare to snub one of the least of my citizens, for it is they, not I, who maintain the army. They give the army its bread; and arrest, dismissal, or sentence of death shall be expected by those who act contrary to my wishes in this matter." It was under the rule of such kings that Prussia grew great.

We print this story on the authority of the New York *World:* "Perhaps the most remarkable case on record of death resulting from cigarette-smoking was that of young De Reitern, aide-de-camp of Czar Alexander the Third and a son of the Russian Minister of Finance. One day, while on duty in the Czar's apartment, De Reitern ventured to light a cigarette. He was interrupted while smoking it by the entrance of the Czar, and, in the embarrassment of the moment, he endeavored to conceal the cigarette by thrusting it into the skirt-pocket of his uniform. The Czar supposed the movement to be an attempt to draw a pistol, and, rushing upon the young aide, struck him with such violence that he fell dead at the monarch's feet."

It is interesting to know that Dr. George F. Root, whose "Rally Round the Flag" and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching" have hardly been surpassed in popularity as war-songs, was at one time so distrustful of his talent that he published his first melody under an assumed name. That song was the once-famous "Hazel Dell," and the composer signed it with the name of "Woerzel," the German for root. Dr. Root is now a well-preserved old man, in very prosperous circumstances, for his songs still bring him renumerative royalties. His "Rally Round the Flag" was written a day or two after Lincoln's second call for troops. It leaped into immediate favor, and within a month was on the lips of every Northern soldier.

M. Dumas is sixty-six years old, and is to make his home henceforth in the country, having Sardou for his next-door neighbor at Marly-le-Roy. The Paris correspondent of the *Tribune* tells us something about his home life. He rises at half-past six in the summer and at seven in winter. After dressing, he goes to his study, where he lights his own fire, reads his letters, receives his friends, and works a little. He does not read the papers, for he generally hears the news before it gets into the journals. His first breakfast consists of a glass of cold milk; the second, which occurs at noon, is a very plain meal. After eating, Dumas works until about four, when he goes out for a promenade. He walks rapidly, with head erect, rolling his shoulders a little. He dines at seven, and goes to bed between ten and eleven. He is a light eater, but a heavy sleeper, and needs from eight to nine hours of repose. He expects to write much in his new ho

MME. BLANC'S LOST LETTERS.

A Tale of an Old Chiffonier.

My Louis the Fifteenth chiffonier is a very handsome and graceful piece of furniture. It is inlaid and polished, with locks of burnished copper, and always seems to be smiling as if its red and white mosaics were merry, rosy lips.

It was given to me by my grandmother, who inherited it from her grandfather, and I verily believe that it once stood in a boudoir of the palace of Marly.

Never was an innocent little piece of furniture abused and rated so mercilessly as my chiffonier was when I chanced to think of it one day during my sojourn at the Piræus, in Greece. You will, no doubt, ask why I thrust my trembling hand through my hair, and cried out "Miserable idiot!" without stating whether the epithet was applied to myself or to my chiffonier. Good heavens, the only wonder was that I left a single hair on my head! Judge for yourself.

I had been so fortunate—some time before—as to be loved by the most charming of women. I shall not attempt to describe her, not even by the color of her hair; it is sufficient to say that for two years I called her "my angel" and "bright image of my dreams." At the end of that period, I allowed one of my friends to say to me, in speaking of her: "How could you be such a fool?" She sent me back my letters, and I neglected to return hers, but put the whole lot into a drawer of my old chiffonier, without thinking to turn the key.

That chiffonier was in my room; my room was in my mother's château; my mother's château was eight hundred leagues away, in the middle of Provence. In setting off unexpectedly on a diplomatic mission, I had completely forgotten to destroy those remains of an attachment which had been delightful—so long as it lasted.

When I accidentally called out the memory of those letters from some obscure corner of my brain, I started up in surprise and shame, for I knew that my thoughtlessness might seriously compromise a woman who had done nothing to deserve such treatment at my hands. I felt that my conduct had been unworthy of a gentleman, and in a fine frenzy I rushed out of the house, inquired for the first steamship bound for Marseilles, took passage, and, listening to nothing but the voice of my conscience, returned to France.

A week later I arrived at the maternal abode, and I will spare you a recital of the ejaculations, the "What, you, George! So soon?" which greeted me as soon as I appeared. My mother nearly stifled me with her embrace, and was sure that something dreadful had happened to me, and I had great difficulty in reassuring her. When she had grown calm, I said, in as indifferent a tone as possible:

"Will you have my valise sent to my room, mother dear?"

"Certainly, my son; you must be tired out," she answered. Then summoning a servant, she said: "Take my son's baggage to the blue room, Pierre."

"You mean the green room," I added.

"No, the blue room," persisted my mother.

"But the green room is my room."

"It *was* yours once, George," she said, smilingly.

"And whose is it now?" I asked, in surprise, and my mother pointed to the door, saying merrily.

"Here comes the present occupant."

"Gabrielle!" I cried, going to meet my cousin, the liveliest and most charming of girls, with abundant blonde hair, eyes as blue as heaven, a smile of childish innocence, and teeth like pearls. It was she, of all persons, who was occupying the green room, and who, no doubt, had ransacked the drawers and cupboards.

Unfortunate, thrice unfortunate man that I was!

Gabrielle—gay, artless, and confiding, though a trifle shy—gave me her hand demurely, as she said:

"How do you do, Cousin George?"

My face must have betrayed my confusion as I took her hand, and looked searchingly for some sign of dissimulation in her soft eyes. Had she found the letters, had she read them? To tell the truth, Mme. Blanc had loved me ardently, and had been so imprudent as to express her sentiments in writing, running the gamut of *oh's* and *ah's*, with plentiful exclamation points attached thereto. And suppose little Gabrielle had read them—I blushed at the thought.

But quite calmly she said: "How do you do, Cousin George?"—that was all, and in my great palm lay a soft, cool, maidenly little hand.

Ah, but what abyss is deeper than a woman's heart, as the psalmist says; suppose she had read the letters! The only way to make sure was to go into the room and look for them. Gabrielle's room! What sweet melody in the words, yet I felt that I dared not enter that sanctuary, although I had known my cousin since she was a child.

"Come, George, and see how prettily I have arranged your room," she said, suddenly.

Joy, bliss, ecstasy filled me as she spoke; I was saved. Innocence had come to the rescue of depravity!

Lightly and gracefully she ran up the staircase; what a pretty figure she had! I followed her like a culprit; feeling almost afraid to go; but yet, I must at all hazards get my letters.

My former room was perfectly charming, decked out in blue and white, and with no odor of cigars anywhere. The little bed was modestly draped with snowy curtains which looked liked the wings of guardian angels. I looked round anxiously for the old chiffonier; there it stood as usual.

"May I have some water, Cousin Gabrielle; I am dying of thirst," I said.

She took up the carafe, but I, artful demon, had already observed that it was empty.

"Wait a minute. I will get you some," she said, and left the room.

I rushed to the chiffonier, and opened the drawer—horror! it was empty!

The next instant my cousin returned, gave me a glass of water, then showed me her album, and we talked merrily, just as we used to do when we were play-fellows.

But where were my letters? Had she found them, and hidden them away, or had she burned them? My head seemed to swim as I wondered.

As soon as I could think of a pretext, I left Gabrielle, and in the hallway I met my aunt, her mother. She greeted me joyfully, then shook her finger at me in a mysterious way, and with a very knowing air whispered:

"Come with me, you naughty, careless boy." I followed her into her own room, where she opened a drawer, saying meanwhile:

"When we first arrived here, it fortunately occurred to me that before putting a young lady into a bachelor's room, it would be well for me to look about it a little. I have had some experience of young men and their ways." Here she put a package into my hand. Heavens and earth!—my letters!

I threw my arms around my aunt's neck, kissed her rapturously, and confessed everything.

A week passed. One morning, when I got up, I found a tiny piece of paper lying on the floor, as if it had been slipped under my door. I picked it up; it was a letter.

"What does this mean?" I thought, and then I unfolded it and read:

"DEAR COUSIN—Why do you not tell mamma all about it?"

"*All about it?*" What does she mean? *Dear Cousin;* it is from Gabrielle!

I did not understand it at all, and waited anxiously for the breakfast-hour. When I heard my cousin go down-stairs, I darted out and was going to speak to her, but she blushed, turned her face away, and, putting a piece of paper into my hand, said, hurriedly:

"Take back your letter and speak to mamma."

My letter! I rushed out into the garden and read the missive. Thunder and lightning! it was my writing, my style, my name.

"You are adorable, therefore I adore you. Will you listen to me? Will you let me devote my life to you? A word from you, and I throw myself at your feet. GEORGE."

It was, indeed, my letter—it was number one of my effusions to the ex-queen of my heart. It had slipped out of the package of letters, and Gabrielle, finding it in the chiffonier, thought that I had placed it there for her, and her answer was: "Speak to mamma." The result of the accident was: I spoke to "mamma," and I married Gabrielle; I adore her, and am the happiest husband in the world.

The christening will take place next month. Thanks, thanks, old chiffonier!—*Translated by Isabel Smithson from the French of Jules Lermina.*

It is likely that two million copies of the *Congressional Record*, containing the reprint of Henry George's "Protection and Free Trade," will be sent out as campaign documents under Congressman "Tom" Johnson's frank. As copies of the publication may be had for one cent apiece, it will be seen that Mr. George's royalties from the sale of the work in book-form will be minimized, if not completely obliterated. Mr. George views the prospect with complacency, however, and thinks that he will be well enough remunerated in fame and in the good the broadcast sowing of his doctrines will do his cause. There is an astonishing demand for copies of the *Record* containing the work. On day last week, Representative Johnson put one thousand copies under his desk, and within an hour the pile had been depleted one-half by the numerous demands made upon it. He employs three clerks to distribute the work by mail.

The following famous names are chiseled on the left of the facade of the new Public Library Building in Boston: Moses, Cicero, Kalidusa, Isocrates, Milton, Mozart, Euclid, Aeschylus, Dante, Wren, Herrick, Irving, Titian, and Erasmus. People at once began to wonder on what principle these names were selected in the order given, and why many other great, if not greater, names were omitted; and now that it is discovered that they form an acrostic spelling the names of the architects, there is considerable indignation at the poor taste of the thing. It is asserted, however, that the architects are not responsible for it.

Baron Kelvin, who was known as Sir William Thomson before he was elected to the peerage last winter, has received a curious recognition of his services to electrical science. The English board of trade has adopted "Kelvin" as the name to be applied to its unit of electrical energy, and it is thought that the term, being short and clear, will be widely accepted by electrical engineers.

The police force of Paris, which numbered 6,100 men in 1871, when the population of the city was 1,800,000, now numbers only 6,400, although the population has increased to 2,423,000. The prefect of police wishes to increase the force to 7,500. At the present time, Paris has one policeman to every 378 inhabitants. San Francisco has one guardian of the peace for every 750 citizens.

The new small-bore rifle has shown its powers in a terrible way at Aldershot: A soldier happened to fire his rifle. The bullet passed through two doors, wounded one man slightly, passed through the thigh of another man, and finally through both thighs of another man, who died two hours afterward.

Massachusetts has more cities with a population of over twenty-five thousand than any other State in the Union. The number of such cities in Massachusetts is fifteen; in New York, thirteen.

Milwaukee claims that while it has one-sixth of the population of Chicago, it has only one-twenty-fifth of the number of crimes.

OLD FAVORITES.

"The Wonderful City of Dreadful Night."

Although lamps burn along the silent streets;
Even when moonlight silvers empty squares,
The dark holds countless lanes and close retreats;
But when the night its sphereless mantle wears
The open spaces yawn with gloom abysmal,
The sombre mansions loom immense and dismal,
The lanes are black as subterranean lairs.

And soon the eye a strange new vision learns:
The night remains for it as dark and dense,
Yet clearly in this darkness it discerns
As in the daylight with its natural sense;
Perceives a shade in shadow not obscurely,
Pursues a stir of black in blackness surely,
Sees spectres also in the gloom intense.

The ear, too, with the silence vast and deep,
Becomes familiar, though unreconciled;
Hears breathings as of hidden life asleep,
And muffled throbs as of pent passions wild,
Far murmurs, speech of pity or derision;
But all more dubious than the things of vision,
So that it knows not when it is beguiled.

* * * * * * *

He stood alone within the spacious square,
Declaiming from the central grassy mound,
With head uncovered and with streaming hair,
As if large multitudes were gathered round:
A stalwart shape, the gestures full of might,
The glances burning with unnatural light—

As I came through the desert thus it was,
As I came through the desert: All was black,
In heaven no single star, on earth no track;
A brooding hush without a stir or note,
The air so thick it clotted in my throat;
And thus for hours; then some enormous things
Swooped past with savage cries and clanking wings:
But I strode on austere;
No hope could have no fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was,
As I came through the desert: Eyes of fire
Glared at me throbbing with a starved desire;
The hoarse and heavy and carnivorous breath
Was hot upon me from deep jaws of death;
Sharp claws, swift talons, fleshless fingers cold
Plucked at me from the bushes, tried to hold:
But I strode on austere;
No hope could have no fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was,
As I came through the desert: Lo you, there,
That hillock burning with a brazen glare;
Those myriad dusky flames with pious points aglow
Which writhed and hissed and darted to and fro;
A Sabbath of the serpents, heaped pell-mell
For devil's roll-call and some fête of hell:
Yet I strode on austere;
No hope could have no fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was,
As I came through the desert: Meteors ran
And crossed their javelins on the black sky-span;
The zenith opened to a gulf of flame,
The dreadful thunderbolts jarred earth's fixed frame;
The ground all heaved in waves of fire that surged
And weltered round me sole there unsubmerged:
Yet I strode on austere;
No hope could have no fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was,
As I came through the desert: Air once more,
And I was close upon a wild seashore;
Enormous cliffs arose on either hand,
The deep tide thundered up a league-broad strand;
White foam-belts seethed there, wan spray swept and flew;
The sky broke, moon and stars and clouds and blue:
And I strode on austere;
No hope could have no fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was,
As I came through the desert: On the left
The sun arose and crowned a broad crag-cleft;
There stopped and burned out black, except a rim,
A bleeding eyeless socket, red and dim;
Whereon the moon fell suddenly south-west,
And stood above the right-hand cliffs at rest:
Still I strode on austere;
No hope could have no fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was,
As I came through the desert: From the right
A shape came slowly, with a ruddy light;
A woman with a red lamp in her hand,
Bareheaded and barefooted on that strand;
O desolation moving with such grace!
O anguish with such beauty in thy face!
I fell as on my bier,
Hope travailed with such fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was,
As I came through the desert: I was twain,
Two selves distinct that can not join again;
One stood apart and knew but could not stir,
And watched the other stark in swoon and her;
And she came on, and never turned aside,
Between such sun and moon and roaring tide:
And as she came more near
My soul grew mad with fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was,
As I came through the desert: Hell is mild
And piteous matched with that accursèd wild;
A large, black sign was on her breast that bowed,
A broad, black band ran down her snow-white shroud;
The lamp she held was her own burning heart,
Whose blood-drops trickled step by step apart;
The mystery was clear;
Mad rage had swallowed fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was,
As I came through the desert: By the sea
She knelt and bent above that senseless me;
Those lamp-drops fell upon my white brow there,
She tried to cleanse them with her tears and hair;
She murmured words of pity, love, and woe,
She heeded not the level rushing flow:
And mad with rage and fear,
I stood stone-bound so near.

As I came through the desert thus it was,
As I came through the desert: When the tide
Swept up to her there kneeling by my side,
She clasped that corpse-like me, and they were borne
Away, and this vile me was left forlorn;
I know the whole sea can not quench that heart,
Or cleanse that brow, or wash those two apart:
They love; their doom is drear,
Yet they nor hope nor fear;
Three times drawn backward by his beauty's charm,
But I, what do I here?—*James Thomson.*

A TENNIS OPENING DAY.

"Van Gryse" paints a Pretty Picture of Suburban Luxury.

The end of May and the first half of June are the season in the suburbs. Then the spring has not yet burned itself away into the summer; then leaf and bud are just unfolded in most delicate beauty; then the long avenues—the roadway hard and even, the dust not yet awake—wind away level and long under miles of overarching elms; then lawns are rolled and clipped into velvet smoothness, and flower-beds begin to glow; then the sun-flecked avenues are alive with carriages. Bowling along, at a pace that would be prohibited in town, go dog-carts, and T-carts, and village-carts, buckboards, and spider phaetons, mostly driven by women, gay as the rainbow. The hoofs of the horses make a sharp, ringing sound on the well-built road, the collar-chains jingle, the heavy carts tool by with a rumble, and, as they flash along in all the bravery of nickle-plate, and varnish, and spinning yellow wheels, one has only the briefest glimpse of the driver, mounted high on cushions, holding the reins well up in the air, in a pair of white-gloved hands, her big, thin sleeves fluttering backward like a pair of flags, the long ends of her white-lace veil drifting outward as she dodges her head away from the parasol of her companion.

A host of other carriages, bowling along behind and before her, lead the two pedestrians, modestly sauntering by on foot on an aimless suburban stroll, to inquire where this gay concourse may be going. A nurse-maid, wheeling a baby-carriage, furnishes the desired information. It is "opening day" at the Cricket and Tennis Club—a great day, as all the world knows, in the life of the suburb. Follow the road on for a mile, are her instructions, and the pedestrians will come upon the field. They smile farewell upon her from under a lifted hat and an opened parasol, and take a meandering way along that pleasant *trottoir*, dark and cool under the shade of dense horse-chestnuts, which scatter their modest pink-and-white blooms along the pavement.

The suburb certainly seems rich in equipages and feminine whips, who are adepts in the graceful art of driving. The carriages come spinning by, at a rate of speed that seems to make the earth shake, with a tremendous rattle, and rumble, and jingle, go sweeping recklessly round corners, veer past plebeian country-wagons and butcher-carts, just grazing their wheels, and then go howling on, unharmed, leaving the pedestrians to gaze upon the imperturbable face of the smooth-shaven groom in the back seat.

Now and then a man is allowed to mount the driver's seat, and the lady, lolling back superbly, grips her parasol and tries to keep her hat on in this rapid flight through the upper air-currents by holding her head down as an *ingenué* does on the stage when listening to a declaration of love. A tremendously big dog-cart rolling by has a pair of bob-tailed chestnuts, driven in tandem by a good-looking young man, in a wide-brimmed straw hat. But nobody looks at him, for the lady beside him is so thrilling a creature that if Apollo sat on her right, one would not give him a glance.

She, in all sorts of fluttering white trappings, has somewhat the appearance of a bride. A thick, white veil, with ends looped up in the back, covered her face, falling down to her shoulders, and through it one caught a glimpse of dark eyes, red cheeks, and redder lips laughing over shining teeth. She had all sorts of white, fluttering scarfs of thin materials, and ribbon-ends and frillings eddying back from her as they bowled by. Some white feathers stood erect in her large, white hat, but her wide sleeves were of the brightest grass-green silk, and her parasol was of the same, with a hundred frills and edgings of white, gauzy stuff flying this way and that in the varying breezes. Certainly she was very dashing, and the pedestrians kept their eyes on her emerald-colored parasol-top flying before them, till a great rumble, like an earthquake, caused them to look backward.

This time it was a coach going at a rattling pace, the long reins converging from the heads of the four bay horses to the yellow-gloved hand of the driver. Though the day was by no means cool, this young man wore a tan-colored box-coat that hung in folds about his slender shape; in fact, judging by the glimpse one caught of him, he might, should the day turn cold, take the two other men of the party and button the coat round them without any inconvenience to himself. But he drove well, the great vehicle with black-and-yellow body and yellow wheels swaying like a ship as the four horses swept it round corners and passed the slower carriages.

There were two ladies in the party, one on the box-seat beside the driver, one on the broad seat behind, sitting between two men. To the socially inclined New York woman, bliss and driving on a drag are synonymous terms. These two were pretty and, being happy, looked their best. She of the box-seat wore scarlet—pure, unadulterated scarlet, unless one could say it was adulterated by a good deal of lace hanging over her shoulders. The one in the back was having much the better time, talking and laughing with her cavaliers on the right and left. And she was a beauty, all smiles and pink cheeks, in the palest-blue dress and the trimmest white hat, tilted a trifle to one side. All this, seen in the glimpse of a passing moment, then the rumble of the great carriage grew fainter, and the pedestrians found themselves viewing its black-and-yellow back, and atop of that the backs of the two grooms, one of whom, at intervals, blew long, reverberating notes, on a huge metal horn.

It was about time for the tennis ground to heave in sight—that is, if the friendly nurse-maid had spoken true. The pedestrians had begun to peer somewhat anxiously ahead, seeking to discover between the holes of fringed elms and maple-trees some signs of their destination. In the distance, the melancholy note of the born rose fitfully, and close at hand quite a concourse of carriages, slackening up, drew close upon each other in anticipation of a final stoppage. Several women on bicycles threaded their noiseless way along the grassy road-side, and from by-roads, overarched with trees, green, still, and fragrant, came hurrying young girls, evidently a little late.

One of these, seen some distance away—a white-robed figure against the green of luxuriant gardens—tripped along smartly, her chalk-white dress flecked with little sun-lights, like a lady in a picture. As she drew near, one saw that, like the white rabbit in "Alice's Adventures," she was drawing on a pair of party gloves, with which she seemed impatient. Nearer still, one had the pleasure of seeing that she was as pretty as possible—a blonde girl, with crimpy yellow hair gathered up under the brim of an extremely wide, white sailor-hat. For the rest, she was all in white, fleckless, perfectly plain—a short, white-duck skirt, a loose, white-duck shirt, a white ribbon round her waist, a white neck-tie under her collar, and, on her feet, white-duck tennis-shoes. The only spot of color was the little gold cross that swung from a tiny chain at her belt. Was she a King's Daughter, or merely a pretty *dévote?* Passing the pedestrians, she hurried on, with a long, rapid step, her spotless skirts just brushing the pavement, the little gold cross catching the sun as it dangled at her side.

The pedestrians were still commenting on the attractiveness of this fleeting figure, when a swell of music, a bar of something known long time and well, rose softly and familiarly on the heated afternoon. A hand was playing somewhere. With simultaneous enthusiasm, the pedestrians darted forward, cleared a block of shady pavement and blossom-dotted grass, crossed a splendidly level highway, and lo!—the object of their search stretched before them—long, smooth, velvet-green acres, striped with growing shadows from thick horse-chestnut-trees, lined here and there with the tightly drawn tennis-nets, brilliant with moving figures, all gay and gorgeous, as they swept their trailing skirts over the shaven grass. A long, low club-house, flanked with deep balconies, stretched its rambling bulk under the chestnut-trees, a band played fitfully under a striped tent, beneath the shade of a great cherry-tree stood a table, spread for some heterogeneous afternoon meal, and round this fluttered a group of the prettiest girls in the world, in the gayest clothes.

Certainly it was a charming spectacle—a beautiful picture of the gay life, of the life of luxury and money. Everything in this pretty scene told of money, showed a completeness which money gives—the long line of equipages waiting along the outside road with unobtrusive perfection in appointment and detail, the handsome women in their handsomer clothes—clothes in which they were quite at home, and whose gorgeousness sat upon them easily—the numerous attendant young men, in the loose-fitting comfort of summer flannels, and the few children—the picturesque children of an environment of wealth—little, white sailor-suited boys, with cropped heads and long, flapping trousers, little, fairy-like girls, with tan-silk legs and tan-leather shoes, with wide, white hats crowned with flowers, and silken curls, and miniature white-suède gloves.

The whole field itself had the air of gayety and brilliant prettiness that one sees in the outdoor pictures of the French painters of a century ago. The only dark note of color in all this bright harmony were the dark-blue serge and flannel coats of occasional men, or the sombre, sweeping garb of a distinguished dowager, who looked on, with an air of condescending superciliousness through a raised lorgnette. The younger women seemed to wear the very smartest frocks of their new wardrobes. Some of them trailed by in laughing couples or groups under forests of white, and yellow, and pink parasols, their slim waists tightly helted with yards of floating, pale-tinted ribbons, their long skirts of white or flowered silk, or filmy, mist-like gauze, sweeping along on the thick turf, their white-shod toes just appearing and disappearing as they drifted by with an accompaniment of laughter and occasional nods of recognition to furtively staring friends.

The young men trod about between the trains and the parasols with practiced deftness. Obliging ones searched for camp-stools or forgotten wraps, determined ones hunted the girls they had come to meet, running them down in the midst of a covert of parasols, uncertainly viewing the back of the group—long trains, small waists, and the hemispheres of the tilted parasols—and then, still undecided, softly stepping round to the front. There, under a huge, crumpled, flower-decked leghorn hat, the searcher meets the eyes whose glances are sunshine and moonshine to him, sweeps off his hat, and, in company with the flowery leghorn, strolls out on to the distant reaches of the field.

The players at the nets were energetic and not so radiantly clad. Here quite close to them the pedestrians recognized the girl with the gold cross. She plays with a long, lank, dark young man against another girl and man. The former, dressed in a pale lilac shirt and a white skirt, is handsome, but just now flushed and disheveled. As the set ends and the players move to change places, two young men, who have been watching, fly to procure refreshments for the wearied fair ones. From the table under the cherry-tree each provides himself with what he thinks will be most acceptable. The first of the Ganymedes—a fair-haired, typical young Englishman, in the baggy trousers, tight leggins, and loose coat of the equestrian—brings two long, narrow glasses of iced-tea—the drink of the season *par excellence*. His companion selects two little glass mugs, with handles, filled with *café mousse*, on the top of which rests a dab of whipped cream. A glass in each hand, they pick their way smiling toward the net and the breathless players, the young Englishman crying, imploringly: "Oh, *do please* take mine—he didn't have half such a lot of trouble getting his!"

It is almost six o'clock by the time the pedestrians tear themselves away. The field is still dotted with figures, and a great influx of men have come from incoming trains, and stand in little crowds about nets where the games are exciting. The girl with the gold cross and her opponent in the lavender shirt are playing still in the cool of the evening, look untired and fresh. The young Englishman, in the baggy trousers, is keeping the score. That is the last the pedestrians see, as they hurry away, taking backward glimpses. But when they finally turn the bend in the avenue and face the long road before them, they can still hear the band pounding away at "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay—Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay."

NEW YORK, June 6, 1892. VAN GRYSE.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Immigration and Exclusion.

By the action of Congress and the approval of the bill by the President, the exclusion of Chinese immigrants is quite effectually accomplished, although numbers of the race still manage to make their way into the United States from Lower California and Mexico on the south, and British Columbia and Canada on the north. The efforts of chronic objector Holman, of Indiana, and the Chinophiles in Congress, by opposing an appropriation sufficient to enable the government fully to enforce the law, makes opportunity for the Chinese to evade the exclusion. But in general effect the measure is in good operation to prohibit the immigration from China across the Pacific. It is now in order for Congress to legislate in such manner as shall exclude the more pernicious immigration from Europe which is daily swarming by the large emigrant steamships. During April there were landed in New York a total of 64,565 steerage passengers—an average of above 2 100 a day for the thirty days of the month; a rate of above 730 000 for the year. They were mostly Italians, and Sclavonians from Austria-Hungary and Russia—the kinds and classes of immigrants most undesirable, most objectionable and pestilential in the United States. They were brought from Europe at the low rate of eleven dollars a head. They are of the kind of which the countries of their nativity are most eager to be rid. For this reason alone, were there not so many other reasons, they are not desired in the United States, and should not be admitted. This is the use to which a considerable number are put at every election in New York, as the court proceedings for years have shown—that of ruoning thousands through the Tammany naturalization mills, to be turned into voters of the Tammany ticket and contribute by this service to its continuation in control of the city government, with its enormously rich stealings. But when it is considered that, besides, the large proportion of them are detrimental to American labor interests; that they soon become and continue to be charges upon the community, as paupers or criminals; that they are the occasion of unwholesomeness and contagion; that they infect as they infest, and foul and depreciate property wherever they congregate—there appears all the more cause for their exclusion from the country; for denial to them of citizenship, at all events. Laws as vigorous as the Chinese Exclusion Law are needed at the hands of Congress to keep them from landing in the United States. The present Congress should do this essential work.

The International Monetary Conference.

President Harrison's idea of the result of the projected Monetary Conference is that there should be an international agreement upon the exact standard and ratio between gold and silver in the coinage at the different mints of the agreeing and accordant nations; that it should be determined and agreed in what exact ratio silver should rate with gold. The ratio is now not uniform—in some countries, 15 to 1; in France, 15½ to 1; in the United States, 16 to 1. At these ratios the coined silver dollar of the mints is worth less than seventy cents, gold standard. The ratio, accordingly, requires change of degree and uniformity of basis, or standard, upon which all shall determine—to make the coined silver dollar intrinsically worth one hundred cents, the full value of a dollar in gold; and to have this silver dollar worth its face abroad, in the great money centres of Europe. The consummation is greatly to be desired. The legal-tender money of the constitution—gold and silver—would then be thoroughly restored, and the coinage of gold and silver be mutually and alike free and unlimited at the mint, received in bullion from every person, and coined accordingly without charge other than the lawful seigniorage. The government would cease to buy silver bullion in stated quantities at stated times at the market price to be stored as bullion in the treasury—to coin only so much as is required for payment of the bullion purchases; and gold and silver would be on exact parity in bullion and in coin. The operators of silver-mines and the owners of silver bullion would receive for the metal its true worth, without exorbitant profit to them, at the cost of the people by the government purchase of bullion; and the people would be sure to receive dollars each worth one hundred cents, whether of gold or silver, or government legal-tender notes issued upon the faith and credit of the government. Every dollar would be exactly the same in value and in use as every other dollar of the mint or the treasury. An international monetary conference, with such result, will relieve existing differences in this country and in Europe and generally throughout the world, in financial exchanges and commercial transactions. It is with gold and silver, as with cotton and breadstuffs, Europe must draw supplies mainly from the United States—the largest producer of both gold and silver of the nations of the globe. The restoration of silver as money throughout Europe, and the similar remonetization of silver in the United States, in conformity to the Federal Constitution as legal tender in just parity, would be readily acquiesced in upon the part of all—bankers and capitalists, and the people generally. The constant, unobstructed flow of sound money would animate commerce, enrich every field of business, and invigorate every arm of labor. Money is the universal solvent and medium of exchange, and its standard ought, in every land, and among all classes, to be the same, fixed between the nations in their supreme authority. If the International Monetary Conference can accomplish this, it will be of incalculable universal good.

Democratic "Tariff Reform" on Wool.

Congressman Springer, chosen Democratic leader of the House, who introduced the bill to admit raw wools free of duty, while duty is maintained on woolen manufactures, glazes the manifest inconsistency of this sample of Democratic tariff reform in the interest of the masses and against the Republican policy of protection. Mr. Springer explains that free wool from abroad will increase the home manufacture of woolens to such extent that the increase of duties on imported woolens will make good the deficit in public revenue caused by the repeal of the duty on raw wools. The apparent meaning of this is that the home producers of wool are stripped of protection by the reform tariff, although protection is continued to the home manufacturers. This is tariff reform with a vengeance upon the producers and greater profit to manufacturers—the reverse of the argument made by the Democratic leaders in advocacy of their tariff policy—to benefit producers and consumers, and to deprive manufacturers of the protection which enables them to maintain competition with foreign manufactures. The glaring fallacy of Mr. Springer, that free wool will so immensely increase home manufacture of woolens, as likewise to increase the demand of domestic wool at advanced prices, would instantly be detected by men not blinded and deluded by hallucination of party. The facts are that in the United States is produced every quality of wool needed in woolen manufacture; that no foreign wools are needed for mixing with American wools; and that American woolen manufacturers do not buy foreign wools unless when obtainable at materially reduced prices. With the competition of foreign wool-growers to contend against in the home market, the American wool-growers have no chance unless the government protects them by the levy of adequate duties upon the foreign article. The enormous annual crop from South America and from Australasia, in which vast tracts of land are valueless except for sheep pasture, and where wool is produced at smallest cost, can glut the markets of the world if no duties are charged. These foreign cheap wools, free of duties, will inevitably crowd American wool from the home market and destroy the home sheep industry. Likewise, unless adequately protected by duties, American manufacture of woolens must languish and disappear. Against the wretchedly cheap labor of Europe, with European manufactures of free wool from all the world admitted into the United States, duty free, American manufactures would be driven from home markets; there would be neither wool-growers nor woolen manufacturers. The American people would be wholly dependent upon foreign wools and foreign manufacture of woolens. The immense total of capital invested in the industry, the hundreds of thousands engaged in it—owners and wage-earners—and the manifold channels of consequent industries and trade, together with business and employments directly and contingently concerned, the homes and property involved—all these will be affected. It is tariff protection which buttresses and sustains the entire structure. This is the Republican policy of tariff protection, which has placed upon the free-list a larger number of products and articles from foreign lands, for the comfort and enjoyment of the people, than has ever before been [illegible] by the government, and yet amply provides for the needed a[illegible]enue,

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

With the current discussions of marriage and divorce has come a renewed call for "An Experiment in Marriage," in which Edward Bellamy's brother, Charles, pictured a free-love colony. The same publishers, the Albany Book Company, of Albany, N. Y., also report a large sale of two other books they have recently issued, "The Princess of Mootserrat," a novel by William Drysdale, and "Looking Further Backward," by Arthur Dudley Vinton.

The three plays written by Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson and Mr. Henley—"Beau Austin," "Deacon Brodie," and another—are soon to be brought out in book-form.

The new edition of "Appleton's General Guide to the United States and Canada" has many fresh illustrations, maps, and plans, besides new matter added to the text in various parts. The editor of the work, during the past year, has traveled extensively in both countries, and visited the chief cities to obtain new information.

Mr. Hall Caine has rewritten his novel, "The Scapegoat," changing it, strange to say, from a three-volume to a one-volume length. Most authors would hesitate long before such a self-sacrifice.

Spain concluded a copyright treaty with the United States May 25th.

R. L. Stevenson is busy on the long-promised sequel of "Kidnapped." The new volume will be called, after the name of the hero, "David Balfour," and will, in all probability, appear before the close of the present year.

Jules Verne thus describes his manner of writing his romances:

"I am now at my seventy-fourth novel, and I hope to write as many more before I lay down my pen for the last time. I write two novels every year, and have done so regularly for the last thirty-seven years. I do so much every morning, never missing a day, and get through my yearly task with the greatest ease. I am very severe on myself, and in writing I correct and correct. I don't believe in dashing off work, and I don't believe that work that is dashed off is ever worth very much."

He works in the morning and passes the afternoons in amusements or healthy exercise. He spends four or five evenings a week at the theatre or club, and is a steady reader of all that appears relating to scientific news, natural history, discoveries, or explorations.

A new story by Mrs. S. P. McLean Greene, who wrote "Cape Cod Folks," will be issued this week. The title is "Vesty of the Basins."

The *Popular Science Monthly* for July will contain numerous illustrations. One paper will contain seventeen portraits of American anthropologists; another, on leather making, will have about as many illustrations; while illustrations will be given in articles on New England owls and certain rare monkeys, besides a frontispiece portrait of Galvani.

A collection of short stories by John Heard, Jr., called "A Charge for France and Other Stories," will be published soon.

Oscar Wilde's successful play, "Lady Windermere's Fan," is soon to be published in book-form, with the portions restored that the author was obliged to cut out in order to bring the performance within a certain time.

Referring to the including of Henry James's monograph on Hawthorne in the series of "English Men of Letters"—a thing which grieved some English critics—the *St. James's Gazette* says:

"Any writer who is a master in the literature of the English language should be accounted an English Man of Letters. Who denies the Latinity of Apuleius because he was born in Africa, or of Quintilian, who was born in Spain?"

The promised life of Thomas Paine, by Moncure D. Conway, will comprise two volumes. It will appear shortly.

Fifty per cent. of the 1,277,436 volumes loaned by the Paris Municipal Libraries in one year were fiction. Zola and Jules Verne are the two greatest favorites, and Dumas *père* and Sue are very popular. The demand for Balzac and George Sand appears to be falling off. In poetry, Victor Hugo is ahead of all rivals.

Rudyard Kipling has contributed some characteristic rhymed chapter-headings to the edition in book-form of "The Naulahka." This edition will be out early in July.

"Your reference to Jeames de la Pluche," writes "O. L." in the *Critic*, "reminds me that precious few natives of Thackeray's land pronounce the first name rightly, or know why he clapped in the first *e*. Ninety-nine people in a hundred (I, of course, am the hundredth every time) call it Jeems. Some American humorist or other actually prints 'Jeems' as his funny name. The true-blue Cockney flunkey says his name with a magnificently impressive flourish, thus—'Je—ames,' slowly and *maestoso*. This is why Thackeray's musical ear spelt it out so."

The biography of Charles Keene, editor of *Punch*, with which will be printed many letters from Keene, is on the announcement list.

Among books to be issued this month are these: "The Claims of Decorative Art," by Walter Crane, with illustrations by the author; "Favorite Flies and Their History, with Replies from Experienced Anglers," by Mary E. Orvis Marbury; a fourth edition, revised, of "A History of Presidential Elections," by Edward Stanwood; Volume IV. of Professor Sargent's "Silva of North America"; new editions of "Benjamin on Sales" and "Cox on Trade-Marks"; "Phases of Thought and Criticism," by Brother Azarias.

J. E. Muddock's new book, "Maid Marian and Robin Hood: A Romance of Old Sherwood Forest," will be published shortly, with twelve original illustrations by Stanley L. Wood.

Professor McMaster is at work on the fourth volume of his "History of the American People," which will probably be published in 1894. This volume will deal with the literary side of our national life, with some account of long-forgotten magazines and novels, book-fairs, booksellers, publishers, etc., as well as with the religious condition of the people from 1783 to 1820.

The fourth volume of the memoirs of Louis Kossuth is now in the hands of the printers at Pesth. The exile's health is declared to be very good at present.

The first suit under the clauses of the new Copyright Law, guaranteeing the rights of foreigners, has been brought in the United States Court by D. Appleton & Co., who seek to restrain Henry Dexter, as president of the American News Co., from selling Carlyle's "Wotton Reinfred." They state:

The work was first sold to Archibald Grove, of London, and in August, 1891, they purchased from him the exclusive right of publication in the United States. The novel was copyrighted in this country on January 14th last. The complainants allege that the American News Co. has issued a cheaper edition since then, and that, by selling the work at a much lower price than that asked by them, their market has been destroyed. Manager Farrelly, of the News Company, is quoted as saying to a reporter: "We obtained the books from the Waverly Publishing Co., in the regular course of our business, to place on the market. We had not learned that the book was copyrighted. Some time ago we received a letter from D. Appleton & Co., stating that they had exclusive rights to the work, and we immediately stopped distributing it." Joseph A. Arnold, attorney for the Waverly Co., stated that his clients alleged that there was no copyright upon the novel, and that the appeal for the law's protection was founded upon no legal right whatever.

M. Zola has finished his big book on the Franco-Prussian War. He has been at work upon it for fifteen months, and considers it his most important story. He has made all manner of exhaustive studies, visited the battle-fields, questioned survivors of the fights, and consulted three hundred volumes, historical and military.

Joaquin Miller on Bret Harte.

Recently an article appeared in a San Francisco daily attacking Bret Harte, accusing him, among other things, of never paying his debts. Joaquin Miller has come to his defense, and, in another journal, thus takes up the cudgels for him:

"Year after year, and year after year, it has been proclaimed that Bret Harte was in debt for board, for washing, borrowed money, and what not.

"Now, I will pay dollar for dollar on any debt that Bret Harte owes in this city, this State—aye, in the United States. Of course, I know that this will make the proud and sensitive man angry, and he will insist that there is no need of making such an offer. But the truth is a good thing to have in our California family of writers, and we can't have too much of it. I am not caring at all for Bret Harte's personal friendship or particularly for his feelings. But I am caring a heap about this habit of throwing mud at an absent man merely to make a sensation.

"Let me tell you, all this 'debt' business was looked into in Washington long, long ago. Harte was there, out of money, ill, and unable to work, and so he applied for Federal employment. These nasty California fictions, to the shame of the State and to the sorrow of nearly every soul in the State, were thrown in his teeth, and he had to take what he could get, a miserable little place at Crefeld, a pottery town on the Rhine! And thither the man went in banishment, a French grammar and a German grammar. A gray-headed man, who had covered his land with immortal glory, sat down to learn French and German, in order to do his duty in the shipments of pots, so that he might eat his bread and not borrow or beg. I tell you, it was pitiful. It was mean, miserable. But malice, envy, sensation, had to have sway in San Francisco, and the Federal Government could not do much for a man so soiled with mud.

"When John Hay was made assistant to Evarts, some one wrote him the facts about Harte, and in a little time came back a glorious letter, 'I've got Glasgow for Harte!' That is the way the letter began, and that is the way Bret Harte got to Glasgow. John Hay, a poet, a brother-writer, a man, a gentleman, like Harte, got it for him. That is the way the writers do in New York, in London, anywhere that the world is half-way Christianized. I want to tell you, my fellow-scribes, and more especially my friend, Jerry Lynch, we are about a century behind the times out here. A little kindness, a little bit of brotherhood, and the truth—the cold, clear truth—that is all I ask for Bret Harte.

"Bret Harte can do without California. But California can not do without Bret Harte. He is, and will for all time be, the pillar of fire by which the world knows that there is such a land as California, and that California is gloriously, truly beautiful, and full of blossoming splendor for the thousand years to come.

"I will tell you, my brother-scribes, what we want. We want another Bret Harte; we want a dozen, fifty such men; as many such men as we can get. And I am willing they shall be idle—even in debt. No danger they will ever be very numerous.

"Tell me, what is the difference between California and Australia? To be frank with you, to pack a whole lot of truth in a single little tin-can, like concentrated milk, I will tell you that the main difference is Bret Harte.

"Understand distinctly, I have no authority to speak for Bret Harte. He is not my friend; he never was. We differ radically in our views of life. He likes leisure, luxury, and kid gloves; I like toil—hard-fisted, naked-handed toil—and believe that a people will perish very soon if it surrenders to his mode of life. But on one thing I believe we fully agree, and that is the old-fashioned English idea of fair play."

New Publications.

"What is Love?" a novelette by Felix Dahn, has been translated into English by Kannida, and is published in paper covers by N. C. Smith, Chicago; for sale by the booksellers.

"It Came to Pass," a new novel by Mary Farley Sanborn, has been published in the Good Company Series issued by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Bride of Infelice," a romantic novel by Ada L. Halstead, author of "The Serpent Bracelet," "Hazel Verne," etc., has been published by The Bancroft Company, San Francisco; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Interpreter," one of Whyte Melville's long and exciting novels, has been issued in paper covers by the Price-McGill Company, St. Paul; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Blacksmith of Voe," a novel by Paul Cushing, has been published in the Franklin Square Library issued by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Colonel Judson of Alabama," by F. Bean, is a somewhat crude but amusing account of a Southerner's experiences "at the North." Published by the United States Book Company, New York; price, 25 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Little Lady of Laguoitas," a Franco-Californian romance by Colonel Richard Henry Savage, whose first story, "My Official Wife," scored quite a success, has been published in paper covers by the American News Company, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Tragedy of Mehetebel Clark," by Annie Trumbull Slosson, is a story of New England religious feeling, pathetic in its plot and told, with a fine, unconscious humor, by an old farmer of the White Mountains to a party of summer boarders as he drives them a distance of three miles. It is quite short, but a very artistic and interesting tale. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

In "Ground Arms!" a novel which has been translated from the German of Bertha von Suttner by Alice Ashury Abbott, the heroine is a high-born Austrian woman who, in order to make the higher education of women possible, strives to spread the gospel of universal peace. That is the philosophy of the book, and it is skillfully and unobtrusively woven into a simple and entertaining story. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, $1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Thomas Love Peacock's best book, "Crochett Castle," is scarcely a novel, for the incidents are trivial and the characters mere vehicles for the expression of the author's opinions; but those opinions, despite the fact that they were written sixty years ago, are full of charm for their keen satire and their graceful diction. Published—in the new edition of Peacock's books which is being edited by Dr. Richard Garnett—by J. M. Dent & Co., London (Macmillan, New York); price, $1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Fate of Feoella" is an amusing literary curiosity. It was written by twenty-four notable English story-writers, beginning with Helen Mathers, who wrote the first chapter and passed it on to Justin Huntley McCarthy. He added a chapter without consulting his successors, and so it passed on to Conan Doyle, F. C. Phillips, Florence Marryat, Mrs. Hungerford, Clement Scott, Adeline Sergeant, G. Manville Fenn, and others, F. Anstey being the author of the conclusion. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, $1.00; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

That the Sandwich Islands have a history and a hoard of education is proven by the fact that "A Brief History of the Hawaiian People" has been written by W. D. Alexander by order of the Board of Education of the Hawaiian Kingdom. The subject is divided into three periods: the prehistoric period; that extending from shortly before the discovery of the islands by Captain Cook to the death of Kamehameha the First; and the later history down to the accession of the present Queen Liliuokalani. Maps, pictures, various appendixes, and an index enhance the value of the book. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, $1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Last Words of Thomas Carlyle" includes two manuscripts: "Wotton Reinfred," a romance written shortly after Carlyle's marriage, and "Excursion (Futile Enough) to Paris," a simple record of Carlyle's visit to the French capital in company with the Brownings. The first is not much in the way of a novel, but it contains germs of what later was put into "Sartor Resartus," and the second adds much to our knowledge of Carlyle as a man. Nearly as much more space as these two occupy is filled with letters to and from the sage of Chelsea, and an excellent portrait serves as a frontispiece. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, $1.75; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Julien Gordon's new novel, "Mariouettes," has for its purpose the portraiture of a man whom men dislike and women adore, the man *à bonnes fortunes*. He brings his fascinations to bear on a French widow—born an American but having the ways and modes of thought of the château—who is in America visiting her father and brother, who move in a set that is, to say the least, lax in its tone. It is probable that Julien Gordon has set herself the task so unsuccessfully attempted by modern French novelists, whom her heroine calls "cads who can describe men, and women, and animals, but they can not portray ladies and gentlemen." Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, $1.00; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

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VANITY FAIR.

Mrs. Frank Leslie has set herself about regulating a lazy husband and making him work. It will be remembered that, after many vicissitudes of a marital character, Mrs. Leslie succeeded recently in landing Mr. Willie Wilde as a husband. Mr. Willie Wilde belongs to a family over which the stately Lady Wilde presides, and in which the sunflower and green-pink Oscar poses for the admiration of the lean and clinging aesthetes of the other sex who worship at his eccentric shrine. The nobility of labor has not seriously impressed this family, and since one of its scions has allied himself with the rich American widow, the disposition to indulge in ecstasies and lilies has been encouraged still further. This view of the case (says the Chicago *Tribune*) has particularly impressed itself upon Mr. Willie Wilde, who, now that he finds himself married to an active woman of business, with a handsome fortune, does not see why he should not be supported by her and allowed to recline in rosy beds of ease. Mrs. Leslie, however, does not share this conviction with her husband, and proposes to apply the heroic remedy. Before she married Willie, he had shown an earning power of five thousand dollars a year. She is resolved he shall continue to produce that or a reasonable amount by labor, or he shall not have a cent of her money. Worse than that, he will not only have to hustle for himself, but he will have to quit the Leslie house and seek lodgings elsewhere. To solve this problem, Mrs. Leslie has taken Willie with her to London, and laid her case squarely before the Wilde family, which is now sitting in solemn conclave upon the matter. Mrs. Leslie has given the Wildes a reasonable time to make a decision. If Willie decides to go to work and earn his five thousand dollars per annum, she will bring him back with her and allow him to share the luxuries of her elegant home at the Gerlach, for boarding at which five thousand dollars a year is not an exorbitant sum. If he declines to do it, then she will leave him behind in London, free to live where he pleases, to do what he pleases, and to pay his board as he best can.

"Miss Smith is always so well put together," said a gentleman, the other day, "it is quite a pleasure to see her. If girls only knew how quickly men noticed any untidiness about their dress, and what a disagreeable impression any lack of neatness in a woman produces, they would be more careful in looking themselves over after their toilet is completed. Now, with Miss Smith, for instance, nothing is ever amiss; her skin, hair, hands, feet, and dress are all carefully attended to, and, although she is not strictly pretty, she is more attractive to nine men out of ten than a beauty who often neglects essentials and gives all her attention to what she considers is most becoming to her face. A woman who is neatly finished off, whose gowns always fit well, whose hair is invariably well-arranged, who can face wind and weather without becoming unkempt, who dispenses with superfluous ornament for the sake of having neat shoes and gloves—that is the girl for me, and most men would say the same."

Evangeline Florence, the young American soprano, the height of whose upper register has given a new impulse to the discussion of the phenomenon of the American girl, is so *ingénue* that Miss Marguerite Hall, whose protégé she is, says "she does not know enough to come in when it rains." The spectacle of this simple-minded, unconscious young girl calmly soaring off with notes that most singers have to climb for, has caused a thrill of interest in an oversated community. Miss Hall, who gave the song recital with her protégé, is a Boston girl. She has been in London for six years, singing chiefly in private houses and concerts. English audiences are not only more faithful to those who once pleased them, but they gave to the singer more personal consideration then she found in America. The *Evening Sun* says: "The lack of personal consideration given to singers in private houses in this country, to which Miss Hall merely alluded, as contrasted with the friendliness that marks the same service in an English drawing-room, other singers have made much more a complaint in detail. An American hostess, it appears, regards the engagement of a singer as purely a business matter, for which the payment of a certain sum acquits her of anything but the most perfunctory hospitality. An American prima donna, who has earned the right, also, to civility as a woman, was engaged to sing at a reception. After she had finished singing, and the usual hand-clapping had subsided, she was addressed by no one with personal words of appreciation, but left to retire as best she might, and with the feeling of being summarily dismissed. Another singer, better understanding the purely commercial aspect in which such engagements are regarded, asks of her hostess or employer the precise moment she is required, retains her carriage, and leaves the moment her duty is over. The same singer, who sang for one season in London, says that in a London house she always received the friendly treatment accorded any guest." It is rather difficult to understand how a singer can expect to be at one and the same time a guest and a paid functionary.

Abilene, Kan., is a town of four thousand inhabitants. For fifteen months fifty of the most prominent families there have been practicing a species of coöperation, and with such success that those engaged in it are looking forward to a more permanent organization. The object of the club, as stated in its by-laws, is to reduce the expense and annoyance of housekeeping by consolidation and coöperation. The club took a house, for which it pays twenty dollars a month. Its working staff consists of a cook, with two assistants, and three dining-room girls. The charges are two dollars and a half and three dollars a week for grown persons and one dollar and a quarter for children. The membership is limited to the number of chairs the dining-room will hold. Families have private tables, and, if they furnish their own table-linen and silver, they pay only two dollars and a half a week. Visitors are charged twenty cents a meal for two days. Over that time, weekly rates are paid for them. All board is paid on Saturday morning, in advance. The executive committee of three meets on Saturday forenoons, with the head-cook, and audits accounts and pays bills. The club buys, so far as possible, from the local tradespeople, and thus earns their good will. Thus far each week's receipts have been sufficient for the expenses, and no bills have been carried over from one week to another. The club furnishes three warm meals a day. All complaints must be made to the proper person, the officers taking this service upon themselves in rotation. It would be interesting to hear something of the social as well as the economical features of the experiment.

Ladies in this country (writes Mrs. Crawford from Paris) are keenly alive to the pleasures of cycling, and even young girls of birth and breeding are taken to riding-schools where they can compete in cycle races against lady professionals. In the grounds of many châteaux there are long board alleys made on purpose for cycling racing, in which brothers and sisters are often rivals. Doctors order cycling as a holiday exercise for the young people. The French neologism for the amusement is "veloce-sport." The cyclist is a "veloce-man" and the lady cyclist a "veloce-woman." There are "veloce-tailors" and, it may be added, "veloce-dressmakers" and "veloce-hatters." It is agreed that the last half of no matter what composite word relating to trade connection with cycling should be English. One can even say "veloce-factory." In the fresh, early morning, when the weather is good, one finds the broad alleys of the Bois de Boulogne alive with veloce-men and veloce-women. Americans prevail among the latter. But young French married ladies, as well as professionals, are intent on the sport. Most of them do full justice to the veloce-tailors and hatters, and are at ease on their steel horses. A scarfy arrangement of lace, technically known as "angels' wings," adds wonderfully to the impression of fleet, graceful motion of the veloce-women. Nun's veiling, made up into a blouse and a short skirt, is just now the favorite material for the outer garments of the lady cyclist.

A young lawyer in Boston was asked the other day why, in the English courts, a woman must always remove her hat. He could not tell, but an old lawyer, to whom the question was referred, recalled the opinion of Sir Edward Coke on the matter. It was a murder trial, where the prisoner was a woman and appeared before the court with her head covered. Sir Edward Coke ordered the prisoner to remove her hat, and said: "A woman may be covered in church, but not when arraigned in a court of justice." The accused tartly replied: "It seems singular that I may wear my hat in the presence of God, but not in the presence of man." "It is not strange at all," replied the judge, "for the reason that man, with his weak intellect, can not discover the secrets which are known to God; and, therefore, in investigating truth where human life is in peril and one is charged with taking life, the court should see all obstacles removed. The countenance is often the index to the mind, and, accordingly, it is fitting that the hat should be removed, and therewith the shadow which it casts upon your face." The hat of the prisoner was taken off, but she was allowed for modesty's sake to cover her hair with a kerchief.

The restrictions to which an Italian girl, *della classa agiata*, must submit from infancy to that day of triumph and complete emancipation, her wedding-day (says a writer in the *Independent*), would inspire a healthy American girl with the sort of terror that overwhelms a liberty-loving gamin condemned to the reform school. Her low intellectual level and the moral laxity of many Italian girls and women is due, in a great measure, to the confessor's supremacy and the influence of a current literature that can only be described as foul. Neither at home nor in the convent is she permitted the innocent companionship of her own sex; confidences are interdicted, and but for the confessor and her books, she would live within herself completely. So it happens that her spiritual adviser is her material adviser in all things. He teaches her, as do her parents, the books she reads, and the legendary lore transmitted to her, that the one thing in life for a girl is marriage—without it existence is a blank, and her only refuge the convent. So it can not excite wonder that the signorina seldom looks or seems really happy; that her manners are heavy and listless, and her eyes unresponsive; or that she is wont to believe no sacrifice of love too great to contemplate, if it assures her the liberty of action and freedom of thought so long coveted. She looks upon her wide-ranging English and American cousin with an envy at once pathetic and curious. From her narrow standpoint, however, such freedom would be worthless, did it endanger in the remotest degree the chances of marriage. Any alliance is better than none; but to marry wealth is the very acme of human felicity. I once sat in an old palazzo in Naples—in a boudoir of white and gold—talking to a dainty, graceful girl, who, a few years later, was recognized as one of the reigning belles of the Italian capital. She had just returned from the convent, and as her marriage with a rich, middle-aged Roman—a comparative stranger—was to take place in a few months, I was most curious to ascertain her views of the approaching ceremony, and also of her future husband. Our acquaintance permitting, I asked her innumerable, to me very pertinent, questions—questions that such an event calls forth in legions among the healthy, affectionate girls of America. She gazed at me wonderingly, then, shaking her head, said, with a laugh: "Love Signor M.? Am I certain I shall be happy with him? Do I realize it all? *Cara mia*, how horribly serious you are! It is not necessary for me to love Signor M.; I respect him. *Ma Dio sa*, I should never think of my heart giving one little beat for him, nor will his for me. When I am married, I shall have a still prettier boudoir, more costly and beautiful gowns, and the best box at the Apollo. Signor M. lives at the club, and will not annoy me; and that handsome young captain, with the blue eyes and big mustache, may be my companion in the box and boudoir. I shall be admired, envied, and courted; and yet, *amica mia*, with all this before me, you question my happiness! Impossible! You do not understand."

We find the influence of Roman costume in Great Britain in the days of the Anglo-Saxons. It might have been thought that the loose and, we must add, the few garments which sufficed for the climate of Italy and Greece (for Rome borrowed her fashions from Greece) would have been totally unsuited to the raw, damp, chilly atmosphere of Great Britain. We should certainly think so now, in spite of all the warmth of cozily furnished houses and the protection from weather which we enjoy. How women managed to live and work in those long, flowing tunics in days when manual labor was so much more common in all classes, when roads were miry and pathways and pavements did not exist, passes comprehension. It never seems to have occurred to Anglo-Saxon dames to clothe the body in sections and have separate garments adapted to each part. Their idea was to envelop themselves in one long covering, adding a mantle for outdoor wear, while the interior clothing was of the most elementary kind. Greek women wore only one garment under the chiton, and it is amusing to follow the struggles of learned German writers attempting to define the shape and make of this usually invisible piece of clothing, which seems to have been a cross between a low-necked vest and a chemise. Our male ancestors were a little more sensible, for they wore coarse leggins, and their tunics, being worn only to the knees, did not incommode their movements.

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ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Queen Christina of Spain does not countenance the national sport of bull fighting, and has been seen in the royal box of the arena, on the Plaza de Toros, on only one occasion since the death of her husband, in 1885.

Harper's Bazar says: "The only soprano in the world who makes higher tones than Patti is said to be Miss Sibyl Sanderson, daughter of Judge Sanderson, of San Francisco. In addition to her musical powers, she is said to possess charms of person and to be very clever."

Baroness Burdett-Coutts is now restored to the friendship of Queen Victoria. At one time the relations existing between her majesty and Lady Burdett-Coutts were extremely cordial; but at the time of that lady's marriage, they became somewhat strained, as the queen strongly disapproved of the step.

The wife of Sir Edward Malet, British Embassador at Berlin, has an odd fancy for collecting various kinds of shoes. She has now in her German home more than one thousand pairs of boots. The collection contains the smallest dancing-slippers and the largest snow-shoes. It is said to be unique and very valuable.

Among the American women in Paris who have achieved a distinct success as painters are:

Miss Gardner, the follower of Bouguereau; the Misses Greatorex, Miss Cecile Wentworth, Mrs. MacMonnies, wife of the eminent sculptor, who was a Miss Fairchild, of St. Louis; Miss Kate Carl, Miss Lee-Robbins, the pupil and follower of Carolus Duran; Miss Kinsella, of Brooklyn; Miss Baker, Miss Pattison, Miss Brown, of St. Louis; Miss Shepley and Miss Dabney, of Boston; and Miss Nourse, of Cincinnati.

Commenting upon a well-recognized weakness in Adelina Patti, Eugene Field writes:

"What a gracious person Mme. Adelina Patti is, to be sure! How free she is with her compliments of and attentions to young singers. Yet it is worthy of note that Mme. Patti never complimented anybody, who, at the time or at any subsequent time, amounted to any thing, and that she has never made herself conspicuous in encouraging genuine talent and promising merit. Mme. Patti's graciousness has been extended to those only who could never by any possibility achieve distinction in the line in which Mme. Patti herself deals."

Mrs. Langtry drives in Hyde Park, in London, in a well-appointed victoria, drawn by a big, dark chestnut, which is quite a picture of what a single-harness carriage-horse ought to be. She has footman and coachman in neatest of livery, and her usual companion is a black poodle, shaved in the orthodox way, and having his forelock tied with pale-blue ribbon. This goes well with his mistress's dark-blue foulard-gown, printed with yellow, and her chip hat, which is black underneath and straw-color at the top, and is trimmed with pink roses.

The following notes about Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger ("Julien Gordon") are of more or less interest:

She spends a large part of the year at her country place, Idlesse Farm, on Long Island. The farm consists of about seventy acres, the house standing on a bluff overlooking the Sound, and the land being laid out mostly in lawns. The house is small, but is furnished with taste. Mrs. Cruger's father, Thomas Wentworth Storrow, lived in France nearly all of his life, and she was born in Paris. Her mother was a Miss Paris, a niece of Washington Irving. She passed her childhood in Paris, not learning to speak English until she was nine years old. Mrs. Cruger writes very rapidly. "A Successful Man" was written in two weeks and "A Puritan Pagan" in three.

Miss Middy Morgan, who died a few days ago, was an odd character in journalism. The *Journalist* gives this account of her:

"Not half a dozen women have made more money than she out of newspaper work. She was said to be the best judge of cattle in the East. She was a woman of education and refinement, yet her work of reporting the cattle market took her to places that would make other women faint. She wore heavy boots and a plain frock, which barely reached to her ankles. Her hat was usually tied down about her ears, sometimes with a piece of twine. She carried a bundle of papers and a note-book under her arm, and for twenty years she has made daily trips from the stockyards to the newspaper offices. Miss Morgan was in her sixty-fourth year. She owned considerable property, and was reputed to be worth over fifty thousand dollars.

Women's insignificance as composers of music is thus discussed by the London *Lancet*:

"It might have been thought that if practice gives perfection, woman would have excelled her male counterpart, not only as an executant, but as a composer of music. But, in instrumental performance, she can not for a moment compare with him, while as to composition she is nowhere. The repertoire of music, from the dawn of the art to the present day, owes simply nothing to her. Considering the time she has spent over it, her failure to evolve new harmonies, or even new melodies, is one of the most extraordinary enigmas in the history of the fine arts. Where, in ancient times or in modern, can woman, with all her practice, be found to have created one *chef d'œuvre* in music? The inference implied by the negative answer to such a question seems simply this: that in the higher efforts of mind—even in those where the admixture of an emotional element, as in music, might be supposed to give her the advantage—woman is inferior to her male counterpart, and can not, by any educational forcing system, be made to equal him, deficient as she is in the physiological conditions of ideoplastic power."

Of the sporting "Red Duchess" of Montrose, a writer says in the *Recorder*:

"Caroline, Duchess of Montrose, notwithstanding her advanced age, got back to London the other day from Monte Carlo with her young husband, Harry Milner, who is almost half a century her junior, and expressed herself as feeling very 'fit.' She is, indeed, a wonderful old lady. She married her first husband, who was the fourth Duke of Montrose, a year before the queen's accession to the throne, and lived with him for eight and thirty years. At his death she became the wife of the noted sportsman, W. S. Crawfurd, who won the Derby with Sefton in 1878. Apropos of this second marriage, there is a delightful story told about her bridal tour, which was spent in the lake country of England. Retaining, as she does, her rank of duchess, her husband registered his name and that of his wife at various hotels where they stopped, as 'Mr. Stirling Crawfurd and the Duchess of Montrose.' One of the simple-minded innkeepers became scandalized at what he considered to be such an open defiance of the proprieties. He therefore took Mr. Crawfurd aside and entreated him, if the duchess had eloped with him, to conceal her grace's name under an alias and to [illegible] due consideration for the lady's reputation and for the hitherto untarnished fame of the hotel. She is an ardent lover of racing, and owns and races a stable under the name of 'Mr. Manton.' She bids for yearlings in public, supervises the training stables, gives orders to the trainers and jockeys, and can be seen after a race scolding and abusing the latter, with feminine virulence and shrillness, when the race has not been run according to her orders and the horse has not won. When she wins a race she goes off into hysterics of exultation. The 'Red Duchess' was a sobriquet which she earned by her fashion of wearing her second husband's racing colors, which were all red. She used to dress entirely in scarlet—dress, hats, boots, and complexion included."

THE UNEXPECTED OCCURS.

"Hindsight is Better than Foresight."

It is astonishing to see the singular unanimity with which the Eastern papers made miscue prophesies as to the outcome of the recent Republican convention. Of them all we select Colonel Eugene Field, of the Chicago *News*, as a terrible example. Colonel Field set his anti-Harrisonian muse to work before the convention, and produced quantities of anticipatory coronachs on the passing of Benjamin. They are now—alas for Colonel Field!—merely politico-literary curios. Natheless, we reproduce them:

A WAIL.

My name is Col. Johncey New,
And by a hoosier's grace
I had congenial work to do
At 12 St. Helen's Place.
I was as happy as a clam
A-floating with the tide,
Till one day came a cablegram
To me from t'other side.

It was a Macedonian cry
From Benjy o'er the sea;
"Come hither, Johncey, instantly,
And whoop things up for me!"
I could not turn a callous ear
Unto that piteous cry;
I packed my grip, and for the pier
Directly started I.

Alas! things are not half so fair
As four short years ago—
The clouds are gathering everywhere
And boisterous breezes blow.
My wilted whiskers indicate
The depth of my disgrace—
Would I were back, enthroned in state,
At 12 St. Helen's Place!

The saddest words, as I'll allow,
That drop from tongue or pen,
Are these sad words I utter now:
"They can't, sha'n't, won't have Ben!"
So, with my whiskers in my hands,
My journey I'll retrace
To wreak revenge on foreign lands
At 12 St. Helen's Place.

HOOSIER LYRICS PARAPHRASED.

We've come from Indiany, five hund'ed miles or more.
Supposin' we wuz goin' to git the nominashin, shore;
For Colonel New assured us (in that noospaper o' his)
That we cud hev the airth, if we'd only tend to biz.
But here we've been a-slavin' more like hosses than like men
To diskiver that the people do not hanker arter Ben;
It *is* fer Jeems G. Blaine an' *not* for Harrison they shout—
And the gobble-un 'el git us
Ef we
Don't
Watch
Out!

The world is full of roses, and the roses full of dew
(Which is another word for soup) that drips for me and you.

When I think of the fate that is waiting for Ben,
I pine for the peace of my childhood again;
I wish in my sorrow I could strip to the soul
And hop off once more in the old swimmin' hole.

Mabbe we'll git even for this unexpected shock,
When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock!

"Little Benjy! Little Benjy!" chirps the robin in the tree;
"Little Benjy!" sighs the clover, "Little Benjy!" moans the bee;
"Little Benjy! Little Benjy!" murmurs John C. New,
A-stroking down the whiskers which the winds have whistled through.

Looks jest his grampa, who's dead these many years—
He wears the hat his grampa wore, pulled down below his ears;
We'd like to have him four years more, but ef he can not stay—
Nothin' to say, good people, nothin' at all to say!

There, little Ben, don't cry!
They have busted your boom, I know;
And the second term
For which you squirm
Has gone where good niggers go!
But Blaine is safe, and the goose hangs high—
There, little Ben, don't cry!

We regret that Colonel Field should have wooed that fickle jade, the Previous Muse, and extend to him the assurances of our distinguished consideration.

Summer Haberdashery.

The little details of dress are the most important ones, and in this respect neckwear takes the lead. The demand made by fashion upon the man who would be well dressed has made many supporters of the tied-by-hand scarf. The Prince of Wales never wears a scarf that is ready made, and, in fact, every gentleman in English society is supposed to tie his own scarf.

We are all familiar with the favorite four-in-hand tie, which is certainly very pretty, but the reigning tie now is the Ascot. It is as easy to arrange an Ascot as a four-in-hand, when you know how, and an exacting man of fashion will wear either one or the other. The Ascots come in India silk, twilled silk, and satin in myriads of patterns, both in light and dark effects.

They have a particular advantage in being reversible, so that both sides can be used, and they present a most attractive appearance. Four-in-hands are just as popular as ever, and are displayed in delicately embroidered crêpe, pongee, satin, silk, and fancy French lawns in blue, gray, white, and mauve, either solid, figured, or parti-colored.

English foulards in dark effects are also very fashionable. The lawns are what are technically known as wash ties, and come in all of the season's shades. They are sold as low as twenty-five cents each, and it is astonishing that such pretty goods can be purchased so cheaply. The proper tie for the tennis-court is the Windsor, and it should always be in tone with the color of the shirt. In bows there are two extremes, the narrow ones for standing collars and the broad ones for high-handed, turn-down collars. Wolf & Frank, the haberdashers, kindly furnished the above information.

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Maud Hopkins, niece of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, to Mr. Warren D. Clark.

Miss Marie Giffin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Giffin, and Mr. Daniel T. C. Perkins, son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Perkins, will be married on Monday, June 20th, at Pomona, Cal. Only relatives and intimate friends will be present. Mr. John O. Blanchard will act as best man. After the wedding the young couple will make a tour of the southern part of the State, and in July will go to Sausalito for the season.

The wedding of Miss Lizzie Sinton, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. R. H. Sinton, and Mr. Henry D. Walker will take place next Saturday afternoon in St. Paul's Church, in San Rafael.

Miss Louise Simrall, of Louisville, Ky., was married on Wednesday, June 8th, to Professor Lindley M. Keasbey, of Columbia College. They will reside in Washington, D. C.

At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Earl, 2121 Laguna Street, Miss May Duey Scaniker and Mr. Halsey Gilbert Smith, of Sacramento, were united in marriage last Tuesday. Mr. Earl gave the bride away, and Rev. Mr. Perkins, of Alameda, officiated. Miss Jennie Snook, niece of the groom, was the maid of honor. Immediately after the ceremony, a wedding breakfast was served, and, later in the day, the newly married couple left for the Hotel del Monte. They will reside in Sacramento.

Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr., gave a most delightful lunch-party last Wednesday at her residence in Menlo Park and charmingly entertained thirty of her friends. The luncheon was served at tables set on the lawn beneath the shade of spreading oaks and the menu was a delicious one. The guests returned here on the late train.

A new society, called the "Skull and Keys" has been formed at the University of California. It is to be of the same character as the Hasty Pudding Club, of Harvard, and will be a prominent feature of social life at the university. The society will produce a play in Berkeley next Friday evening, just prior to class day.

The Pacific States Lawn-Tennis Association will hold its fifth annual lawn-tennis tournament in San Rafael on June 30th, and July 1st, 2d, and 4th. The winner of the tournament will be presented with a cup by the association, to become his absolute property. The winner will be called upon to play Mr. W. H. Taylor, Jr., the present champion of the Pacific States, who has won the cup twice. All-comers singles will be the event. Matches will consist of but two sets out of three; finals, three out of five. All sets will be deuce and vantage. Entrance fee, two dollars and fifty cents. Those desiring to compete should apply before June 28th to Mr. C. R. Yates, secretary of the association, P. O. Box No. 368, Oakland.

— LAST WEDNESDAY WAS A DAY LONG TO BE remembered by a great many people in San Francisco. It marked the opening of the second year of The Maze, at Market and Taylor Streets. It has thousands of friends and well-wishers, and they visited the store in throngs all day, to congratulate the managers on their wisdom in starting such a store and their wonderful success in conducting it, and, incidentally, to take advantage of the bargains offered in all departments of the store. But in the evening was given the part of the celebration that the public did not see. The managers, who are as careful of the comfort of their employees as of their patrons, gave a grand ball at Union Square Hall, to which all in their employ were invited. The hall was beautifully decorated, lively music was played for dances, and, at the proper hour, all were invited down to the supper-hall, where a most tempting banquet, served by the Maison Dorée, was enjoyed, and many toasts drunk and happy addresses made.

She—"Mr. Squeezer, you are entirely too familiar. I do not know you well enough yet." *He* (after a prolonged pause)—"Do you know me sufficiently well now?" *She*—"Yes, George."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

J. J. Pfister
KNITTING CO.
120 SUTTER STREET, Room 23
ONLY HEADQUARTERS
—FOR—
Bathing Suits
BEAUTIFUL NEW STYLES.
SEASON 1892.

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Our Bathing Suits are known to be the prettiest and best made in the world. Our Silk Suits are beautiful.
We have made a specialty of Bathing Suits for nearly 20 years, therefore can give you the best goods at lowest prices. We carry an immense stock, and
KNIT TO ORDER
In every style and color at shortest notice.
Send for our *New Illustrated Catalogue* and Self-Measurement Blanks.
Suits sent to all parts of the globe.

Nothing gives an advertisement a more disreputable look than the setting of it solid in pearl or lean agate. A great many people find such advertising hard to read, especially when poorly printed on cheap paper; and so many advertisements of the swindling class are set in that style that many people have insensibly come to associate solid, small type with humbuggery. Better shorten up the announcement so that it can be got into readable shape.—*F. B. Mills.*

TRY IT ONCE

Try nutritious, satisfying, palatable Cocoa as a breakfast beverage. Try it once and you will continue to use it for all time.

GHIRARDELLI'S "BREAKFAST" COCOA

Is now put up in experimental packages that will make

12 CUPS FOR 10 CENTS

—THE CELEBRATED—
Hotel del Monte
MONTEREY, CAL.
THE QUEEN
—OF—
SUMMER RESORTS
SEASON OF 1892.
ELEGANT ACCOMMODATIONS AT MODERATE RATES.
For Illustrated Pamphlet, Reservations, and other information, address GEO. SCHONEWALD, Manager.

SOCIETY.

The Country Club.

Quite a number of the members of the Country Club enjoyed a pigeon-shooting contest last Saturday at the Napa Soda Springs. The shooting-grounds were but a short distance from the hotel and were admirably adapted for the purpose. Two stages were provided to convey the guests to and from the grounds, and tables were temptingly set, liberally provided with refreshments. From ten o'clock in the morning until five o'clock in the afternoon the shooting progressed, and in all sixty dozen of pigeons were let loose. Some excellent scores were made, the most remarkable one being that of President F. R. Webster, who shot thirty-five pigeons straight, twenty-one of which were killed with the first barrel. This is one of the best, if not the best, amateur records on this coast. In the evening a ball was given in the rotunda, which ended a delightful day. Among the members of the club present, who participated in the shooting, were:

Mr. F. R. Webster, Mr. J. M. Quay, Mr. F. L. Wooster, Mr. Austin Tubbs, Mr. F. W. Tallant, Mr. Ramon E. Wilson, Mr. W. S. Kittle, Mr. W. C. Murdoch, Mr. E. P. Danforth, Mr. R. H. Sprague, Mr. R. R. Grayson, Mr. George Crocker, Mr. E. L. Bosqui, Mr. W. B. Tubbs, Mr. C. E. Worden, Mr. Faxon Atherton, Mr. Edward Donohoe, Mr. Andrew Jackson, and Mr. J. B. Lincoln.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Castle and Miss Blanche Castle left on Friday to enjoy an outing near Mount Shasta. Miss Eva Castle will remain here until next week to await the return from the East of her sister, Miss Hilda Castle, and then they will join their parents.

Dr. Harry L. Tevis has been passing the week at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Clara Catherwood, Miss Ella Hastings, Mrs. W. H. L. Barnes, Miss Wilson, and Mr. John W. Barnes left last Wednesday for Wawona where they will pass the summer, paying visits occasionally to the Big Trees and the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. E. W. Leonard is passing the season in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. O. W. Childs and the Misses Childs, of Los Angeles, will go to Alaska on the next steamer.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Janin, who recently returned to New York from Europe, are expected here in a few days.

Miss Mattie Gibbs returned to the city last Monday after a six months' visit to relatives and friends in St. Louis, New York, and other Eastern cities.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Young have been enjoying a visit at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Cheney, Mrs. H. M. Gillette, and Miss M. H. Bissell have gone to Alaska.

Mrs. Mamie C. Hastings is at the Hotel del Monte for the season.

Mr. H. H. Bancroft is making a summer trip, in his four-in-hand, with his family to the Yosemite Valley and over the classic ground of early gold discovery.

Mrs. A. J. Pope and Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank are at their country villa near St. Helena.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Tubbs and Lieutenant and Mrs. Joseph S. Oyster, U. S. A., are en route to Alaska.

Mrs. Edna Snell Poulson and the Misses Walker have returned from their year of travel and study in Europe. Mrs. Poulson will pass June and July visiting her family in Oakland.

Mrs. James Irvine, Mr. Cal. Byrne, and Mr. J. W. Byrne will leave next Monday to visit the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvain Weill left New York last Thursday for Paris

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rosewald, who are now at Lake Tahoe, will leave for the Yosemite Valley next Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Simpkins and Miss Alice Simpkins have returned from the Yosemite Valley and will soon leave for Alaska.

Mrs. K. H. Withrow and the Misses Marie and Eva Withrow left New York a week ago on the *Servia* for Germany.

Misses Marie and Kate Dillon will leave to-day to visit the Yosemite Valley.

Dr. and Mrs. Martin Regensburger are visiting Byron Springs.

Mrs. J. C. Tucker and the Misses Mae and Claire Tucker sailed from New York last Monday to join Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, of Oakland, who are making a tour of Europe.

Miss Grace M. Spencer, of San José, is enjoying a visit to friends in Stockton.

Miss Gertrude Goewey will leave in a few days to visit Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Durand, Miss Marie Durand, and Mr. and Mrs. Francisco de Ojeda have take the Gordon Cottage in San Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Mann, Miss Mann, and Mr. Horace Mann are at Pescadero.

Miss Lizzie Wainwright is visiting friends at Millbrae.

Miss Millie Ashe has returned from a visit to Mrs. Belle Donahue at San Rafael.

Miss Helen Walker has returned from a visit to relatives at Petaluma.

Mrs. Sidney M. Smith and the Misses Helen and Ethel Smith will pass the next few weeks at Pescadero.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding are passing the season near Mount Shasta.

Signor G. B. Galvani returned last Monday from a visit to Mrs. Remi Chabot at her country villa near St. Helena. In a few days he will go to the Hotel del Monte for an outing.

Mr. Sidney Mezes, of this city, who recently took the degree of doctor of philosophy at Harvard, has been appointed lecturer on philosophy at Bryn Mawr College. In company with Professor Adolf Miller, of the University of Chicago, he left for Germany on June 10th, to be absent a couple of months before assuming his duties at the college.

Miss S. Hart left for Los Angeles last Friday on the steamer *Santa Rosa*.

Mr. Charles A. Fernald returned to his home, in Santa Barbara, on the steamer *Santa Rosa* last Friday

Mrs. D. M. Delmas and the Misses Delmas are at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Joseph Durbrow and Miss Emma Durbrow went to San Rafael last Wednesday for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Marshall and Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Treat returned to San Diego last Friday on the steamer *Santa Rosa*.

Captain Charles Goodall, Mrs. Charles Miner Goodall, and Miss Tessie Goodall have arrived in London.

Mrs. B. F. Norris and Miss Ida L. Carleton will return from Santa Cruz next week.

Mr. and Mrs. William E. Bond, *née* Dore, of Oakland, are passing the summer in Sunol.

Colonel George A. Knight has returned from Minneapolis.

Mrs. Alpheus Bull and her four children left for Alaska last Saturday on the steamer *Queen*.

Dr. L. Neumann, Mr. Louis Hirsch, and Mr. Philip Barth left last Wednesday to visit the Yosemite Valley and the Mariposa Big Trees. They will return on June 27th.

Mrs. Ella Sterling Cummins and her daughter, Miss Genevieve Cummins, left on the steamer *Queen* last Saturday to visit Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Swank, *née* Hart, are enjoying a tour of Southern California. They will return in June to reside at 712 Sutter Street, and will receive on Thursdays.

Mrs. A. Trueworthy and her daughters, the Misses Lily and Katie Trueworthy, are passing a few weeks at Boulder Creek.

Miss Hope Ellis has returned from a pleasant visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Mrs. J. B. Crockett will soon leave to visit Alaska.

Mr. E. I. Parsons has returned from a prolonged visit to Guatemala.

Mr. George McWilliams has gone to the Yosemite Valley, and will be away a couple of weeks.

Mr. W. E. Borton returned from China and Japan last Tuesday.

Mr. N. G. Kittle came up from Fresno last Sunday on a brief visit.

Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan left for New York last Wednesday, via Panama, and will soon proceed to Florence, Italy, to study music.

Miss Lillie Lawler is visiting Mrs. Robert Corry at her home in Dixon.

Mr. Howard D. Melone is visiting the Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. N. G. Kittle has returned from the Napa Soda Springs and is at her cottage in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Miss Jennie Blair will leave on Monday for the East, with Mrs. George J. Harding, of Philadelphia, who has been here for several weeks on a visit to her mother, Mrs. O. C. Pratt. Miss Blair will visit Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs at her Newport cottage for a while, and then will join Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge in New York, to sail on July 13th for Europe. They will pass six months abroad.

Mrs. E. J. Bowen and Miss May Bowen, of this city, are at the Hotel Meurice in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Brittan are paying a visit to Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Oliver and Miss Burns, of this city, were visiting friends in Philadelphia when last heard from.

Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton is at the Hotel Crawford in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Wood have been paying a visit to the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Upham and their two sons, of Oakland, sailed for Alaska on the steamer *Queen* last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Vincent Wright, *née* Davis, are visiting the Hotel del Coronado.

Baron and Baroness Rogniat, of Los Angeles, left last Monday for Paris, after remaining here a few days as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire.

Dr. Warner and family are spending the summer in Warner Valley, near Blythedale.

Mrs. Addie M. Davis is visiting in Southern California.

Mr. O. F. Von Rhein and family will pass the summer in Mill Valley.

Mr. Morgan Hill has returned from Europe.

Miss Florence Moulton is visiting at Cloverdale.

Mr. and Mrs. George Carr are visiting the city from Belleview Ranch, Kern County.

Mrs. I. Lawrence Pool and Mrs. M. R. Favre have left the city to pass the season near Mount Shasta.

Mr. and Mrs. John Barton and Miss Barton are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hooker and the Misses Jennie and Bessie Hooker will pass the next few weeks near Mount Shasta.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. McDermott and Miss Mamie McDermott have gone to the Hotel del Monte for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean and the Misses McBean will pass the season in the vicinity of Mount Shasta.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Main are passing the season at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Eastland have left the city to pass the season near Mount Shasta.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and the Misses Rutherford have been passing a couple of weeks at the Hotel del Monte. They will pass most of the summer near Mount Shasta.

Mr. W. Frank Goad and the Misses Goad have departed to pass the summer near Mount Shasta.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills and Miss Mills will go to the Hotel del Monte on June 27th for a month.

Mrs Walter M. Castle and Miss Minnie Weill are passing the summer in their cottage at Santa Cruz.

Mr. J. B Haggin left New York last Thursday for this city. He will stop over at Montana en route for a brief visit.

Mrs. E. D. MacGregor, Miss MacGregor, Miss Stella B. Walthall, Miss Ruth Benjamin, Miss Florence Ives, Miss Helen Berry, Miss M. Cortez, and Miss D. Powell, of this city, comprised a party that sailed on the *Rhynland* from New York last Saturday for Antwerp.

Mr. Mansfield Lovell was a recent visitor at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Dr. and Mrs. Beverley McMonagle will pass the season at the Corbitt villa near San Mateo.

Among the recent visitors at the Hotel Vendome, in San José, were: Dr. and Mrs. Stow Ballard, Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Olmsted, Mr. and Mrs. S. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Doane, Miss Doane, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Everett, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Meade, Mr. D. M. Delmas, Mrs. John Boggs, Mr. Frederick Boggs, Mr. James Phelan, Mr. George H. Roe, Mr. William L. Chalmers, Mr. C. L. Taylor, Mr. S. G. Murphy, and Mr. Arthur E. Banks.

Mr. and Mrs. James R. Garniss have been visiting the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Ames have removed to 3017 Washington Street.

Mr. Chauncey R. Winslow is at the Hotel Albemarle in New York city.

Mr. Henry J. Crocker has gone East, en route to Europe, and will return in a few weeks

Mr. Charles F. Mullins and Mr. Thomas C. Grant have returned from an enjoyable trip, on horseback, to the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. Frederick W. Bean returned last Monday from a visit to relatives in Chico.

Rev. J. Sanders Reed is at the Commercial Hotel in Saratoga.

Colonel Richard H. Savage is stopping at the Coleman House in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Gensberger, of this city, sailed last Saturday on the *Lahn* from New York for Bremen.

Mrs. A. H. Voorhies and family have gone to the Hotel del Monte for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Patton and Miss Ethel Patton will pass the month of July at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Belle Donahue and her sister, Miss Marguerite Wallace, will leave to-day for New York, en route to Europe, where they will travel during the summer.

Mrs. Peter Donahue and Mrs. E. Martin left last Saturday for the East to pass the summer at various watering places.

Mr. and Mrs J. D. Maxwell will pass the season at Belvedere.

Mrs. A. N. Towne will return from Alaska early in July.

Mrs. E. W. McKinstry will soon leave for the East, and will return in the fall with her daughter, Miss Laura McKinstry, who is now in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis and their grandchildren are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs Isaac Hecht are enjoying a trip to Alaska.

Mrs. E. J. de Santa Marina is passing the season at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Schröder, Jr., of Redwood City, left last Thursday to visit the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. George E. Raum has returned from New York, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Captain William B. Collier has been here during the past week on a visit from Lakeport.

Mr. and Mrs. Gavin McNab have been in the Yosemite Valley during the past week.

Mrs. A. M. Parrott will leave soon to occupy her villa in San Mateo.

Mr. Irving M. Scott has returned from his prolonged Eastern trip.

Mr. Charles L. Tilden is passing his vacation in the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. D. O. Mills will be here in July for a month's visit.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Page and Miss Kittle left for the Yosemite Valley last Saturday.

Mr. Jerome A. Fillmore and his daughter, Miss Jessie Fillmore, will leave New York to-day en route home. Mrs Fillmore will remain for awhile in New Jersey visiting relatives.

Mr. A. H. Small has been passing the week in New York city.

Mrs. W. J. Somers and Mr. Burbank G Somers will leave soon to pass the summer near Mount Shasta

Mrs. William C. Morrow has removed to 1101 Pine Street, and will receive on Mondays.

Mr. and Mrs. Quincy A. Chase, Mrs. Dermin, and a party of friends left last week for a two months' visit to Maine. They will return via the Yellowstone Park.

Mrs. John Vance Cheney and family are at "Solitude," their country home in Napa County.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Heller and family are at the Hotel Vendome, in San José.

Mrs. D. D. Colton, Mrs. Henry McLane Martin and her daughter, Miss Theodosia Cook, will soon leave for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Hill and Miss Hill recently visited the Hotel Vendome at San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Balfour will pass the season at their villa in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Asa R. Wells have been enjoying a visit at the Hotel Vendome, in San José.

Miss Jennie M. Long, of Portland, Or., a sister of Mrs. H. C. Smith, is here on a visit to Mrs. R. B. Baldwin, at 815 Bush Street.

Miss Maude K. Bristol is visiting friends in Los Angeles.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Captain and Mrs. Dickens, U. S. N., Captain C. V. Gridley, U. S. N., Paymaster H. Peterson, U. S. N., and Lieutenant and Mrs. H. P. McIntosh, U. S. N., left last Tuesday on the steamer *Rio de Janeiro* to join their vessels in the Asiatic squadron.

Captain J. C. Watson, U. S. N., has been detached from the navy-yard at Mare Island, and ordered to command the *San Francisco*, per steamer of June 25th, for Honolulu.

Lieutenant William Reeve Hamilton, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., of the Presidio, will be married on June 21st to Miss Jane Henrietta Bond, of Brooklyn, N. Y. He has been granted three months' leave of absence, after which he will be stationed at Governor's Island.

Lieutenant Samuel Rodman, Jr., U. S. A., has resigned from service, to take effect September 23d.

Lieutenant S. A. Cloman, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted three months' leave of absence from June 25th.

Captain W. T. Sampson, U. S. N., who for one year and a half has been commanding officer of the *San Francisco*, has been ordered to report to the Secretary of the Navy for duty.

Lieutenant William F. Hancock, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has gone to Fort Canby, Wash., on official business.

Lieutenant Alexander T. Dean, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is enjoying a month's leave of absence.

Dr. Harry O. Perley, U. S. A., has gone to Fort Canby, Wash., and will return with Batteries E and L, Fifth Artillery.

Several weeks ago, we announced the engagement of Miss Anita Plum, daughter of Mr. Charles M. Plum, to Mr. James Irvine, son of the late millionaire of the same name. In relation to this it may be of interest to know that Mr. Irvine is one of the wealthiest young men in San Francisco, as his father willed to him almost all of his estate, which is valued at about four millions of dollars. One piece of property alone, the famous San Joaquin Ranch, in the southern part of the State, is known to have a value of at least one and one-fourth millions of dollars, as within one hundred and fifty thousand dollars of that amount was bid for it by contending syndicates at the probate sale; but the court refused to ratify the purchase. Miss Plum is a handsome and accomplished girl. She is greatly interested in charitable work, and is a prominent member of the Crocker Auxiliary.

La Veuve Clicquot.

The cellars of the great champagne manufacturers of Reims are scattered in all directions over the old, historical city. They undermine its narrowest and most insignificant streets, its broad and handsome boulevards, and on the eastern side extend to its more distant outskirts. Messrs. Werlé & Co., the successors of the famous Veuve-Clicquot-Ponsardin, have their offices and cellars on the site of a former Commanderie of the Templars in an ancient quarter of the city, and strangers passing by the spot would scarcely imagine that under their feet hundreds of busy hands are incessantly at work packing the hundreds of thousands of bottles of champagne that are destined for all parts of the civilized world. The house of Clicquot was established in 1798 by the husband of La Veuve Clicquot-Ponsardin, who died in 1866 in her eighty-ninth year. Her children all secured brilliant alliances. Since her death the legal style of the firm has been Werlé & Co., successors to Veuve-Clicquot-Ponsardin, the mark, of which M. Werlé and his son are the sole proprietors, still remaining "Veuve-Clicquot-Ponsardin," while the corks of the bottles are branded with the words "V. Clicquot—P. Werlé," encircling the figure of a comet. The style of the wine — light, delicate, elegant, and fragrant — is familiar to all connoisseurs of champagne. What, however is not equally well known is that within the last few years the firm in obedience to the prevailing taste, have introduced a perfectly dry wine of corresponding quality to the richer wine which made the fortune of the house. It is a curious incident in history that the son and successor of Friedrich William the Third of Prussia acquired the sobriquet of "King Clicquot," owing to his habitual over-indulgence in the exhilarating, sparkling beverage that bears the familiar yellow label.

—CALL AND SEE OUR NOVELTIES AND specialties of wedding and birthday presents. Leo. Zander & Co., 116 Sutter Street.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest United States Government Food Report.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

MANLY PURITY

To cleanse the blood, skin, and scalp of every eruption, impurity, and disease, whether simple, scrofulous, hereditary, or ulcerative, no agency in the world is so speedy, economical, and unfailing as the

CUTICURA

Remedies, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier and greatest of humor remedies. In a word, they are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times, and may be used in the treatment of every humor and disease, from eczema to scrofula, with the most gratifying and unfailing success. Sold everywhere.

POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORP., Boston.

"How to Cure Blood Humors" mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough hands and falling hair cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

RHEUMATIC PAINS

In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rheumatic, sciatic, hip, kidney, chest, and muscular pains and weaknesses. Price, 25c.

"Larkspur Inn"

Has one specialty and pride, and that is the Table. It is supplied from the best the market affords in San Francisco. Our Butter, Eggs, Cream, and Vegetables, come from the Marin County dairies and farms in the vicinity. The train and boat service from San Francisco is superb—ten trains daily—making it very convenient for gentlemen to be able to pass the evening with their families or friends, and derive the benefits of country air and still be able to attend to business daily in the city. "Commutes" $5 per month; Ladies and Children, $3.

Telephone 38. Telegraph or write. or, better still, call and see us any day, and satisfy yourself beyond question Take Sausalito Ferry and Cars to Larkspur. Round trip, 50 cents Respectfully, Hepburn & Terry.

Wolf & Frank

HABERDASHERS

232 Kearny Street.

TO OWNERS

— OF —

CARRIAGE HORSES

The Souther Farm has every facility for taking good care of carriage or road animals that may need a rest from city pavements. Rates reasonable, and the best of care and attention given. Send for circulars and references.

GILBERT TOMPKINS,

Souther Farm, San Leandro, Cal.

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— FOR —

BOYS and CHILDREN

THE MOST COMPLETE STOCK AT

The Lowest Prices!

Outing and Lawn-Tennis Suits

SHIRTS and BELTS,

THE ONLY CORRECT STYLES.

— FROM —

10 to 25% LESS

Than Prices Elsewhere,

— AT —

ROOS BROS.

27, 29, 31, 33, 35, 37, Kea

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS
Beware of Imitations.
NOTICE AUTOGRAPH OF Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE
HARTSHORN

Unlike the Dutch Process
No Alkalies
—OR—
Other Chemicals
are used in the preparation of
W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa
which is absolutely pure and soluble.
It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

NATIONAL PRIZE OF 16,600 FR
QUINA-LAROCHE'S
INVIGORATING TONIC,
CONTAINING
PERUVIAN BARK, IRON,
AND A
RICH CATALAN WINE,
used with entire success by the Hospitals of Paris for INDIGESTION, RETARDED CONVALESCENCE, INFLUENZA, SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, &C.
IRON and PERUVIAN BARK are the most powerful weapons known in the art of curing; Iron is the principal of our blood and forms its force and richness; Peruvian Bark affords life to the organs, and activity to their functions. Paris: 22 rue Drouot.
E. FOUGERA & CO., Agents for U. S., 30 North William St., N. Y.

HIGHLAND
Evaporated Cream
A TABLE LUXURY,
A CULINARY ARTICLE,
AN INFANT'S FOOD.
Unsweetened and Sterilized (Refined)
A most natural, nutritious, easily digested and safe food for infants. Highland Evaporated Cream is simply cows milk in an improved form and is the ideal food for infants.
Sold by Grocers and Druggists Everywhere
Write for our Infant Food circular and Highland Evaporated Cream booklet entitled "A FEW DAINTY DISHES."
HELVETIA MILK CONDENSING CO., Sole Purveyors. Highland, Ill.

Save $40.00 on New $140.00
BICYCLES
We will deliver, free of freight, to any point west of the Rocky Mountains, perfectly new $140 grade, cushion tire, Referee Safeties, highest grade, for $100. Lists Free.
A. W. GUMP & CO., Dayton, Ohio.

THE CALIFORNIA
Savings and Loan Society
CORNER OF POWELL AND EDDY STS.
(Established 1873).
Savings Bank deposits received and interest paid on same semi-annually, in January and July. Loans made on Real Estate security.
DAVID FARQUHARSON, President.
VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

FROM A REVISED ARABIAN NIGHTS.

The Barber's Story of his Fifth Brother.

Know, O Prince of the Faithful, that my fifth brother, Al Rasher, was a pauper who begged alms by night, and by day subsisted on what he thus acquired. And our father, who was a very old man, died and left to each of his sons a hundred pieces of silver, and my fifth brother bought with his share divers pieces of glass, placed them upon a tray, and took his seat in the market-place that he might dispose of his wares.

And when he had found a place so sheltered from observation that he could remain in it five minutes without being told to "move on, you Dago," he fell into a deep reverie, and said within himself: "Verily, my whole stock consisteth of this glass; I will sell it for two hundred pieces of silver, and with that I will buy other glass which I will sell for four hundred pieces, and thus I will continue buying and selling until I have acquired great wealth. Then I will put on splendid apparel, even unto a crimson-barred shirt, with white collar and cuffs attached. I will go uptown every night in a hansom cab, and when I enter a café the people will cry aloud, saying: 'Allah is merciful unto us, for here cometh Al Rasher, the wine-opener.'

"And then I will salute the company, and say: 'Great is the glory of Mohammed; no one can spend a cent in this house but me!' And I will buy wine with such prodigality that the tidings will spread to other cafés and the genials will hurry in to greet me, and I will say unto them all: 'We're just having something, judge, or colonel, or general, or senator; won't you join us?'

"And if perchance any genial shall make a pretense of putting his hand into his vest-pocket, I will stop him by saying: 'That's bad money you're trying to pass here, senator. Everything is with me to-night, as long as my wad holds out.'

"And all those who have partaken of my hospitality will go abroad extolling my virtues. They will say, one to another: 'Lo! he is a great spender,' or 'Mohammed is great, but verily this man is a perfect gentleman, for hath he not opened twenty bottles of wine without moving from his chair?'

"And the fame of my true nobility of character will be spread through the city, and all men will seek to know me, and the scribes will write paragraphs concerning me, for they, too, will be of the number who will drink of the wine which I shall open. And the scribes will declare that I am genial, and whole-souled, and upright, and that I am a prince of *raconteurs*, and my glory shall be even as the glory of Allah, whose name be exalted.

"And I will acquire such a pull that I will be permitted to stand in front of the Brower House, and enjoy a monopoly of the 'mashing' which was formerly divided among four hundred and ninety-eight actors and faro-dealers.

"And it shall come to pass that one day, while I am adorning the upper Rialto with my presence, a maiden, beautiful as the full moon, shall stroll by attended by her tire-woman, and, on beholding me, shall exclaim: 'See that statue!' And I shall stand utterly unmoved, even as if I had not heard her. And again she shall pass that way and sigh deeply, as she contemplates my many charms of face and form. And, still feigning indifference, I shall secretly make inquiries concerning her, and shall learn that her folks are 'way up in G, and move in the most gilt-edged circles of the brown-stone district.

"And I shall cause it to be made known to her, through her tire-woman, that it is my intention to go to the summer night's festival of the Nimble Ten Coterie at Snoozer's Grove. And, learning this, she will be present, also, and she will watch me as I spiel and pivot with matchless grace. And she will see by the token of my orange rosette, with gold tassels, that I am a member of the reception committee. And she will exclaim: 'Great is Allah! but, truly, this man hath a pull in society.'

"And she shall become enamored of me, and cause one of her gentlemen friends to present me to her. And thereafter that gentleman may exert himself in her behalf even to the extent of opening wine, but he will not be in it; because, when I lead her out on the floor to dance, I shall pivot like this——"

At this point, my unhappy brother put out his foot and kicked the basket which contained his wares, so that they were scattered in a thousand fragments. This brought him to himself, and, perceiving that he had suffered this misfortune through his insupportable pride, he beat his breast, rent his garments, and put ashes on his head by standing under the elevated road.

And that, O Prince of the Faithful, is the story of my fifth brother.—*James L. Ford in Truth.*

Turned Completely Topsy-Turvy
By the malicious sprite, dyspepsia, the stomach may still regain its accustomed order and equilibrium by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Heartburn, wind on the stomach, sour eructations, nervous annoyance and disturbed rest, all indicative of chronic indigestion, are obviated by it. It is unparalleled for malaria, constipation, biliousness, rheumatism, and la grippe.

— DR. L. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

A SONG FOR THE PEOPLE.

Pirates of the Sea and of the City.

In the days of old,
The pirate bold
Clung to the rolling seas.
On the vast expanse
Where the billows dance
He felt him most at his ease.
When he scuttled a boat
Or cut a throat
'Twas quite convenient then
To be up in the "Roaring Forties"
Or down on the Spanish Main.
At least it was so in the days of old,
When rogues were timid and honest men bold.

Or if ever to land
A pirate hand
To pillage and plunder came—
If to ransack a town
Or to burn it down
The devil had made it their game—
They'd at least hide away
Until close of day,
With their rakish craft in the still lagoon,
Sheltered from view by tropical growth,
Like a bird of prey 'neath the Southern moon.
But that was all in the days of old,
When rogues were timid and honest men bold.

The sea is swept clean
From the robber's spleen;
The black flag flutters down.
One may sail away
By inlet and bay,
For the pirate has come to town.
He has doffed his boots
And outlandish suits,
He is dressed like the upper ten;
Disguise and weapon he needs no more
For filching the purse of the citizen.
For these are not the days of old;
The good man is timid, the rogue has grown bold.

Instead of the sea
The city must be
The fount whence fortune flows;
He will pocket a street
In a fashion neat
Without ever coming to blows.
In a big combine
He will intertwine
Himself with a resolute few
Who are keen and strong for work ahead,
And can go with a rush straight through,
Since they know that gone are the days of old,
When rogues were timid and honest men bold.

At a figure high,
Lawyers they'll buy
Gifted to make it appear
That statutes stand
For the pirate hand,
And not for the people dear.
With whispers low
To councils they go
With stock and with contracts and cash;
They make them a strong majority—
The thing is done in a flash—
For to-day the people are out in the cold;
To the rich who purchase, the laws are sold.

In a major key,
With wicked glee,
Loud rings the pirate's laugh.
"The people free
I have chained," quoth he.
"I have sifted the city like chaff.
Its streets are mine,
A harvest fine
They will bring to my palace door."
He stands in the sun, and cries again:
"Liberty lives no more."
Dead and gone are the days of old,
When rogues were timid and honest men bold.

A moment hold,
Good pirate hold!
Be not too sure, I pray.
All black is the west
With storm oppressed
That may burst ere the close of day.
The smiling wave
May prove a grave,
And the seaman's merry song
May die, as the livid tempest wrack
Sweeps the quivering sea along.
For though we are not in the days of old,
Rogues may turn timid and honest men bold.

The people asleep
Poor count may keep
Of tricks that are played by your crew;
But the people awake
A turn may take
Sternly to reckon with you.
To wrong and greed
Right at last may succeed,
And of outraged Justice the sword
May be lifted at length
To smite and slay
The enemies of the Lord.
Then our day shall be as the days of old,
With rogues grown timid and honest men bold.
—*Harper's Weekly.*

In Ayer's Sarsaparilla, people have a blood medicine on which they may depend.

Good Cooking
Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc., use Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label. Sold by your grocer and druggist.

—KODAKS REDUCED—$6.00, $8.00, $10.00, $15.00 will buy them loaded with film and ready for use. Instruction free. Henry Kahn & Co., 642 Market Street, Chronicle Building.

— DR. MAYO A. GREENLAW, DENTIST, Rooms Nos. 11 and 12, Academy of Sciences Building, No. 819 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

— EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

Educational.

The European School For Girls
2127 JACKSON STREET.
Special advantages and terms to boarders.
Kindergarten, Intermediate, and Academic Department.
French and German taught and spoken from lowest grades upwards. Teachers of acknowledged ability only.
New term begins July 11th. Coach calls for pupils.
MISS BOLTÉ, Principal.

IRVING INSTITUTE.
Select Boarding and Day School for Girls.
1036 VALENCIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.
Sixteenth Year. Eighteen Teachers.
The next session will begin August 1, 1892.
For Illustrated Catalogue, address
REV. EDWARD B. CHURCH, A. M., Principal.

TRINITY SCHOOL,
1534 MISSION STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
Sixteenth Year.
Christmas Term will open Monday, August 1st, 1892.
Prepares for University and business.
Faculty of nine professors and teachers.
An accredited school with the University of California.
REV. DR. E. B. SPALDING, Rector.

SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN
2524 CALIFORNIA STREET,
MISS EMILY EDMUNDS is bringing the best talent of the city and her own strong, personal interest to bear on the various grades of educational work. School re-opens July 25, 1892.

MISS WEST'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,
2014 Van Ness Avenue.
Term begins August 17th. Students prepared for College.
A few boarding pupils received

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE A COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.
Bryn Mawr, Pa., ten miles from Philadelphia. Offers graduate and undergraduate courses in Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Mathematics, English, Anglo-Saxon, French, Old French, Italian, Spanish, German, including Gothic and Old High German, Celtic, Hebrew, History, Political Science, Physics Chemistry, Biology, and lectures on Philosophy Gymnasium, with Dr. Sargent's apparatus complete. Fellowships (value $500) in Greek, Latin, English, Mathematics, History, and Biology. For Program address as above.

IF you wish to advertise anything anywhere at any time write to GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., No. 10 Spruce St., New York.

EVERY one in need of information on the subject of advertising will do well to obtain a copy of "Book for Advertisers," 368 pages, price one dollar. Mailed, postage paid, on receipt of price. Contains a careful compilation from the American Newspaper Directory of all the best papers and class journals; gives the circulation rating of every one, and a good deal of information about rates and other matters pertaining to the business of advertising. Address ROWELL'S ADVERTISING BUREAU, 10 Spruce St., New York.

Whether big or little, the advertisement should be persistent. Make the readers look to your announcements as they look to news. Don't expect them to always carefully read what you say. They skip half the locals and telegrams, may be—all but the head-lines. You can be sure of a glance at least—if you deserve it. Fill the advertisement so full of hooks that the glancer is likely to get caught.
And work for the women. That's the secret of the greatest possible success in general merchandising.—*M. M. Gillam, advertising manager for John Wanamaker.*

-:- PORTABLE -:-
PAPER HOUSES
FOR SUMMER CAMPING.
Send for Photograph and general description.
PACIFIC ROLL PAPER CO.,
30 and 32 FIRST ST., - SAN FRANCISCO

— FOR —
WALL PAPER,
WINDOW SHADES,
and CORNICE POLES
— GO TO —
C. W. CLARK & CO.
653 and 655 Market Street.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
The Celebrated
CHOCOLAT MENIER
Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION Lbs.
Write for Samples. Sent Free. Menier, Union Sq., N. Y.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

In her "Recollections of a Happy Life," Marianne North tells the story of a stout and fashionably dressed lady at a ball who was horrified by the cannibal King of Fiji's admiration of her arms, when she learned that these are esteemed the choicest morsels of human flesh.

According to Rogers, the poet, Vernon was the person who invented the story about the lady being pulverized in India by a sunstroke. When he was dining there with a Hindoo, one of his host's wives was suddenly reduced to ashes, upon which the Hindoo rang the bell, and said to the attendant who answered it: "Bring fresh glasses and sweep up your mistress."

Browning is said to have relished greatly the story of the experience io Boston of an English friend, who, while staying at one of the principal hotels in that city, was unable to sleep, owing to mysterious, doleful noises that came from a room near by. Calling a boy, the Englisbman asked what was the cause of the disturbance. "Oh, sah!" was the lad's reply, "that is the Browning Club, just reading Browning, sah. That is all, sah."

A good story has reached James Payn from Paris anent the anarchists. A friend of his went to dine at a smart restaurant, and was feeling rather dismayed at his extravagance, when he was reassured by seeing a very seedy-looking personage seated at a table near him. He was further calmed as to the prices by hearing this seedy person order a far better dinoer than he himself had. But when the waiter presented the bill for payment, this wreck of a man arose, with offended dignity, and exclaiming, "Je suis anarchist!" stalked proudly from the place, leaving the waiter bowing and smiling foolishly.

One evening, at the Grand Opera House in Gloversville, "Miss Osborne's Grand Metropolitan Company," of which no one had ever heard, played a horrible piece, ostensibly by Sardou, of which probably Sardou had never heard. Next to a burly oative, who was painfully absorbed in the tragedy (says the *Sun*), sat a New York drummer, who could understand very little on account of the poor architecture of the house. Turning to his neighbor, the drummer remarked: "I find the acoustics very bad, don't you?" "Yes, it is rather bad to-night," he replied, sniffing the air; "you see it comes from the tanneries in the neighborhood. In hot weather the smell is worse than at other times." He again turned his atteotion to the stage and left the drummer to his reflections.

The Gloucester schooner *Dart* was making her way into Boston Harbor in a heavy fog, which had shut down unexpectedly, and had caused a great deal of grumbling on board. The pilot, especially, was anxious and unhappy. Suddenly, at an early hour in the morning, the fog lifted a little, and the *Dart's* pilot saw, right ahead of him, a large East Indiaman. The *Dart's* helm was quickly put down, and the schooner slid under the stern of the large vessel. Then the pilot's voice, husky with fog, rose from the *Dart*: "Ship ahoy! What ship is that?" "Ship *Reindeer*, from Calcutta," came the answer, promptly. "How long out?" "One hundred and fourteen days." There was a moment's silence; then the voice sang out from the *Reindeer*: "What ship is that?" "Schooner *Dart*, from Gloucester," replied the husky pilot. "How long out?" "Out all night," came the plaintive answer.

There was nothing brilliant about Von Schwillem (says a writer of reminiscences of German student days), only he was companionable and could drink wine or beer as if he were a parched desert. He was an admirable listener, but as a commentator was not distinguished. All stories, no matter how dull they were, had points of brilliancy to him, provided there was a bottle of wine or a mng of beer on the table; then he would say: "A good joke; a very good joke, indeed," and down his throat he would send the wine or the beer. Always seeing the joke, and drinking to it, made Von Schwillem a dreaded man at the students' commers, because he got much more than his share of beer or wine. And we determined, when he came in, to say oot a word and see what he would do. Around the table there was solemn silence. Voo Schwillem looked to one and another of us, waiting for us to open our lips. We were like undertakers. "Ah," said Von Schwillem, "you fellows are silent. That's a joke; a very good joke, indeed," and he drank just as usual.

A gentleman, who believed that to an important extent clothes made the man, even when the man is a royal personage, visited the Comte de Chambord at Frohsdorf a few years ago. The Comte de Chambord was the grandson of Charles the Tenth, the last Bourbon King of France, and the French Royalists called him Heori the Fifth, and hoped, until his death, in 1883 to restore him to the throne. The marquis, of whom this story is told, was a Parisian, a man of fashion, and an ardent Royalist. The Comte de Chambord was glad of an opportunity to talk over political affairs with a man who must know what was going on in Paris, so, after a few minutes' chat, he said: "Marquis, it is not often that I have a chance to talk with any one so well informed on the signs of the times in Paris as yourself. Now, in case I return to Paris, what wonld you advise me to do?" He waited for a bit of profound political philosophy. The marquis looked at "Henri the Fifth," and hesitated. Should he venture on a great liberty? But his advice bad been asked; as a loyal subject, he would give it frankly. "Sire—monseigneur," he stammered, "I think you bad better give up your German tailor, and have your trousers made in Paris." "My trousers!" "Yes, sire; pardon me, but your trousers are out of fashion."

Old Farmer Heagle, in Chemung, needed water for his stock (says a writer in the New York *Sun*), and began to sink a well. It was a laborious operation. Gradually the work neared its completion and its success seemed assured. Alas, one day, just as he was putting on the finishing touches, the well caved in, and the labor of weeks came to naught. For a few moments Farmer Heagle beat his breast aod tore his hair in mnte despair. Then he had an inspiration. He took off his coat and hat and carefully laid them on the brink of the ruined well. Then he secreted himself under a neighboring haystack and awaited developments. Soon a neighbor passed the place and went to the well to inspect it. He discovered its precarious condition, and seeing Heagle's coat and hat near by, naturally concluded that the unfortunate man had been engulfed in the ruin, and was now lying at the bottom of his well. Impelled by a feeling of humanity, he ran to the neighboring farm-houses and gave the alarm. The news spread like a flash, and before long a vast concourse of farmers had congregated around the spot. With picks and spades they dug away at the well, until they had it completely excavated. It was a long and laborious piece of work, but sympathy for the unfortunate man and an earnest desire to rescue him lent strength to the laborers. At length the task was completed and the well dug out. There was no vestige of Heagle. After searcbing for him in vain, the tired workers went home. Then Heagle emerged from his hiding-place, thankful that human sympathy had not entirely died out from the face of the earth.

A Guide for the Afflicted.

The following letter will show the way to health to many a down-hearted man and woman.

H. S. R. Mather, Moravia, Cayuga Co., N. Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for some years with liver complaint, accompanied with dyspepsia and prolonged constipation. I was almost in despair when I commenced using BRANDRETH'S PILLS. I took a course of them for a week five or six pills every oight. I found myself very much better, but to make everything all sure, cootinued to take ooe pill a oight for over a month. I am now in a very fair state of health, and I know I shall continue so as long as I take one BRANDRETH'S PILL a night."

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama.

Steamers will sail at noon oo the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexioo and Central America.

Through line sailings—June 15th, SS. City of New York; June 25th, SS. San Blas; July 5th, SS. City of Sydney.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamer sails at noon 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, La Unioo, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—June 18th, SS. City of Panama.

When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.:

City of Rio de Janeiro.....Tnesday, Jone 14, at 3 P. M.
China.....Saturday, July 9, at 3 P. M.
Peru (new).....Thursday, August 4, at 3 P. M.

Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at the office, coroer First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.

ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent

THREE Pozzoni's POINTS
COMPLEXION
POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1.2.3.
THREE White, Flesh, Brunette. 1 2 3 POZZONI'S All Druggists AND Fancy Stores. TINTS

Health has its weight. We cannot go far above or below our healthy weight without disturbing health. We cannot keep health and lose our weight.

It is fat that comes and goes. Too much is burdensome; too little is dangerous.

Health requires enough fat for daily use and a little more for reserve and comfort. That keeps us plump. The result is beauty—the beauty of health.

A little book on CAREFUL LIVING shows the importance of keeping your healthy weight. We send it free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.

SAUSALITO, SAN RAFAEL, SAN QUENTIN VIA NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Thursday, May 26th, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7 30, 9 00, 11 00 A M.; 1.45, 3.25, 5.00, 5.45, 6.20 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12.30, 1,30, 2.30, 4.20, 5.30, 6.45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7.30, 9.00, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 5.00, 5.45, 6.20 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 2.30, 4.20, 5.30 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturdays at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for FAIRFAX (week days)—9.00 A. M.; 5.00 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12.30, 1.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.10, 6.45, 7.45, 9.15, 11.05 A. M.; 1.45, 3.30, 5.00 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.50, 11.00 A. M.; 12 M.; 1.10, 2.20, 3.55, 5.15, 6.05, 7.00 P. M.
Extra trip Saturdays at 6.25 P. M.
Fare 50 cents, rouod trip.

From FAIRFAX for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7.36 A. M.; 5.14 P. M. (Sundays)—2.15, 2.50, 5.05, 6.45 P. M.
Fare 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days) 6.25, 6.55, 8.00, 9.10, 11.10 A. M.; 3.35, 5.10 P. M. (Sundays)—8.05, 10.10, 11.15 A. M.; 1.20, 2.40, 4.10, 5.30, 6.30 P. M.
Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 7.15, 8.15, 9.45, 11.40 A. M.; 2.25, 4.05, 5.45 P. M. (Sundays) 8.45, 10.25, 11.40 A. M.; 12.30, 1.40, 3.15, 4.35, 6.00, 6.50, 7.45 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturdays at 7.00 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip tickets to and from all stations at 25 per cent. reduction from single tariff rates.

Friday to Monday Excursion.—Round-trip tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Tocaloma and Point Reyes, $1.25; Tomales, $2.00; Howards, $2.50; Cazadero, $3.00.

Sunday Excursion.—Round-trip tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, Tocaloma, and Point Reyes $1.00; Tomales, $1.50; Howards, $2.00; Duncan Mills and Cazadero, $2.50.

From San Francisco (Read down)				THROUGH TRAINS.	To San Francisco. (Read up)			
Sundays.		Week Days.			Week Days		Sundays.	
A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M	P. M.	P. M.
9.00	8 00	5.00	9.00	San Francisco	8.45	6.15	7.25	8.15
9.40	8.35	5.35	9.38	Sausalito	8.15	5.45	6.50	7 45
10.14	9 10	6 06	10.04	Fairfax	7.36	5.14	.....	7.02
10.40	9.40	6.34	10 30	San Geronimo	7.10	4.50	5.35	6.32
10.52	9.57	6.48	10 42	Camp Taylor	6.55	4 32	5.15	6.13
11.03	10.09	6.58	10.51	Tocaloma	6.40	4.22	5.02	6.01
11.16	10.31	7.15	11.05	Point Reyes	6.30	4.08	4.45	5.43
	11.29	8.00	11.50	Tomales	5.40	3.25		4.41
	12.17	8.41	12.33	Howards	4.58	2 40		3.54
	12.55	9 10	1.05	Duncan Mills	4.25	2.08		3.15
	1.25	9.34	1 30.	Cazadero and Way Stations	4.00	1.45		2 45
A. M.		P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily on arrival of 9 A. M. train from San Francisco on week days and 8 A. M. train on Sundays for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

WILLIAM GRAVES, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
General Offices, 14 Sansome Street.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY. FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong. 1892.
Gaelic.....(via Honolulu).....Saturday, June 25
Belgic.....Tuesday, July 26
Oceanic....(via Hooolulu)..Tnesday, August 16
Gaelic.....Tuesday, September 6

Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibitioo, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, coroer Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., June 3, 8, 18, 23, July 3, 8, 18, 23.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., April and May 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29; June and July 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, the 1st of each month. Ticket office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents,
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From June 9, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7.00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento.....	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José...	* 12.15 P
7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga and Santa Rosa.....	6.15 P
8.00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis...	7.15 P
8.00 A.	1st & 2d class Ogden and East, and first-class locally.....	9.45 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff...	4.45 P.
9.00 A.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	8.45 P.
* 9.00 A.	Stockton and Milton.....	* 8.45 P.
12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore..	7.15 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9.00 P.
1.30 P.	Vallejo, Benicia, and Martinez	12.45 P.
3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José....	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, & Stockton.	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa.....	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	Benicia, Esparto, Sacramento.....	10 45 A
4.30 P.	Woodland and Oroville.....	10.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore.....	* 8.45 A.
5.00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	12.15 P
5.00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	12.15 P.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José....	7.45 A.
.....	Niles and San José.....	‡ 6.15 P.
* 6.00 P.	Sunol and Livermore.....	.....
6.00 P.	Ogden Route Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.....	9.15 A.
‡ 7.00 P.	Vallejo.....	† 8.45 P.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East..	8.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡ 7.45 A.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees, and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.....	6.20 P.
* 2.15 P.	Centreville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.....	* 10.50 A.
4.45 P	Centreville, San José, and Los Gatos.....	9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

* 7.00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.....	* 2.18 P.
‡ 7.30 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excursions.....	‡ 8.28 P.
8 15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations...	6.10 P.
‡ 9.30 A.	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations.	‡ 2.45 P.
10.37 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5.43 P.
12.15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.....	3.30 P.
* 2.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way stations	* 10 37 A
* 3.30 P.	Menlo Park San José, and principal Way Stations... ..	* 9 47 A
* 4.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations....	* 8.06 A.
5.15 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	8.48 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations....	6.35 A.
† 11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations....	† 7.30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 24, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburoo, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7.40, 9.20, 11.20 A. M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.05 6.20 P. M.
Sundays—8, 9.30, 11 A. M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5, 6.15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6.25, 7.55, 9.30, 11.30 A. M.; 1.40, 3.40, 5.05 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.30 P. M.
Sundays—8.10, 9.40, 11.10 A. M.; 1.40, 3.40, 5, 6.25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6.50, 8.20, 9.55, 11.55 A. M.; 2 05, 4.05, 5.35 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.55 P. M.
Sundays—8.25, 10.05, 11.35 A. M.; 2.05, 4.05, 5.30, 6.50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco.	
WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.		SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.40 A. M.	8.50 A. M.
3.30 P. M.	9.30 A. M.		6.05 P. M.	10.30 A. M.
5.05 P. M.	5.00 P. M.		7.25 P. M.	6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.		Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.		10.30 A. M.
3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.		7.25 P. M.	6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7.25 P. M.	6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M.
3.30 P. M.				6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10.40 A. M.	8.50 A. M.
5.05 P. M.	5.00 P. M.		6.05 P. M.	6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10.40 A. M.	10.30 A. M.
3.30 P. M.	5.00 P. M.		6.05 P. M.	6.10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hedesville and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays, to Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa, $2.25; to Healdsburg, $3.40; to Cloverdale, $4.50; to Hopland, $5.70; to Ukiah, $6.75; to Sebastopol, $2.70; to Guerneville, $3.75; to Sonoma, $1.50; to Glen Ellen, $1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, $1; to Santa Rosa, $1.50; to Healdsburg, $2.25; to Cloverdale, $3; to Ukiah, $4.50; to Hopland, $3.80; to Sebastopol, $1.80; to Guerneville, $2.50; to Sonoma, $1; to Glen Ellen, $1.20.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager.
PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.
Ticket Offices at Ferry, 36 Montgomery Street, and 1 New Montgomery Street

DRIFTED SNOW FLOUR

Toiling heavily against the turbid current of the Missouri, a stern-wheel steamer worked her way past Kansas City and Wyandotte. She was bound upriver; her cargo a circus company complete—men, women, horses, strange beasts, giants, dwarfs, mermaids, educated dogs, jugglers, and ventriloquists. She had a journey of three weeks before her, at the pace of a slow stern-wheeler paddling upstream. Breakfast was over. On the forward deck grooms were currycombing horses, and one or two equilibrists were exercising their muscles on bars ingeniously suspended in front of the pilot-house. On the portion of the promenade-deck abaft of the state-rooms, a party of ladies were engaged in such details of the toilet as did not require privacy. Some combed their hair, others washed children's faces; many were sewing, a few reading. In odd nooks, sheltered from sun and wind, solitary men sat smoking and gazing at the flat landscape. One bore so lugubrious a countenance that he revealed himself at once as the clown. They had a tiresome journey before them. They were bound for a point two thousand miles distant by the winding river, and, at the rate they were going, they would be twenty days on the way.

It was a glimpse of life which, to the rustic, appears unalloyed bliss. To swing on the flying-trapeze, to leap backwards and forwards and twist and twirl on a galloping horse, to turn a somersault from the spring-board over four horses or an elephant or two, to drive eight maddened steeds abreast and halt them panting at the word of command, to perform all the elegant saltimbanco feats and exhibit the athletic grace of the human form, to be one of a pyramid of athletes which climbs to the tent awning where the juvenile apex waves his hands as to say: "There! did you ever see anything like that?"—was there ever a country boy who, in his secret soul, did not aspire to such a life; was there ever a country girl who did not pine to exhibit her beauty on the back of a coal-black charger, which she knows so well that she can stand on a flat saddle on his back, duck down to her knees, spring up to right and left, wind a pink scarf round her lovely form as she dashes through the hoop which the manager kindly lowers to her level, after which, a little blown by her exercise, she settles down to her comfortable circus-seat and the coal-black steed canters round the ring, with so easy a gait that it would rock a child to sleep? Here is paradise in reality. Little knows the maiden, whose color comes and goes, and whose bosom rises and falls as she watches Mlle. Corisande in her great bare-backed feat, that the equestrienne is probably at that moment wondering whether her baby will have another convulsion in teething, or how long it will be before her husband sobers up.

And yet the fascination of the circus is exercised over others besides country boys and girls. A gallant trooper, who had led his men in many a headlong charge, confessed that he had never felt on the battle-field so fierce a thrill as the one which in his boyhood made his pulse stop, and his muscles throb, when the brass band blew "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and the doors flung open, the circus cavalcade came prancing in in all their tinsel bravery, and rode in pairs round the ring. He saw before him the days of tournaments and chivalry, of knights who died for love and beauty, of fair dames like that Anne of Montfort, who, when rescue came down to her beleaguered castle, went down leading her son by the hand, and kissed every man of the army of relief. The scene lifted him out of every-day life, and carried him back to the age of poetry, and heroism, and romance when men could dare and women could love.

Mr. Sleary modestly claimed no higher duty than to amuse, and this it appears is the aim of the gentlemen and ladies whom San Franciscans have seen this week in Sells's Circus. With the lisp begotten of repeated and half-cured colds, Sleary said: "People mutht be amuthed. They can't alwayth be a-learning, nor they can't alwayth be a-working; they ain't made for it. You mutht have uth. Do the withe thing and the kind thing, too, and make the betht of uth, not the wirtht." Very similar talk used to be heard from the lips of Barnum, and Sanger, and Horner, and Cushing, and old John Robinson. But, in fact, the traveling circuses of the day, some of which, according to the greatest of showmen, cost as much as a million dollars to outfit, and five thousand dollars a day to maintain, combine instruction with amusement. Connected with every circus there is a menagerie, a visit to which is a never-to-be-forgotten lesson in natural history.

Real tigers are seldom seen in traveling menageries; but lions are quite common, and though they can be trained to perform many feats, they never overcome their normal ferocity. A keeper is never safe if he takes his eyes off them for a moment, or if he allows himself to fall on the floor of the cage. He may feed them for years, play with them day after day with apparent impunity. He is never sure that they will not attack him if he turns his back. The Irishman Macarthy, who was famous as a lion-tamer, and who, though he had been frequently bitten and had lost one arm in a contest with a lioness, never shrank from entering the cage to perform his feats, once allowed a lion to get behind him; in an instant he was down, and all the animals were upon him together. His body was frightfully mangled when it was extricated. Van Amburgh never took his eyes off his beasts, and never feared them, which is one of the reasons why he died in his bed. When the Duke of Wellington asked him if he was never afraid, he answered: "If I am ever afraid, I will retire from the show business."

The ingenuous youth is taught that wild beasts must be tamed by kindness. There never was a greater mistake. You may conciliate a child, or a horse, or a dog by kindness; but never a lion, nor an elephant, nor an Indian. The only way to deal with wild beasts is with the pitchfork, and the rod with a hot spike at the end. For a quarter of a century, an elephant will go round in a circus when the band begins to play, and all the boys round the monkey's cage scurry to get out of the way, and everybody will commend the fine brute's docility and gentleness, but some day, in the twenty-sixth or thirtieth year, he will suddenly seize a man and crush him to death. He does not seem prone to vindictiveness, the story-books to the contrary, notwithstanding. But, in his torpid intellect, a notion forms itself that he must kill some particular person, generally his keeper, and he patiently bides his time. Experienced keepers read his purpose in his eye and watch him; they never go near him without a fork in hand, and when he shows the least indication of mutiny, they prod him full of holes—the cowering and quivering brute biding head and trunk in a corner while the discipline is being administered. Barnum brought ten elephants from Ceylon to New York in 1851, but it was necessary to shoot several of them. Those who desire to know the perils of exhibitions of elephants should read Charles Reade's "Djek," a story in which there is more fact than fiction.

Probably few readers have any idea of the market value of wild beasts. A fine male elephant, rising eight years old and seven feet six high, was lately sold for $3,400, while a female brought only $720. The male was cheap, if no accident occurred. The Czar's elephant, which is said to be the finest animal in Europe, consumes an average of a keeper per year, and is, of course, worth more money. A full-grown lion is worth from $700 to $800, which is dearer than the elephants, as the latter live fifty years and the lion rarely half so long. A fine tiger or tigress is worth about as much as a lion; but the animals exhibited in the menageries as tigers are generally leopards, which are worth only $300 to $400. These latter are susceptible of high training; they used to form part of the stud-yard of every feudal noble; though it is recorded that they were not averse to supping on a fat groom or stable-boy. Camels are worth from $80 to $100, zebras about $250, and polar-bears, if in good condition, about $100. A full-grown grizzly-bear is worth as much; the common brown, black, and cinnamon-bears, considerably less. Of course it need hardly be observed that the market for this class of merchandise is limited; the story of the white elephant applies to most wild beasts.

The best part of the performance at Sells Bros'. Circus is the list of races at the end. The other part of the performance showed the lack of rehearsal on the part of men, women, horses, dogs, and monkeys. As they have been some weeks at sea, however, this is not to be wondered at.

At the theatres during the week commencing June 13th: Francis Wilson in "The Lion-Tamer"; the Tivoli Company in "La Fille de Mme. Angot"; Donnelly and Girard in "Natural Gas"; "The Police Patrol"; Charles Erin Verner in "Loch Na Garran"; and the circus.

Silver-Mounted Purses.

In the throngs of ladies who are constantly dropping in, during shopping hours, at Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s store, on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue, to purchase the latest stationery for their summer correspondence, not a few are attracted by the handsome display of silver-mounted purses in one of the show-cases, and the firm is having a lively sale of such goods. The silver mounting is in an infinity of designs in the new scroll-work that is so popular just now, while the purses are made up in seal, lizard, and alligator skin. In the same style and material there are also some very pretty card-cases, letter-cases, and cases for cigars and cigarettes—and many a smoker who is proud of his new case would find, if he could discover the truth, that it was chosen for him by the fair one while she was in at Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s.

The proper thing for him to do in return is to send her his picture in the pretty silver or white-and-gold frames which the same firm make so artistically, or, better still, to send her one of their mirrors. No more pleasing gift could be imagined, and there is no place in town where they can be had in such variety of style and price as at the great store on Market Street, just opposite Grant Avenue.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"Sinbad" and "The Crystal Slipper" have a new successor in "Ali Baba," which has just been brought out at Manager Henderson's theatre in Chicago and has been enthusiastically received.

Bisson, author of the original French version of "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows," is at work on a new comedy for Joseph Holland and Georgie Drew Barrymore and on another for John Drew's starring tour.

"Held by the Enemy" has been adapted for the French stage by Albert Carré, a dramatist who has written several plays in collaboration with Bisson, and is to be produced at the Paris Vaudeville next winter.

Fay Templeton is singing—or, rather, playing—the title-rôle in "The Royal Middy" in Philadelphia, and Ignacio Martinetti, whose legs used to twinkle so nimbly in farce-comedy, is the Don Janaurio.

The telegraph tells us that Henry Abbey has engaged Henry Irving and Ellen Terry for a long tour of America next year, and that they will open the engagement in San Francisco, coming here from London direct.

Amy Ames is a member of the company that will support Donnelly and Girard in "Natural Gas." She has been seen in the same rôle here in an earlier engagement; but she will be better remembered as the Irish cook, Violet, in an early "Tin Soldier" company.

"The Lion-Tamer" will be given with the following cast of characters:

Casimir, the Lion-Tamer, Mr. Francis Wilson; the Grand Duke, Mr. Charles Plunkett; Sotherman, Mr. Gilbert Clayton; Gobson, Mr. Alfred Wilkie; Count Verdigris, Mr. Thomas Guise; Picasso, Mr. Warwick Ganor; Marquis di Chanti, Mr. William Steiger; Joseph, Mr. John E. Dudley; Baptista, Mr. B. F. Joslyn; Selim, Master John Coleman; Hassan, Master Jesse Henderson; Lucia, Miss Laura Moore; Angelina, Miss Lulu Glaser; Nina, Miss Nettie Lyford; Colombia, Miss Cecile Eissing.

The mutations of the hero's name in "Lady Bountiful" are curious and amusing. In England, it is Dennis Herron. In New York, in deference to a widespread conviction that no hero who is a hero can be safely called Dennis, Mr. Herron becomes Donald Herron. But in Boston, where slang of a later date than Terence is unrecognized, the hero claims his own again, and is once more Dennis Herron.

Though "Erminie" has been attracting goodly audiences to the Tivoli every evening, it is to be superceded on Monday night by "La Fille de Madame Angot," which will be presented by the following cast:

Mlle. Lange, Belle Thorne; Clairette Angot, Gracie Plaisted; Laurivaudier, Ferris Hartman; Pomponnet, Arthur Messmer; Trenitz, George Olmi; Ange Pitou, Phil. Branson; Louchard Laurivaudier, Edward N. Knight; Amarante, Grace Vernon; Javotte, Irene Mulle; Mme. Delaunay, Aggie Millard; Hersilie, Emma Vorce; Babet, Emma Merriman; Cadet, George Harris; Guillaume, D. Smith.

Marcus Mayer has beaten another record and again proved his claim to being considered the prize "rustler" in the theatrical record. Saturday before last, a New York afternoon paper announced in big head-lines the "Failure in London of Marcus Mayer." When Abbey's former lieutenant saw this, his blood boiled for about a minute. That sort of thing would hurt him artistically and financially. He would stop it. And, in the next half-hour, he communicated with his lawyer, made the necessary affidavits, swore to the essential jurats, supplied the actual facts, and made preparation for serving a summons and complaint. In forty minutes after he had discovered that he had been injured, he had completed all the formalities necessary to bring the matter into court.

The "Alcaraz Hermanos' Grand Spanish Opera Co. and Grand Ballet" is announced to arrive here by sea on Tuesday, and—D. V. and the associated breweries not having wrested the Orpheum from its present manager—will appear the following night in "Diamantes de la Corona"—which is Auber's "Crown Diamonds." The company comprises seventy-five persons, of whom eleven dons and eight donnas are singers, two donnas are ballerinas, and one don is a ballet-master. They have a long repertoire, including:

"Carmen," "Rip Rip," "Tempestad," "Mosqueteros," "Donna Juanita," "El Proceso del Can-Can," "Suenos de Oro," "Los Sobrinos del Capitan," "Grant-Cadiz," "Juramento," "Jugar con fuego," "Diamantes de la Corona," "Guerra Santa," "Las Dos Princesas," "La Marsellesa," "Marina," "El anillo de Hierro," "Madygares," "Gallina Ciega," "De Madrid a Paris," and "La gran Via."

"The Lion-Tamer," which is adapted from the French of Jules Prêval and Albert de Saint-Albin, has enjoyed the honor, unusual among stage-productions, of providing the matter for a long and interesting article in *Harper's Weekly*. From it we make the following extracts:

"'The Lion-Tamer' is the best of the three comic operas Mr. Wilson has produced since he became a star. The first act is in the dressing-tent of a circus, and that gives the chorus a chance to appear as acrobats, and clowns, and bareback rider, and makes as various and brilliant a combination of costumes as does a mask-ball. Francis Wilson makes his first appearance by turning handsprings through the centre entrance. When the curtains at the back of the stage are drawn apart, you see the other audience painted on the scenery, and bunches of lights, like those at a real circus, and you see the actors making up before they appear before this painted audience, and hear them applauded when they disappear to enter the ring, and see them go back again for encores, and come back again loaded with bouquets. At the close of the act, when the performance in the ring is supposed to have ended, the curtains leading to the circus-rings are drawn aside, and you see only empty seats where the painted audience was a few moments before. There is enough plot in this play to keep you really interested, and to make you feel very glad when the lion-tamer and his wife are reconciled again. And there is, also, a meeting of conspirators in a ruined abbey, and a circus procession, with real horses and imitation horses on wheels. The costumes are of the time of the Directory, than which there are none more picturesque."

DCLXX.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, June 19, 1892.

Purée of Green Peas.
Smelts à l'Espagnole. Fried Potatoes.
Lamb Chops, Tomato Sauce.
Green Corn. String Beans.
Roast Chicken.
Hearts of Artichokes filled with Mayonnaise Dressing.
Cherry Charlotte. Fancy Cakes.
Fruits.

CHARLOTTE OF CHERRIES.—Stone your cherries, and dip them in some wine jelly which is quite cool but not firm; line a mold with them. By placing the mold upon ice, this can be more easily done. Fill the mold with cream, as for Charlotte Russe, place upon ice, and serve as soon as congealed. When the mold is taken from the ice, dip it in warm water a few seconds, place your dish over it, turn upside down, remove it, and serve immediately. This may be made with berries instead of cherries.

— KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made; makes delicious desserts. Indorsed and used by Miss Adelaide Payne, Principal Washington, D. C., Cooking School.

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Physicians recommend the Crystal hot sea-water tub and swimming baths, foot of Mason Street, terminus of all North Beach car lines.

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Dentist. Painless filling.
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Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

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LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT!

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THERE ARE NONE BETTER!

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

She—"Don't you think Marion's an intellectual-looking girl?" *The brute*—"Why, no; I think she's quite pretty."—*Ex.*

We've just counted up that we have saved several hundred dollars by smoking a pipe instead of cigars; but where is it?—*Texas Siftings.*

Fair amateur—"Yes, I painted this. What school of painting would you call it?" *Artist* (gently)—"Boarding-school."—*New York Weekly.*

Howson Lott—"I see you have on servant-girl at present. Did you fire your last one?" *Morrison Essex*—"No; spontaneous combustion!"—*Puck.*

"Sullivan was arrested for having his hands in his pockets, the other day." "How could they arrest him for that?" "Carrying concealed weapons."—*Puck.*

"Pa," said a five-year-old son, "can a rope walk?" "I think not, my son," answered the father; "but it might if it were taut."—*Texas Siftings.*

"Did you study mechanics when you were in college?" "No; but I built a house last summer, and I studied them there. They're a queer lot."—*Puck.*

Mrs de Style—"How do you manage to get your servants to wear caps? Mine won't." *Mrs. de Fashion*—"I hire a policeman to admire them."—*Judge.*

Husband—"How do you like your new girl?" *Wife*—"Well, she works me a little harder than the last one, but she is more respectful."—*New York Weekly.*

Chatfield—"I sat back of your wife at the play the other night." *Hatfield*—"How did you like it?" *Chatfield*—"I thought it was very becoming from the rear."—*Puck.*

General Newsence—"You haven't tried that cigar I gave you the other day, old man, have you?" *Colonel Madura*—"No; I haven't met any one that I wanted to try it on."—*Puck.*

"A contented ass, as the Portuguese say, enjoys a long life," said Hicks. "Why don't you make use of the fact to get a low premium on your insurance policy?" asked Cynicus.—*Ex.*

Teacher (who has just chastised Tommy in the usual place)—"Now, go and sit down!" *Tommy*—"Oh! boo-hoo! Don't you think you have punished me enough already?"—*Puck.*

A first night: *Usher*—"I can give you a good seat after the first act; the newspaper critics go then." *Standee*—"Don't they come back?" *Usher*—"Bless you, no! They only drop in to verify their suspicions."—*Puck.*

Judge—"You are accused of stealing an overcoat. Guilty or not guilty?" *Prisoner*—"Not guilty. I merely adapted it." *Judge*—"What is your business?" *Prisoner*—"I am an American playwright."—*Puck.*

Small boy (who has been playing hall for six hours)—"My legs ache." *Anxious mother*—"What have you been doing?" *Small boy*—"I dunno. I did a example on the blackboard yesterday."—*Good News.*

"It seems to me that that young Toney Knob in the drawing-room is a long time saying 'Good-night.' The cable-cars have already stopped." "He can't go, pa. Sister's sitting on him."—*Kansas City Journal.*

The young man—"Gracie, what is it your father sees in me to object to, darling?" *The young woman* (wiping away a tear)—"He doesn't see anything in you, Algernon. That's why he objects."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Jack—"I'm thirsty. Come in here and I'll order a bottle of champagne." *George*—"I'd rather have beer." *Jack*—"So would I; but I haven't a cent. It's easier to get trusted for champagne than beer."—*New York Weekly.*

Miss Crofut—"Yes; papa had that painted by a celebrated artist when I was a little girl." *Mr. Veridum*—"Beautiful! Wonderful! Ah, Miss Crofut, the artists of the present generation couldn't do anything like that!"—*Puck.*

Mrs. Flanigan (shaking her fist)—"'Tis all very well for you to talk, Mrs. Brady, knowing I'm just from confession, and in a state of grace, but just you wait till to-morrow, when, plaze heaven, I'll blacken the two eyes av ye!"—*Life.*

"So poor Staggers is dead." "Yes; he took the gold cure four times, and at last succumbed. I understand he asked to be cremated; but his widow wouldn't have it so." "She had him buried, did she?" "No; she had him assayed."—*Puck.*

Agent—"Like some awnings, mum? We fit and fix 'em cheap." *Housewife*—"I don't want awnings. They keep out the sun, and we get little enough sunshine here as it is." *Agent*—"You need never use 'em, mum. They'll roll up."—*New York Weekly.*

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

My Dear Wife.

She puts her arm around my neck:
A slave to beauty's plot,
I put my hand inside my vest
And give her all I've got.—*Life.*

A Blow.

The modern man acknowledges
This paradox so grim,
When he can't "raise the wind" it is
An awful blow to him.—*Boston Courier.*

Will He?

When Gabriel blows his trumpet,
I wonder if he'll play—
In tones like rolling thunder—
Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!—*Truth.*

Echoes of the Streets.

Why so pale, poor crossing-sweeper,
Why so pale and sad?
Never mortal looked much cheaper;
Has your trade been bad?

Ours, sir, is an old profession,
Started when the flood
Left, in its great retrogression,
Continents of mud.
Our forefathers swept the crossing
For old Israel's band,
When the Red Sea piled its tossing
Waves on either hand.
Centuries have dawned and faded,
Arts have sunk in gloom;
We have still survived and traded,
Brothers of the broom.
Automatic rakes and brushes,
Rotatory switch,
Can not cleanse from slops and slushes
Equal to our pitch.
Now, alas! our trade is shattered;
Gone, like morning dew,
All the mud that once bespattered,
And all the dust that flew;
Yes, sir, all the dirt that made is
Out of droughts or rains,
Now is swept up by the ladies
With their blooming trains.
—*St. James's Gazette.*

Queen's English.

A thing is not always what it seems.
For instance, what would you say of Wemyss?
—*Puck.*

Predestination.

'Twas prophesied of Colonel Laurel
That he would meet death in a quarrel,
Believing in predestination,
The colonel felt no trepidation,
But faced his enemies undaunted,
And never failed when he was wanted.
Of skirmishes he fought a hundred,
Felt most at home when cannons thundered;
He wooed fair Mistress Fame and caught her
'Mid clash of steel and bloody slaughter,
Nor shot nor shell did e'er affect him,
And grinning Death seemed to respect him.
One day, a fit of indigestion
Resulted in a bad congestion;
Alarmed, he called in four physicians,
And begged them for their wise decisions.
The Allopathic, Homœopathic,
Faith-Curer, and Electropathic,
Each made a different diagnosis,
And gave strange pills and bitter doses;
And long they wrangled and disputed,
While each the other's claims refuted.
And while they fought, the suffering colonel
Sank slowly to his sleep eternal.
Predestined fate! Poor Colonel Laurel
Had truly met death in a quarrel.
—*Milton Goldsmith in Public Ledger.*

Spring, Gentle Spring.

The season still is backward,
And yet with pain we note
The advent of the imbecile
Who yearns to rock the boat.
—*Chicago Mail.*

Though spring-time poets rave and sing,
This has escaped them all:
In the spring the blossoms spring
And in the fall they fall.
—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

In the spring a deeper crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another nest;
In the spring six days are cloudy for each one that's bright and fair;
In the spring we know not when to peel our flannel underwear.—*Kansas City Daily Journal.*

What does little birdie sing
On the cherry bough in spring?
Listen to his merry note
As it gurgles in his throat:
"Tra la le li lo la lum,
Little birdie wants a wum!"
—*Brooklyn Life.*

A bluebird sat on a lilac-tree,
Singing his song of spring;
And he brought to the farmer's boy happy thoughts
Of the joys the summer would bring.
But, alas! the blizzard swept down from the north
With mercury at zero breath,
And in wind and rain, the boy and the bird
Danced an aguish jig with death.
—*Kansas City Daily Journal.*

The trees are budding thick and fast,
Bright flowers are sprinkled o'er the lawn;
Youth fears no more the wintry blast
And puts his overcoat in pawn.

'Tis now the earth shakes off its cares
And all its laughter, mirth, and fun;
The poet now his poem prepares,
The editor prepares his gun.

And blithely sings the gladsome lark
O'er woodlawn deep and meadow damp,
While on the benches in the park
Reposeful rests the gentle tramp.

Soft the mild breeze our face doth fan,
Bringing a joy to old and young;
While the light coat and moving van
Proclaim to us that spring has sprung.
—*Brooklyn Life.*

IN 1850 "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" were introduced, and their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Bronchitis has been unparalleled.

Mr. Littleton—"Well, it takes two to make a quarrel, so I'll shut up." *Mrs. Littleton*—"Just like you, you mean, miserable *man!* You'll just sit there and *think* ugly things!"—*Puck.*

— WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, CRESTS, AND monograms; latest ideas in social stationery. Harbourne Stationery Co., 5 Montgomery Street, S. F.

THE INNER MAN.

Now that, with the opening of the summer season, the sandwich is to have a larger and more interesting place than ever, something may be said of the varieties of sandwich, and of species little known. The sandwich of commerce (says the New York *Sun*) is kept purposely dry that it may stimulate the demand for artificial moisture. This was never meant to be. The sandwich, properly constructed, carries its own moisture. This, in the case of meat sandwiches, is aspic jelly. Aspic jelly is nothing but the jelly of cold meat-stock, flavored with herbs, spices, and wine. There is an aspic jelly that may be bought, but the suspicion of gelatine destroys its usefulness. The aspic jelly made at home is nourishing and savory. Whatever may be the meat used, it is cut in thin slices and dipped in the aspic jelly. This not only keeps it moist, but imparts an agreeable flavor. The bread should be at least two days old for sandwiches that are intended for transportation. If a sandwich is to be eaten immediately, very fresh bread, cut with a sharp knife, may be as thin as wafers, and for show occasions may be rolled, as the particles have a tenuousness that stale bread does not have. But the picnic sandwich—the sandwich of travel—should be substantial, and the bread cut at least a quarter of an inch thick. For game sandwiches, brown bread may be used. The slices of game, after having been dipped in aspic jelly, should have a little lemon juice sprinkled over them. Chicken sandwiches are made by spreading slices of bread with bechamel sauce instead of butter. Bechamel sauce is made of melted butter and milk, to which is added white stock and flavored with green onions by boiling them with the sauce and then straining. Thus spread, thin pieces of the white meat, sprinkled with salt and pepper, are laid between. If butter is used, the sandwich is improved by mixing a little ham with the chicken as a relish. Salmon sandwiches are made by spreading the bread with mayonnaise, to which aspic jelly has been added until it is of the consistency of butter. The salmon should be stripped in flakes and all the grease removed. Sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper. The sandwich is improved by adding a thin layer of sliced cucumber before covering with the top slice. Shrimp sandwiches, using the bottled shrimps, may be made in the same way. *Pâté de foie* sandwiches need only the reminder that there should be an appreciable amount of bread, otherwise they will be too rich. Sandwiches from potted meats should be sprinkled with lemon juice. Mayonnaise instead of butter relieves their monotony. But there is a large field for sandwiches outside of meats that, in fact, become wearisome. Hard-boiled egg sandwiches occur to every one. These are greatly improved by the addition of a little water-cress, lettuce, or chicory. Salad sandwiches are especially recommended in traveling, when the palate is apt to grow fastidious. Mayonnaise, with aspic jelly in which a little tarragon has been chopped, is used instead of butter, and the beet, tomato, celery, or lettuce cut into pieces that will render them manageable. Asparagus-tops and stewed celery, mixed with bechamel sauce, make delightful sandwiches, and need not be mussy. A sandwich that has been popular this winter is made from what the bakers call finger rolls. These are cut half in two and the crumbs scraped out. The hollow is then filled with force-meat, the covers readjusted and tied with narrow ribbons. There is an egg sandwich that is of great repute in the West at picnics, both for its savoriness and its good looks. Hard-boiled eggs are so cut that the yolks may be removed without injuring the egg. The yolks are then mashed and mixed with chopped meats and moistened with mayonnaise. The hollow in the egg is then filled with this mixture and the two pieces of egg put together and held in place by buttered paper. Tissue-papers of different colors are fringed and laid together two by two, the egg is then wrapped in these, and the fringed ends twisted together as in confectionery.

The highly digestible quality of the oyster, considered as food, was known at a very early period. When Sergius Orata "ennobled the Lucrine oysters," the British variety was unknown to the Romans; but Sallust, at least fifty years B. C., says of the Britons that there is some good in them after all, as they produce an oyster. Sergius had his beds off Baiæ, and made a profit out of them, as they were much in request as a prelude to a banquet, and were esteemed besides for their medicinal virtues. "They nourish wonderfully," we are told, "and solicit rest," being more healing than any drug or mixture that the apothecary can compound. The disgusting habits of the Romans enabled them to swallow, in some cases, a thousand British oysters at a sitting; but that was when, as Professor Huxley reminds us, even ladies "carried about with them peacock's feathers and other dainty throat-ticklers for the purpose, when they anticipated a more luxurious feed than usual." Seneca, in the time of Nero, renounced both oysters and mushrooms as mere provocatives of appetite, "causing those who are already full to eat more, a thing no doubt very pleasant to gluttons, who like to stuff themselves with such food as very readily slips down and very readily returns." But in times much more remote, oysters were in vogue. In Denmark and the northern parts of England, kitchen-middens of the stone age yield oyster-shells, and Professor Forbes affected to pity "the enthusiastic oyster-eater, who can hardly gaze upon the abundantly entombed remains of the apparently well-fed and elegantly shaped oysters of our eocene formation without chasing 'a pearly tear away.'" We can not believe that oysters ever went out of fashion with our ancestors. "Ostre" occurs in Anglo-Saxon, and seems to be connected with "ost," a knot, a scale. William the Conqueror is said to have esteemed the English oyster very highly, and it figures in the menu of many mediæval feasts, especially in Lent.

Recent Wills.

By the will of the late Samuel Mountford Wilson, the following testamentary provisions were made:

The will is holographic and dated May 20, 1890, and the entire estate is left to his widow, Mrs. Emily J. Wilson. His four sons, Mr. John Scott Wilson, aged forty-three years, Mr. Russell J. Wilson, aged forty-one years, Dr. Frank P. Wilson, aged thirty-seven years, and Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, aged thirty-five years, were intentionally omitted. The estate is community property, and the testator had given to each of his sons certain sums of money during his life-time.

"While I have been pursuing my profession," says the testator, "she has most worthily performed all the duties of a wife and mother, and greatly aided me in acquiring what I possess. All that I have is no more than she deserves and needs, and should have for her comfort and independence; and I know full well that her devotion to our children will always induce her to aid them during her life-time and provide for them on her death. This omission to provide for my four sons is not intended in the least as any reflection upon either of them, for they have each and all of them been most affectionate, obedient, and devoted, as well to their mother as to myself."

In case of his survival of her, the will provided for legacies of one thousand dollars each to his three daughters-in-law, and to each of the children of his sons; in case of survival, or death with his wife by the same catastrophe, all else was to have been given, after payment of the above legacies, to the sons, with the limitation that the law library should have gone to the sons, Mr. Russell J. Wilson and Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, jointly, and as a part of their half of the residue. The estate is said in amount to over a million dollars.

By the will of the late Jacques J. Rey, the following testamentary provisions were made:

The will was made in 1872 and appoints the widow, Mrs. Jane Ann Rey, as executrix, and Mr. Joseph Britton as executor. The estate, which comprises a two-thirds interest in the firm of Britton & Rey and considerable real estate, is valued at about $500,000. It is all bequeathed to the widow, and no provision is made for the five children of the deceased.

The final account of Mrs. Margaret H. Fuller on the estate of her late husband, William P. Fuller, has been filed with the following particulars:

She accounts for $2,003,742 51, and there is now on hand $701,817.56 in money and other personal property valued at $874,329 73; also, an undistributed one-sixth interest in real estate, the whole of which was appraised at $314,514.50. Mrs. Fuller petitions for a decree distributing the residue as follows: To Frank W. and George R. Fuller, minor children, the two-twelfths interests in the undistributed real property; to the widow all the household furniture, etc., at 839 O'Farrell Street, and one-half the entire remainder to the testator's six children, all the other property share and share alike. Under a decree of partial distribution the widow receives one-half of the real estate, and the four children, who were of legal age, receive one-twelfth each.

"Johnny, are you teaching that parrot to swear?" "No'm. I'm just telling it what it mustn't say."—*Washington Star.*

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Dividend Notice.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb. BRANCH, 1700 Market Street, corner Polk.—For the half-year ending with June 30, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-fifth (5 1-5) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-third (4 1/3) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1892. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

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Capital	$3,000,000 00
Surplus	1,000,000 00
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Cash capital	$1,000,000
Assets	2,632,228
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28th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1892

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N.E. cor. California and Sansome Streets.

Capital (Paid up in Gold)	$300,000 00
Assets, January 1, 1892	878,137 01

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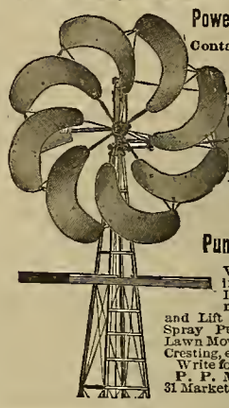

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supplying; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

The probate court of San Francisco is to be the theatre of another of those dramas which have for their central interest the story of a rich man's irregular courses. From the fact that the many departed pioneers who have had their lives thus exposed to the gaze of this generation all died very rich, it is not to be inferred that only pioneers who became millionaires held the Seventh Commandment in contempt. We dare say that multitudes of the founders of this commonwealth who never saved a dollar, disported themselves quite as recklessly, in defiance of Scripture, as any of their more thrifty brethren whose costly mausoleums are ivied all over with the trailing vine of probate testimony. Thus again is it demonstrated that poverty, inconvenient in this life, has its rewards hereafter. For if a man has nothing to leave, he has no legatees, and, therefore, no motive exists for placarding the dead wall of history with the truth about him. He who leads an unchaste life, but values a respectable posthumous fame, does ill to permit a dime to remain unspent.

The late Dr. Washington M. Ryer, who owned an estate worth between two and three millions when he closed his eyes, has joined the gloomy procession of those who after death have stalked through the probate court, making unwilling *post-mortem* confession of their sins, which in life they sedulously concealed. One claiming to be his illegitimate son has arisen to demand a share of the millions, and avers that when his father was young, he had for his mistress a Stockton widow, mother of the claimant. For the sake of the lady's feelings, let us hope that she is with the doctor in Paradise, and not privileged to know of her offspring's filial regard for her good name. But, from these many probate disclosures, it would seem that illegitimacy is ceasing to be disgraceful in California. Indeed, the inference to be drawn from recent judicial decisions is that the claimant for an estate who can count a bar sinister among his belongings is peculiarly fortunate. It is now, apparently, a well-settled principle of California law that an illegitimate son who is acknowledged by his sire is entitled to inherit, and millionaires who are embarrassed by the existence of such progeny may, by thoughtful study of Californian precedents, learn exactly how to protect their estates from the forays of these unpleasant reminders of less sedate and conspicuous days. It is disturbing, not to say appalling, to think of the possible number of our best and wealthiest citizens who are close and anxious students of the literature to be found in the probate reports.

From this literature we derive the information, as in the cases of Thomas H. Blythe, Gershom P. Jessup, and C. E. McDonald, that the millionaire who does anything for his irregular children in the way of supporting and educating them, is liable to a heavy fine after death. The case of Captain McDonald was much more complicated than that of either Blythe or Jessup. The mothers of their children were single women, but McDonald's illicit partner was a wife, living with her husband at the time she received the attentions of the gallant captain. Both she and her husband agreed in the opinion that the child was McDonald's, and that amiable gentleman was good enough to acquiesce in this decision of the family council, which the court sustained. In all these instances, the fathers had no legitimate children. Dr. Ryer, however, left a son, born in wedlock, who is provided for in the will. The claim of the illegitimate son brings up the interesting point of whether or not the rights of an illegitimate son run against those of a lawful child, and to what extent. The fear is not altogether fanciful that our courts, in their exceeding kindness to extra-legal offspring, may hold that illegitimacy entitles the bearer of the stain to more consideration than the children whose birth is honorable. If this fear should be realized, the effect upon morals may be imagined. Women addicted to maternity outside the pale of the law have already been relieved of concern for the material welfare of their offspring, provided the fathers have sufficient property to render the making of wills necessary.

Terrifying as an illegitimate child may be to the wealthy citizen who has a desire to direct what shall be done with his gear when he has no further use for it, he is a comfort to declining years compared with the Possible Child created by the supreme court of this State, and brought on the stage of the probate court on March last by Lawyer Jarboe, attorney for the purchasers of some land from the estate of Hiram A. Pearsons, an unmarried millionaire of San Francisco, drowned near Chicago while out boating with a young and beautiful actress. The purchasers desired to recede from their bargain, and Mr. Jarboe, by virtue of a supreme court decision that the executors of an estate have no right to give a title which shall dispose of the interests of an unknown wife or child, set up the contention that a bachelor is to be presumed to have an unknown wife or child until the contrary shall be proved to a demonstration. Judge Coffey, forgetting that he was a lawyer and remembering that he was a man of sense, gave it as his judgment that when the possible wife or child shall make her or its existence manifest, it will be time enough to take cognizance of the same. An appeal from this decision, astounding to the legal mind, of course, was at once taken to the supreme court. That highly technical if not over-profound tribunal has not, we believe, yet been heard from, but we daresay it can be depended upon to make trouble for the laity and business for the profession.

Elderly gentlemen, now leading moral lives, who have unrecognized offshoots—weeds in the fields of dalliance—here and there, are not entitled to much consideration when their chickens, so to say, come home to roost on their tombstones; but their widows and orphans are. It seems to us that pity for the illegitimate is having too much influence upon our courts, and that the tendency to make them preferred heirs not only does injustice to good women and lawful children, but removes one of the just punishments and useful deterrents of wantonness—the dread that the innocent fruit of a *liaison* will be made to suffer in life's chances for its parents' offense. It also, possibly, may induce men inclined to become millionaires to forego that ambition, a thing to be deplored, since the millionaire, generally disposed in his old age to become a butterfly of fashion, is the consummate flower of the social life of our simple republic.

The census bulletin on the churches will surprise those who have been alarmed at the progress of religious indifferentism. An idea prevails that among the educated classes the religious bond is being gradually relaxed, and that few men of prominence are practicing religionists; but this belief can not be reconciled with the census returns, which must have been impartially compiled.

For instance, in 1880, the number of communicants in the Methodist-Episcopal, Presbyterian, Congregational, Roman Catholic, Dutch Reformed, and Lutheran Churches, besides the Jews and the Disciples of Christ, was reported at 9,739,760. In 1890, the same denominations—the Episcopalians and the Baptists being omitted because their church membership has not yet been counted—claim a communicant body of 12,487,382. The increase in the decade has thus been about 4 per cent. larger than the total increase in the population. In other words, instead of a growth of infidelity, the census reveals a steady growth of religionism, the churches having really gained upon the agnostics during the decade. This will be news to the positivist who foresees in the future a steady decline of religious faith. If any such decline is impending, its progress has for the moment been arrested.

The statistics would be more valuable if church members were classified by residence—residents of cities in one column and residents of the country in another. Every one who has lived in the rural districts knows that there church-going is the rule, and that people are apt to point the finger at the habitual absentee from the devotional exercises of his sect. On the other hand, in cities, men of mark are not generally conspicuous as church-goers. They delegate that duty to the ladies of their families. Whether the contemplation of the beauties of nature quickens the devotional instinct, or there is no other use to which Sunday morning can be put in the country than to go to church, certain it is that persons who rarely enter a church in the city quite often listen to sermons when they take a holiday in the country. This is the case not only in the United States, where the religious habit is general, but even in France, where belief is rare. The growth of religionism, which the census returns seem to demonstrate, can not be unreservedly accepted until it is shown that church membership in cities is increasing, as well as church membership in the rural districts.

In estimating the comparative growth of the sects included in the bulletin, the census-takers arrive at some results which

would be curious if they were not susceptible of explanation. The percentage of increase is largest among the Jews, and next among the Lutherans; it is lowest among the Roman Catholics. But these percentages are obviously misleading. The increase among the Jews and the Lutherans is due to the large immigration of German Jews and Scandinavians in 1880–90; new-comers of these faiths arrived in such copious numbers that the percentage of increase seems enormous. Thus, in 1880, the number of synagogue members was given as 50,000; immigration swelled that figure to 130,496 in 1890—an increase of 160 per cent. So, in 1880, the number of Lutheran communicants was set down as 712,240. Between 1880 and 1890, enough Scandinavians arrived to raise the number to 1,199,514—an increase of 68 per cent. On the other hand, the number of Roman Catholic communicants was figured, in 1880, at 5,412,230; it is now reported at 6,367,330—the apparent increase is thus only 15 48 per cent. But it seems strange that, in a period during which the whole population increased 24 86 per cent., the Roman Catholic Church members should not have increased more than 15 48 per cent., and the suspicion is suggested that the estimate of 1880 was exaggerated. It looks as though the priests had falsified the number of the faithful ten years ago, and that they are suffering from the fraud now. The membership in the Roman Catholic Church is apparently increasing more slowly than that of the Methodists, who gained during the last decade at the rate of 30 per cent., or of the Presbyterians, who gained at the rate of 39 per cent.

The two denominations which are not embraced in the present bulletin—the Episcopalians and Baptists—are known to be increasing largely in strength. It is quite possible that when their church membership is footed up, the aggregate increase of attendants upon divine worship in some form or other will be found to have swelled nearly 30 per cent. since 1880, which is over 5 per cent. in excess of the increase in population. Friends of religion will have reason to congratulate themselves that church-goers are swelling in such a satisfactory proportion.

At the same time, it must not be forgotten that ecclesiastical statistics are always loose. When a Methodist, or a Roman Catholic, or a Presbyterian, attains a certain age, and becomes a communicant, his name is entered upon the rolls of his church. It is not usually taken off those rolls until his death. He may backslide, become a pervert, change his faith many times over, his name still figures on the church books, and when the census-taker comes round, it serves to swell the list of true believers. In this way the churches get credit for a numerical strength which, like Marshal Lebœuf's legions, only exists on paper.

The Democratic party has chosen for its nominee ex-President Grover Cleveland. What is it going to do with him?

Mr. Cleveland can not be elected. There is not any indication anywhere in the United States that he is stronger now than he was in 1888. The condition which confronted Mr. Cleveland in 1887, when he wrote his celebrated calamity message—the condition of an overburdened treasury, which to him seemed the fruitful source of woes unnumbered, and on which he based his appeal for the adoption of a free-trade policy—no longer exists. The surplus has been employed wisely and judiciously in the reduction of the national debt, and the receipts and expenditures of the government have been so nearly balanced that the Treasury carries from month to month only surplus enough to provide against an emergency and to prevent the United States from having to borrow money at a high rate of interest, as was the case in the last Democratic administration before that of Cleveland. This cuts the ground out from under Cleveland's feet, and prohibits him from renewing, in 1892, the issue which he created and forced on his party in 1888.

If the Democrats expect to elect Cleveland on the idea that the people of the United States are hostile to the McKinley Bill, they are out in their calculations. The fictitious enmity to that measure, which was devised for campaign purposes in 1890, has disappeared, and its weakness has been conclusively shown by the non-action of the Democratic House of Representatives which, with its immense majority, has not dared to present to the country an issue framed on the repeal of the McKinley Bill. This is a confession of weakness which must inure to the disadvantage of Mr. Cleveland, as it would in the case of any Democratic nominee. The country has come to an understanding of the policy of protection, as exemplified in the McKinley Bill, and its only opponents, outside of the Democratic politicians who are in politics for revenue only, are to be found among the importers of foreign goods, chiefly articles of luxury, who find their profits curtailed by the operations of a protective tariff.

Let us consider the situation in New York. Charles A. Dana, of the New York *Sun*, though personally hostile to Cleveland, is no novice in New York politics, and his relations with Senator Hill and his forces entitle him to speak as one having authority. Dana has not only predicted disaster in case of Cleveland's nomination on the ground that he can not carry New York, but his opinion has been shared and expressed by such stanch and tried Democrats as Senator Vest, of Missouri, Senator Carlisle, of Kentucky, and that veteran journalist and politician, Henry Watterson.

The *Sun* has not relied upon assertion merely, but has marshaled facts and figures in support of its predictions. Dana shows that, in 1888, Cleveland had the support of both wings of the Democratic party in the city of New York, the county Democracy, and Tammany, and that the latter had been kept in line by being given nearly half the Federal offices; that in 1888 he was the i[illegible] of the independent voters, usually known as Mugwumps, who relied on his definite promises to uphold and further the cause of civil-service reform, which promises he wholly neglected to keep; that he has lost much of his personal popularity in the State; that he has not grown a particle in popular estimation; and that he has estranged many of those who were his most ardent admirers and supporters four years ago. In the face of all this, says Dana, there is not an intelligent Democrat in New York, if there be in the United States, who believes that Cleveland can carry the Empire State against Harrison.

This, then, in brief, is the situation in which the Democratic party finds itself placed by the nomination of Grover Cleveland. Bourke Cockran, the Tammany orator, did not make a long speech to the Chicago convention; but it is safe to say it will be remembered. "I will have much business to do later," he said; "and I assure you that I will be heard from then," and there was a suggestive gleam in his eye that made the Cleveland men very glad that his speech was no longer. Tammany will be outwardly loyal to Cleveland, but that is all.

The New Orleans *Delta*, whose Democracy is beyond question, says that Harrison is going to be a very hard man to beat, for the reason that the Republican Mugwumps, or a large majority of them, will support him. Inasmuch as Cleveland was elected in 1888 by the Mugwumps, it is impossible to see how their defection this year is to be made up. Those of them who are wedded to free trade will naturally adhere to Cleveland, for they know that his tariff reform means free trade and nothing else, but they are an inconsiderable portion of the independent voters.

Looking at the situation dispassionately, and without any partisan feeling at all, it is not possible to believe that Cleveland can be elected. Beaten in 1888, he will be beaten again in 1892, and that will remove him from the field of politics forever.

Leith, which is the port of Edinburgh, and really forms part of that city, is an example of a seaport which has built up a large trade, in defiance of natural obstacles. It is on an arm of the sea called the Firth of Forth, which is exposed to the terrible north-easters of the North Sea. Its seaward face was originally flat, with shifting sands, between which channels were traced with difficulty. Had it not been for the tides, which at high water give a depth of twenty-four feet at the wall skirting the beach, it would have been difficult to enter and get out of the port. Moreover, it is only forty-five miles across country to Glasgow; and that port, which had grown prosperous in the eighteenth century from the tobacco trade, the sugar trade, and the slave trade, seemed to supply all the needs of Scotland for a maritime outlet.

But the people of Leith, at the beginning of this century, resolved to demand a share of the maritime trade, and proceeded to build docks at which vessels could load and unload in all weathers. Some forty-two acres of water were thus reclaimed and inclosed as docks, and the consequence has been that, in spite of its disadvantages of position, and the start already gained by other ports, Leith has managed to create quite a brisk sea-going traffic. The number of vessels entering and clearing at the port, in 1891, was, in round numbers, five thousand each way, or ten thousand in all, or twenty-seven per day; the aggregate tonnage of the whole was, in round numbers, two million seven hundred thousand tons. Quite a respectable business for a port which, not long ago, was noted by mariners as only good for careening small vessels in for repairs.

Leith sends steamers all round. Besides the Scottish ports, she has a weekly line to Amsterdam, and another to Antwerp; two tourist lines to Norway; a fortnightly line to Bremerhaven; a line without fixed days of sailing to Cadiz, Lisbon, Oporto, and Seville; a weekly line to Christiansand; a tri-monthly line to Cronstadt and St. Petersburg; two fortnightly lines to Iceland, a steamer weekly to Ghent, twice a week to Hamburg, twice a week to Liverpool, one line twice a week and another three times a week to London, one steamer thrice a week to Newcastle, one twice a week to Rotterdam, one every week to Stettin, and one every week to Sunderland. Of course these vessels create trade; if they were not running, a number of profitable exchanges, out of which money is made by Leith, would not be effected. In 1891, about a million tons of merchandise were imported and a like amount exported from Leith. The chief articles imported were breadstuffs, sugar, and lumber; the chief exports were coal and iron; but several hundred articles—some raw products, some manufactured goods—were exchanged. Owing to its extensive network of maritime intercourse, Leith always finds a market somewhere for its surplus goods, and the fifty thousand people who live there enjoy a good deal of prosperity, though they inhabit one of the dreariest and most sterile parts of Scotland.

This is a case where, as in New England, the energy and enterprise of man overcame the obstacles of nature. Midlothian may almost be said to have no natural products; it does not grow food enough to support its people. But when extended maritime intercourse opened markets to its energy, it set to work to supply them with whatever they wanted. Thus, it makes glass, rope, canvas, soap, leather, machinery, and artificial manures, importing the raw material in every case; these it sends all over Europe, and receives, in exchange, wine, wool, grain, and lumber, which it distributes through Scotland. Like its rival, Aberdeen, which, though it never grew an orange-tree, makes the best marmalade in the world, Leith is one of the best places in Great Britain to buy claret. The hard-headed Scotchmen of Midlothian will make anything that can be sold anywhere, from superphosphate of lime to rubber pipe, and they will take pay in anything from bone-ash to rags. That is the way to build up a commercial city.

As we write, an envelope is handed us. It is an invitation to attend the ceremonies inaugurating a steamship line between Tacoma and the Orient. The steamship *Phra Nang* is the pioneer of the line. The city of Tacoma has offered inducements, financial and otherwise, which made it profitable for steamship owners to put on this line of vessels. She has also succeeded in inducing the great shipping firm of Best & Co. of Antwerp to change their line of clipper ships from San Francisco to Tacoma. What inducements would San Francisco offer for the placing of a new line of steamships from here to anywhere? We fear that she would offer none. Yet she is put to shame by this little city of Tacoma, with thirty thousand inhabitants.

The death of the Rev. Father Mollinger, at Pittsburg, Pa., last week, was one of the most inconvenient incidents that has occurred for some time. It teaches us anew the lesson, so hard to learn, that heaven's ways are not our ways. Great as must be the inclination of many to question the wisdom of Providence in removing Father Mollinger, it is yet obvious to the least discerning that there is nothing left to do save to submit, unless the church, of which the priest was so conspicuous and honored a member, may decide to correct the error of the Deity by restoring him to life and usefulness. Considering that under every Roman Catholic altar there are relics of saints, all warranted to perform miracles, it ought not to be difficult to resurrect Father Mollinger in advance of the general reawakening in response to Gabriel's trump. Presumably, however, a pious respect for the wishes of heaven, expressed in a manner so unequivocal, will induce the church not to disturb the sleeping priest's repose.

Father Mollinger for some years had been working curative wonders at Pittsburg, which were in no respect inferior to those achieved by the waters of Lourdes or the Wrist of the Grandmother of God. Persons afflicted with diseases which refused to yield to ordinary medical treatment, journeyed in great numbers to the church of this miraculous healer, who, by the simple process of raising his hands and invoking God's aid in their behalf, sent them back to their homes well and rejoicing. So successful was he that the fees collected from the ailing made him a very rich man. He died, it is said, worth between two and three millions of dollars. Whether the revenue derived from his competition with secular physicians had anything to do with inducing the church authorities to countenance Father Mollinger's peculiar labors, we do not know; but to have interrupted them when they were so exceedingly profitable would have been an act of self-denial, which was scarcely to be looked for from an institution that has never shown a disposition to undervalue money as a means for extending the light of the gospel. Besides, it would have been illogical if the Roman Catholic Church, that claims to be as capable now as it ever was of working miracles—which it undoubtedly is—had objected to Father Mollinger's triumphs over the laws of matter and his splendid defiance of common sense. His method does not appear to have differed at all from that followed by other professors of the faith cure. All that he required of the patient, in addition to the fee, was belief in the efficacy of the means employed. To the unregenerate mind the priest's death presents a problem which tends to weaken faith in the genuineness of his supernatural powers, though in the face of the hundreds of attested cures, it is singular how skepticism dares to show its head. Nevertheless, now, as in all ages of the world, the infidel, though pretending to special respect for reason, is always invincible to the evidence of believers. The infidel will ask why it was that Father Mollinger, to whom it was no trick at all, so to speak, to save the lives of others for

a small consideration, was, when attacked by disease, unable to save himself. And it must be owned that his reverence passed out just as if he were a common mortal. The dispatch of June 15th announcing his taking off, said:

"He was stricken last Monday while ministering to thousands of pilgrims, who had come from all parts of the country to be healed. He gradually grew worse, and to-day an operation was performed for rupture of the stomach. Instead of being relieved, he began to sink rapidly, and died in a few hours."

But why should Father Mollinger's inability to save himself be a stumbling-block in the pathway of faith? Heaven's mysteries are not to be pried into by human curiosity. To the finite intelligence it would seem, of course, that since the Almighty had selected this priest to demonstrate to a stiff-necked and unbelieving generation that, by grace, disease could be vanquished on application to the right shop, the chosen instrument should have been excepted from the common lot of humanity, not only as to disease but death itself. Howbeit, this was not heaven's will—there can be no doubt about that, not even in the skeptic's unhappy mind, since Father Mollinger is indisputably dead. It will be observed, however, that when the holy man was taken down he did not rely upon the treatment which he deemed good enough for the laity, but called in human physicians and surgeons to deal with his ruptured stomach. If we may be permitted to offer a suggestion to the embarrassed church, we should say that it would not be unwise to attribute Father Mollinger's demise, in the midst of his usefulness, to his own flagrant want of faith in the willingness of heaven to cure him as, through him, it had cured thousands, if their testimony and his fortune of between two and three millions are to be accepted as proof.

But look at Father Mollinger's death as we may, there is no denying that for the Holy Roman Catholic Church, worker of miracles in this last decade of the nineteenth century, it is inconvenient. Nay, it is not too much to say that the death of Father Mollinger (may he rest in peace!) is annoying.

One of the shortest planks in the Republican national platform—that respecting objectionable immigration—is among the most important in its broad significance and in future consequence to the whole country. From immigration proceeds naturalization and citizenship, the elective franchise, and the political control of communities, the State, and the republic. In Presidential elections, New York is generally recognized as the pivotal State of the Union, on which the election of President and Vice-President depends. The total popular vote of 1888 was about 11,000,000. Of this number, 1,290,000 were cast in the State of New York—about 230,000, or nearly one-fifth, in the city of New York, which gave Cleveland 57,000 majority, although Harrison carried the entire State by 13,000 majority. In 1884, the vote of the State was: Blaine, 562,005; Cleveland, 563,154—or 1,149 excess for Cleveland. The vote of the city of New York stood: Cleveland, 132,222; Blaine, 90,095—an excess of 43,127 for Cleveland. The total population of New York is 6,000,000, of which the city contains 1,750,000. In the entire State are 1,300,000 qualified voters; in the city, fully 250,000 legal voters. The victory in New York in 1884 gave Cleveland the electoral vote of the State and made him President. The large vote he got in the city of New York greatly overcame the majority which other counties of the State gave Blaine. It was the electoral vote of New York, in 1844, that defeated Henry Clay and made James K. Polk the President. In that election, New York gave only a little over 5,000 majority for Polk; but he got nearly 20,000 majority in the city of New York. It is the fact that the vote of that city made Mr. Polk the President in 1844 and Mr. Cleveland in 1884. In each case the alien-born and naturalized vote of the city of New York defeated the candidate for President most desired by the American people.

The evils of obnoxious immigration and fraudulent naturalization are every year increasing. Before 1844, the immigration from Europe never rose to 100,000 in one year, except alone the year of 1842. From 1845 until 1861—the first year of the great Civil War—European immigration never went below 100,000 annually, and in 1853, it rose to 430,000. The average yearly volume was about 240,000. Since 1862, this immigration has increased to an average of over 350,000 a year, and since 1880, it has risen to half a million—to 790,000 in a single year. But besides the very large increase in the immigration, there is to consider its greatly changed character. Previous to 1840, the immigration was mostly from Great Britain and Ireland—of English-speaking people. Between 1840 and 1870 this immigration fell off in volume, and Germany furnished the larger number. Since 1870, the flow has been very largely in excess from other countries of Europe—all non-English-speaking peoples. The total yearly immigration from Great Britain and Ireland has fallen below 100,000, and that of the non-English-speaking peoples of the continent of Europe has swelled to nearly 500,000. Of the 62,000,000 population in the United States, it is estimated that above one-fourth—16,000,000—are of alien nativity, one-half of whom neither speak nor write English, the language of the country. There are in all the States an aggregate of about 13,000,000 voters. Of these, fully one-third are of alien nativity or the sons born in the United States of alien parents. In the great cities the proportion of alien-born voters is greater—nearly one-half in some; more than one-half in New York and in Chicago.

New York is the principal landing port of the European immigration. New York city is, politically, under the control of Tammany, which appears to be capable of giving enough majority in Presidential and State elections to elect the candidates it prefers, notwithstanding the vote of the State—as in 1888, when Tammany gave Hill, for governor, 6,000 more votes than it gave Cleveland for President. Tammany elected Hill and defeated Cleveland. Tammany not only controls the votes of citizens, but makes enough voters for every election to supply any deficiency. This is done through the opportunity afforded by the existing laws of naturalization, and the very large European immigration which continually pours into the port of New York supplies the yearly grist for the Tammany mills, which regularly grind out voters. The capacity of these mills—the courts subject to the dictation of Tammany—is always equal to the requirement. In 1844, when Henry Clay was defeated by the vote of New York, by barely 5,000 majority, Tammany had naturalized for the occasion over that number of alien born, of whom more than 3,000 were naturalized during the single month preceding the election—a rate of about one hundred voters a day. Last year, in the twenty days just preceding the closing of the registration-books, the subservient courts of Tammany ground out voters at the rate of one voter in every fifty seconds, for five hours every day, during the twenty legal days. All that was required was the raw material. All else—the required witnesses, interpreters, etc.—Tammany unfailingly provided. The immigrant, fresh landed from an emigrant ship, direct from the Mediterranean, unable to speak or read and write in English—if at all—totally ignorant of the American Constitution and the laws, was rushed through the mill of the Tammany court as an American citizen and a voter. The essential sacred oath was not regarded, nor was the court at all inquisitive; everything went. The new voter voted, and his vote was counted, and had equal count with that of the most substantial of the oldest native voter, whose line of ancestry had roots in the earliest Knickerbocker and Puritan stock.

It is to remedy and abate the evil of this vicious and dangerous immigration, and to prevent this iniquitous naturalization and abuse of the suffrage, that the Republican platform plank is intended.

The Democratic platform, among many misstatements, contains one so baldly false that it must tend to discredit the entire document with all intelligent and thinking people. We refer to the plank of the platform on reciprocity, which reads as follows:

"Trade interchange, on the basis of reciprocal advantages to the countries participating, is the time-honored doctrine of the Democratic faith; but we denounce the sham reciprocity which juggles with the people's desire for enlarged foreign markets and freer exchanges, by pretending to establish closer trade relations for a country whose articles of export are almost exclusively agricultural products, with other countries that are also agricultural, while erecting a custom-house barrier of prohibitive tariff taxes against the richest countries of the world, that stand ready to take our entire surplus of products and exchange therefor commodities which are the necessaries and comforts of life among our people."

The reference is, of course, to the third section of the McKinley Bill, often spoken of as the "suspensive clause," which it not only misrepresents as to its purpose, but falsifies as to its operations. The suspensive clause of the McKinley Bill is limited to five articles—namely, tea, coffee, sugar, molasses, and hides—all of which are on the free list, and the gist of the section is that unless foreign countries producing these articles treat American products fairly and equitably, then sugar, etc., shall be put back upon the dutiable list.

That this clause has worked wonders in extending our foreign commerce and finding us a market for our surplus products, is too well known to need argument. European critics of legislation have characterized it as the most skillful economic measure of the century, and yet this convention denounces it as "sham reciprocity."

But what would they substitute for it? The platform does not say, but it must mean universal and unrestricted reciprocity, which is another name for free trade, under which the rich countries of the world would take our entire surplus of products and exchange therefor commodities which are the necessaries and comforts of life among our people. It will take something more than Democratic platform eloquence to convince the people of the United States that they should buy the necessaries and comforts of life abroad when they can get them better and more cheaply at home. Argentine tried that way of doing business, and where is she now? Hopelessly bankrupt, groaning under a load of debt which she can not throw off in a century. The Democratic scheme is just as sensible as it would be for a farmer to exchange wheat for wheat or potatoes for potatoes. The McKinley Bill plan allows us to exchange our surplus bushels of wheat and barrels of pork for things we need and can not produce to advantage in the United States. The Chicago convention plan would have us exchange American steel rails for English steel rails or American silk goods for French silk goods, and that it would call reciprocity.

The death in Brooklyn, the other day, of the daughter of General Daniel E. Sickles has been made the occasion for printing the story of her career. Given every educational advantage and familiarized with the best society in her girlhood, she yet fell so low that death removed her from the life of a common prostitute and drunkard, whose taste in sin led her to choose the lowest levels of coarse depravity. Poverty had nothing to do with her debasement, for she was provided with a fortune, much of which remains unspent. No doubt the woman's deliberate choice of vile courses was due in some measure to heredity, for her mother was a wanton. The shooting of Philip Barton Key, her paramour, by General Sickles, in Washington, while he was a member of Congress, excited the country in 1859. With everything to make her happy—a distinguished husband, who loved her and had raised her from poverty to the companionship of the opulent, intelligent, and cultivated—the wife obeyed her instinct, and became a harlot. "For the child's sake," General Sickles, who had divorced the woman, remarried her. To that act of mistaken forgiveness the subsequent ruin of the daughter may be directly traced. Had the criminal wife received her deserts and been treated as a criminal, the daughter, on reaching years of knowledge, would doubtless have felt the sting of her mother's shame even more sharply than was the case. No forgiveness by the husband could wipe out the fact, but association through childhood and girlhood necessarily blunted the daughter's perception of the mother's guilt. Had the father been stern and just instead of weak, the girl would have had ever before her an object-lesson of the penalties of sin, instead of a morally confusing proof that unchastity was not beyond pardon. If the mother could fall and rise again, why not the daughter? "For the child's sake," similarly, Lieutenant Hetherington has become reconciled with the woman for whose sake he slew Gower Robinson in Yokohama. That is, like Sickles, he has condemned his child to the care and training of one who has forfeited the esteem of all, and whose escape from just punishment tends to lessen respect for the social law which righteously condemns an unfaithful wife to social outer darkness. The hideous fate of Sickles's daughter illustrates anew the truth that mercy to an adulterous wife is a crime against her children.

The Chicago *Herald* has found a new cause of grievance against the Republican party. It declares that since the McKinley Bill has gone fully into effect our imports have decreased, in spite of a ten per cent. increase in population.

That is the first time, we believe, that any paper has criticised the use of domestic manufactures in preference to foreign without accompanying it with the assertion that the people had to pay more for home manufactures than for foreign; and that the Chicago *Herald* did not dare to assert, for it would be contradicted instantly.

A nation is just like a city or a village in many respects. If San Francisco can make, say, boots and shoes as cheaply and of as good quality as she can import them from New York, there could be no commercial wisdom in buying them there and having them shipped to this city; nor would the decrease of the imports of boots and shoes bespeak any financial distress in San Francisco. On the contrary, it would indicate that we had developed our resources to a point where we could supply our own needs, and that has been regarded by every writer on political economy—except the sage of the Chicago *Herald*—as a desirable economic condition.

One can hardly avoid losing patience with Americans who discuss questions of this kind from every imaginable standpoint except the American. They seem to carry the doctrine of altruism to such a pitch of absurdity that the benefit of the American people is entirely lost sight of. Such writers and thinkers should be compelled, like Edward Everett Hale's "Man Without a Country," to experience what it is to have no country and no home. If they are so anxious about the welfare of every country but this, in heaven's name let them get out of the United States and make room for those who believe with all their hearts in America for Americans.

For the third time within a few years, the family of James G. Blaine has been stricken by the heavy hand of death. He has the profound sympathy of the American people in his bereavement. The action of the Democratic National Convention in extending resolutions of condolence to Mr. Blaine was most sympathetic and most kindly.

AN UNSHRIVED GHOST.

Friar Lorenzo's Midnight Adventure in the Calle de Olmedo.

In the City of Mexico, toward the close of the year 1731, Friar Lorenzo, of the Monastery of Los Suspiros de Jesus, was making his way homeward to that establishment in the chilly hours of very early morning. He had been keeping a vigil, imposed by the regulations of the order, that had taken him to a chapel in the Parish of Nuestra Señora de la Soledad, away out beyond the Zócalo, that lay about equidistant between his two terminals. A very old man was Friar Lorenzo, and his pace was far from rapid, so that he had been long on the way. By this time, he was so fatigued that his limbs almost refused longer to uphold the spare weight of his trembling, aged body. Yet he nerved himself to renewed effort as he heard the second hour hoomed out from the big time-piece of the cathedral, at the very moment that he reached the entrance to the Calle de Olmedo; for the great fatigue he felt was yet exceeded and partly neutralized by a more potent impulse—the spurring thrills of terror.

Perhaps it were unfair to say that Friar Lorenzo was a coward; the kinder view were to consider that the sequestered conventual life had developed abnormally an extreme constitutional timidity. No priest in the monastery—nay, none in all the great City of Mexico—was better, kinder, or led a life more godly than that of Friar Lorenzo. So meek was he, so holy in his life, that his superior oftimes found it needful to rebuke him for excess of fasting and penance, and to exercise vigilance in the way of seeing that Friar Lorenzo took aliment enough to nourish his frail body, instead of setting apart his portion for bestowal upon the swarm of mendicants that daily haunted the steps of the monastery.

But in the active functions of his office—in aught that led him without the convent walls, to intercourse with his kind and encounter with the issues of worldly existence—to all such effort and contact the holy man was most reluctant, being ready to purchase exemption from such movement at any cost of penance.

The superior of the order had struggled long against this infirmity, and the mission on which he had to-night sent Friar Lorenzo was in the direct way of endeavor to correct the weakness. But alas! to-night the suffering of the friar was greater than ever—so great, indeed, as to be almost unbearable. The hour, the silence and gloom of the deserted streets, with their houses that appeared sealed and lifeless, and other like forces, had wrought him up to a very panic of abject nervous dread—a fear of something, he knew not what. It was not long since all Mexico had been stirred to horror and dismay by the disappearance of the noble priest, Juan de Nava, whose fate was not made clear till many long years after, and many grisly rumors were still rife concerning this matter. At that period, robbers abounded in Mexico, audacious and unpunished—robbers who would murder a man for the garments he wore. Stories, too, were related of men who killed for the ghastly delight of killing—whose crimes were inexplicable and seemingly causeless, like those murders committed in the dreary street of Don Juan Manuel, the stern motive of which transpired only long thereafter. Moreover, the ready superstitious credences of the day gave willing heed to the legends and traditions of the conquered Mexicans, and found in these supernatural causes for even vulgar crimes.

Therefore, it was no marvel that poor old Friar Lorenzo was full of terrors in his night-walk.

At the mouth of the Calle de Olmedo he halted; for its intensity of gloom and silence was even more terrible than the way he had just traversed. But this route meant a saving of many blocks of circuit, and after a brief hesitation, crossing himself and kissing his crucifix, which he firmly believed contained a splinter of the true cross, the old man entered the dark thoroughfare, murmuring, as he went, his prayers. He had scarcely passed the corner when he started so violently as to stagger and almost lose his footing, for his gown brushed and caused to rattle slightly the sword of a man standing silent and motionless in the embrasure of a doorway. Friar Lorenzo shuddered as he felt the eyes of the unknown bent piercingly upon him, and he quickened his steps to hurry onward. He had traversed half the block, and was beginning to breathe more freely, when he heard behind him the dull fall of footsteps following after—not in haste, but with the assured, deliberate measure that told of the pursuer's conviction that he could overtake this object of his pursuit without undue exertion. And, in truth, it was but a moment before the echo of that firm, determined tread sounded close beside the shuffling, uncertain feet of the friar, who commended himself to the infinite mercy of God, as he felt the presence of his pursuer. For some paces the two walked side by side in unbroken silence, and the monk was conscious of the sidelong, scrutinizing looks of the other.

Presently, "Delay thee, holy friar," spoke the object of his terror; "I have need of thy ministrations."

But Fra Lorenzo answered, trembling: "Spare me, I pray, your worship. I am old and feeble; since noon of yesterday I have kept vigil, and flesh and spirit alike are fainting. Your worship knows that to call at the wicket of any of the abounding monasteries will bring you succor, temporal or spiritual—aid far better than my poor, weak service. I pray you, señor, think no harm, but I beg to decline the office."

The man at his side laughed shortly—a crisp, crude laugh, that made the monk feel as if he were shriveling up as he heard it.

"God's death! these friars are presumptuous! The ministers of God—the servants of heaven—so their creeds profess, yet they give themselves the airs of statesmen, and 'beg to decline' the offices of their profession! Have you forgotten your vows, sirrah? Have you forgotten to what service you are consecrated? Nay, then, I will have you—you and none other. See that you move on before me." He made as if to impel the monk by grasping his arm; but the touch of that hard hand so affected Friar Lorenzo that he reeled and would have fallen, had not the man released him.

"What—what would your worship have of me?" he stammered, faintly.

"You go to shrive a sinner," and, with that answer, his guide halted before a lofty mansion whose overhanging balconies shadowed the street. The sombre cavalier pushed open the great *zaguan*, or entrance-door, without knocking, although, as Friar Lorenzo marked, there was a knocker of peculiar design, quite distinct from the conventional clenched hand, or lion's head—for this was a battle-axe, falling upon a buckler, and the two glimmered quite strangely clear in the gloom. The tunnel-like arch of the *zaguan* was all in densest darkness, save where a dim ray of light filtered out from the crack of a door on the left hand, whither the way was led by the man who had captured the friar. This was the apartment usually assigned as a door-porter's lodge, in great houses, but here it seemed of dimensions more spacious than was common. The dark walls seemed to absorb, rather than reflect, the pale rays of the candle, yet enough of brilliance fell to flash gleams of keen color from the jewels of one who lay on a rough cot in a corner, draped over with a coverlet of rich brocade, glinting back the candle-light from the golden threads of its embroideries.

The stern man pointed to the outstretched figure: "Do thou confess her quickly."

The friar drew back with a start and a shiver when he had bent over the woman; for she was fast bound to the rude bed, made moveless by harsh cords that held her beautiful naked arms outstretched by her sides, and lashed her feet, too, closely. An observer of more worldly knowledge than Friar Lorenzo would have guessed that she had been borne hither from some scene of gala and rejoicing, for on her delicate wrists, and on her exquisite neck, and in the soft masses of her dark hair, blazed splendid jewels; and the zone of her corsage, showing above the coverlet, roughly wrapped around her, showed that the stuff of her garb was of exceeding richness.

"Wouldst thou confess, my daughter?" stammered Friar Lorenzo, drawn back to her, despite his fear, less by his sense of duty than by the appeal in her eyes, full of a great despair and a mighty terror. He turned, when she made a sign of assent, toward his captor, in intimation of the privacy due to a confession, but that sombre figure only laughed, albeit most harshly, and drew somewhat aside, toward the doorway. Then Friar Lorenzo, bending low above the woman, shaken between his fears and his pity, listened to her confession. But she had not yet finished, when the grim watcher strode forward, caught the friar by his lean, trembling arms, and cried, "Have done! thou art making pretexts! Too long this wretched woman has lived already!" and so, against her wild entreaties, and the friar's protests, he dragged the minister away, and thrust him forth into the street.

The friar, half-stunned, yet half-desperate with the thoughts awakened by his forebodings, and the tale heard from the woman, called, prayed, and knocked, beating his frail hands on the heavy bronze-bossed portal in a very frenzy. But the massive wood gave back only the sound of his blows, and that but dully. At last, despairing, he hastened from the spot with so hurried and uncertain a step that the few wayfarers who now began to appear in the street shrunk aside from him with more of awe than reverence, and murmured: "Oh! the poor padre! his many penances have made him mad."

Friar Lorenzo was half-distracted, most of all with doubts as to his divided duty. Did his priestly vows as to the inviolability of confession exact silence as to what had happened? Did the duties of humanity and justice demand that he give up to investigation and punishment the doer or would-be doer of what, he was convinced, was a foul crime? And so, seeking to temporize for guidance, he would fain tell his beads to temporize and calm his giddied senses. But his rosary swung not at his side! and a flash of thought reminded him that he had laid it upon the couch beside the doomed woman. That decided him. No fragment of the divine, thrice-sanctified true cross must be left to the unhallowed hands of that grisly, scoffing monster.

Thus Friar Lorenzo set off with eager though trembling speed for the Palace of Justice, that stood then, as it stands now, fronting on the great square Zócalo, or main plaza, and at right angles to the cathedral and *sagrario*. On the bridge spanning the canal before the *palacio*, he met a patrol just setting out on the last round before sunrise. The friar halted before them, and, with knotted tongue and parched, stammering lips, gasped forth his story. The officer of the patrol sped back to the guard-room to summon the alcalde, and a moment later the squad was rattling along at a swinging pace, the friar, whose exhaustion was evident, borne on the clasped hands of two stout soldiers. Following his directions, they paused at last before the wide *zaguan* of a house in the Calle de Olmedo. "It was here," the priest said, shivering.

The officer raised the brazen battle-axe of the knocker and clashed it against its buckler; but no challenging voice nor sound of shuffling, sandaled tread came back in answer. Again he knocked, more loudly, and no sound arose within but hollow echoes. Then the alcalde rapped with his sword, and summoned: "Open in the name of the king his justice!" and still no key rattled in the lock, no clink of bar or chain gave promise of ingress.

By this a crowd had gathered about the place—for the most part Indian hucksters, driving their heavy-laden donkeys into the city to market, or household servants thus early out of doors for the daily sweeping of the streets. One of these drew near from a house across the way—a woman of more than middle age, bearing the bundle of long, jointless straws, tied up with a string that make the short, handless brooms of Mexico.

"Señors, your worships summon in vain," she said, with somewhat of wonder breaking through the composure of her bearing; "this house has long been vacant."

Friar Lorenzo turned in a sort of rage upon her, his meekness overborne by his distress of body and his soul's solicitude. "Wouldst say I lie, impious one? Shall a priest not know where he has heard confession? But it was here, I tell ye! Open! open! nor tarry for her prating, lest the crime be done within our very hearing."

The woman's dark face flushed. She seemed a decent body, and her countenance was full of intelligence beyond the common, as she replied, with protest as positive as respectful:

"Nay, his reverence, she were, indeed, a bold and irreverent woman who would dispute the word of Friar Lorenzo—aye! I know his fame for holiness, as who does not among the humble ones of Mexico? But his reverence is less young than he once was, and these daybreak lights are uncertain, so that to mistake one house for another is easy. Humbly do I assure ye that never once has this door been opened in the fifty years that I have lived across there, and my mother, who was portress before me, has often said that never in her time had the house a tenant."

"But open! open!" Friar Lorenzo shouted. Then the officer, impressed in spite of himself by this strange excitement and insistence, bade his men take up a massive *viga*, or roof-beam of cedar, that lay where some workmen had been repairing an *azotea*, and, poising it among them, the patrolmen again and again dashed the heavy timber, in the guise of a battering-ram, against the door-leaves, whose heavy planks crashed loudly at the impact; then the bolts sprung open, and into the *zaguan* poured the gathered gazers. No sight or sound of life greeted the incursion. Once inside the *zaguan*, it was no hard matter to shatter the heavy, antiquated padlock that held the door giving to the side room; that clumsy defense was, indeed, half-eaten away with rust and verdigris, and down from the corners of the door-head swung veritable curtains of venerable cobwebs, thick and velvety, like ancient tapestry. The door fell inward with a crash of rotten, honeycombed wood, and every soul there but one retreated a step or two from the unknownness before them. Only Friar Lorenzo pushed forward, with an eagerness that vanquished his decrepitude, and then, from the further corner, came his voice:

"Said I not so? And will ye doubt me longer, unbelievers? This was the place, indeed! They have taken away the hapless lady; ye must seek her, but the proof of the place I show ye! Here it is, among a pile of rubbish, mine own dear rosary, made of olive-stones from Gethsemane," and he came forth, as the chief of the patrol caught a cresset from the hand of a huckster, and blew into a pungent blaze its slumbering bit of *ocotl* (Mexican pitch-pine or light-wood), and went forward to rake curiously, with his short sword, among the shapeless heap that the friar had abandoned.

"This rubbish—why! lads! *albricias!** Here is a wristlet, rings, a great breadth of brocade incrusted with gold and gems—a collet of major diamonds—aye! we have found bonanza! and—what is this?" He clapped his hand upon a long mass, black as jet in the red light, and with one swift sweep held it aloft, as high as his head, whence it fell to the knees of him. Then he dropped it with a gasping cry of terror. "'Tis hair! a woman's hair. And—gracious God! See that! the hair of a *dead* woman!" For, as he stirred that dense black veil from the coils and couchings where it had lain for unknown years, a smallish skull, long kept in position by its once crown of glory, rolled forward and touched his russet boot. And from the dread crumbling relics now arose a dire odor of mortality, whose warning of dissolution and decay sent the stout soldiers and their commander rushing, with one accord, away from the bones and the diamonds, hustling the peeping mob before them.

"Aye, Padre Friar Lorenzo!" called the alcalde; "now, what a blessed thing it is we have a holy man among us! Father, *en el nombre de Jesus, Maria, y José*" (in the name of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph), "purge and purify us of this vile contact!" And he would have knelt before Friar Lorenzo. But a sturdy artisan, who had just sent his great red copper kettle rolling across the dankly mossed stones of the court, as he dropped it in the effort to catch the sinking figure—this grimy Christian called out: "Stand back! give him the good God's air, ye doughty soldiers! Ah, nn, it helps not! his eye is fixed, his face is ashen—his body grows a dead weight. Aye, señores, see you not that this sainted Friar Lorenzo is dying, for never yet lived through the day a priest who confessed one already dead—and how many years think ye have lain yonder, whither he led us, the mortal parts of the poor lady ye cried out that ye had found there?"

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1892. Y. H. ADDIS.

* A gift to the teller of good tidings.

A question of international importance has arisen in connection with the Suez Canal Company. That body is negotiating with a Russian syndicate who desire to obtain permission for the carriage of petroleum in bulk on the canal in tank steamers. The present mode of transit is by small tin cases packed in wooden frames, and for years has been carried on with absolute safety on the canal. The result of the action of the company has been to evoke petitions of objection from three hundred and twenty-five firms of British ship-owners, who say that the dangers of the proposed transport of petroleum oil in bulk, flush with the skin of the vessel, in abnormally great quantities, is exceedingly dangerous. The high temperature of the Suez Canal, its narrow and confined waters, the magnitude of its traffic, all conspire to make the proposed change most objectionable.

We are in receipt of the following communication:

REDDING, CAL., June 19, 1892.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Will you kindly say, for the benefit of all interested, that Colonel John P. Irish never for a moment held my proxy as a delegate to the Chicago convention. Such is the fact.

Yours truly, CLAY W. TAYLOR.

D. D. T. Moore, ex-mayor of Rochester, and founder of *Moore's Rural New Yorker*, died the other day in the pauper's ward of a New York hospital. Moore's prosperity ruined him. After making his paper a success, he plunged into dissipation and lost all his money.

A WOMAN JOURNALIST.

Mrs. Emily Crawford, the Well-Known Paris Correspondent.

Mrs. Emily Crawford, when scarcely out of her teens, arrived in Paris, where her family had decided to pitch their tent. In the hotel where she was residing, she met a lady press correspondent who was quite ill. On a fête day, when every one was abroad, the invalid deplored to Mrs. Crawford—they had become fast friends—her anxiety at not being able, owing to her illness, to write the weekly contribution for her paper.

"Will you let me try to do it for you?" volunteered Mrs. Crawford, and foregoing her holiday, she then and there dashed off a chatty society article about events that she knew, felt, and saw. The production was racy, breezy, and brainy. It not only took with the journal for which it was destined, but carried the plucky young writer at once into journalism, for the invalid, on restoration to health, introduced her to editors who appreciated the tyro's talent. The first editor to accord this recognition was Mr. Justin McCarthy, M. P. The sisterly help was rewarded.

Mrs. Crawford now bears "the snowfall of time"—but only on her hair. There is no mistaking her Celtic origin, in the blue eyes full of intelligence and ready to sparkle into fun; with mouth, expressive of kindness and sympathy, while revealing unlimited courage, dogged tenacity, and resolute straightforwardness. In her dining-room hangs a portrait of this remarkable lady when in the bloom of young womanhood. It is full of dash, of warm-heartedness, intellectual grasp, and winsome attractiveness—just the ideal partner for a man destined to fight, to make his way in the world, who would feel himself sustained at every step by her unflinching devotion and unflagging energy. Facing this portrait is an admirable life-like crayon of the late Mr. Horace Greeley.

Three inestimable qualities are natural to Mrs. Crawford—a rich fund of common sense, perfect good health, and an unlimited love and power for work. She was not born with a silver spoon in her mouth; it would be more correct to say, the silver spoon which by right ought to have been there, had disappeared through family losses. Soon she perceived the necessity of counting only upon her own efforts. Accident again—a romantic incident—enabled her "to grasp the skirts of happy chance" She had won her spurs in journalism, and had her place marked there when she was proposed for by Mr. G. M. Crawford, the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*, an English gentleman "of the olden time," who had been recommended for the post at Paris by Thackeray and Dickens. Crawford served his journal with a zeal that never flagged. Mrs. Crawford considered nothing indifferent to her hand or her eye that helped to make her home happy. Her guests, however distinguished, are appreciated from the democratic standpoint of their intrinsic worth. "Lions" cease to be such when entering her drawing-room. As a hostess, she is unequaled, presiding at her table with a motherly attention for each *invité*, keeping the table in a roar—while not forgetting the *roti*—with a joke, a story, or an anecdote.

Mr. Crawford, on the occasion of the infamous 1851 *coup-d'état*, hired a special engine and carriage to whisk him from Paris to Boulogne-sur-Mer, where a steamer awaited to convey to Folkestone his account—which he had written en route—of that odious crime and organized hypocrisy; and he never varied by even a hair's-breadth from the trenchant judgment he passed on that assassination of a people. During the existence of the Second Empire, when, as under Louis the Fourteenth, not a cannon could be fired in Europe without the consent of France, he steam-hammered Napoleon the Third for his perjury, falsehoods, and duplicities. I have frequently asked Mrs. Crawford if she did not fear her husband being ambushed and assassinated, as a consequence of his free and fearless pen. She confessed that apprehension ever weighed on her, and often she would follow some paces behind him, when returning home from work, dreading some sudden foul play. A few days before the fall of the Second Empire, the order for her husband's expulsion was made out, but he was given the option of remaining in France, with a well-paid sinecure in the administration of the railway department and to resign newspaper work. He indignantly refused the latter, and the march of events nullified the former. And on September 4, 1870, when the empire lay in ruins and the Third Republic had not emerged from the débris, Mrs. Crawford was among the front members of the excited and nervous crowd in the Place de la Concorde, and "if not the first, was in the very first line," to shout "Vive la République!" The soldiers were drawn up, awaiting only the order—that the empress was being urged to sign, but refused—to shoot into the multitude. When cholera raged in Paris, Mrs. Crawford visited the hospitals, to inform her journal how the afflicted were being cared for. When the Opéra Comique was burned down, she was the first journalist to clamber along tottering and dripping walls and among smoking beams. From her summer residence, some fifteen miles outside Paris, she one night, accompanied by her maid-servant, traversed a dark forest of three miles—a short cut—to catch a morning mail for her New York letter. On another occasion, during an official ball at Versailles, having obtained some important information, she quit the salons, and, in full evening toilet, went to the telegraph-office in the town, regardless of sleet and sludge, to wire the tip to London for the morning's paper.

For the past sixteen years, Mrs. Crawford has been the resident Paris correspondent of the New York *Tribune*. She acts for the *Daily News* and *Truth* of London, also. The secret of her great capacity for work lies in her love for it, and in the possession of a robust constitution. The *Daily News* occupies Mrs. Crawford, mill-like, from eight o'clock in the evening till midnight, gleaning the afternoon papers, and supplementing the results with any independent information obtained during the day. There is not much room for originality or style in the wiring of published occurrences and opinions, equally at the command of every correspondent and news-agency. It is not exactly there that the talent of Mrs. Crawford is to be found; but when an important event suddenly crops up, demanding instanter the resources of pertinent facts, apt reminiscences, and contemporaneous illustrations, then slip after slip is dashed off, regardless of paging or correction, of interruptions from untimely visitors, telegraph-tigers, and irrepressible call-boys.

It is during the forenoons that Mrs. Crawford writes her other press contributions. Her "at home" is Sunday, from three to five. She aims to walk as much as possible, maintaining that to be the best form of exercise and the cheapest kind of medicine; rain, hail, snow, or frost make no difference with her. If caught in a "blizzard," she would improve the occasion for describing its phenomena. She looks forward to a short holiday in spring to visit London, with the delight that a boarding-school miss does to her long vacation. On the conclusion of the Paris season, Mrs. Crawford rusticates for a few months on her small but pretty property—purchased out of her own earnings—fifteen miles north of Paris. That cozy spot is a veritable rest-station—a real nest, having a forest background, while in front unrolls the vast, Savannah-like, undulating Valley of the Oise. In the early summer mornings, she delights to sit in her garden, under the shade of the trees, writing, surrounded by the singing of birds, the gambols of squirrels, and the perfume of flowers and shrubs. But the true moment to enjoy the society of Mrs. Crawford—when she is at her best, when *en pantoufles*, as the French say—is when daylight is dying, seated in a chair on the lawn overlooking the broad sweep of the Oise Valley and the air redolent with twilight summer charms.

This is the proper place to allude to the unique opportunity Franco-Anglo-American society has lost, by Mrs. Crawford not having been assisted in her time to open a salon. It would well have paid the *Daily News*—otherwise so enterprising—to accord her the required help for such a project, where representative natives of the three nations, distinguished in politics, literature, and art, could there always meet on neutral ground, and become known to each other. The project would not have exacted any very extra outlay. Prime Minister Guizot dwelt in a fifth story, and Senator Jules Simon resides still in almost a *mansarde*. And yet how the salon of one was, and the other is, crowded by the élite of all the capacities! There is no other English lady in Paris could attract and keep together that trinity-nation of talent but Mrs. Crawford, for none possesses her gifts of ripe and varied knowledge, her wide circle of public acquaintances, her tact for linking mind to mind and kindling mutual sympathies. She has no ambition for posing, while her manners are simple, winning, and homely. One might possess "all the blood of all the Howards," all the quarterings of a De Montmorency, all the hard money of a Vanderbilt, and yet not be able to have a Paris salon. The salon is the true Republic of Letters, where no privilege is acknowledged but talent, no distinction bestowed but applause for proved excellence, and no admission qualification exacted but unostentatious worth.

Mrs. Crawford has studied profoundly the butterfly life and manners of the eighteenth century, when all was so brilliant, elegant, witty, and artistic, despite its naughtiness. She has a potent memory, and can call upon it freely. She is an "Almanac de Gotha," a "Who's who?" and a "Men and Women of our Time," all in one. French society especially has no secrets, no intrigues hidden from her eye. She is behind the scenes, is acquainted with all the *ficelles*, and can roll up or drop down the curtain at will.

Apart from her newspaper work, Mrs. Crawford, in her few "off" moments, reviews some notable French book.

PARIS, May 30, 1892. PARISINA.

One of the finest object-lessons in sanitary plumbing in the United States is the new Institute of Hygiene at the University of Pennsylvania. Throughout the building the pipes have been left outside the walls, and each painted a distinctive color. Thus a maroon pipe, wherever found, is a steam pipe; red always denotes hot water; blue stands for cold water; white means gas, and yellow shows drainage. This makes it possible to trace each system in all its branches, and test it at will, from the cellar to the roof.

A work on which Count Tolstoï is now engaged is called "War and Government." He contends that "war between nations is ridiculous and illogical." Asked what he would have soldiers do when ordered to fight, he answered: "They should refuse to obey." Thereupon, the officers would have to order more soldiers to compel the first to obey, and this would result in fighting. Tolstoï would have to lick somebody to make them keep the peace.

Mme. Adelina Patti, in a letter to a Parisian friend, says that, after her present engagement, she intends to undertake a series of farewell performances throughout Europe, and finally retire from the stage and concert platform. It is her ambition eventually to give gratuitous instruction in vocalism to the country girls in the neighborhood of her Welsh home, some of whom she has discovered, if properly trained, would acquire a European reputation.

A good story is going the rounds of Constantinople that the annual vaccination of the inmates of the harem of the Sultan, during the fast of Ramadan, was omitted this year from motives of economy, as each victim was usually paid one or two thousand francs for going through the ordeal. The result was a row of such tremendous proportions that the Sultan had to surrender.

Collectors of autographs remark that, while the typewriter never will supplant holograph letters altogether, it will make them scarcer and more valuable.

The shares of the Beyrout and Damascus Railroad are regularly quoted on the Paris Bourse, and are good stock.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Senator Gray, of Delaware, has invaded the prim precincts of the United States Senate Chamber in a pair of russet shoes.

Mrs. Crawford writes, apropos of the Deacon case: "As to Abeille, he was a podgy little fellow, dyed, bald, old, greasy, ugly as sin, and absurdly vain of his 'conquests.'"

Ex-Speaker Reed's convention costume consists of a blue-serge sack-suit, a blue négligée shirt, a flowing, blue cravat, yellow shoes, a white-straw hat, with a blue band, and a yellow leather belt.

Mrs. Orme, who died very recently, was the woman of whom Ruskin said, in his "Præterita," that when he saw her, he first felt and understood what an influence a woman's beauty can exercise.

Sousa, leader of the Marine Band, in Washington, has decided to accept the offer of a syndicate to remove to Chicago, and conduct an orchestra there. He is guaranteed a salary of six thousand dollars a year for five years, with an interest in the profits of the organization.

Lady Ulrica Duncombe, who is said to have been the prettiest woman present at the second royal drawing-room, is tall and dark, with a milk-white skin that contrasts effectively with her dark hair. Her face is oval, and "seems, when she looks at you," an observer relates, "to be all eyes."

There has been a curious dispute among the biographers regarding the age of Grover Cleveland. By some of the campaign historians he is said to be fifty-seven years old, while others make him fully five years younger. Mr. Cleveland first saw the light of day in Essex County, in New Jersey.

Mrs. Langtry made a very promising turf début, recently, under the name of "Mr. Jersey," when she was credited with a prize, valued at something like twelve thousand dollars, by the success of her colt Milford in the race for the Royal Two-Year-Old Plate at Kempton Park. Her "colors" are fawn, with blue-hooped sleeves and cap.

Residence in Washington, with its malaria and all, has wrecked the health of some public men; but President Harrison has been greatly benefited by it. He is now in excellent physical condition, and is said to look ten years younger than he did three years ago. Much of this improvement in the President's health has been due to his persistence in taking a daily outing on foot.

George W. Childs, Philadelphia's editor-philanthropist, has undertaken the education of another bright young girl. The beneficiary this time is Edith, youngest daughter of the late George T. Lanigan, the well-known humorist and newspaper man who wrote the poem entitled "The Abkoond of Swat." Miss Lanigan, although only fourteen years of age, has already done some clever literary work.

The amenities of French political life were recently illustrated in the Chamber of Deputies on a proposition that the funeral of the late Deputy Madier de Montjau should be at the public expense, when Deputy Cassagnac expressed a desire to have all of his republican colleagues disposed of in the same way, and Deputy Doumer declared that they were anxious to vote a public funeral for Deputy Cassagnac.

A mysterious singer among the nuns of the Church of Sant' Anna, in Rome, has lately attracted an enormous crowd to the services, such was the beauty of her voice and style. One evening, recently, the congregation was seized with such enthusiasm, that it burst into applause and cries of "Viva!" so that the police had to interfere and clear the edifice. It is now rumored that the mysterious nun is the celebrated soprano, Bianca Donadio.

The growth of the city of Toledo has added very materially to the wealth of ex-President Hayes, who is now rated as worth nearly a million. Mr. Hayes's uncle, whose namesake he is, left him a large block of real estate in the city, and this property, when he entered the White House, was valued at from three to four hundred thousand dollars. Since that time it has largely increased in value, and yields to the ex-President a fine income.

Half of St. Petersburg was laughing, a few days ago, over the arrest of the son of M. Smirnoff, a wealthy state councilor, on the charge of stealing a goose. Many people attended court to listen to the young man's defense. He made no attempt, however, to prove his innocence, but acknowledged his guilt. He declared that the goose had attacked him while he was going home, and had attempted to "bite" his legs. In defending himself, he had caught the bird by the neck and killed it. Not knowing what to do with his prey, he finally decided to carry it home and use it for a Sunday roast. The charge of the owner of the goose that Smirnoff had wilfully stolen the property was not upheld, as the learned judge declared that he had "a right to defend his life." Many days will pass by before he will hear the last of the stolen goose.

Signor Giolitti, the new premier of Italy, is one of the tallest men in Rome. He is famous for his strength, which is truly herculean. He is an excellent boxer and a fine billiard-player. The premier is intensely democratic. On one occasion, while a member of Crispi's cabinet, he was invited to go on a tour of inspection. A special car was attached to the train, beautifully fitted up for the minister's accommodation. When the train arrived at a town where a reception was to be given in Giolitti's honor, the authorities, clad in dress-suits, opened the door of the special car to welcome his excellency. But, to the consternation of every one, the car was empty. A search of the train was made and Giolitti was found at last in one of the third-class compartments, busily talking to the peasant-passengers about [illegible] potatoes. He had become tired of his luxurious [illegible]

A BENEDICT'S FRIEND.

Showing the Folly of Ante-Nuptial Half-Confidences.

A few days after the Grand Prix, as everyhody was getting ready to go into the country, or pretending to do so, Henri de Saint Armel met his old friend Captain Boucoiran at the gate of the Bois. The two horsemen fell in together and hegan to chat.

"That's a pretty mare you're riding," said Saint Armel.

"She is that, and as gentle as a kitten. I have heen training her for the past three months. She obeys me like a trick-pony, and follows me like a dog. Don't you, Betsy?"

The mare pricked up her ears and whinnied gently, as if she agreed perfectly with her master's statement.

"She would make an excellent saddle-horse for a lady," remarked Saint Armel.

"Perfect; it is a pity she was ever ridden hy a man. But perhaps you have some fair rider in your mind's eye with whom you could place her?"

"Perhaps I have, if you do not want too much for her. I have promised a certain young woman—you know her, perhaps, Lucie Bataille?"

"By name only. She sings somewhere—does she not?—at the Renaissance or the Bouffes? But I do not care for music, as you know, and I never set foot in a theatre for fear I should come in on a lot of caterwauling. And so Mlle. Lucie Bataille has inspired a certain interest in you?"

"Well, yes. Haven't you heard of it?"

"I hope you do not imagine that my course of lectures at the military academy leaves me much time to look after other men's little affairs? But you have promised this girl a horse, eh? Well, you are in for a rather serious present."

"It is a farewell gift. Certain circumstances, which you will presently learn, compel me to hreak with her. Poor Lucie! She's a charming woman. Not very pretty, hut distinguished, possessed of good manners, and not a caterwauler, as you put it. I mnst present you to her. If that little woman had any luck, she would he at the Opéra, and I assure you that the glasses in the orchestra seldom centre on a prettier page than she makes. If you could see her in hurlesque! But, to come hack to husiness, how much do you want for your mare?"

The hargain was made, and the two friends separated, promising to meet the next winter. Two months later the Count de Saint Armel married a charming American, as pretty as she was rich—which explained the "circumstances" that had led to the acquisition of Betsy as a farewell gift to Lucie Bataille.

Autumn passed, and the winter came. Boucoiran had resumed his lectures and hought him another horse. Every morning regularly he took his turn in the Bois. A fortnight ago, as he was passing near the circular shelter of Ermenonville, what should the captain see hut Betsy, his old mare, a side-saddle on her hack, heing held hy an ancient servitor, got up in the most correct style and himself mounted on a splendid horse? Evidently Betsy, the side-saddle, and the ancient servitor were waiting for some fair amazon. But it was not solely through curiosity to see the woman that Boucoiran stopped. What he wished to determine was whether the mare still knew him. He dismounted, drew from his pocket a hit of sugar, and approached the animal, which had already scented him. Poor Betsy, did she still remember her old master? He had only to look at her, to see her prick up her ears, nod her head, and whinny plaintively, almost tenderly.

Boucoiran, delighted, caressed the animal, and made her give him her foot, to the great edification of the servant.

"The mare is looking well," Boucoiran said.

"Oh, yes, captain," replied the groom. "We take good care of her. But she don't seem to have forgotten her old master."

"Why, how do you recognize me?" demanded Boucoiran, surprised at heing addressed hy his rank though he was in civilian garh.

"I have had charge of the mare, sir, ever since she was given to my mistress, and if it's once, it's twenty times I've heard the count speak of his friend, the captain, and say how well he had trained Betsy."

"Well," thought Boucoiran, "Lucie Bataille has a very stylish man to look after her horse. I must try to meet this little siren."

He had scarcely formed the project in his mind, when a coupé drove up from the Dauphin Gate. In it were two women; one of respectable age and excellent appearance; the other, very pretty and in riding-habit. The latter got out, after kissing her companion, and said to her:

"By-hye, mamma. I shall he here at eleven precisely."

"Decidedly," thought Boucoiran, "she does things in the most proper style. Mare, groom, and coupé, all are irreproachahle—and the mother more than all. By Jove! to allow herself the luxury of a mother like that, she must find comic opera very remunerative."

He lifted his hat to Lucie Bataille, who seemed surprised at first to find Betsy coquetting with a stranger. But, after a few words in English from the groom, she returned the captain's how cordially, and said to him, with a smile:

"I ought to he jealous of the interest Betsy takes in you. But I prefer to thank you for having trained her so admirahly. And, thanks to her, we are already on friendly terms."

She turned toward the old lady, who was watching this scene through the carriage-window.

"Mother," she said, "let me present you to Captain Boucoiran—the frieod of whom M. de Saint Armel speaks so often."

Boucoiran could not repress a feeling of surprise at hearing Lucie Bataille speak thus ingenuously of Saint Armel. Perhaps the marriage had fallen through, and affairs had remained *in statu quod erat*, with Betsy thrown in.

The young woman proved charmingly amiahle, and had a delicious figure, as her well-cut riding-hahit made manifest. They chatted for five minutes ahout Betsy, her points, her habits, and her feed. Boucoiran gave much advice, and finally asked permission to help the pretty horsewoman to her saddle, which was granted. He had not dared to let the conversation touch upon Saint Armel; hut, as he was leaving her, Lucie Bataille said, point-hlank:

"You haven't asked me a word ahout your friend."

Boucoiran turned all colors. This was incomprehensihle. The idea of trying to defer anythiog to the finer feelings of such a woman! Speaking as if hy chance and at the risk of seeming hehind the times, he replied:

"Well—er—certain events—er—change things. Since poor Henri married—for he is married, if I am not mistaken."

"Pshaw!" interrupted the youog woman, laughing as if at an excellent jest; "I assure you he hasn't changed so much as that. But you shall judge for yourself—come and lunch with us presently, *sans cérémonie*."

"Lunch!" stammered the dumfounded officer; "why—where?"

"45 Rue Murillo," cried Lucie Bataille, as she set off at a gallop, prettily saluting him with her crop. And the groom followed after her at a little distance.

The coupé rattling off in the other direction, Boucoiran was left alone, filled with wonder and misgivings. So Saint Armel continued to see Lucie Bataille. To see her!—why, he lunched at her house. True, this little diva was pretty enough to lure a man from the narrow path. But why the deuce had Henri married? To get his hand into some old oil-king's coffers, prohahly, and heaven knows where the girl's *dot* was going—though it needed no omniscience to make a close guess. Well, a soldier need not he a saint, and Boucoiran's lectures at the military academy were not on morals. A pretty woman had invited him to lunch, and he would go.

At the stroke of noon, Boucorian dismounted hefore the door of a cozy little house in the Rue Murillo. Lucie had come in, for in the court Betsy's toilet was heing made.

The entrance-hall and the first salon were in admirahle taste. In a more intimate room, Lucie, in a very simple gown of white laine, received her guest.

"Henri is keeping us waiting," she said; "you shall see how astonished he will he when he sees you. Do you know, Captain Boucoiran, that I am quite angry with you for not having presented yourself earlier!"

"I am very busy with my professional work, and I scarcely ever go out in what is called the *real* society—though it is not the most amusing—and I detest music. You will hardly helieve me when I tell you I have never heard you sing."

"You have not missed much, then. I have a very poor voice, and only sing when I have to."

"But you sing every evening, if I am not mistaken."

"I! It is more than a fortnight since I have sung a note."

"So much the worse for the ears of Paris. If I were in Henri's place, I would send you on in your art; for our friend"—with a fine smile—"seems to me to have retained some influence over you."

"If you only knew how unsympathetic he is! On the contrary, he is always discouraging me."

"Then it is through jealousy. But when he spoke to me of you—it was the very day I sold Betsy to him—he said he would like to see you at the Opéra."

"You must he joking. And what more did he say?—it interests me extremely to hear these confidences."

"Will you pardon me if I go into details?"

"Oh, pray go on, captain. It seems we are old friends."

"Well, Henri said to me: 'She is simply perfect in a page's part. With a figure like hers——'"

"What! he spoke to you of my——"

"And to think that I have never had the curiosity to judge for myself! I am quite laid away on the shelf, am I not? But, really, I am so husy. Besides, I do not share Henri's tastes. We are quite dissimilar. Between ourselves, I am always asking myself what the deuce he wanted to marry for."

Lucie Bataille opened her eyes as large as saucers, hut did not deem it hest to make any response.

"When he annouoced," continued Boucoiran, "or, rather, let me infer the impending catastrophe, I thought to myself: 'My hoy, if your fair American is not ahsolutely faultless, you will have given her many a gray day inside of six months.' You must confess I knew Saint Armel pretty well. And, hesides, I had not seen you then. Now I can understand why he was not long in coming hack to you."

The young woman's face wore so singular an expression that Boucoiran stopped there.

"I see," he said, "that you do not altogether approve of my freedom of speech, and I must confess I think your reserve in excellent taste. But I hear our friend coming."

A moment later the two friends were shaking each other cordially hy the hand. The story of the morning's meeting was told, and there was much talk ahout the wonderful Betsy. Boucoiran apologized for having let himself he invited so cavalierly.

"It was a case that called for cavalier treatment," responded Henri, "for you had heen presented hy Betsy," and they sat down to luncheon in the hest of humor.

"Come, old man," said the count, "you must confess that marriage has not changed me."

"I should say 'not enough,' hut that I am not here to preach you a sermon. And at sight of the deity that presides here, one must excuse everything. And to think, you wretch, that you spoke to me of her as a woman of ordinary beauty! But, what is this I hear, the nightingale is dumh? True, it is winter, hut that is the very season when the nightingales of the stage show their most gorgeous plumage and trill their most hrilliant roulades."

Never did flowery speech so miss its mark. Henri and the young woman glanced at each other with a sort of anxiety.

"Have I heen putting my foot in it?" inquired Boucoiran, growing more and more gay; "then let us talk of something else. Do you know, fair lady, that you are very prettily housed here? What taste, what comfort, what a cook! I can understand that Henri likes to dine here, for I suspect the conjugal hoard——"

"Perhaps, sir," said the supposed Lucie Bataille, who hegan to show signs of anger, "you are provoked hy my husband, and——"

"Your husband!" interrupted Boucoiran, springing from his chair. "Your husband!—you are his wife?"

"Come, my dear fellow," said the count, who was pale with vexation, "Mme. de Saint Armel will think you are crazy. Sit down, and let us finish our luncheon in peace and quiet. I suppose you will soon he promoted?"

But Boucoiran had dropped his napkin, and, hefore any one could prevent him, he had fled, tearing his hair.

It is unnecessary to state that he has never again set foot in the Saint Armels' house. But he did eventually get light on the causes of his horrihle mistake. It seems. that, the very day that Betsy was to he given to Lucie Bataille, the capricious *diva* had levanted with a Russian of fahulous wealth, and Saint Armel, practical fellow that he was, had kept the mare to make her later a saddle-horse for his wife. But the captain had not heard these details.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Léon de Tinseau.*

OLD FAVORITES.

A Spelling Bee at Angel's.

Waltz in, waltz in, ye little kids, and gather round my knee,
And drop them books and first pot-hooks, and hear a yarn from me.

I kin not sling a fairy tale of Jinny's* fierce and wild,
For I hold it is un-Christian to deceive a simple child;
But as from school yer driftin' hy I thowt ye'd like to hear
Of a "Spellin' Bee" at Angel's that we organized last year.
It warn't made up of gentle kids—of pretty kids—like you,
But gents ez hed their reg'lar growth, and some enough for two.
There woz Lanky Jim, of Sutter's Fork, and Bilson, of Lagrange.
You start, you little kids, you think these are not pretty names.
But each had a man hehind it, and—my name is Truthful James.

There was Poker Dick from Whisky Flat, and Smith, of Shooter's Bend,
And Brown, of Calaveras—which I want no hetter friend.
Three-Fingered Jack—yes, pretty dears—three fingers—*you* have five.
Clapp cut off two—it's sing'lar, too, that Clapp ain't now alive.
'Twas very wrong, indeed, my dears, and Clapp was much to blame;
Likewise was Jack, in after years, for shootin' of that same.

The nights was kinder lengthenin' ont, and the rains had just hegun,
And all the camp came up to Pete's to have their usual fun;
But we all sot kinder sad-like around the har-room stove
Till Smith get up, permisskiss-like, and this remark he hove:
"Thar's a new game down in Frisco, thet ez far ez I kin see
Beats euchre, poker, and van-toon, they calls the 'Spellin' Bee.'"

Then Brown, of Calaveras, simply hitched his chair and spake:
"Poker is good enough for me," and Lanky Jim sez, "Shake!"
And Boh allowed he warn't proud, hut he "must say right thar
That the man who tackled euchre hed his education squar."
This brought up Lenny Fairchild, the schoolmaster, who said
He knew the game, and he would give instructions on that head.

"For instance, take some simple word," sez he, "like 'separate.'
Now, who can spell it?" Dog my skin, ef thar was one in eight.
This set the hoys all wild at once. The chairs was put in row,
And at the head was Lanky Jim, and at the foot was Joe,
And high upon the har itself the schoolmaster was raised,
And the har-keep put his glasses down, and sat and silent gazed.

The first word out was "parallel," and seven let it be,
Till Joe walized in his double "l" hetwixt the "a" and "e";
For, since he drilled them Mexicans in San Jacinto's fight,
Thar warn't no prouder man got up than Pistol Joe that night—
Till "rhythm" came! He tried to smile, then said, "they had him there."
And Lanky Jim, with one long stride, got up and took his chair.

Oh, little kids, my pretty kids, 'twas touchin' to survey
These hearded men, with weppings on, like school-boys at their play.
They'd laugh with glee, and shout to see each other lead the van,
And Boh sat up as monitor with a cue for a rattan,
Till the chair gave out "incinerate"; and Brown said he'd he durned
If any such hlamed word as that in school was ever learned.

When "phthisis" came they all sprang up, and vowed the man who rung
Another hlamed Greek word on them he taken out and hung.
As they sat down again, I saw in Bilson's eye a flash,
And Brown, of Calaveras, was a-twistin' his mustache;
And when at last Brown slipped on "gneiss," and Bilson took his chair,
He dropped some casual words about some folks who dyed their hair.

And then the Chair grew very white, and the Chair said he'd adjourn;
But Poker Dick remarked that *he* would wait and get his turn;
Then, with a tremblin' voice and hand, and with a wanderin' eye,
The Chair next offered "eider-duck," and Dick hegan with "I."
And Bilson smiled—then Bilson shrieked! Just how the fight hegun
I never knowed; for Bilson dropped, and Dick he moved up one.

Then certain gents arose and said "they'd husiness down in camp";
And "ez the road was rather dark, and ez the night was damp,
They'd"——here got up Three-Fingered Jack and locked the door and yelled:
"No, not one mother's son goes out till that thar word is spelled!"
But while the words were on his lips, he groaned and sank in pain,
And sank with Webster on his chest and Worcester on his brain.

Below the har dodged Poker Dick, and tried to look ez he
Was huntin' up authorities that no one else could see;
And Brown got down hehind the stove, allowin' he "was cold,"
Till it upsot and down his legs the cinders freely rolled;
And several gents called "Order!" till, in his simple way,
Poor Smith began with "O, R, or"—and *he* was dragged away.

Oh, little kids, my pretty kids, down on your knees and pray!
You've got your eddication in a peaceful sort of way;
And bear in mind thar may he sharps ez slings their spellin' square,
But likewise slings their bowie-knives without a thought or care—
You wants to know the rest, my dears? Thet's all! In me you see
The only gent thet lived to tell about thet Spellin' Bee!

He ceased and passed, that truthful man; the children went their way,
With downcast heads and downcast hearts—hut not to sport or play.
For when at eve the lamps were lit, and supperless to hed
Each child was sent, with tasks undone and lessons all unsaid,
No man might know the awful woe that thrilled their youthful frames,
As they dreamed of Angel's Spelling Bee and thought of Truthful James.—*Bret Harte.*

* Qy. Genii.

A DINNER AT CASTEL'S.

"Van Gryse" describes an Out-of-Town Nook near New York.

Somebody or other—Lowell, was it not?—once expressed the opinion that nothing else was "as fair as a day in June." Critical and carping people might say it depended on the day, but that sort of people one does not count. A real day in June has no equal, and Saturday was such a day. Not too warm and not too cool, every tree washed with recent rains and looking as thick and fresh and green as a mermaid's hair, the hay a sapphire, the sky a turquoise blue, and the country, right and left, as green as the heart of an emerald.

On Saturday afternoon and evening, on such a day as this, the great world of Gotham, wearied with a week's work, turns its thoughts to things frivolous, and goes a-pleasuring. The houses empty themselves. The clear air and the clear sky, the green country and the crystal sea, call. The city responds, and pours its feverish thousands out on meadow and seashore, park, and water-front. These are the evenings, starry and soft, when the roof-gardens enjoy patronage, when the lone New Yorker may survey the wearied Westerner with his angular spouse come into town from the illimitable reaches of the sun-burned prairies, or the freckled and roseate damsels from the country nearer home—white-muslined, red-lipped, broadly grinning, buxom-waisted, jolly, brown, healthy country girls from the meadow and the mead, from the Mohawk Valley and the mosquito-haunted dells of New Jersey, every Jill with a Jack, who treats her to chocolate éclairs and pink ice-cream.

Such a Saturday afternoon is the afternoon for Coney Island and Manhattan Beach. The steamers go down loaded with a motley company. The lady from Fifth Avenue and the lady from Fourth Avenue sit side by side. The shop-girls, in their flaring best clothes, go merrily with their attendant young men, who pilot them through the crowd, gripping them by the elbow. The Irish servant-girls go, too—heavy, red-faced young women, with long, upper-lips, and extravagant hats, and expansive feet—sitting on camp-stools by the side of their "steady company," and smiling on him with a fondness that knows itself observed and is not ashamed.

But the really charming spots to go on Saturday afternoon are the out-of-town restaurants—the country restaurants—far-away from the heat and the dirt of the city, out of the sight of the hideous, flashy, loud-talking crowd, out of the sound of the rattling wheels clattering over the cobbles and the dragging of thousands of feet over the pavements. To steal away from all this; to break the bonds, and struggle out from noise, and heat, and ugliness to stillness, and coolness, and greenness; to find yourself sitting, just an hour and a half from the time you left the city, under an arbor whereon grape-leaves grow thickly, at a table whereon a dinner is soon to be set, surrounding you—seen between the interstices of the arbor—a green and fruitful country, woods and meadows whitened with a level bloom of marguerites; to hear from the distant kitchen the soft sibilants of France, the gentle footfall of the neat-handed Gallic Phyllis who prepares to broil your dinner over a glow of charcoal, and the soothing chorus of the frogs from a pond across the road; to savor delicately, with expanded nostrils, the tender, vagrant whiffs of sweetness that the grape-blossoms breathe out on the deepening twilight, and now and then to catch the fragrance of that split and broiling chicken, immature firstling of the spring—this is the way to spend the evening of the finest day in June.

And all this is to be found at "Castel's." Very few people know about Castel's, and those who do, do not want anybody else to know. They want to keep Castel's all to themselves. They want to have no one under the arbor but themselves. They do not want Jeanne, in her blue-cotton frock and her neat, black slippers and white stockings, to wait on anybody but themselves. They do not want another party to share the attention of the great Castel himself, son of France, red, florid, given to conversing with his patrons, a man of generous girth and lordly style, who always, at the end of dinner, comes tramping down the long perspective of the arbor, under the poles where the empty, straw-covered Chianti bottles hang in bunches, bearing as a gift to his guests four little glasses of cognac on a little white plate. It would be hard to think of outside Philistines thus receiving cognac under the grape-leaves. It would be hard to think of Castel giving his customary present of a *pousse-café* to any but the fond and faithful habitués of the arbor under the vines.

It is not probable that the Philistines ever will overrun Castel's. It is too hard a place to get at. You have to go on a boat and then on a slothful country train. People who know how to get there have a carriage waiting for them at the boat-landing, and drive. Dwellers in that part of the country drive up in their own traps, or ride. But even that is a trip, and many of those who spend lazy, luxurious summers in big, stately houses, amid lawns and tennis-courts, have not an idea that five miles back, among the hills, far from the haunt of summer girl and man, one can chance upon a tiny bit of France, sit under the light of the solitary lamp that hangs from the roof of the arbor's single summer-house, listen to Jeanne chatter French to Mme. Castel, eat thick asparagus and small, sweet strawberries, watch the glow-worms tumble through the vine-leaves, and receive the friendly thimbleful of cognac from the hand of the great Castel himself.

The drive is a superb one—a good six miles through country roads so secluded that one knows only the foot of rustic man has trodden them. The foot of Fifth Avenue man was never here. Sometimes, for over a mile, the narrow way winds down under boughs of overlapping trees, between ruinous and mossy stone walls, by long, rich meadows, the deep grass broken along its surface into a white blossoming of marguerites. Other fields show a crop of buttercups that look, in the distance, as if some giant artist had brushed the meadow with a mighty brush steeped in yellow paint. Where a hidden brook meanders, they grow so close that there, it would appear, the artist had grown weary and emptied his pot of gamboge upon the ground, letting the thick, spilled liquid lie about in pools of gold.

Few people appear to live here, so silent, so fragrant, so far-away. Now and then a neat farm-house drifts into view, the inmates taking a rest on the door-steps. There are always flowers growing about the porch, splendid bushes of syringas, looking as if they had been snowed upon, and huge prodigal peonies bursting into ragged glory out from their tight, varnished buds. Once or twice the carriage rolls by some once beautiful, now deserted, country house. One of these looked like the pictures in the papers of the homes of the South before the war.

A few tiny villages are passed; a beautiful church-yard, the white monuments casting long shadows in the warm, yellow evening; a stretch of good, red road, then a sudden dive sideways into a lane flanked with laborer's cottages and Castel's, several rambling buildings, the arbor struggling backward in picturesque irregularity, the summer-house, with the one lamp dangling from the roof, and Grandpapa Castel, an aged man in a smoking-cap, who, chattering unintelligibly, suddenly turns and yells clipped French directions into an unseen extension of kitchen and pantry.

Castel appears and suggests a broiled chicken and a trifle of asparagus, washed down with a little red wine. It sounds charming, as one looks up the arbor at a long table spread for some laborers; at the great, scalloped green leaves, rustling pleasantly in a soft breeze; at the bunches of empty Chianti bottles hung on the top of the arbor supports. Under the roof of the summer-house, bunches of dried corn-cobs hang, with the papery husks sticking out picturesquely. In a potato-patch beyond, Grandpapa Castel, still in his smoking-cap, is doing a little desultory gardening, with an ancient hoe and a good deal of talking with a French friend, who hangs comfortably on the pickets.

Mme. Castel is waiting on the laborers. She looks fat, brown, a little cross, evidently has been cooking. But Jeanne, who has been waiting, too, pauses to eye the ladies of the new party with flattering, open-eyed interest. Jeanne is pretty, standing this way—a rosy, healthy, merry-eyed, young French girl, with thick, brown hair, braided up smoothly, and a mouth that smiles readily, and which, if large, is also red. Her blue-print gown is quite trim, and shows her round, sun-burned throat. She would make a good heroine; but one would have to make her waist and feet a trifle smaller. Her large waist, though it does make her look more like a French peasant, is rather too solid for the heroine of a romance. It is probable that Jeanne wears a corset only when she is *en grande tenue*.

While dinner is being prepared, Castel suggests that his guests stroll, and, obediently, they stroll lazily down the shadowed lane. The two walking in front look like some French picture dimly remembered. It is the French *bourgeois* painters who are fond of putting modern, well-clad, modish people in the heart of their country landscapes. These two, against a background of dead-green woodland, and vivid green and white meadow land, look singularly *chic* and picture-like. The lady, who is plump enough to be the ideal of a French artist, holds up her long skirt with one hand and her white, gauzy parasol with the other. Her dress of gray, dotted with black and trimmed with black lace, tones charmingly with the green landscape and the red road. She has a long, black ribbon round her waist and a long, black boa of feathers round her neck. For the rest, her blonde hair catches the sun through the black bows that hang from the back of her hat, and her bat, green and white, is tilted over her eyes. The gentleman is just exactly like every other gentleman who wears a light suit of clothes and a brown derby hat, has a good, athletic figure, and walks over a rutty road with the same long stride that he walks up the avenue.

When they get back to the arbor, the sun is down and the dusk coming on, cool, soft, and full of the noises of the country night. From a pond they passed in the lane, a whole opera company of frogs are chanting their hoarse choruses, and, every now and then, one of them utters a long, round note, as though some one picked at intervals at the bass-string of a guitar—one sibilant, single note, which seems to drop with a little "plunk" into the water, and the invisible performer rests for a full minute or two.

In the summer-house, the single lamp is lit, casting the feeblest little tent of light over the table. On this stands a tureen of soup, a dish of radishes, a good pat of white, fresh butter, a long loaf of crusty bread, with plenty of holes in the soft inside. Then Jeanne comes tripping from the brightly lit kitchen, into which one can look between the arbor-poles, carrying soup-plates, and smiling and murmuring agreeable French monosyllables. Why is there the vacant chair? Ah, *un autre! un monsieur!* Jeanne comprehends, and, between the courses, is seen, from the summer-house, peering up the road anxiously for the *autre*.

Dinner is advanced before he turns up. Jeanne has brought in a split-open broiled chicken, a dish of great, thick, white asparagus-stalks, another dish of delicious green peas. She has twice filled the wine-glasses with that trifle of red wine that Castel recommends, and is now at rest in the kitchen, when the rattle of a carriage falls upon her ear. One glance up the road discloses the welcome spectacle of the fourth guest, dashing down the small lane in a dog-cart. In great excitement, she withdraws her head and shrieks, with truly French vivacity: "C'est lui!" Then hurries out through the arbor, with the refilled soup-tureen in her hands.

The dinner, thus complete, is a cheerful sight to Jeanne, who hovers round the table, offering various dishes to *lui*. This obliging person eats unmurmuringly through the entire menu, which the party all finish together with black coffee and that thimbleful of cognac, brought by Castel himself, on a little, white plate. Then the ladies gather their wraps, for there is a breath of dampness in the air, the horses stamp out of the stable. The lamps of the dog-cart are lit, for the night is as black as the ace of spades, and, with a creak of harness and a rattle, away they go up the road. At the top of the lane, turning to look back, they pause to watch a great, round, red moon swim slowly up above the tree-tops, and then away into the black shadows of trees and the pallid spaces of the open road.

THE NEW DUKE OF YORK.

How and Why the British Heir Presumptive was made a Peer.

The creation of Prince George of Wales as Duke of York is interesting, not only from its authoritative recognition of the important position which the sad death of his brother, poor "Prince Eddie," conferred upon him as direct heir to the crown of England, but from the historical character of the title. The grade and rank of prince must seem a great deal higher than that of duke—as they are—and it doubtless causes surprise in the minds of foreigners that a prince should care for a title that is really less than that which he already holds. But the fact is that a prince, as such, has no seat in the House of Lords. Unless he have the title of a peer, as well as that of a prince, he can take no part in the legislative deliberations and functions of the nation. His designation of prince is but what is known as a courtesy title, gained through the medium of his father. If his father be a peer as well as a prince, and the son be the eldest, he will succeed to the peerage.

Of course the Prince of Wales's eldest surviving son will succeed to his father's title of Prince of Wales, as well as to whatever peerages his father may possess. The Prince of Wales, besides being Prince of Wales, which all eldest sons of the sovereign are by right and custom, is also Duke of Cornwall, Earl of Chester, Carrick, and Dublin, and Baron of Renfrew. Every eldest son of the sovereign is "born Duke of Cornwall." So he does not need to be created a duke, like other princes, but is one at his birth. If he be not the eldest son of the sovereign when he is born, but becomes so afterward, he has then to be created Duke of Cornwall. It is a curious circumstance, but, nevertheless, a fact, that this Dukedom of Cornwall is the only dignity partaking of the character of an absolute right with which the eldest son of the sovereign is vested by operation of law upon his birth. Even the title of Prince of Wales has to be given him by special act.

However, all the princes of the English royal family have been made dukes. The Duke of Cambridge is really a prince, and used to be called Prince George, before he succeeded his father Adolphus, the first duke, in 1850. The Duke of Edinburgh is Prince Alfred; the Duke of Connaught is Prince Arthur; and the late Duke of Albany was Prince Leopold, just as the late Duke of Clarence was Prince Albert Victor. All of these are what is known as royal dukes, and sit in the House of Lords on what are known as the "cross benches," which run between the ducal benches of the two great political parties. Royal dukes are supposed to be of no party in politics, though they may speak on any question and vote on a division. They do not often attend the sittings of the House, seldom take part in a debate, and almost never vote. Though it should not be forgotten that the Prince of Wales, on one occasion, actually did vote—and it was with the minority, on the passage of the "Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister" Bill, a measure in which his royal highness takes genuine interest.

Thus Prince George of Wales was the only prince left without a dukedom. Eventually, he would have been created a duke. But there did not seem to have been any hurry about it. He was, in truth, regarded as a harum-scarum, typical young naval officer. But the untimely death of his brother, who was as silent and serious as George was loud and frivolous, pushed him at once into the national prominence which he otherwise never would have achieved.

"Of course he'll be made a duke now," you heard people say; "I wonder what the title will be?"

No one seemed to know. Would be he Scotch or Irish? There were already a Scotch royal duke in Edinburgh and an Irish in Connaught. So it was pretty fair to assume that England would get the new honor. And so it has turned out, and the people of York are highly delighted. I do not know why it was that the dukedom was not conferred sooner, except that it has become a custom for the queen to celebrate her birthday by the creation of new peerages, the conferring of baronetcies, the making of knights, the granting of promotions, and the bestowal of honors generally on those whom her ministers recommend as deserving of her bounty. These are called "Birthday Honors," and many a heart beats high with expectancy up to the twenty-fourth of May every year, and many a heart sinks low with disappointment for some time afterward. Among the birthday honors this year was making Prince George of Wales the Duke of York.

It is claimed that as far back as the time of King Stephen, that monarch created an Earl of York in the person of William de Albemarle. But this is not so certain as that the grandson of Henry the Second received from Richard the First the same title. But these were only earldoms. The dukedoms began with Edmund Plantagenet, surnamed De Langley, who was the fifth son of Edward the Third. His son and successor was killed at the glorious battle of Agincourt. Both of these dukes are found in Shakespeare's "Richard II." The third duke was the second duke's nephew, known as Duke Richard. He was killed at the Battle of Wakefield, when the Lancastrians gained the day. The fifth duke was little Prince Richard, who, with the boy Edward the Fifth, was killed in the tower. With him, the Plantagenet line ceased. Upon the accession of the Tudors, the dukedom was revived in the person of Henry the Eighth, who was created Duke of York in 1494. "Bluff King Hal" was the only Tudor Duke of York. The Stewarts had two. Charles the First was made Duke of York before he became Prince of Wales. Thus his second son inherited the title. It was as the Duke of York that James the Second commanded the English fleet in the Dutch War. He was, thus, the first "sailor" to get the title. The dukedom was afterward held by Prince Ernest Augustus, brother of George the First, and by Prince Edward Augustus, brother of George the Second. The title became extinct upon the decease of Queen Victoria's uncle, who was the last prince to hold the title. Our "sailor prince" is the third naval officer to get the title. He is the twelfth Duke of York.

NE.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Readers of "David Grieve" may remember that among the minor characters of that novel is a M. Barbier, a teacher of French in Manchester. Now it appears that there exists in the flesh a M. Barbier, who was for many years a teacher of French in Manchester, and who is now on the staff of the University College at Cardiff. The real M. Barbier is not altogether happy about his fictitious namesake, and fears that if taken for a portrait it might do him some professional harm. So he took his grievance directly to Mrs. Humphry Ward. Literary gossip is full of these fell coincidences, which are always turning up to worry the novelist and his publisher. When Flaubert, who took his vocation solemnly, was confronted with the like, he flatly refused to sacrifice the appropriate name of his unheroic hero. Mrs. Ward is not "artist" to this point. She probably would not mind changing the name Barbier even now. She at once wrote to the *Athenæum* to set things straight.

A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* had a conversation with the late Roswell Smith, president of the Century Company, some years ago, in which Mr. Smith said, in substance:

"While the extraordinary success of the *Century* has been owing chiefly to the interest excited by the series of war articles and the publication of the life of Lincoln (under the stimulus of which the circulation of the magazine has risen to the enormous number of two hundred and fifty thousand copies monthly), the accomplishment of such a feat in England was, at present at all events, impossible, because there does not exist there any series of events like those of the Civil War and the life of President Lincoln, which would unite any similar multitude of persons in one homogeneous and pervading interest. Every native-born American is personally connected by some family tie with some one who took part either on the Northern or Southern side in our Civil War. When, therefore, the magazine took up that subject in an exhaustive manner, its readers might be counted by millions, and the vogue then obtained by it has never been lost."

I found (the English writer remarks) that in his mind very little importance attached to the circulation of the magazine in England, although that circulation is immensely larger (twenty thousand copies) than that of any English publication at a similar price.

New and revised editions of Joaquin Miller's "Songs of the Sierras" and "Songs of Summer Lands" will be brought out this month by a Chicago publishing house.

Mr. Edmund Yates hears that Lord Wolseley has finished the first two volumes of his memoirs of the Duke of Marlborough, and it is probable that they will be published in the autumn. The work is being written on a large scale, and these two volumes bring the narrative down only to the death of William the Third.

The Incorporated Society of Authors, which now numbers upward of eight hundred members, held its annual dinner, recently, in London. Some account of the proceedings is appended:

Professor Michael Foster was the chairman, and the company included some two hundred ladies and gentlemen, all more or less known in the literary world, among them being Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mrs. Lynn Linton, Mrs. Mona Caird, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Oscar Wilde, Professor Huxley, Sir Archibald Geikie, Mr. Norman Lockyer, Mr. F. R. Stockton, and Mr. Walter Besant. Mr. Frank Stockton made the most amusing speech of the evening. Authors are, perhaps, not meant to be speechifiers, and no attempt was made by any one of them on this occasion to be elaborate.

In the preparation of his book on the Franco-Prussian War, M. Zola has visited many battlefields and questioned many survivors of battles, besides consulting three hundred volumes relating to the conflict.

A retail dry-goods house in Boston has purchased in one lot fifty thousand copies of Miss Parloa's "Appledore Cook Book."

The English antipathy to Mr. Howells, the result, perhaps, of his critical attitude toward English fiction, crops out in curious ways. Hall Caine, in an interview with a correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, speaking of American literature, says:

"Some of it, if I may dare to say so, is, in my humble judgment, curiously out of harmony with what I know of the scene. So far as I have any right to express an opinion, I should say that Whitman, Bret Harte, Mr. Aldrich—whose short stories are the sweetest and most human things I have ever read—Mrs. Burnett, Mark Twain, Mrs. Stowe, the lady who calls herself Egbert Craddock, and two or three others, are, in their different ways, in harmony with the spirit of their country. But it certainly bewilders me, in my ignorance of America, that Mr. Howells should be among its distinguished progeny."

The next volume in the series called the Canterbury Poets will be a selection of songs from Béranger, translated into English verse by William Toynbee.

D. Appleton & Co. announce that they have secured the American rights of "Jean de Kerdren," by the author of "Colette."

Mr. Barry Pain will have another volume of stories ready for publication in the autumn. His first volume has been a great success, it is said. The author's marriage with Amelia Nina, daughter of Mr. Rudolph Lehmann, the well-known portrait-painter, has just been celebrated in London.

The late Etienne Arago is quoted as authority for the statement that Balzac at the age of twenty was so discouraged that he contemplated drowning himself in the Seine.

The late William Bell Scott once said a curious thing about Shelley's poetry:

say they are non-understandable. Mr. Routledge, the publisher, once asked me to write a short memoir to prefix to an edition of Shelley; which I did. I told Mr. Routledge that I did not think Shelley was read nowadays. 'I daresay not,' he replied, 'but he is bought, and that is all I have to do with.'"

Sir Gilbert Campbell, the novelist, was arrested in London on June 5th, charged, together with an art-dealer named Morgan and an accountant named Tolman, with conspiring to obtain fees from authors on the pretense of getting their writings published.

C. W. N. writes to the *Critic* anent a paragraph which we reprinted:

"Your correspondent, O. L., of Newark, N. J., unhurdens himself of some amusing ignorance with regard to the proper pronunciation of the Christian name of Jeames de la Pluche, and takes pride in asserting that he is the one-hundredth man never guilty of the error made by the other ninety-nine of calling it *Jeems*. Perhaps he never read the ballad which Jeames himself sings to the 'Lady Hangeline.' It is entitled, 'When Moonlike o'er the Hazure Seas'; there are three stanzas, each ending with the refrain, 'Dost thou remember Jeames?'; and the rhyme in the three is with the words 'dreems,' 'teems,' 'beams.' For ninety-nine of us this will settle the question of pronunciation."

Miss Oliver Schreiner has sent to London from South Africa the manuscript of a new novel, besides enough other material to make an additional volume of South African sketches.

The idea of advertising articles and tradesmen in romance, by connecting them with the characters, is not new. Scott was occasionally asked to do it. Mr. Besant, in his journal, the *Author*, prints this letter written him by a glover, sent together with a dozen lady's gloves:

"You might, perhaps, have an opportunity of bringing in my name when writing some of your new works, as being a meeting-place in London for ladies, which is really so; my show-room, on the first floor, where all the Paris, Vienna, Brussels, and other foreign makes of gloves, fans, etc., are kept, is frequently crowded with the very best of London society. I was reading one of your books, when the thought occurred to me that it would give a reality to the reading, the name and address of my house being so well known."

Of the cheap edition of "David Grieve," eleven thousand copies were sold before publication, and of Kipling's "Barrack-Room Ballads," a first edition of five thousand was exhausted upon the day of publication.

New Publications.

"A Daughter of Earth," by E. M. Davy, has been issued in the Globe Library published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Father Brighthopes," by J. T. Trowbridge, in a new edition, with an autobiographic preface, has been issued by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, $1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Winona," by Ella M. Powell, a story of Georgia people in the war, has been published in paper covers by A. Lovell & Co., New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"A Man and a Woman," by Stanley Waterloo, is a very original and unconventional story of a man's life and a woman's love for him. It is certainly not written for "the young person." Published by F. J. Schulte & Co., Chicago; for sale by the booksellers.

"Electricity up to Date, for Light, Power, and Traction," by John B. Verity, is a popular account of the sources and phenomena of electricity and of its application to the needs of man. Published by Frederick Warne & Co., New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

"Merry Tales of the Monks," presumably translated from the Italian and containing anecdotes such as passed for witty in the days of Margaret of Navarre, has been published in paper covers by Jordan Brothers, Philadelphia; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"A Modern Miracle," by Alfred R. Calhoun, is a compilation of investigations, made by the author and others, of the "Keeley gold cure" for drunkenness, supporting the claims of Dr. Leslie R. Keeley. Published by the People's Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Talks on Graphology," by H. L. R. and M. L. R., is an exposition of the new "science" of reading character by the handwriting. The principles are explained by much mild philosophizing and are illustrated by many specimens. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, $1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Spirit of the New Education," by Louisa Parsons Hopkins, supervisor of the Boston Public Schools, is a volume of addresses, delivered before various educational associations, on such topics as manual training, kindergarten methods, the moral problem in schools, etc. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, $1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

A new edition has recently been issued of "An Author's Love," which purports to be the replies of Merrimée's mysterious correspondence to his "Lettres à une Inconnue." These letters are all charmingly written, and as a whole constitute a very creditable literary *tour de force*. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, $1.00; for sale by William Doxey.

The third book of the Picturesque Geographical

lower classes in grammar schools. This is an excellent series, the extracts treating of interesting and worthy topics and being copiously illustrated. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, 56 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Primrose Path of Dalliance," by "Nym Crinkle" (A. C. Wheeler), is a story of life in the bohemian society of New York. The hero is a newspaper man who falls in love with a beautiful actress, but eventually marries the modest little girl who has loved him all along. The author knows his field thoroughly, and is a brilliant, if somewhat sensational, writer. Published by Lew Vanderpoole & Co., New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Popular Studies of Nineteenth Century Poets," by J. Marshall Mather, is a series of seven essays on "Wordsworth, the Naturalist," "Shelley, the Idealist," "Coleridge, the Metaphysician," "Byron, the Pessimist," "Hood, the Humorist," "Tennyson, the Moodist," and "Browning, the Optimist," prepared originally for delivery as lectures before a class of British workmen. Published by Frederick Warne & Co., New York; price, $1.00; for sale by William Doxey.

Augustine Birrell, the clever author of "Obiter Dicta," has issued a new volume of essays on literary topics, with the title "Res Judicatæ." His topics are Richardson, Gibbon, Cowper, George Borrow, Cardinal Newman, Matthew Arnold, Hazlitt, Lamb's letters, "Authors in Court," "Nationality," the Reformation, and Sainte-Beuve, and, in writing of them, he has shown the same admirable qualities that made "Obiter Dicta" so popular. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, $1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Edgar Saltus has turned from fiction to history, and, in his latest book, "Imperial Purple," paints the luxury and iniquity of Rome—the Rome of Cæsar, Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, the house of Flavia, Faustine, and the others. Mr. Saltus sets before the general reader many strange and disgusting facts that had been accessible only to the specialist; but he has missed his mark, if he intended "Imperial Purple" to be a procession of gorgeous spectacles. Published by Morrill, Higgins & Co., Chicago; for sale by the booksellers.

"Wisps of Wit and Wisdom; or, Knowledge in a Nutshell," by Albert P. Southwick, might better be called "Knowledge in a Tangle." It looks as if it were made up from the "answers to correspondents" column of a newspaper, the paragraphs being selected for their general interest, but utterly unclassified. On one page these queries are put: "What is the meaning of *serif?*" "When was a queen chosen simply on account of her name?" and "Which governor of Massachusetts married himself?" And the index is of little help, owing to the many entries under "how," "origin," "when," and similar indefinite captions. Published by A. Lovell & Co., New York; price, $1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Flower o' the Vine" is the title of a little volume of poems by which William Sharp has chosen to be introduced to American readers, though occasional wandering verses of his have already found their way now and again across the Atlantic. They are in two divisions: "Of the North," including romantic ballads and poems of phantasy, which have the strength of his Scottish ancestry; and "Of the South," which he calls "Sospiri di Roma," in which are the grace and tender sentiment to be expected of one whom Dante Gabriel Rossetti made his close friend. An appreciative introduction by Thomas A. Janvier is prefixed to the poems. Published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York; price, $1.50; for sale by the booksellers.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

Francis P. Harper, of New York, has started a quarterly journal called the *Bookshop*.

The *Banner of Gold* is the title of "the official paper of the bichloride of gold clubs."

The *Urn*, a monthly journal devoted to the interests of cremation, has just been issued in New York.

Colonel Turner, of the New York *Recorder*, proposes fitting out every reporter on his paper with a soap-shot camera.

Godey's Lady's Book is to be revived and published, this time from New York, under the editorship of Archibald C. Gunter. At least, so says the *Publishers' Weekly*.

The smallest newspaper in the world is *El Telegram*, published in Guadalajara, Mexico; it is four inches square. The largest newspaper ever printed was the *Illuminated Quadruple Constellation*, published in New York in 1858, which was eight feet long by six feet wide.

Of Mrs. Victoria Claflin-Woodhull-Martin's new magazine, the *Humanitarian*, she is the editor, and her husband, John Biddulph Martin, and her daughter, Zuba Maud Woodhull, are associate editors. Copies of the first issue were brought out simultaneously in New York and London.

The *Foreign Telegraph* of London is issued each

The proprietors, in printing the evening edition, which is copyrighted, do so merely in order to protect themselves in the right to the use of the name, in case they ever care to issue an evening edition. No copies are circulated.

The London *Times* recently brought suit against the *St. James's Gazette* for reprinting a number of items and extracts from longer articles that had appeared in the London *Times* the same morning. Rudyard Kipling's "In Sight of Monadnock" was the principal article appropriated by the *Gazette*. Justice North granted an injunction regarding the Kipling article. No damages were awarded, but the *St. James's Gazette* paid the costs of the action.

What may be regarded as a new departure in London journalism is thus recorded in a recent letter:

"The first number of the *Morning*, price one half-penny, was issued May 23d. It is the only morning paper published here at that price, but it will not have the field to itself, for the *Morning Leader*, at the same price, will appear on Monday morning. The *Leader* is edited by Mr. James Stuart, M. P., and principally owned by Mr. Coleman, of mustard celebrity, to one of whose daughters Mr. Stuart is married."

Apropos of this, the *Times* failed in an attempt to establish a half-penny morning paper, which was called the *Summary*. The *Journal*, a little paper no longer than a hand-bill, made a similar failure; while the third effort was called the *Mail*, and the Court of Chancery held that it infringed copyrights owned by the *Times*, which publishes a weekly paper, called *Mail*, for circulation in the colonies.

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VANITY FAIR.

Women who are Millionaires.

The New York *Tribune's* list of American millionaires is now complete, and the *Argonaut* has thought that its readers might be curious to hear how many of them belong to the gentler sex. The list, as compiled by the *Tribune*, is for the purpose of showing what proportion of the millionaire fortunes is due to protected and what to non-protected industries. This we do not touch upon, but have, with some considerable labor, culled from the vast mass of statistical matter a list of the female millionaires. There are three hundred and sixty of them altogether, including seventeen from our own State. Nearly as many derived their millions from their husbands as from their fathers, which implies a fullness of years, as men rarely acquire millions to leave to their wives until they have passed middle age. Still, in the list there may be many widows who have retained their attractions; and some of those who inherited from their fathers, and whose married life was cut short by the untimely death of their husbands, may be open to conviction. We, therefore, commend the list to the careful perusal of men who are in search of a rich wife. It is as follows:

CALIFORNIA.

Names.	*From whom inherited and how acquired.*
Princess Colonna	Father, John Mackay
Mrs. Clark W. Crocker	Husband, railroads
Mrs. Margaret Crocker	Husband, railroads
Mrs. Maria Coleman	Brother, mines
Mrs. Peter Donahue	Husband, manufacturing
Mrs. Edward Martin	Husband, banking
Mrs. Mervyn Donahue	Husband, inherited
Miss Virginia Fair	Father, mines
Mrs. James C. Flood	Husband, mines
Miss Flood	Father, mines
Lady Hesketh	Father, mines
Mrs. George Hearst	Husband, mines
Mrs. Lux	Husband, cattle
Mrs. J. A. Paxton	Husband, mines
Mrs. A. M. Parrott	Husband, banking, etc.
Mrs. D. J. Tallant	Husband, banking
Mrs. J. H. von Schröder	Father, manufacturing

CONNECTICUT.

Mrs. Henry S. Glover	Husband, banking
Mrs. Sarah Colt	Husband, manufacturing

DELAWARE.

Mrs. E. B. McComb	Husband, railroads
Miss Hannah Shipley	Brother, banking

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Mrs. N. L. Longworth	Husband, land
Mrs. A. G. Bell	Husband, Bell telephone
Mrs. Zach Chandler	Husband, United States bonds
Mrs. David P. Morgan	Husband, Wall Street
Mrs. Ed Temple	Father, real estate
Mrs. John Hay	Father, railroads
Miss Sarah Coleman	Father, iron-mines
Mrs. Margaret C. Freeman	Father, iron-mines

ILLINOIS.

Mrs. Mary I. Cable	Husband, trade
Mrs. Elizabeth Griswold	Husband, trade
Mrs. Lydia Bradley	Husband, trade
Mrs. Jane Guth	Father, distilling
Mrs. Sarah Moffatt	Father, real estate
Mary Armour	Father, beef-packing
Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen	Husband, real estate
Mrs. Nolan Hathaway	Banking
Mrs. Ira Holmes	Father, liquors
Mrs. C. H. McCormick	Husband, reaper
Mrs. Norton	Husband, canning
Mrs. Snell	Father, real estate
Mrs. H. V. Smith	Father, real estate
Miss Rosanna Wentworth	Father, real estate

INDIANA.

Mrs. Sarah C. Deming	Father, real estate

MAINE.

Mrs. Hannah Bailey	Father, manufacturing

MARYLAND.

Miss Celeste Winans	Father, railroads

MASSACHUSETTS.

Mrs. William Appleton	Father, trade
Mrs. Elizabeth Bowditch	Father, Bell telephone
Maria C. Blake	Father, real estate
Mrs. Amy Cabot	Father, trade
Mrs. Franklin Dexter	Father, real estate
Mrs. Elizabeth Eldridge	Grandfather, wine
Mrs. John T. Pierson	Father, trade
Miss Grace Stevenson	Father, real estate
Mrs. J. C. Parsons	Father, paper manufacturing
Miss Helen Stuyvesant Folsom	Father, banking
Miss Amelia Jones	Father, whaling
Mrs. William A. Abbe	Father, whaling
Miss Emila H. Bourne	Father, whaling
Mrs. Thomas G. Hunt	Father, whaling
Mrs. Thomas Allen	Husband, railroads
Miss Annie Allen	Father, railroads
Mrs. Charles Atwater	Father, railroads
Mrs. I. M. Thompson	Husband, Adams's Express
Mrs. William Bliss	Husband, railroads
Mrs. J. A. Rumrill	Father, railroads

MICHIGAN.

Mrs. Diana Richardson	Husband, timber lands
Mrs. Dr. Book	Husband, timber lands
Mrs. T. W. Palmer	Husband, timber lands
Miss Lillie Thompson	Grandfather, real estate
Mrs. Mary Breitung	Husband, iron-mines
Mrs. James Hay	Husband, timber lands

MISSOURI.

Mrs. Kate Tootle	Husband, trade
Miss Fannie Tootle	Father, trade
Mrs. Julia Maffett	Father, real estate
Mrs. Samuel Vining	Father, French spoliations
Mrs. A. P. Allen	Husband, Iron Mountain Railroad

NEW JERSEY.

Mrs. W. M. Franklin	Father, real estate
Mrs. John Kean	The Fish estate
Mrs. William Walter Phelps	Father, railroads
Mrs. George S. Page	Husband, chemicals
Mrs. Christian Trefy	Husband, brewing
Mrs. John S. Tilney	Father, real estate
Mrs. Mary E. Ryle	Husband, trade
Mrs. John Burke	Husband, beer

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Mrs. Dean Richmond	Husband, railroad
Mrs. Howland Leavitt	Father, real estate
Mrs. Almira Otis	Father, real estate
Miss Adele Smith	Father, real estate
Mrs. Lydia Babbitt	Relatives, oil
Mrs. Agnes Claflin	Husband, dry goods
Mrs. Lewis Francis	Father, mines
Mrs. Gordon L. Ford	Relatives, Webster's Dictionary
Mrs. Hetty Green	Father, trade
Mrs. Elizabeth Leonard	Relatives, trade
Mrs. Mary H. Pratt	Husband, oil
Mrs. Mary J. Sproule	Husband
Mrs. Truman Every	Father, real estate
Mrs. Robert Squires	Father, express
Mrs. William Constable	Father, real estate
Miss Mary Dows	Father, trade
Miss Margaret Dundam	Father, trade
Mrs. Maria Livingston	Whitney estate
Mrs. Robert C. Black	Father, mines
Mrs. Arch Rogers	Father, mines
Mrs. Coykendall	Father, steamboats
Mrs. Hiram Sibley	Husband, telegraphs
Mrs. Kate Anderson	Husband, tobacco
Mrs. Clara Bacon	Husband, land
Mrs. E. S. Paton	Husband, trade
Mrs. Cora Livingston	Livingston estate
Mrs. John B. Trevor	Husband, banking
Miss Mary Trevor	Father, banking
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Mrs. Nicholas Longworth	Husband, real estate
Mrs. Mary J. Perin	Husband, distilling
Mrs. Bellamy Storer	Longworth estate
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Mrs. John R. Fell	Father (Drexel), banking
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Mrs. K. D. Rathborn	Husband, real estate
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Mrs. George Sealey	Father, speculation
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Mrs. Isabella Ruppert	Relatives, speculation
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Mrs. James H. Banker	Husband, speculation
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Miss Matilda W. Bruce	Uncle, John D. Wolfe
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Mrs. Butterfield	Relatives
Mrs. Helen C. Butler	Estate A. T. Stewart
Miss Rosalie Butler	Estate A. T. Stewart
Miss Virginia Butler	Estate A. T. Stewart
Miss Sarah Bond	Astor estate
Miss Rebecca Babbitt	Husband, soap
Mrs. Andrew Benninger	Brother, trade
Mrs. Mary Ann Baldwin	Brother, banking
Mrs. Mary B. Child	Father, dry goods
Mrs. H. L. G. Cannon	Relatives
Miss Conkling	Estate Catherine Wolfe
Mrs. Carpenter	Father, steamboating
Mrs. Sarah K. Cowdin	Husband, dry goods
Mrs. John R. Carter	Father, Wall Street
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Mrs. Margaret E. Dows	Husband, trade
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Miss G. Fargo	Father, W. G. Fargo
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Mrs. Griffiths	Relatives
Mrs. Hannah G. Gerry	Goelet estate
Mrs. Elbridge Gerry	Father, real estate
Mrs. Garrison	Husband, C. K. Garrison
Mrs. Goodridge	Mother, trade
Mrs. R. M. Gilsey	Gilsey estate
Mrs. Lucy Gilsey	Father, real estate
Mrs. Garner	Husband, manufacturing
Countess von Linden	Father, trade
Mrs. George Lewis, Jr.	Father, Moses Taylor
Mrs. F. C. Lawrence	Father, manufacturing
Mrs. Woodbury Langdon	Astor estate
Mrs. Caroline Macy	Husband, oil
Duchess of Marlborough	Husband, real estate
Mrs. Robert B. Minturn	Husband, trade
Mrs. John W. Minturn	Husband, trade
Miss Minturn	Father, trade
Mrs. E. H. McCullongh	Father, Trenor W. Park
Marchioness de Mores	Father, L. von Hoffman
Mrs. A. L. H. Morgan	Husband, trade
Mrs. William Morgan	Sister, trade
Miss Josephine May	Father, George Law
Mrs. Bradley Martin	Father, trade
Mrs. Belle Neilson	Gebhard estate
Mrs. V. R. Osborn	Father, trade
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Mrs. Elizabeth Paton	Husband, trade
Mrs. Pyne	Father, Moses Taylor
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Mrs. Anna Phelps	Husband, trade
Mrs. Pearson	Father, patent medicines
Mrs. Quintard	Father, steamers
Lady Gordon Cumming	Father, manufacturing
Mrs. Hetty Green	Father, trade
Mrs. Sarah Green	Husband, trade
Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer	Father, trade
Mrs. Laura P. Hazard	Tilden estate
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Mrs. Clarence E. Hyde	Father, soap
Mrs. Fred E. Hyde	Father, soap
Mrs. Annie Hoes	Father, trade
Mrs. Matilda Hallgarten	Husband, Wall Street
Mrs. S. A. Hewitt	Father, Peter Cooper
Mrs. Susan Herter	Father, David Dows
Mrs. H. M. Hoyt	Husband, trade
Mrs. Mary W. Hamilton	Father, trade
Mrs. George G. Haven	Father, banking
Mrs. Mary M. Hechsber	Father, Wall Street
Mrs. C. O. Iselin	Father, manufacturing
Mrs. A. D. Ireland	Pell estate
Mrs. L. H. Jennings	Father, T. W. Park
Margaret J. Jones	Relatives
Mrs. Emma L. Jacob	Father, trade
Mrs. A. D. Juillard	Father, trade
Mrs. L. M. Kernochan	Lorillard estate
Mrs. James P. Kernochan	Lorillard estate
Mrs. Ambrose C. Kingsland	Husband, trade
Mrs. Helen Roosevelt	Astor estate
Miss Mary M. Roberts	Father, steamships
Mrs. I. H. Robb	Relatives, real estate
Miss Serena Rhinelander	Rhinelander estate
Miss Julia Rhinelander	Rhinelander estate
Mrs. N. F. Reynal	Father, manufacturing
Mrs. C. V. R. Robb	Father, railroad lands
Countess de Roda	Husband, General Barrios
Anna L. Renwick	Father, trade
Mrs. Lilian Swan	A. T. Stewart estate
Mrs. M. L. Shepard	W. H. Vanderbilt estate
Mrs. A. E. Schwenberger	Husband, manufacturing
Caroline Schmid	Father, brewing
Mrs. Leroy Satterlee	Father, trade
Mrs. A. P. Stokes	Father, banking
Mrs. Rhinelander Stewart	Father, real estate
Mrs. W. W. Sherman	Inherited, trade
Mrs. Thomas C. Sloane	Husband, manufacturing
Mrs. W. D. Sloane	W. H. Vanderbilt estate
Mrs. G. W. Schieffelin	Father, real estate
Mrs. Grant B. Schley	Husband, railroads
Mrs. M. R. Stevens	Husband, real estate
Mrs. Scoville	Father, real estate
Mrs. F. Sutton	Father, dry goods
Baroness de Seillière	Husband, Wall Street
Princess Monbeliard	Father, Isaac M. Singer
Mrs. Catherine W. Taylor	Husband, Moses Taylor
Mrs. Twombly	Vanderbilt estate
Mrs. Daniel Torrance	Vanderbilt estate
Mrs. Kate Terry	Husband, trade
Mrs. Alexander Thayer	Father, brewing
Mrs. Emily Thorne	Vanderbilt estate
Mrs. Agnes Tailer	Father, trade
Mrs. Sinclair Tousey	Husband, trade
Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt	Vanderbilt estate
Mrs. M. T. Van Doren	Father, manufacturing
Mrs. Jacob D. Vermilye	Husband, Wall Street
Mrs. S. L. Vivian	Husband, shipping
Mrs. G. O. Webb	Vanderbilt estate
Mrs. Fannie S. Whitehouse	Relatives
Mrs. Mary S. Wetherbee	Rhinelander estate
Mrs. Dr. Weisse	Father, trade
Mrs. Catherine Winthrop	Father, Moses Taylor
Mrs. Sarah Williams	George Law estate
Mrs. Anna F. Wright	George Law estate
Mrs. M. F. Wilde	Husband, newspapers
Mrs. Caroline S. Wilson	Astor estate
Mrs. Sarah Willets	Louis Willets estate
Mrs. John Wolfe	Brother, trade
Mrs. F. P. Whitney	Father, oil
Mrs. M. L. Wadsworth	Father, Wall Street
Mrs. William Whitney	Husband, trade
Mrs. Rhinelander Waldo	Rhinelander estate
Mrs. Margaret Zimmerman	Father, trade

It is interesting to note how each successful branch of adventure left its mark in fortunes which judiciously invested, have been transmitted to the second and third generation, and show no signs of dispersion. Thus some of the largest fortunes in this State can be traced to successful mining, some of those in Massachusetts to whaling, and woolen and cotton manufactures, some of those in Michigan to timber lands, and mining on Lake Superior, and many of those in New York to trade and shipping. Railroads account for many all over the country. Thirty years ago, we should have had to credit slaves and cotton lands with the wealth of many ladies at the South. That source of riches has dried up. The proportion of inherited fortunes to the total aggregate may be figured out by a comparison of the number of women who got their money from their fathers with the number of those who derived it from their husbands.

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NEW YORK MEDICAL JOURNAL, February 13th, 1892.

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VANITY FAIR.

If not at this session of Congress (says the *Illustrated American*), certainly at the next, the question of paying duty on clothes which travelers bring home with them from Europe is pretty certain to receive attention. The tailors of the United States, to the number of twenty-five thousand, have united in a petition to Congress requesting action. For a good many years to come, Paris-made gowns and hats will continue to be the dream of American women. We have developed many pioneers of progress, but not a Worth yet. On the other hand, the popularity of London-made clothes is owing to two reasons—their cheapness and the fad of anglomania. So far as style and fit are concerned, it is notorious that an American gentlemen is distinguished from an English gentleman by the most unobservant, because he is the better dressed. It follows that, while indulgence may reasonably be granted to women who buy outfits abroad, the case is different with men. The House of Representatives has before it a bill limiting to one hundred dollars in value the amount of wearing apparel that may be imported by returning tourists free of duty. The report recommending the passage of the bill says that it is doubtless true that many wealthy Americans save much more than the cost of a trip to Europe by purchasing abroad their supplies of wearing apparel. All Americans, so far as possible, should bear an equal share of the burden of maintaining the republic and developing its resources. Americans who buy their wearing apparel abroad, and bring it into the United States free of duty, evade this obligation. Besides, as the report further says, under the present construction of the law, the wealthier the person is the greater in quantity and value is the amount of goods which he can import free of duty. In other words, his exemption from taxation increases in proportion to his ability to pay the taxes.

Mrs. Ronalds, one of the cleverest and kindliest of Americans in London, and Mrs. Mackay, whose jewels are the wonder of many, are two of the most besieged women who represent their country socially on the other side. Both these ladies reside in Cavendish Square, and both are in the best set (one, at least, is supposed to be a special favorite of the Prince of Wales). Therefore, before leaving home for a visit to London, the American tourist, by some means or other, contrives to obtain a letter of introduction to one or the other of these ladies, and it is said that they receive these credentials from every third female saloon passenger by the transatlantic steamers. Mrs. Mackay's goodness of heart is generally known, and Mrs. Ronalds is conceded to be the kindest woman in England to-day; while it is further declared that she has never said an ill word of anybody during the whole of her life, so they are kept pretty well employed in satisfying the demands of their countrywomen. Yet many of them return home in a bad temper, because they have not been introduced to the heir-apparent.

The wardrobe of no modern sovereign has attracted more attention than that of the German emperor. He has oftener the occasion to change his costume than an ordinary mortal. He might arrive, for instance, in Kiel, the chief German port of war, in traveling costume, review the marine in the uniform of a German admiral, then visit the various schools in civilian dress, dine on a foreign man-of-war in the uniform of an admiral of its nationality, and in the evening give a reception in some gala dress. For each of these occasions a different dress is absolutely necessary, according to etiquette. He has made as many as ten or twelve changes in eighteen hours. His wardrobe has reached gigantic dimensions. It contains at present more than one thousand costumes, divided into six classes. The military costumes include all the different uniforms of the highest ranks of the German army, with a collection of modern swords which has hardly its equal in Germany. The court-dresses, under which category all the dresses for great ceremonies are classified, excepting the coronation robes, with sceptre and crown, which are taken care of specially, include the uniforms of the different orders, like the order of the Black Eagle, of the Garter, etc., and the costume for the torchlight polonaise at great festivals, which is entirely of silk, with knee-breeches and gartered hose. The civilian garments, among which the dress-suits and walking-costumes of English cut play a leading part, contain every piece of dress that is worn by fashionable men at present, with the exception of a dressing-gown, which the emperor never wears. Fine smoking-jackets are seldom used. To that category belong, also, the incognito dresses and the Freemasons' costume. He has, besides, bathing, riding, driving, sleighing, and skating-costumes, and a large number of hunting-costumes, from the Tyrolese to the Russian fur-gear for bear-hunting. The so called dresses of courtesy include the uniforms of foreign regiments whose honorary chief he is, besides the costumes he is obliged to don in visiting foreign courts, it being a custom on such occasions for the visitor to appear in the host's favorite, and *vice versa*, at the first meeting. Even Chinese and Japanese court-dresses are not forgotten, and there is a display of Persian robes, which the emperor wore during a visit of the Shah. The only national court-costume he has not worn is the French. Of all these costumes he has a duplicate, in case of an accident.

The question of reform in the wedding journey is now being agitated by leaders of English society. They maintain that much time and money are thrown away needlessly on this ideal trip, and that not only is there no adequate compensation for this loss, but that frequently the honeymoon is thereby robbed of its blissful serenity. A dozen letters have appeared in a London daily, suggesting that the honeymoon should be curtailed and simplified. One humorous writer, who dates his letter from Grosvenor Square, the most fashionable part of London, declares emphatically that the newly married husband tires of the honeymoon. He may get very tired of it, or just a little, but he tires of it. He may idolize, adore, love, or merely like his young wife, but, by whichever gradation of sentiment he is attached to her, he still tires of the honeymoon. Sometimes, indeed, it is added, the more he loves his spouse, the more the wedding journey annoys him. The period of betrothal is an irritating and annoying one for the man. The wedding preparations, so highly appreciated by the bride, are a source of continual worry for the bridegroom. From the discussion over the bride's dress to the gifts, from the social to the civil ceremonies, everything represents minute and assiduous labor; so much so that unless he is aided by immense love, great longing or strong interest, he could not persevere in his task. Therefore, the bridegroom, when the wedding-day arrives, is in a state of acute irritability (no man can possibly be tranquil on this day unless he is an imbecile), and the departure for the honeymoon, always harassed by complications, delays, and confusion, only augments his annoyance.

Speaking of the last Drawing-Room in London, at which many American women were present, London *Truth* says that there was a marked absence of beauty, and many of the "magnificent toilets," which threw the daily papers into paroxysms of praise, were in the worst possible taste, while a large number of the younger females were preposterously and ridiculously overdressed and overjeweled.

When Dumas *fils* recanted a short time ago his "tue-la," and exhorted the (then) future jurors in the Deacon case to make an example, every one who knew him felt that the "birds be hatched had come home to his own hearth." If he changed his tune so completely, he must have had some good cause for it, apart from a disinterested search after philosophical truth. The fact that his daughter, Mme. Colette Lippmann, and her husband have got rid of each other in the divorce court, explains the retraction. Mme. Lippmann is a compound of Russ, French, Jew, and negro, and is what her father's friends describe as *tres fantaisiste*. True to her Narischine, Oriental, and tropical blood, she is an irrepressible person, her disposition being made up of strongly contrasting, and in some respects discrepant, qualities. A chatty Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia *Telegraph* affirms that, while this lady is known to be fond of gentlemen's society, her reputation has remained unspotted: "Some years ago, M. Dumas quarreled seriously and irretrievably with an elderly married lady, who had been his stanch friend for many years, and to whose elegant and hospitable home both he and his family had always been made welcome. The quarrel took rise in one of Mme. Colette's flirtations, the partner of which was an assiduous frequenter of the drawing-room of Mme. X——, the old friend of M. Dumas. To that lady M. Dumas addressed the rather unjustifiable request that she would close her doors in future against the young man in question. But that Mme. X—— positively refused to do. 'His mother,' quoth she, 'is one of my oldest and most intimate friends, and I have known the young gentleman in question from his boyhood. I can not refuse to invite him to my house simply because he pays a certain amount of attention to Mme. Lippmann. Had you not better try, M. Dumas, to control your daughter, instead of asking me to strike the name of the son of my old friend from my visiting list?' Thereupon Dumas waxed exceedingly wroth, and told Mme. X—— that she must choose between his friendship and her acquaintance with her obnoxious guest. The lady was not to be persuaded, and the dramatist has never since spoken to her."

— THE MOST DELICIOUS FRENCH BONBONS IN the world are made by Monsieur E. Rigassi, the great French *confiseur*. In Paris, his solendid candies attracted the fashionable world to the Maison Sirodin, in the Rue de la Paix, and later to the Maison Boissier, in the Boulevard des Capucines. Then in New York, at Maillard's on Fifth Avenue, he introduced the "Bonbons Capouls" that were so popular. But his health failed in New York, and, coming to San Francisco, The Maze, at Market and Taylor Streets, secured his services. The French confectioneries that he makes are simply delicious. They are made fresh several times a week, and The Maze sells them at forty cents a pound—less than other stores charge for far inferior candies. Saturday is to be "candy day" at The Maze all summer, and it is said that the price is to be reduced to twenty-five cents a pound.

— KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS character from handwriting in ink, *unruled* paper. Send 50 cents; stamps or postal notes.

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Florence Blythe, heiress of the estate of the late Thomas H. Blythe, to Mr. Fritz Hinckley, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Hinckley, of Fruit Vale. In the event of the supreme court declaring Miss Blythe's claim to the estate valid, she will have an estate of about four millions of dollars.

The engagement is announced of Miss Emma McMillan and Mr. Ellis Wooster. They will be married next September.

The wedding of Miss Lizzie Sinton and Mr. Henry D. Walker will take place this (Saturday) afternoon in St. Paul's Church, San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald C. Gunter are staying at the Hotel Vendome in San José. The Misses Morrison entertained them very pleasantly last Sunday evening. Among those invited to meet them were: Mr. and Mrs. L. S. B. Sawyer, Miss Burling, Mr. Carter Tevis, Colonel Moorhead, Dr. H. L. Tevis, Mr. J. W. Findlay, Mr. S. H. Houghton, Mr. H. E. Morrison, Dr. Samuel Tevis, Mr. L. G. Nesmith, and Mr. T. Moorhead.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Wieland gave a delightful dinner-party at the Palace Hotel recently and entertained Colonel and Mrs. Richard H. Sinton, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Gregory, Mrs. Huntsman, Mrs. Frank Walker, Miss Wood, and Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge.

Colonel Moorhead gave a delightful four-in-hand coaching-party in San José last Saturday. The drive was to the Guadalupe mines, where a bounteous luncheon was served. The guests were: Mrs. L. S. B. Sawyer, the Misses Morrison, Miss Burling, Mr. Carter Tevis, Dr. H. L. Tevis, Dr. Samuel Tevis, Mrs. R. C. Houghton, Mr. L. G. Nesmith, Mr. Harry Morrison, Mr. J. W. Findlay, and Mr. T. Moorhead.

The national holiday will be passed very pleasantly in San Rafael by the admirers of tennis, as the Pacific States Lawn-Tennis Association will hold its fifth annual tournament there on June 30th, and July 1st, 2d, and 4th. From present indications the village will be crowded with society people, as much interest is being taken in the outcome of the contest.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

General Thomas H. Ruger, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Charles G. Lyman, U. S. A., have returned from their inspection of the Sequoia National Park.

Captain and Mrs. John J. O'Connell, U. S. A., and Miss O'Connell were recent visitors at West Point. They will soon sail for Europe.

Rear-Admiral A. E. K. Benham, U. S. N., has been appointed commander-in-chief of the South Atlantic Station, and will soon proceed there.

Lieutenant and Mrs. John D. Miley, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., visited West Point soon after their wedding.

The engagement is announced of Lieutenant Sidney S. Jordan, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., and Miss Dora Curtis, only daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert P. Curtis, of the Judge Advocate General's Department. Lieutenant Jordan, who is now stationed at Fort Canby, met Miss Curtis first while serving with his regiment on the New York Harbor Station.

Dr. Harry O. Perley, U. S. A., has returned from Astoria, Or., to Fort Mason, Cal.

Captain Louis Brechemin, U. S. A., has returned from the Sequoia National Park.

Captain J. C. Watson, U. S. N., will leave here to-day for Honolulu to take command of the *San Francisco*.

Mrs. B. J. D. Irwin and Miss Annie Irwin have been paying a visit to friends in West Point.

Miss Jane Henrietta Bond, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was married last Tuesday, at her residence, to Lieutenant William Reeve Hamilton, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A. After a three months' leave of absence he will be stationed at Governor's Island.

Lieutenant-Commander J. J. Price, U. S. N., has been enjoying a visit at Byron Springs.

Rear-Admiral and Mrs. George E. Belknap, U. S. N., are at the Hotel Edinburgh in Boston.

Lieutenant N. P. Phister, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted an extension, until July 31st, on his leave of absence.

Cadet O'Connell, U. S. A., who is a graduate of the class of '92 at West Point, is a son of Captain J. J. O'Connell, First Infantry, U. S. A.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Joseph S. Oyster, U. S. A., have returned from their trip to Alaska.

Major Charles P. Eagan, U. S. A., of the Subsistence Department, is making a visit here on a two months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant William H. Bean, Seventh Cavalry, U. S. A., now at Fort Apache, A. T., has been re-assigned to duty in charge of Indians at that point.

Captain Edmund L. Zalinski, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted an extension of three months' leave of absence owing to extreme ill-health.

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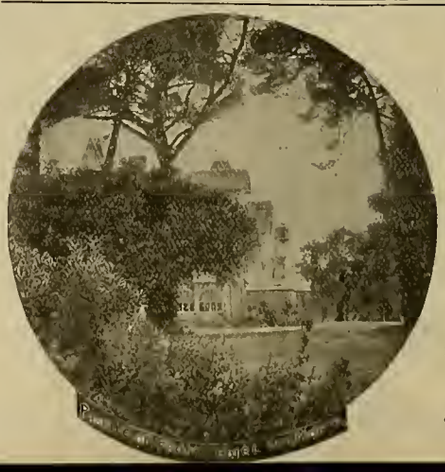

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SOCIETY.

The Eaton-Thomas Wedding.

A pretty wedding took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Eaton, 808 Bush Street, last Wednesday evening, when their son, Mr. R. Lloyd Eaton, and Miss Emily Thomas, of New York, were united in marriage. Invitations were limited to the relatives and most intimate friends of the contracting parties. The residence was artistically decorated, the parlors being particularly attractive.

At nine o'clock the orchestra played the wedding march and the bridal-party appeared in the parlors, which were suffused with the soft glow of light from a number of handsome lamps. Miss Lulu Hall and Master Thedy Hall, two little cousins of the bride, dressed in white, acted as flower-bearers, carrying white baskets overflowing with blossoms. Miss Nannie Whitley was the bridesmaid and Mr. I. Ward Eaton, was the best man. The ceremony was impressively performed by Rev. H. D. Lathrop, of Oakland, who had in years gone by officiated at the wedding of the groom's parents and also at his christening. The dresses of the ladies in the bridal-party are described as follows:

The bride looked very pretty in a robe of white India silk, made with a court train. The corsage was cut round and trimmed with point lace, and the long sleeves were of lace. Around the base of the skirt was a light trimming of ostrich-feather tips. The veil was of white moleine. Her hands were ungloved, and she carried a bouquet of white sweet peas; ornaments, diamonds.

Miss Nannie Whitley appeared in a becoming toilet of white India silk, made with a demi-train and gracefully draped. The corsage was cut décolleté. She carried pink sweet peas.

Mrs. F. W. Eaton wore an elegant imported gown of heron-gray faille Française, made en demi-train and trimmed with bands of oxide-gray velours de Lyons. Upon the skirt and bodice were some beautifully embroidered thistles wrought of gray and blue cut steel. The corsage was cut round, and the sleeves were of chiffon. Her ornaments were diamonds.

After the ceremony the guests extended their congratulations to the happy couple, then conversed or enjoyed the musical selections, and viewed the beautiful wedding gifts. At half-past ten o'clock a sumptuous supper was served in the Japanese room, and the remainder of the evening was passed most pleasantly. On Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Eaton left to make a two weeks' tour of the northern part of the State. When they return they will reside at 625 Haight Street, and will receive on Wednesdays.

The Perkins-Giffin Wedding.

A quiet but notable wedding took place last Monday evening in Pomona, Cal., at the residence of the bride's parents. The bride was Miss Marie Giffin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Giffin, formerly prominent residents of this city, and the groom was Mr. Daniel T. C. Perkins, son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Perkins, of this city. Only relatives and intimate friends were invited to the wedding, and the ceremony was performed by Rev. L. W. Sprague at half-past six o'clock in the handsomely decorated parlors.

The bride's youngest sister, Miss Marguerite Giffin, held the silken ribbons that formed the avenue through which the bridal party entered to take positions beneath the canopy of fragrant bloom. The maid of honor was Miss Edith Giffin, and her sister, Miss Alice Giffin, was the bridesmaid. Mr. John O. Blanchard, of this city, acted as best man. The bride's father gave her into the keeping of the groom, and after the impressive ceremony, the newly wedded couple received the congratulations of their friends. Then an elaborate dinner was enjoyed, after which Mr. and Mrs. Perkins departed to make a tour of Southern California. They will pass the remainder of the summer in Sausalito, and afterward will make San Francisco their permanent home. The high esteem in which they are held by their many friends was shown by the beautiful and costly wedding presents that they received.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements in and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Miss Beth Sperry, Miss Jessie Newlands, Mr. George Hall, and Mr. Richard M. Tobin left the city in a private car early in the week They remained a few days at the Hotel del Monte and then went to the Crocker ranch in Santa Barbara County where they now are. They will return early in July as Mr. Crocker will entertain several of his friends at his villa in San Mateo during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Janin will arrive here next Monday from New York. After remaining at the Palace Hotel a few days they will go to the Hotel del Monte where they expect to stay several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. William Harvey Jardine are guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Dunn at their beautiful home at Sao Felipe.

Mrs. George J. Harding returned to Philadelphia last Monday after a pleasant visit here to her mother, Mrs. O. C. Pratt. She was accompanied by Miss Jennie Blair, who will visit Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs at Newport for a couple of weeks. On July 13th, she will sail for Europe with Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, who are now in New York city.

Mr. A. N. Towne and Mr. W. V. Huntington have returned from a pleasant visit near Mount Shasta.

Mr. Theodore Wores, the well-known artist, sails for Japan on June 25th, per Occidental & Oriental steamship *Gaelic*. Mr. Wores will remain in Japan about a year. His previous stay there was so rich in artistic results that his friends will expect much from this, his second one.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Gillig, Mr. F. L. Unger, Mr. Elwood Crocker (Mrs. Gillig's cousin), and Mr. H. Woodruff arrived from Japan by the Pacific Mail steamship *China* on Thursday last. The party sailed from San Francisco on February 4th, and for over five months have been traveling through the Pacific, the China Seas, and the Indian Archipelago. They have visited Honolulu, Yokobama, Tokio, Kobe, Hongkong, Canton, Singapore, Java, and Ceylon since they left here. The trip was an ideal one, and all of the party returned in good health and spirits. Mr. and Mrs. Gillig left at once for the East, stopping over in San Francisco only one day.

Mrs. Belle Donahue and Miss Marguerite Wallace have arrived in New York, and will soon leave for Europe.

Mr. J. B. Haggin is expected to return from the East next week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Tubbs have returned from Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Palmer, of this city, have been passing a few weeks in Minneapolis as the guest of Mr. Palmer's mother. From there they went to New York city.

Mr. E. W. Townsend is at the Coleman House in New York city.

Mr. Lansing O. Kellogg is staying at the Murray Hill Hotel in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King have gone to Alaska and will return in about a month.

Misses Marie and Kate Voorhies have gone East and will be away a couple of months.

Mrs. David Bixler is now in Paris, where she will soon be joined by Miss Helen Hyde, who is making a tour of England with a party of friends.

Mr. W. E. Holloway, who is spending the summer in Marin County, met with an unfortunate accident last week, being thrown from his horse and sustaining a compound fracture of the leg. There were three distinct fractures of the bone. A telegram, signed by over a score of his friends in the Pacific-Union Club, was at once forwarded, expressing their sympathy. The surgeons were obliged to amputate the leg.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander have left New York, en route for Europe where they will pass the remainder of the summer.

Miss Nellie Hillyer is visiting Miss Josephine Cone at her home in Red Bluff.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and the Misses Rutherford are now in the vicinity of Mount Shasta, where they will pass the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Sharon and Miss May Sharon are occupying a cottage in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis will go to the Hotel del Monte early in July.

Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Burgess are enjoying a summer outing at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Miss Cunningham, Mrs. J. B. Crockett, and Miss Carol Crockett left for Portland, Or., a week ago, en route to Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. F. Davis and the Misses Davis are occupying their new villa in Ross Valley.

Mrs. Charles O. Alexander is entertaining her sister, Miss Carroll, of Sacramento, at her cottage in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Salisbury will pass the summer at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan and Miss Evelyn Carolan are occupying Boyd Lodge in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Bass and Miss Lily Bass have gone to Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hulbert Morrow returned last Monday from a visit to Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Center and family are passing the summer at their residence in Healdsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Wilshire are passing the summer at Larkspur Inn.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren are occupying a cottage in San Rafael.

Mr. James V. Coleman has arrived in Paris.

Mr. James D. Phelan is visiting New York city.

Mr. Rothwell Hyde has been in the city during the past week on a visit from his vineyard near St. Helena.

Mrs. Peter Donahue and Mrs. E. Martin are in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Schröder, Jr., of Redwood City, are in the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. J. J. Archibald was at Larkspur Inn several days during the past week.

Misses Jennie and Emma McMillan are passing the season at Blythedale.

Miss Florence Lockwood is enjoying a visit to friends at the Hotel Worden, in Saratoga.

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford have arrived in Paris after a visit to London. They will soon go to Aix-les-Bains.

Rev. J. Sanders Reed is at the Park Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Mr. Fred Otis has returned to his ranch in Mexico after passing several months here. Mr. Fred B. Lake will soon leave to visit him for several weeks.

Miss Ada Sullivan, Miss Arcadia Spence, and Miss Dillon left last Saturday to enjoy a visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. John Boggs, Miss Alice Boggs, Mr. Sampson Tams, and Mr. Everett N. Bee have returned from a two weeks' outing in the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Tevis are visiting Judge and Mrs. J. H. Boalt at their ranch near Cloverdale.

Major and Mrs. Frank McLaughlin, Miss Agnes McLaughlin, and Miss Annie Waldeyer, of Ornville, are at Golden Gate Cottage in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Lincoln and Miss Ethel Lincoln will be at the Hotel del Monte during July.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller are passing the summer at Santa Cruz, in a comfortable cottage.

Miss May Hoffman is visiting Miss Maud Morrow in San Rafael.

Mrs. Charles Gibbs, the Misses Gibbs, Miss Gertrude Goewey, and Miss Effie Johnson left last Thursday on a trip to Alaska.

Miss Minnie Hennessey is visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Hotaling, Jr., at their home in San Rafael.

Judge and Mrs. O. P. Evans are at their ranch, near Cloverdale.

Mrs. A. J. Folger, Mr. A. J. Folger, Jr., and Mr. Ernest Folger, of Oakland, will go to San Rafael next Friday to pass the summer there.

Mr. and Mrs. Clement Bennett are passing a couple of months in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann J. Sadler and family are passing the season at Larkspur Inn.

Mr. Herman Shainwald is taking the cure at Carlsbad.

Mrs. W. T. Ellis and Miss Hope Ellis, of Marysville, will pass July and August at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Charles E. Geddes is passing the summer at her ranch, "Thynaston," near Napa, and is entertaining many of her friends.

Mrs. Berger and her daughter, Miss Hélène Berger, will leave next week for the East, to pass the summer at Bar Harbor. They will return next autumn.

Miss Nettie Chabot, of Oakland, will be at the Hotel del Monte in July.

Mrs. W. H. Keith and Miss Eliza D. Keith have returned from their trip through Oregon.

Miss Frances Jolliffe and Miss Ruth Palmer have returned from Vassar College to pass their summer vacation here. They will return to Vassar in September to complete their senior term.

Mr. T. H. Goodman returned last Monday from a visit to Mount Shasta.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Mansbach and son are expected to return to the city to-day after an absence of two years in the East and Europe.

Miss E. W. McCloskey is visiting Taylorsville. Upon her return to this city, she will go to Livermore and San Ramon.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Ford will leave about July 15th for England, to visit Sir Sidney and Lady Waterlow.

Miss Alice Mau has gone to Helena, Mont., to visit her sister, Mrs. Kleinschmidt, who has been here for a couple of months. Miss Tillie Feldmann accompanied Miss Mau, and the young ladies will be away about six months.

Mr. H. W. Smith and family, of 2212 Van Ness Avenue, have taken the Oge cottage for the summer

Mrs. James Irvine, Mr. Cal Byrne, and Mr. J. W. Byrne left for the Yosemite Valley last Monday.

Mr. George Cheesman arrived here last Sunday on a brief visit from his ranch in Mexico.

Mr. Philip Barth, Dr. L. Neumann, and Mr. Louis Hirsch will return to the city on Monday, after passing two weeks in the Yosemite Valley and at the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Moore, Mrs. J. C. Roberts, Miss Cady Hickman, and Miss A. Silvey were among the recent visitors at Byron Springs.

Mrs. Robert M. Graves and Miss Elma Graves are passing the summer near St. Helena.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin will pass the season at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. John R. Jarboe, Miss Kate Jarboe, and Mr. Paul Jarboe are occupying their cottage in Santa Cruz.

Misses Jessie and Agnes Wright have returned from a year's tour of Europe and the Eastern States.

Captain Charles Nelson sailed for Honolulu last Friday on the steamer *Monowai*.

Mr. Jesse Priest returned to the city last Wednesday after a two months' visit to New York and other Eastern points.

Mr. George Sesnon and Miss Sesnon have gone to the Hotel del Monte. Later on they will visit Mount Shasta.

Major Frank A. Vail departed last Tuesday on a pleasure trip to Los Angeles, intending to be away about a fortnight.

Mrs. H. M. Bissell, the Misses Julia, Therese, and Elise Bissell, and Mr. Harry Bissell are passing the summer in a cottage in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Phelan at Phelan Park in Santa Cruz.

Misses Emma and Alice Adler are passing the season pleasantly in Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Keith will pass the early part of July at Donner Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. C. de Guigné are expected to arrive here to-day from the East.

Mayor and Mrs George Sanderson will pass the next two months in Mill Valley.

The Misses Murphy, who passed the winter at the Palace Hotel, are now rusticating near St. Helena.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy, *née* Wagner, will return from Sausalito in August and will reside at 1918 Sacramento Street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rosewald have returned from Lake Tahoe and will go to the Yosemite Valley to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. Livingston Gilson are in San Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Lugsdin, Miss Lugsdin, and Miss Wood are at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs George E. Raum will go to San Rafael July 7th to stay there during the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Gardiner, *née* Wethe, are residing at 2226 Jackson Street, and will receive after August 1st on the second and third Thursdays of each month.

Mr. S. Gump was in Boston last week, and will soon start on his return to this city after an extended visit to the leading art-centres of Europe.

Mrs. W. Archibald Wilson, of this city, has returned to London after a visit of several weeks to Bournemouth, Eng. She will soon go to the continent.

Mrs. A. W. Scott is passing this month at the Hotel del Monte, and in July will visit in the vicinity of Mount Shasta.

General W. H. Dimond, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Dimond, and the Misses Mae and Eleanor Dimond have returned from an enjoyable visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. Jerome A. Fillmore and his daughter, Miss Jessie Fillmore, have returned from the East.

Mrs. William Willis, Miss Adèle Martel, and Mr. J. B. Chrystal, of this city, and Mr. J. W. Godfrey and Mr. Frank Harringson, of New York, left last Wednesday for the Yosemite Valley, and will be away two weeks.

Colonel and Mrs. William H. Chamberlain left on Friday to make a two weeks' visit to Southern California.

Mrs Clark W. Crocker, Misses Fanny and Jennie Crocker, Miss S. Cluness, and Mr. Henry J. Crocker sailed from New York for Liverpool a week ago on the steamer *City of New York*.

Mrs. Samuel Hart, Miss Rose Hart, Mr. Samuel Hart, and Mr. Julian Hart, of this city, are on the steamer *Normannia*, bound for Hamburg.

Consul and Mrs. J. Simpson and family are passing this month in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs Morris Newton left on Friday to visit Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith at their home in Santa Cruz, which they appropriately term "Sunshine Villa."

Mrs. J. B. Wooster, Mr. Ellis Wooster, and Mr. Benjamin Wooster are passing the summer at Blythedale.

Miss Etta Birdsall, of Sacramento, is visiting friends in New York city.

Dr. and Mrs. D. A. Hodghead and Miss Lillian Hodghead left New York, June 18th, on the steamer *Werra* for Genoa, Italy.

By the will of the late Josiah Belden, who died in New York on April 23, 1892, the following testamentary provisions were made:

He left real estate in this city valued at four hundred thousand dollars, and his heirs-at-law are his widow and their children, Mr. Charles A. Belden, Mr. George F. Belden, Mrs. Mary E. Emilio, Mrs. Laura J. Gibson, and Mrs. Louise A. Iddings. Mr. Charles A. Belden resides here, Mr. George F. Belden resides in Cincinnati, and the others reside in New York. After making bequests of fourteen thousand dollars to several relatives, the testator bequeathed to his widow his residence and its furnishings in New York city, with reversion at her death to the children. The residue of the estate is divided into twelve parts, to be distributed as follows: Two-twelfths to the widow in place of dower, and two-twelfths to each of the children, except George, who receives one-twelfth. The other twelfth goes to Charles to be held in trust for his brother George. Charles is appointed executor of the estate, to act in conjunction with R. W. McKee and George G. Williams.

La Veuve Clicquot.

The great popularity of the famous Veuve-Clicquot Champagne brings to mind some interesting particulars regarding it. M. Werlé, the successor of La Veuve Clicquot-Ponsardin, who is the present head of the firm, comes of an old Lorraine family, although he was born in the ancient free imperial town of Wetzlar on the Lahn, where Goethe lays the scene of his "Sorrows of Werther," the leading incidents of which really occurred there. M. Werlé entered the establishment, which he has done so much to raise to its existing position, so far back as the year 1821. His care and skill, exercised over more than half a century, have largely contributed to obtain for the Clicquot brand that high repute which it enjoys to-day all over the world.

M. Werlé, who has long been naturalized in France, was for many years Mayor of Reims and President of its Chamber of Commerce. He enjoys the reputation of being the richest man in Reims, and, like his late partner, Mme. Clicquot, he has also succeeded in securing brilliant alliances for his children, his son, M. Alfred Werlé, having married the daughter of the Duc de Montebello, while his daughter espoused the son of M. Magne, Minister of Finance under the Second Empire. The Veuve-Clicquot has long been recognized as the best champagne made in the world, and it is as popular to-day in France as it was half a century ago, while, of course, in America it is regarded as the wine of wines.

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BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest United States Government Food Report.*

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Has one specialty and pride, and that is the Table. It is supplied from the best the market affords in San Francisco. Our Butter, Eggs, Cream, and Vegetables, come from the Marin County dairies and farms in the vicinity. The train and boat service from San Francisco is superb—ten trains daily—making it very convenient for gentlemen to be able to pass the evening with their families or friends, and derive the benefits of country air and still be able to attend to business daily in the city. "Commutes" $8 per month; Ladies and Children, $3.

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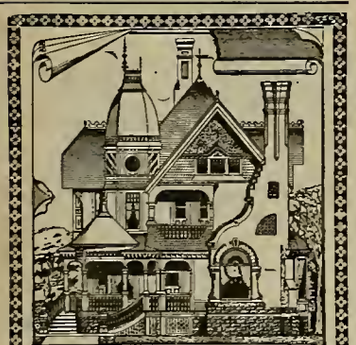

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THE TEXAS TENDERFOOT.

Richard Harding Davis Tells how he Toughens.

The manner in which visiting Englishmen are rubbed in the West, and the quickness with which some of them take the lesson to heart, and practice it upon the next Englishman who comes out, or borrow from the prosperous Englishman already there, would furnish material for a hookful of pitiful stories. And yet one can not help smiling at the wickedness of some of these schemes. Three Englishmen, for example, bought, as they supposed, thirty thousand Texas steers; but the Texans who pretended to sell them the cattle drove the same three thousand head ten times around the mountain, as a dozen supers circle around the back drop of a stage to make an army, and the Englishmen counted and paid for each steer ten times over. There was another Texan who made a great deal of money by advertising to teach young men how to become cowboys, and who charged them ten dollars a month tuition-fee, and who set his pupils to work digging holes for fence-posts all over the ranch, until they grew wise in their generation, and left him for some other ranch, where they were paid thirty dollars per month for doing the same thing. But, in many instances, it is the tables of San Antonio which take the greater part of the visiting Englishman's money. One gentleman, who for some time represented the Isle of Wight in the Lower House, spent three modest fortunes in the San Antonio gambling-houses, and then married his cook, which proved a most admirable speculation, as she had a frugal mind, and took entire control of his little income. And when the Marquis of Aylesford died, in Colorado, the only friend in this country who could be found to take the body back to England was his first cousin, who, at that time, was driving a hack around San Antonio. One hears stories of this sort on every side, and one meets farm-dealers, cooks, and cowboys who have served through campaigns in India or Egypt, or who hold an Oxford degree. A private in G Troop, Third Cavalry, who was my escort on several scouting expeditions in the Garza outfit, was kind enough and quite able to tell me which club in London had the oldest wine-cellar, where one could get best visiting-cards engraved, and why the professor of ancient languages at Oxford was the superior of the instructor in like studies at Cambridge. He did this quite unaffectedly, and in no way attempted to excuse his present position, nor was he questioned concerning his position in the past.

The most notable Englishman who ever came to Texas was Ben Thompson. But he arrived there at so early an age and became so thoroughly Western in his mode of life that Texans claim him as their own. I imagine, however, he always retained some of the traditions of his birthplace, as there is a story of his standing with his hat off to talk to an English nobleman when Thompson at the time was the most feared and best-known man in all Texas. The stories of his recklessness and ignorance of fear and utter disregard of the value of others' lives, as well as his own, are innumerable.

Thompson killed eighteen men in different parts of Texas, and was for this made Marshal of Austin, on the principle that if he must kill somebody, it was better to give him authority to kill other desperadoes than reputable citizens. As marshal it was his pleasure to pull up his buggy across the railroad track just as the daily express train was about to start, and convering the engineer with his revolver, bid him hold the train until he was ready to move on. He would then call some trembling acquaintance from the crowd on the platform and talk with him leisurely, until he thought he had successfully awed the engineer and established his authority. Then he would pick up his reins and drive on, saying to the engineer: "You needn't think, sir, any corporation can hurry me."

One day a cowboy, who was a well-known bully and a would-be desperado, shot several bullet-holes through the high hat of an Eastern traveler, who was standing at the bar of an Austin hotel. Thompson heard of this, and, purchasing a high hat, entered the bar-room.

"I hear," he said, facing the cowboy, "that you are shooting plug hats here to-day; perhaps you would like to take a shot at mine." He then raised his revolver and shot away the cowboy's ear. "I meant," he said, "to hit your ear; did I do it?" The bully showed proof that he had. "Well, then," said the marshal, "get out of here"; and catching the man by his cartridge-belt, he threw him out into the street, and so put an end to his reputation as a desperate character forever.

Thompson was naturally unpopular with a certain class in the community. Two barkeepers, who had a personal grudge against him, with no doubt excellent reason, lay in ambush for him behind the two bars of the saloon, which stretched along either wall. Thompson entered the room, from the street, in ignorance of any plot against him, until the two men halted him with shot-guns. They had him so surely at their pleasure that he made no effort to reach his revolver, but stood looking from one to the other and smiling grimly. But his reputation was so great, and their fear of him so actual, that both men missed him, although not twenty feet away, and with shot-guns in their hands. Then Thompson took out his pistol deliberately, and killed them.

Antonio with "Jack" Harris, the keeper of a gambling-house and variety theatre. Harris lay in wait for Thompson behind the swinging doors of his saloon; but Thompson, as he crossed the Military Plaza, was warned of Harris's hiding-place, and shot him through the door. He was tried for the murder, and acquitted on the ground of self-defense, and, on his return to Austin, was met at the station by a brass band and all the fire companies. Perhaps inspired by this, he returned to San Antonio, and going to Harris's theatre, then in the hands of his partner, Joe Foster, called from the gallery for Foster to come up and speak to him. Thompson had with him a desperado named King Fisher, and against him every man of his class in San Antonio, for Harris had been very popular. Foster sent his assistant, a very young man named Bill Sims, to ask Thompson to leave the place, as he did not want trouble.

"I have come to have a reconciliation," said Thompson; "I want to shake hands with my old friend, Joe Foster. Tell him I won't leave till I see him, and I won't make a row."

Sims returned with Foster, and Thompson held out his hand.

"Joe," he said, "I have come all the way from Austin to shake hands with you. Let's make up and call it off."

"I can't shake hands with you, Ben," Foster said; "you killed my partner, and you know well enough, I am not the sort to forget it. Now go, won't you? and don't make trouble."

Thompson said he would leave in a minute, but they must drink together first. There was a bar in the gallery, which was by this time packed with men who had learned of Thompson's presence in the theatre, but Fisher and Thompson stood quite alone beside the bar. The marshal of Austin looked up and saw Foster's glass untouched before him, and said:

"Aren't you drinking with me, Joe?"

Foster shook his head.

"Well, then," cried Thompson, "the man who won't drink with me, nor shake hands with me, fights me."

He reached back for his pistol, and some one—a jury of twelve intelligent citizens decided it was not young Bill Sims—shot him three times in the forehead. They say you could have covered the three bullet-holes with a half-dollar. But so great was the desperate courage of this ruffian that even as he fell he fired, holding his revolver at his hip, and killing Foster, and then, as he lay on his back, with every nerve jerking in agony, he emptied his revolver into the floor, ripping great gashes in the boards about him. And so he died, as he would have elected to die, with his boots on, and with the report of his pistol the last sound to ring in his ears. King Fisher was killed at the same moment, and the *Express* spoke of it the next morning as "A Good Night's Work."—*Harper's Weekly.*

The Pecos Valley, of New Mexico, is attracting the attention of home-seekers in all parts of the United States. Emigration is pouring in there steadily and the indications are that the greatest tide of travel ever centered in any country, of equal extent, will flow into that valley next fall. Over 300 new farms have been opened up there within the past six months, and the owners of them are so well pleased with their investments that they are writing to all their friends to come and join them. This should satisfy any man that the Pecos Valley is all that is claimed for it. Land values will, of course, advance rapidly when the great tide of emigration sets in. Full information may be had by addressing G. O. Shields, Eddy, N. M.

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A good man desires absolute safety in the provision which he makes, by will or gift, for the objects of his love and care. There are few trusts more sacred than the management of property upon which a widow, a minor child, or an unfortunate relative or friend, is dependent.

If in making these provisions our thoughts turn to any individual person, we can not forget the dangers which surround his selection. The chief element of danger in selecting a natural person as trustee is the uncertainty of human life and the delicacy of human health. Our choice is often defeated by unforeseen events over which we have no control. History tells us, too, of the many lapses of individual trustees into habits of speculation, and sometimes of dissipation, whose antecedent lives gave no reason to fear such results.

The advantages which a properly organized trust company offers to the public in *the execution of wills, the care of estates the investment of trust funds, the care of minors property, and the management of the affairs of the unfortunate,* can not be overestimated. Parties desiring information on the subject will please confer with the CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST CO., corner of Montgomery and California Streets, San Francisco. *No charge* made for such information.

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JUST THE THING FOR CAMPERS

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Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

In a hotel on the top of the Rigi, the following announcement gives great satisfaction: "Misters the venerable voyagers are advertised that when the sun him rise a horn will be blowed." That announcement sufficiently prepares the visitor for the following entry in the wine list: "In this hotel the wines leaves the traveler nothing to hope for."

A remark made by a clever London lady the other day is worth recording. A gentleman whom she much disliked said to her: "I know that you have a great and deserved reputation for artistic taste. Now would you kindly exercise it on my behalf by telling me whom you would recommend me to have my portrait painted by?" The reply was prompt: "By Rosa Bonheur."

Here is the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon's account of the origin of German. "Do you know," asked he, of a friend, one day, "how the German language originated?" "No," was the reply. "Well," said the preacher, "I do. There were two workmen at the Tower of Babel, one standing above the other. The uppermost one accidentally threw some mortar from his trowel into the mouth of the lower one, and he began to sputter with the mortar in his mouth. The sound is now known as German."

In his "Tramp Across the Continent," Charles F. Lummis repeats this dialogue, which shows wherein Navajos and Christians differ: "That your daughter?" "Yes." "What'll you take for her?" "Diez caballos" (ten horses), answered the crone, holding up her ten fingers; "'sta muncho bonita." Mr. Lummis adds: "I admitted that the girl was *bonita*, but I didn't have the ten horses with me, and guessed I would not buy. Such is maternal affection among the Navajos—so different from our Christian mothers, who never think of wealth, title, or position, but always of the moral virtues and intellectual decorations of a prospective son-in-law."

A good-looking, well-to-do, and popular young bachelor, of an interior town (says the Washington *Herald*), was being teased by the young ladies of a club for not getting married. He said: "I'll marry the girl of your club whom, on a secret vote, you elect to be my wife." There were nine members of the club. Each girl went into a corner, and used great caution in preparing her ballot, and disguised the handwriting. The result of the vote was that there were nine votes cast, each girl receiving one. The young man remains a bachelor, the club is broken up, and the girls are all mortal enemies, united in the one determination that they will never speak to that nasty man again.

M. de Sartines, at one time chief of the police of Paris, was a master of his profession. The chief of the Vienna police once wrote to him, describing a criminal who had fled from Vienna and taken refuge in Paris, and requesting Sartines to discover and seize the fugitive. Sartines gave his orders for a search for the man. Two months passed. Then he wrote the Vienna officer: "I have sought the criminal you described on all sides, and for a long time in vain. But at last the efforts of my agents are rewarded. We have found the man. He is in Vienna, which city he has not left at all. You will find him at Strasse X——, No. 56. There is a flower-pot in his window."

In a recent volume of memoirs, it is told that on the first council day, after Lord Derby's elevation to the premiership, Greville showed his disapproval by not appearing in his place as clerk. Some busybody asked Lord Derby whether he had noticed Greville's absence, and Lord Derby replied, with a face of benevolent apology: "No, really? You know, I am the most inattentive fellow in the world about these things. I *never* notice, when I ring the bell, whether John or Thomas answers it." It was a rather Rabelaisian retort which he made to a certain lady who rallied him upon the composition of his first ministry. Lady —— asked, in regard to a respectable and hard-working politician, who was afterward transferred from the head of the baronets to the tail of the peers: "Is So-and-So a real man?" "I don't know," said Lord Derby; "at any rate, he has had three wives."

El Pueblo Catolico of New San Salvador, reproduces from a Mexican paper the following extraordinary decree, intended to prevent the occurrence of droughts in the district:

"The Principal Alcalde of the town and Department of Castañas:

"Considering, That the Supreme Creator has not behaved well in this province, as in the whole of last year only one shower of rain fell; that in this winter, notwithstanding all the processions, prayers, and praises, it has not rained at all, and consequently the crops of Castañas, on which depend the prosperity of the whole department, are entirely ruined, be decrees:

"Art. 1.—If within the peremptory period of eight days from the date of this decree rain does not fall abundantly, no one will go to mass nor say prayers.

"Art. 2.—If the drought continues eight days more, the churches and chapels shall be burned, and missals, rosaries, and other objects of devotion will be destroyed.

"Art. 3.—If, finally, in a third period of eight days it shall not rain, all the priests, friars, nuns, and saints, male and female, will be beheaded. And for the present, permission is given for the commission of all sorts of sins, in order that the Supreme Creator may understand with whom he has to deal."

Some years ago there lived in the western part of Pennsylvania an old circuit preacher known as Father West. On one occasion, upon his arrival at a certain town, he found several couples awaiting his blessing. The poor old man was tired, and wished to make the ceremony as short as possible; so he said, with the prompteness for which he was noted: "Stand up all of ye, and jine hands!" This request having been complied with, he went rapidly through a marriage service. "There," he said, when he had finished the ceremony, "ye can go now; ye're man and wife, every one o' ye!" Two of the couples did not at once avail themselves of this permission, and presently it came out that the sudden command to "jine" had confused them, and they had taken the hands of the wrong persons. The old preacher's eyes twinkled with amusement as he took in the situation. But he recollected himself, and dispersed the company with a gracious wave of his hands. "I married ye all," said he, reassuringly; "now sort yourselves."

Lord Charles Hamilton used to go about Naples attended by a large, ferocious bulldog. Having decided upon going to Rome, he proceeded to the station and took his place in a first-class carriage, the dog taking up a position on a seat opposite his master. The platform inspector, with many gesticulations, declared that the bulldog should not travel in a passenger-carriage. "Very well, then; take him out," was Lord Charles's rejoinder. In vain the official expostulated. He merely reiterated his former reply, a piece of advice, it is needless to say, which was not followed, and Lord Charles, apparently master of the situation, threw himself back in his seat and calmly lighted a cigar. But the Italians were not to be outdone, and quietly detaching the carriage in which the English "milor" was seated, they made up the train with another one, and started it off. Lord Charles sat quietly smoking for about a quarter of an hour, and then, surprised at the delay, thrust his head out of the window, and demanded when the train was going to start. His feelings, when the situation was described to him, may be imagined.

A Common-Sense Remedy.

In the matter of curatives, what you want is something that will do its work while you continue to do yours—a remedy that will give you no inconvenience nor interfere with your business. Such a remedy is ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. These plasters are not an experiment, they have been in use for over thirty years, and their value has been attested by the highest medical authorities, as well as by voluntary testimonials from those who have used them.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are purely vegetable and absolutely harmless. They require no change of diet and are not affected by wet or cold. Their action does not interfere with labor or business; you can toil and yet be cured while hard at work. They are so pure that the youngest, the oldest, the most delicate person of either sex can use them with great benefit.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama.

Steamers will sail at **noon** on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—June 25th, SS. San Blas; July 5th, SS. City of Sydney; July 15th, SS. San José.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamer sails at **noon** 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—July 18th, SS. Colima.

When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.:

China.....Saturday, July 9, at 3 P. M.
Peru (new).....Thursday, August 4, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio de Janeiro.....Saturday, August 27, at 3 P. M.

Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.

ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

Your druggist does not spread his plasters or gelatine-coat his pills. He knows that such work is better done in a factory.

Some try to make an Emulsion of cod-liver oil; but they cannot make one like Scott's Emulsion—they'll find it out some day.

There is no secret in what it is made of; there is a knack in making it. That knack is Scott's Emulsion.

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Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. $1.

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SAUSALITO, SAN RAFAEL, SAN QUENTIN VIA NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Thursday, May 26th, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.00, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 5.00, 5.45, 6.20 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 4.20, 5.30, 6.45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7.30, 9.00, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 5.00, 5.45, 6.20 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 2.30, 4.20, 5.30 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturdays at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for FAIRFAX (week days)—9.00 A. M.; 5.00 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12.30, 1.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.10, 6.45, 7.45, 9.15, 11.05 A. M.; 1.45, 3.30, 5.00 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.30, 11.00 A. M.; 12 M.; 1.10, 2.20, 3.55, 5.15, 6.05, 7.00 P. M.
Extra trip Saturdays at 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From FAIRFAX for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7.36 A. M.; 5.14 P. M.
(Sundays)—2.15, 3.50, 5.05, 6.45 P. M.
Fare 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.25, 6.55, 8.00, 9.10, 11.10 A. M.; 3.35, 5.10 P. M. (Sundays)—8.05, 10.10, 11.15 A. M.; 1.20, 2.40, 4.10, 5.30, 6.30 P. M.
Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 7.15, 8.15, 9.45, 11.40 A. M.; 2.25, 4.05, 5.45 P. M. (Sundays)—8.45, 10.25, 11.40 A. M.; 12.30, 1.40, 3.15, 4.35, 6.00, 6.50, 7.45 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturdays at 7.00 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip tickets to and from all stations at 25 per cent. reduction from single tariff rates.

Friday to Monday Excursion.—Round-trip tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Tocaloma and Point Reyes, $1.25; Tomales, $2.00; Howards, $2.50; Cazadero, $3.00.

Sunday Excursion.—Round-trip tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, Tocaloma, and Point Reyes, $1.00; Tomales, $1.50; Howards, $2.00; Duncan Mills and Cazadero, $2.50.

From San Francisco. (Read down)				THROUGH TRAINS.	To San Francisco. (Read up)			
Sundays.		Week Days.			Week Days		Sundays.	
A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
9.00	8.00	5.00	9.00	San Francisco	8.45	6.15	7.25	8.15
9.40	8.35	5.35	9.38	Sausalito	8.15	5.45	6.50	7.45
10.14	9.10	6.06	10.04	Fairfax	7.36	5.14	.....	7.02
10.40	9.40	6.34	10.30	San Geronimo	7.10	4.50	5.35	6.32
10.52	9.57	6.48	10.42	Camp Taylor	6.55	4.32	5.15	6.13
11.03	10.09	6.58	10.51	Tocaloma	6.40	4.22	5.02	6.01
11.16	10.31	7.15	11.05	Point Reyes	6.30	4.08	4.45	5.43
	11.29	8.00	11.55	Tomales	5.40	3.25		4.41
	12.17	8.41	12.33	Howards	4.58	2.40		3.54
	12.55	9.10	1.05	Duncan Mills	4.25	2.08		3.15
	1.25	9.34	1.30	Cazadero and Way Stations	4.00	1.45		2.45
A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily on arrival of 9 A. M. train from San Francisco on week days and 8 A. M. train on Sundays for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

WILLIAM GRAVES, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
General Offices, 14 Sansome Street.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY. FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, **3 o'clock P. M.**, for
YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer.	From San Francisco for Hongkong.	1892.
Gaelic.....(via Honolulu).....	**Saturday, June 25**	
Belgic.....	**Tuesday, July 26**	
Oceanic....(via Honolulu).....	**Tuesday, August 16**	
Gaelic.....	**Tuesday, September 6**	

Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
GEO. H. PICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., June 3, 8, 18, 23, July 3, 8, 18, 23.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., April and May 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, June and July 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, the 1st of each month. Ticket office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents.
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From June 9, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7.00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento....	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José...	* 12.15 P.
7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga and Santa Rosa.....	6.15 P.
8.00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis...	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	1st & 2d class Ogden and East, and first-class locally.....	9.45 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff...	4.45 P.
9.00 A.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	8.45 P.
* 9.00 A.	Stockton and Milton.....	* 8.45 P.
12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore..	7.15 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9.00 P.
1.30 P.	Vallejo, Benicia, and Martinez....	12.45 P.
3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José....	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, & Stockton.	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa.....	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	Benicia, Esparto, Sacramento.....	10.45 A.
4.30 P.	Woodland and Oroville.....	10.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore.....	* 8.45 A.
5.00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	12.15 P.
5.00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	12.15 P.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José....	7.45 A.
.....	Niles and San José.....	‡ 6.15 P.
* 6.00 P.	Sunol and Livermore.....	.....
6.00 P.	Ogden Route Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.....	9.15 A.
‡ 7.00 P.	Vallejo.....	‡ 8.45 P.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East..	8.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡ 7.45 A.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees, and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.....	6.20 P.
* 2.15 P.	Centreville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.....	* 10.50 A.
4.45 P	Centreville, San José, and Los Gatos.....	9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

* 7.00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.....	* 2.58 P.
‡ 7.30 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excursions.....	‡ 8.28 P.
8 15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations...	6 10 P.
‡ 9.30 A.	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations.	‡ 2.45 P.
10.37 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5.03 P
12.15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.....	3.30 P.
* 2.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way stations.....	* 10 37 A
* 3.30 P.	Menlo Park San José, and principal Way Stations.. ..	* 9 47 A
* 4.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations....	* 8.06 A.
5.15 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	8.48 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6.35 A.
† 11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.... ...	† 7.30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 24, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7.40, 9.20, 11.20 A. M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.05 6.20 P. M.
Sundays—8, 9.30, 11 A. M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5, 6.15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6.25, 7.55, 9.30, 11.30 A. M.; 1.40, 3.40, 5.05 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.30 P. M.
Sundays—8.10, 9.40, 11.10 A. M.; 1.40, 3.40, 5, 6.25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco; Week Days—6.50, 8.20, 9.55, 11.55 A. M.; 2.05, 4.05, 5.35 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.55 P. M.
Sundays—8.25, 10.05, 11.35 A. M.; 2.05, 4.05, 5.30, 6.50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco.	
WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.		SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.40 A. M.	8.50 A. M.
3.30 P. M.	9.30 A. M.		6.05 P. M.	10.30 A. M.
5.05 P. M.	5.00 P. M.		7.25 P. M.	6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M.
3.30 P. M.				6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7.25 P. M.	6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Goerneville.	7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M.
3.30 P. M.				6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10.40 A. M.	8.50 A. M.
5.05 P. M.	5.00 P. M.		6.05 P. M.	6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10.40 A. M.	10.30 A. M.
3.30 P. M.	5.00 P. M.		6.05 P. M.	6.10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydesville and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays, to Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa, $2.25; to Healdsburg, $3.40; to Cloverdale, $4.50; to Hopland, $5.70; to Ukiah, $6.75; to Sebastopol, $2.70; to Guerneville, $3.75; to Sonoma, $1.50; to Glen Ellen, $1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, $1; to Santa Rosa, $1.50; to Healdsburg, $2.25; to Cloverdale, $3; to Ukiah, $4.50; to Hopland, $3.80; to Sebastopol, $1.80; to Guerneville, $2.50; to Sonoma, $1; to Glen Ellen, $1.20.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager.
PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.
Ticket Offices at Ferry, 36 Montgomery Street, and 2 New Montgomery Street

DRIFTED SNOW FLOUR

THREE Pozzoni's POINTS
COMPLEXION
POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1. 2. 3.
THREE White, Flesh, Brunette 1 2 3 POZZONI'S All Druggists and Fancy Stores. TINTS

"The Lion-Tamer" is so called because there is no one in it who tames lions, and there are no lions to tame. It is a French farce-comedy from the workshop of Jules Preval and Albert de St. Albin, Englished and sugared with *mots* by J. Cheever Goodwin. Those who have seen Judic in "Le Grand Casimir" can trace the origin of "The Lion-Tamer." The music is light, but occasionally piquant; the text is monstrously diverting, the jokes are fresh and bright, the acting by Mr. Francis Wilson and Miss Lulu Glaser is capital. The situation—in the first act—is borrowed from "Adrienne Lecouvreur"—when the rear curtain is raised, the spectator beholds a circus audience, on whose behalf faithful supers in the wings vociferate applause.

When the play opens, a crowd of shapely young ladies, in every variety of tights, welcome the spectators with song and dance. How they come there is not clear, but the audience enjoys them hugely, and the bald-heads pursue their studies of comparative anatomy with pleasure and profit. After a time, they vanish with a "Hoopla!" but not until Lulu Glaser (the Equestrienne Angelina) has skipped in, and sung a dashing song about the delights of circus life. She is what the French call *sémillante*, is Lulu. She has twinkling eyes and twinkling ankles, and when she twinkles the two round a man, he is a lost soul, and it is a good time to negotiate for posthumous masses to help him out of purgatory.

So the audience are not surprised when she turns out to have three adorers, besides a husband. One of the lovers is the ring-master, another is a juggler, and the third is the Jocasse of the piece—a grand duke, who, like somebody else, is chiefly remarkable for his hat. All three have honorable intentions, though the precise designs of the grand duke are not so well defined as a judicious parent might desire. But she will smile on none of the three. She flouts and scorns them. And yet, when Mr. Wilson appears in the proper person of her husband—Casimir, who is proprietor of the circus at which Angelina rides the bareback steed—she flouts him, too. He is bankrupt, poor fellow; and, like many a woman, the queen of his soul, who adored him in his prosperity, has no jibe too bitter for him when bankruptcy howls at his door. With the keen knowledge which women possess of the tender spot in the masculine heart, Angelina twits him with the fact that she has a grand duke at her feet. Casimir threatens suicide; she relents; but the idea has been suggested to him that a mock suicide might cure the evils which oppress them. It appears that the debts he has incurred are personal; if he were dead, the circus would be free, and Angelina might go on with the business. He unfolds his plan, and she assents.

Perhaps the funniest scene in the farce is the one in which Angelina is told that her husband has drowned himself in the canal. Casimir, in hiding, watches Angelina's counterfeit of woe, and brings down the house with the cry: "Sarah couldn't have done it better!" She is not so funny when Casimir, to carry out the imposture, actually disappears, and she wanders round the world to find him. She has discovered that, like others of her sex, she loved her man better than she knew. She makes money with her circus and pays off Casimir's debts; but Calypso could not console herself for the departure of Ulysses, nor can the juggler, nor the ring-master, nor even the grand duke bring balm to her widowed soul. Miss Glaser is not strong in tragedy; but when a girl is as pretty as she is, her woes are touching, even when they are only faintly sketched. She has heard that Casimir is, or has been, on an island. She orders her manager to make dates at all the islands he knows, and never on continents. In this way she drifts to Corsica, where circuses are a rarity.

Thither, too, the fugitive Casimir has been driven by the storms of fate. What he does, how he lives, the piece does not tell; but the chief of a Corsican clan becomes so enamored of Mr. Wilson's flexible legs that he takes him to his bosom and gives him his daughter to wife. Casimir does not want the lady, nor she him; he is married already and remembers the fact; she wants to be married to a lieutenant of dragoons. But the stern parent—with a sidelong glance at the knife which depends from his belt, and a significant reminder that in Corsica parents have a way of inserting their knives between the spinal vertebræ of those who slight them—will tolerate no procrastination. The marriage must take place without delay. Casimir meets Angelina, and the pair embrace with a fervor begotten of long separation. But the Corsican stands there with his knife. His name, by the way, is Count Verdigris, and he is so venomous enough to be the Duke of Cyanide of Potash. Miss Laura Moore, who is to be Casimir's unwilling bride, whispers to him to go on with the marriage; she has a plan to set everything straight. And he joins the wedding procession, while Angelina retires, probably to look after the box-receipts of the circus.

Here the playwright's art failed him. There were a number of devices by which the marriage could have been avoided. Casimir might have turned a back-somersault out of the church-window, crying to Count Verdigris: "They'll have fleet steeds that follow, quoth young Lochinvar." Or, Angelina might have brought her performing lions to the church square, and tipped a hint to the largest man-eater to make a lunch off the officiating priest. Other tricks, consonant with the whimsical humor of the farce, might have stopped the wedding; the lieutenant of dragoons might have interposed, *flamberge au vent*, and operated on Count Verdigris's own vertebræ in Corsican fashion. But Messrs. Jules Preval, Albert de St. Albin, and Cheever Goodwin could think of nothing better than to make the new bride declare that it was a mock marriage. If she had said so in real life in Corsica, no prudent insurance company would have taken a risk on her throat. There is no fooling in that rocky and marshy islet. When a young gentleman or young lady does anything which jars upon a friend's feelings in the morning, the family always digs his or her grave before night, so as to have it handy.

At a quarter past eleven or thereabout, Casimir and Angelina fall into each other's arms, and the audience, thinking what a lucky dog Wilson is, struggle into street-cars bound homeward. In this brief synopsis of the piece, not the half of its attractions has been told. There are horses which come on the stage, and contemplate the footlights in a terrified way, as if they had serious thoughts of leaping into the orchestra and beating the bass-drum with their hoofs. There are two little negro boys who stand on the horses' backs, and look as if they wished they did not have to. There is a whole circus which crosses the stage in the rear, with a cage of lions which wag their heads, and writhe from side to side in a very life-like way, indeed. There are seven young ladies in black-velvet breeches and black-silk stockings; it is evident to the meanest comprehension that they personate young men; they are probably German; in that elegant language, the word for girl is "neuter." And all through the performance, whenever the lovely creatures in tights cease from dazzling the eye, and the vocal performers cease from harrowing the ear with melodies which they can not sing, and which do not deserve to be sung if they could, Mr. Wilson comes wriggling in with his droll face and his queer legs, and fires off a joke which is really new and positively funny.

At the theatres during the week commencing June 27th: The Tivoli Company in "The Bohemian Girl"; the Arcaraz Grand Spanish Opera Company in light operas; Barney Ferguson in "McCarthy's Mishaps"; Charles Erio Verner in "Current Cash"; and continuations of "The Lion-Tamer" and "Natural Gas."

STAGE GOSSIP.

Francis Wilson remains one week more, presenting "The Lion-Tamer."

Oscar Wilde has written a play for Sarah Bernhardt. It is called "Salome," and in the last act the head of John the Baptist is served up on a plate in the most realistic manner.

The "serpentine dance" is to be one of the features of "The Bohemian Girl" at the Tivoli next week. The dancer will be Miss Julie Kingsley, of the "Little Puck" company.

The Dalys are now playing an engagement at Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, and, at the termination of their season there, will come direct to this city by special train, carrying fifty-six people in all.

Balfe's "Bohemian Girl" will be cast as follows by the Tivoli Company:

Count Arnheim, George Olmi; Thaddeus, Arthur Messmer; Florestein, Edward Torpi; Devilshoof, Ferris Hartman and Edward N. Knight, alternating; Captain of the Guard, Duncan Smith; Arline, Belle Thorne; Buda, Emma Vorce; Queen of the Gypsies, Grace Vernon.

The wealth of leading American actors is thus estimated:

Edwin Booth, $750,000; Joseph Jefferson, $1,000,000; Stuart Robson, $400,000; W. H. Crane, $400,000; Denman Thompson, $250,000; Joseph Murphy, $800,000; Roland Reed, $150,000; Oliver Byron, $150,000; Edward Harrigan, $100,000; Clara Morris, $250,000; Fanny Davenport, $200,000; Lotta, $500,000; Maggie Mitchell, $250,000; and Sol Smith Russell, $400,000.

Gustav Hinrichs, who preceded his brother August as musical director of a local theatre, is a prominent factor in American music now. It was his opera company in Philadelphia that gave Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" its first American production, and now he has produced the same composer's "L'Amico Fritz." It has proved a great success in the City of Brotherly Love, as it has in London, where it was produced at about the same time.

Ernest Reyer, the composer of "Salammbô," which has met with great success at the Grand Opéra in Paris, is in his sixty-ninth year. He succeeded Hector Berlioz as musical critic of the *Débats*. He has a peculiar aversion for the piano and the amateur pianist. "If music does not perish by such means," he declares, "its life is preserved by Providence—by divine, heavenly authority."

Miss Elsie de Wolfe, the "society amateur" who followed Mrs. Potter into the glare of the footlights, singed her wings in an American version of Sardou's "Thermidor" and then dropped out of sight. It was given out that she, in company with her private press-agent, Miss Bessie Marbury, had retired to a French nunnery and drawn the nunnery in after her. But she has grown new pinions, and now emerges to play light-comedy rôles in a new stock company in New York.

Augustin Daly's company of comedians will open Stockwell's Theatre on Thursday, July 7th, in "As You Like It." The choice of seats and boxes for the opening performance will be sold at public auction at the Grand Opera House on Thursday, June 30th, at half-past eleven A. M., by Easton, Eldridge & Co. Purchasers of seats at this sale will have the privilege of securing the same seats for any performance during the Daly engagement or any opening performance thereafter at the new playhouse.

Charles Gayler, who died a few days ago, was a dramatist of the old school. He had sold more than two hundred plays and adaptations, yet he died in poverty. The reason for this—which seems surprising to those who have been dazzled by Bronson Howard's sudden acquisition of fortune—was shown by Gayler in the course of a speech he made a few years ago at a dinner given him at the Lotus Club by Bronson Howard. Commenting on it the other day, an actor said:

"He told how, from twenty-five to fifty years ago, he had considered himself adequately paid if a manager gave him a hundred dollars for an original play, or twenty-five to fifty for an adaptation. Of course the work was hasty and slipshod, yet it satisfied the rude requirements of those inartistic days, when a week or two was a satisfactory run for any piece. The man who turned 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' into a play, still in use, received fifty dollars at first, and subsequently fifty dollars more, while nothing at all was paid to Harriet Beecher Stowe, the authoress. If that dramatist and his heirs had received royalties at the rates now demanded by Howard, Belasco, Sardou, and a few others, the aggregate payment to date would exceed a million dollars."

Edgar Stillman Kelley's many friends in San Francisco will be glad to hear that he has fulfilled their expectation and scored a decided success with his first opera, which was produced in Boston a fortnight ago. It is called "Puritania; or, The Maid of Salem," and the plot may be briefly outlined as follows:

"The story deals with the experiences of a maid of Salem in the period of the witchcraft delusion. Some of her disappointed lovers seek her condemnation as a witch, and she is rescued only by the interference of the Earl of Barrenlands, who takes her to England. A travesty of the plottings of courtiers is shown in the second act. The maid of Salem is again put in danger by her alleged relations with the conspirators, and being again rescued by the earl, marries him. The first act, in accordance with dramatic law in such cases, shows faithful reproductions of old Salem. The first scene of the second act is a subterranean chamber of the palace of Charles the Second, the action ending in the throne-room of the palace."

The libretto, by C. M. S. McLellan, is fairly good in Gilbertian dialogue and contains some excellent lyrics, and the music is winning the highest praise for the composer's originality, his many melodious numbers, and his masterly orchestration.

Loie Fuller has been making things interesting in New York with her "serpentine dance." It was she who originated that saltatorial novelty, and when she "struck" her manager for an increase in her weekly wage, she was promptly allowed to seek another field for her labors. Then Hoyt hired her to dance in "A Trip to Chinatown," and all went well until she took to doubling up—that is to say, she "did her turn" in "A Trip to Chinatown" and then repeated her dance at Amberg's Theatre. Hoyt thereupon got out an injunction restraining Miss Fuller from dancing at the Amberg during her engagement in his company. But the dance went right on. Hoyt was dumfounded at this indifference to the law, and sought an explanation. Then Miss Fuller told him it was her sister who danced the serpentine at Amberg's. Nobody had ever heard of her sister before, and Hoyt is still somewhat dazed. For being in two places at pretty nearly the same time, and in defiance of the law, the "astral body" is not a marker on the "sister."

Going to the Country.

If you are going out of town this summer you should drop in at Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s store, on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue, and lay in a supply of materials for correspondence. There are some very pretty boxes of Hurd's "kid-finished" papers, a splendid paper which is embellished by a variety of dainty devices embossed on the corners of both paper and envelope. The designs are very simple and chaste, and have just the *chic* appearance that is so much sought after just now. These come in a variety of light and delicate tints, and are conveniently packed, paper and envelopes both, in a stout little box. Parents, too, should not forget to buy a box or two of "little folks paper." This dainty *papeterie* has at the head of each sheet a pretty little picture, illustrative of some story well known to the little ones, and each box is provided with a heavily lined leaf to be laid between the pages while writing, so that the reader will receive beautifully straight-written letters.

For occupation in the evenings out of town, ladies should have a supply of the ragged-edged cards for mounting ferns and wild flowers which Sanborn, Vail & Co. have just introduced here. They are pretty to look upon, and constitute very pleasant souvenirs of the summer vacation. For men a game of cards is the most pleasant evening pastime, and it is better to get a pack or two at Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s before you leave town rather than find yourself away out in the country without them.

DCLXXI.—Bill of Fare. Sunday, June 26, 1892.

Purée of Asparagus.
Boiled Lake Trout, Sauce Velouté.
Lyonnaise Potatoes.
Lamb's Tongues, Tomato Sauce.
Green Peas. Baked Tomatoes.
Roast Beef.
Lettuce and Beet Salad.
Tutti Frutti. Italian Cream.
Fruits. Fancy Cakes.

TUTTI FRUTTI.—Take equal parts of banana, orange, and pineapple; cut in small pieces, add very large strawberries and other fruits in season, sugar, and mix for about thirty minutes before serving, and place on ice.

— KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made; makes delicious desserts. Indorsed and used by Gesine Lemcke, author Desserts and Salads, Principal Brooklyn Cooking School.

In London, recently, Mr. Philip Newman delivered a lecture on the "Chronology of Costume." The lecture was profusely illustrated with lime-light pictures thrown on a screen, and covered the period from the ninth to the beginning of the present century. Mr. Newman drew attention to the imitation in the middle ages, as in the nineteenth century, of the dress of men by the gentler sex. The wimples and gorgets, which were found in the dresses of the thirteenth century, were a feminine adaptation of the camaille of the helmets of their male relatives, and, in the Elizabethan period, the broad skirts, long waists, and farthingales were doubtless suggested by the exaggerated trunk hose and doublets of the men.

The latest addition to musical circles is Signorina Adèle Puerari, who, with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Puerari, has come from Italy to this city to reside permanently at 833 Bush Street. She has sung with great success in Milan, London, Paris, and Mexico, and is an accomplished pianist as well.

A New York—that is to say, a Harlem—theatrical manager is to have young women clerks to sell tickets at the box-office. He says they are more polite than men.

Sickness Among Children,

Especially infants, is prevalent more or less at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gail Bordeo "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

The Crystal Baths.

Physicians recommend the Crystal hot sea-water tub and swimming baths, foot of Mason Street, terminus of all North Beach car lines.

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Dentist. Painless filling.
114 Geary Street, San Francisco.

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— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Watts—"Did your barber shut up on Sunday?" *Potts*—"No. He merely closed bis shop."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Lawyer (fiercely)—"Are you telling the truth?" *Badgered witness* (wearily)—"As much of it as you will let me."—*Judge.*

She—"Do you tbink Van Aukem can get into tbe 'smart set'?" *He*—"I don't see why he shouldn't; he's not very smart, you know."—*Ex.*

She—"Tom says he is coming down to spend some time with us." *He* (a rival, sarcastically)—"Spend wbat? That can't be Tom."—*Ex.*

"Why should we say to Satan, 'Get thee bebind me!'?" asked the teacher. "So that we sball get ahead of him," returned the bright boy.—*Puck.*

She—"I thought you told me Mr. Nixon was a man of regular habits." *He*—"Well, he bas been drinking steadily ever since I knew him."—*Life.*

He—"Darling, if I give you such an expensive engagement ring, we can't get married so soon." *She*—"Never mind, dear. For your sake I can wait."—*Bazar.*

Dolly—"Wben I told my rich uncle this afternoon my wretcbed financial condition, he actually sbed tears." *Penelope*—"He did?" *Dolly*—"Yes; hut—but tbat was all."—*Ex.*

Dimling—"It is said that kangaroos can develop more anger tban any other animal." *Mrs. Dimling*—"You don't say!" *Dimling*—"Yes; they get hopping mad."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Is Smithins a smart lawyer?" "Very. Man went to him with a case involving $150. Said he was willing to spend $1,500 to get it back. Smithins made bim out a hill right off for $1,350."—*Ex.*

Cumso—"It was a wise provision of the fatbers of tbe nation, that the President of the United States must be a native." *Fangle*—"Wby?" *Cumso*—"Well, it reserved one office for those born in this country."—*Life.*

Miss Bagley—"Yes; but now you must forgive and forget." *Miss Faraway*—"Ob, I can forgive, but it's not so easy to forget." *Miss Bagley*—"Nonsense! I can tell you a hundred things I've forgotten."—*Bazar.*

Clara—"I suppose you have heard that Charlie Bigrolle and I don't speak, haven't you?" *Maude*—"Why, no. What was the trouble?" *Clara*—"It was all my dressmaker's fault. She forgot to take the pins out of my waistband."—*Judge.*

Jack (to his *fiancèe*)—"I think of getting a musical instrument, Maud. Say, perhaps, a cornet." *Maud* (in dismay)—"Oh, no! not *that* horrid thing." *Jack* (in surprise)—"And why not, dearest?" *Maud* (blushing violently)—"It makes the lips so bard."—*Puck.*

As a pleasant-faced woman passed the corner, Jones touched his bat to her and remarked, feelingly, to his companion: "Ah, my boy, I owe a great deal to that woman." "Your mother?" was the query. "No; my landlady."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"If I were to ask you to marry me, what would you say?" "Why, Mr. Jonesby," she faltered, "really this is so sudden." "I thought so," he answered; "that's about what they all say. Much obliged." And tben he said it was time for him to go.—*Washington Star.*

The widow—"Do you tbink marriage is always a failure?" *Bulfinch*—"Always a failure! Well, I should say not. Why, I know a case wbere the wife fairly idolizes her husband, and he—why, he can't keep away from her a minute." *The widow*—"Bless me! How long have they been married?" *Bulfinch*—"Nearly a week."—*Ex.*

"Is it not gratifying," said Caraway, genially removing some dust from Hooks's shoulder—"is it not, indeed, most comforting to reflect that our friendship, despite the vicissitudes of life, still remains as strong and unimpaired as it was in the beginning?" "I should say so," assented Hooks; "will twenty do this time, do you think?"—*Life.*

Young wife (fondly)—"What were you doing a year ago to-night, Ronald?" *Young husband*—"Giving my farewell dinner to bachelorhood; how I wish you had been there to hear my speech!" *Young wife* (flattered)—"What *did* you say?" *Young husband*—"It was after the wine, and I never could remember. Perbaps you would have cherished my words."—*Once a Week.*

Brother Chump—"Our pastor's health seems to be failing rapidly. He has a hacking cough, and his eyes have an anxious, yearning look. What is your diagnosis of his complaint, doctor?" *Dr. Slade* (a philosopher)—"In confidence, Brother Chump, I am pretty well satisfied that it is the hanky-panky. If not checked very shortly, it will be followed by a vacation."—*Life.*

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done wonders in curing scrofula. Proofs furnished on application.

DIALECT VERSE.

How the Feud Began.

Thompson's boy was tall and slim,
An' pleggy nigh a fool;
Tbompson, though, was proud o' him,
An' evenin's, arter school,
Ust to take him with him when
He went to set aroun'
An' argy politics with men
That loafed about the town.

Nothin' tickled Thompson more
Than hearin' Tohie shout,
So he ust to git the floor
An' draw the urchin out.
Then he'd stand, a-looking proud,
Thinkin': "Ain't be smart?"
Never noticing the crowd
One by one depart.

Wall, one evenin' on the street
Thompson showed him off
'Mong some men he chanced to meet,
One of which was Goff.
Goff was sort o' cross that day—
Wasn't feelin' right—
An' I reckon, truth to say,
Wasn't jest perlite.

Thompson bime-by shouted out,
Pullin' Goff aroun';
"Don't ye reckon he's erbout
The rarest boy in town?"
"Yaas," says Goff, "he 'pears ter be
A little underdone;
I'd hake him over, seems ter me,
Ef I hed sech a son."

That was forty years ago.
But ev'ry sence that night
The Goffs an' Thompsons hated so
They allus shot at sight.
An' only one is left to-day—
He's up in Illinoy,
As rich as mud, I've beard 'em say—
Which same is Thompson's boy.

Contentment.

Thar's folks eroun this mounting side
Thet hev no use fer winter;
They 'low they can't no-way abide
Ter see the snow drift inter
The coves an' ridges 'bout the spur,
Ez ef ter stay fer good;
But me, I like it passels, fer
My wife totes in the wood.

I don't go mucb on summer life,
Thar's too much work ter do;
Erthough ye may hev trained yer wife
Ter plow an' plant an' hoe,
Ye'v' got ter hoss the job yerse'f
No differ what's yer mood;
Jes' gin me winter's chillin' hreaf,
My wife totes in the wood.

My jints gits slack hefore the fire,
An' thawed untel they're neller,
An' w'en the flames go roi'rin' higher
I feel another feller,
I ain't a-keerin' fer ter change
Wuth princes ef I could;
Let them ez wants ter, leave the range—
My wife totes in the wood.

I set content an' tell myse'f
A man is on'y human;
He gits th'oo life heaps hetter ef
He's hauled th'oo hy a woman!
He larns ter hev the peaceful smile
Thet ev'y feller should
Who kamly bakes his shinses while
His wife totes in the wood.

—*Eva Wilder McGlasson in Judge.*

Acrost the Top o' the Bars.

Ruthie an' me, we wuz neigbbors,
An' hed been fer yars an' yars;
Atween us a ole Virginny fence
With a handy pair o' hars.
An' Ruth an' me frum cbildhood
Hed got in a sort o' a way
O' comin' each to our side the fence,
Jest at the end o' the day,
Fer ter keep up a neigbborly feelin',
An' gossip a little, perbaps,
Prophecin' 'hout the weather,
An' talkin' about the craps.
A-lingerin' along in the twilight
(We'd done it fer yars an' yars),
Exchangin' of neighborly intrust
Acrost the top o' the bars.

We begun it when I wuz a shaver
An' Ruth wuz a mite o' a girl,
With eyes big ez hlue-chiny sassers
An' hair allers tryin' ter curl
In spite o' their efforts ter smootb it
An' hraid it up spick an' span
(Fer Ruthie's folks they wuz Quakers—
B'lieved plainness wuz part o' God's plan).
An' Ruthie an' me we wuz playmates,
An' tho' we'd git spunky an' riled,
We allers cooled down a-towards evenin'
An' met at the fence, calm an' mild,
Ter sorter review the events o' the day
An' chat about this an' 'bout that;
Ter relate how the hens bed stole out their nests,
An' the hired man hed drownded the cat.
A-lingerin' along in the twilight
(We'd done it fer yars an' yars),
Exchangin' of neighborly intrust
Acrost the top o' the hars.

An' somehow er other, the older
'At Ruthie an' me peared ter git
The more store we sot by that ole fence.
An' the curesist part of it yit
Wuz thet wben we both wuz raley growed up,
Ruthie, fair, blue-eyed, with gold locks,
An' me a great feller with whiskers,
A-standin' six feet in my socks,
We kept comin' jest ez we allers hed done,
An' we allers found plenty ter say
When we met fer a chat by the ole rail-fence,
Jest at the end o' the day.
An' onct, when the full moon wuz shinin',
An' Ruthie looked uncommon fair—
I think 'twuz the spell o' the moonlight—
But I lost my head then an' there,
An' I wondered how in creation
I hed never thort of it afore—
Thet Ruth wuz the one livin' woman
'At I could love an' adore.
An' some way my lips they found Ruthie's
As we lingered under the stars,
Exchangin' of neighborly intrust
Acrost the top o' the hars.

—*Elizabeth A. Vere in Frank Leslie's Illustrated.*

It is recalled in Boston that Edwin Booth was in that city the day after Lincoln's assassination; and he walked down Washington Street in the morning without having read the papers or heard the news. In a short time, however, he was recognized, and an angry crowd followed him, throwing missiles and behaving so threateningly that he was forced to seek refuge in a drug-store, where he was concealed for a time, and then let out through a side door.

HOKO EFFENDI'S CLIMAX.

How he Cooked a Cake in the Mayor's Hat.

The bills announced that Hoko Effendi, the celebrated and world-renowned master of Egyptian magic, the wizard of the Orient, and eighth wonder of the world, would give one of his marvelous entertainments at the town hall that evening. These bills were plastered liberally on awning posts, dry-goods boxes, and fences, and hung up in the hotel, the post-office, and the barber shop.

Nobody had ever heard of the celebrated Hoko Effendi, but the public curiosity to see bim was no less keen on that account. In the little western Illinois town on whicb he had alighted like a flaming meteor, the visit of a professor of magic was an event. All that was known of him was that he bad made his appearance about the time the stage-coach from Shacksville came in, and was supposed to have traveled in that conveyance; that he had procured the printing of several hundred small bills at the office of the *Blizzard*, promising to pay for them the next day; that he had hired Billiam Duff, the son of the livery-stable-keeper, to post them up about town, with the same stipulation as to payment, and that he bad a distinguisbed, mysterious, far-away look about him sucb as a man might have who held familiar intercourse with invisible powers and traded in the occult.

It is true that Leatherhead Allen, who drove the Spiketown and Shacksville stage-coach, protested he bad not brought the visitor to town, and binted darkly that he was some hard-up tramp who bad boofed it across the corn-field; but Leatherhead Allen was known to be the most abnormal liar that ever defied the justice of heaven, and public opinion declared against him and in favor of the distinguisbed-looking stranger hy an immense majority.

Little boys hid behind fences as the celebrated Wizard of the Orient sailed majestically out and stalked about the town, nudged each other after he had gone by, and, in awe-struck wbispers, exclaimed: "That's him!"

Loose-jointed men gathered at street-corners and commented on bis appearance, curious housewives eyed bim furtively tbrough their front windows as be passed along, and subsequently discussed him over back-fences, and the dogs barked at bim with a note of hesitation and uncertainty in their voices.

The evening came. The price of admission to the entertainment was fifty cents for adults, children balf-price. The celebrated Hoko Effendi was bis own doorkeeper, and the people of Spiketown turned out in large numbers. There were no deadheads, except the editor of the *Blizzard* and the dignified citizen, who wore dyed whiskers and a plug hat and announced himself at the door as the mayor.

When the audience began to show its impatience by the customary stamping and whistling, the world-renowned master of Egyptian magic accepted tbe proffered services of a leading citizen as door-keeper, and went back to the otber end of the hall, disappearing behind the curtain that hid the stage from view.

In a few moments, he appeared in front of it and made a pleasing little speech, requesting close attention to the performances, as many of them were of a nature bordering on the supernatural, and promising an entertainment such as had never been seen in Spiketown before, and never would again.

After performing some curious tricks with playing cards, be announced that the first really difficult feat of the evening would now be shown—that of baking a cake without a pan of any kind.

"The ladies in the audience," he said, "when they bake cakes are compelled to use butter, eggs, flour, sugar, flavoring-extract, icing, etc., and put tbe dough in a bot oven. I do nothing of the kind. By the simple manipulation of flour, syrup, and a hat, I can produce a cake in five minutes tbat no lady in this bouse can equal. I will make a cake that a committee, to be selected from the ladies present, will pronounce the best they ever tasted. I will do this or forfeit one hundred dollars. Will some gentleman present oblige me with the loan of a high silk-hat? Will you kindly lend it to me? I will take excellent care of it and return it in a few minutes."

The mayor demurred.

"Your hat will not be injured in the least, sir," the magician assured him. "I will return it to you without spot, blemish, or stain. I bave performed this feat thousands of times without the slightest injury to the hat."

The mayor of Spiketown, thus appealed to, relented, and handed over his cherished tile.

Then the magician produced a pan of flour, which was passed through the audience and unanimously declared to be genuine. He poured it into tbe hat. Then a quart measure, half filled with New Orleans molasses, was produced and handed round in like manner, pronounced the pure, unadulterated stuff, and returned to him. He poured this into the hat, likewise, and stirred the mixture with a long lead-pencil. The mayor involuntarily gasped and half-rose in his seat; but the wizard again assured him, with a wave of the hand: "Your hat will not be injured in the least, my dear sir," and he proceeded with the performance.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "we will witness the finale, the denoomong, as it were, of this unparalleled feat of illusion. I can bake the cake just as well on a piece of ice as on a stove; but as there bappens to be a good fire in tbis stove near the stage, I will bake it on top of that. Again, I assure you, Mr. Mayor, that your hat will not suffer the slightest injury."

Stepping briskly down, he placed the hat on the stove.

"Now, good people," he said, "keep your eye on that hat till you can count sixty. I will retire and prepare the esoteric climax."

He mounted the stage and stepped behind the curtain.

In a moment a smoke went up from the hat on the stove, and the odor of something scorching filled the air.

The mayor of Spiketown jumped from his seat, and, witb one bound, cleared the distance that lay between him and the stove.

He lifted his precious bat.

The bottom—or rather the top—fell out. The sizzing batter spread out over the stove. It hissed, and sputtered, and flew. And, even as the mayor held up the hideous ruin of his once glorious hat and looked through it, some of the yellowish matter trickled on his vest and ran in sad, discouraged, bilious-looking streams down his trousers.

His honor spoke a few words briefly, but empbatically—througb bis bat—and broke for tbe stage, followed by several of the leading citizens of Spiketown.

Behind the curtain were several empty barrels and boxes.

And the back window was up.

Somewhere in this wide, wide world the Wizard of the Orient is still wandering about, happily unaware, doubtless, that a standing reward of fifty dollars and no questions asked is offered by the mayor of Spiketown, Ill., for information that will lead to tbe arrest and conviction for the crimes of grand larceny, malicious injury, and obtaining money under false pretenses, of one Hoko Effendi, Master of Egyptian Magic and so-called Eighth Wonder of the World.—*Chicago Tribune.*

When people are bilious and dyspeptic, they need a laxative medicine. In sucb cases Ayer's Pills give perfect satisfaction.

— THE NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF Music begins its next term September 8, 1892, under more auspicious circumstances and with greater advantages and attractions to students than ever before in its career. The receipt of a large endowment fund provides the conservatory with free scholarships and enables it to offer its students opportunities unsurpassed by any similar institution in the world. The courses include music in all its departments, both vocal and instrumental, fine arts, elocution, and oratory, literature, languages, pianoforte, and organ tuning.

— WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, CRESTS, AND monograms; latest ideas in social stationery. Harbourne Stationery Co., 5 Montgomery Street, S. F.

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Dividend Notices.

PEOPLES' HOME SAVINGS BANK, 805 Market Street, Flood Building, San Francisco.—The Board of Directors of this hank bave declared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1892, at a rate of from five and one third (5⅓) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-third (4⅓) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free from taxes, and payable on and after July 1, 1892. J. E. FARNUM, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb. BRANCH, 1700 Market Street, corner Polk.—For the half-year ending with June 30, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-fifth (5 1-5) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-third (4⅓) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1892. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOciety, 526 California Street.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-quarter (4¼) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits. Payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1892.
GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter.—The Board of Directors declared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1892, at the rate of five and one-fifth (5 1-5) per cent. per annum on term deposits and four and one-third (4⅓) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after July 1, 1892.
CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
Corner of Powell and Eddy Streets.
For the half-year ending June 30, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and four-tenths (5 4-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits and four and one-half (4½) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1892.
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Surplus	1,000,000 00
Undivided Profits	3,317,485 11

September 30, 1891.

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THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.
IRVING F. MOULTON.....2d Assistant Cashier.

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28th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1892

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Capital (Paid up in Gold)	$300,000 00
Assets, January 1, 1893	878,137 01

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